

R Cultivator 226

Chapter 226: Their cream buns were tasty

Chief Liu Long's face twisted with rage, his voice bellowing through the room, rattling the servants who stood frozen in fear. "Who did this? Who replaced my son with the prisoner? I want everyone responsible dead—the guards, the executioner, even the missing Gardener family!" His fists clenched as he seethed, his eyes narrowed with fury. "And I'll report this to the higher-ups, I'll tell them that these people were spies for the Sea Overlords."

Across the continent, power lay divided among powerful organizations—the Federation, the Bank of Atlantis, various royal and aristocratic families—all controlling vast stretches of land and people. Thanes Town, ruled under the iron fist of the Federation, was no exception.

The Sea Overlords is powerhouse in farther north. They are called Overlords because they have lots of territories under them and have a highest chance to acquire the 'Eternity'.

"Chief! Chief!" a voice called urgently from outside his office door, snapping him from his rage. He swung around, his eyes dark with impatience as he opened the door. Outside, one of his subordinates gestured toward the window.

Stepping closer, he peered out and felt his blood freeze for a moment.

"What do they want? My son is already dead? Do they want compensation or justice?" He shouted and jumped from the window and landed near the crowd.

There, in front of his mansion, stood a growing crowd. Men and women gathered together, their faces serious but not angry. Chief Liu expected shouts of anger, demands for justice, maybe even curses hurled at him for what had happened that morning. But instead, they wore expressions of gratitude.

"Thank you, Chief!" a voice called from the crowd.

"Thanks for bringing justice!" another voice echoed.

Chief Liu's confusion mixed with surprise. His scowl softened, though a shadow of suspicion lingered in his eyes. He forced a smile and raised his hand, nodding at the crowd as he acknowledged their words with a wave. But as he turned and made his way back inside, his mind churned with questions.

Once inside, he glanced sharply at one of his trusted aides, a young officer who seemed uncomfortable, nervously glancing at his watch in his hands.

"What's going on here?" Chief Liu demanded, folding his arms as he stared down the officer.

The aide hesitated, finally managing, "Sir, it seems that someone spread evidence of Liu Feng's... activities, all throughout the town."

Chief Liu's jaw clenched. "What evidence?"

"Images and letters detailing everything Liu Feng had done to his victims. Someone found women innerwear and other clothing items belonging to his victims and displayed them publicly. It is said that they were taken from Liu Feng's bedroom. There were records, testimonies... many women came forward and confirmed Liu Feng's actions." The officer's voice faltered, seeing his chief's face harden with every word. "And, uh... there's also a rumor that you were the one who uncovered this... and ordered your son punished."

Chief Liu's eyes widened in shock. "What nonsense is this? Who spread this slander?"

"Well it doesn't matter. Bring those evidence and burn them. Then we will announce that those evidence are fake. Kidnap those victim women and sell them as sex slaves. Those whore should be grateful they were once Toy for my son." Chief Liu said with anger. He knows about his son's doing but he never cared. Now all he wanted is to clear his son name.

"Chief," the aide replied, his voice trembling slightly, "it seems the evidence was... already sent to the higher-ups. We tried to retrieve it, but it was too late. It's beyond our reach now."

Chief Liu's fists trembled, his fingernails digging into his palms. His anger now had no outlet—no one to accuse, no one to silence. Every attempt to seize control slipped further from his grasp, like sand slipping through his fingers. He finally turned to the aide, his voice low and dangerous. "Who did this?"

"The guards responsible for the prisoner and the executioners. They acted quickly, fearing you might... take matters into your own hands," the aide replied carefully.

Chief Liu staggered slightly, as if struck. He understood they were afraid and quickly turned over the evidence to Higher ups. That will prove that his son is guilty and he won't be able to take action on them. He fell silent, the reality settling in with a weight that felt crushing.

With a weary sigh, he slumped into a nearby chair, his gaze falling on a framed photograph of his son that stood proudly on his desk. His heart clenched as he looked into his son's youthful face, the boyish charm that had once brought him pride now filling him with a painful guilt.

"Leave me alone." He said.

"Yes chief." His subordinate left.

"It's my fault," he murmured to himself, his voice barely above a whisper. "I pampered you too much... turned a blind eye when I should have disciplined you. I thought protecting you was my duty, but I failed you. I created this monster."

The streets of Thanes Town were in chaos. Word of the recent events spread quickly, with townsfolk gathering in clusters, discussing the unexpected execution and the scandal surrounding the Liu family. Shock, fear, and curiosity mixed in their eyes as they whispered about Liu Feng's dark deeds and his shocking end. Some cheered, feeling justice had been served, while others feared what would come next.

But Veronica paid no attention to the commotion. Her purpose here was done, and her heart was finally at ease. She walked briskly, pulling her cloak's hood over her head to obscure her face and blending into the shadows of narrow side streets. In the shadowed alley, a quiet anticipation replaced the town's loud turmoil.

At the far end of the alley, two men lay tied up, unconscious and unaware of the world around them. They were slumped against the wall, and it was clear they'd suffered a rough handling. A figure stepped out of the darkness, his face obscured by a mask, his voice low and resonant.

"I have some business with these two. Don't worry," he said in a calm yet ominous tone. "I'll take care of them afterward."

Veronica nodded without hesitation. "I trust you."

He made a move to leave, but Veronica halted him with a simple question, her curiosity getting the better of her. "Before you go... what should I call you?"

The masked figure paused, considering her question for a moment before responding. "You can call me Phantom Blackwood."

"Phantom Blackwood," she murmured, repeating the name as if committing it to memory. The name seemed to carry a weight, an aura of mystery that perfectly suited him.

"What is your real name?" She asked.

"I will tell you if we meet again." Tyler said with playful tone.

"Alright." Veronica sighed.

Tyler shifted his gaze to Veronica's side, his eyes catching something faint yet unmistakable—a small, ghostly silhouette lingering near her.

"You can see her?" Veronica asked, surprised, following his gaze.

Tyler's eyes narrowed slightly as he studied the figure. "It's a Ghost Spirit... just beginning to take form. No wonder—Moeko's family lingered here after death, bound by unfinished business."

Veronica's face softened as she looked at the faint figure of Moeko's spirit, her presence a reminder of the innocent lives destroyed by Liu Feng's cruelty. With a solemn expression, she nodded and quietly explained how she'd come to know Moeko and her family.

"But she's not fully formed," Tyler observed thoughtfully. "She's too weak, her spirit tethered only by lingering pain and fear. If you want her to start a new life, you'll need to form a contract with her, bind her to this world in a way that gives her purpose and stability."

Veronica's resolve sharpened as she glanced at Moeko's spirit. "That was my plan," she replied, determination clear in her voice. She would make sure Moeko's spirit will have a good life.

"Can you show me your face?" Tyler suddenly asked.

Veronica hesitated and her hand reached her cloth covering her face. But she stopped.

"I will show you if we meet again." She said with a smirk.

Tyler stared at her in silence.

"W-what?" Veronica asked.

"Next time learn to disguise. Atleast use clothes to tie up those lump of meats." Tyler said as he scanned her body.

Veronica covered her body with her hand. She is trembling with rage and there is deep blush on her face.

Tyler nodded in satisfaction and then gave a slight wave as he prepared to leave. He had his own work to attend to, unfinished business waiting in the shadows of Thanes Town.

Just as he was about to disappear into the night, Veronica's voice called him back. "Why did you want to avenge Moeko's family?" she asked, a trace of curiosity and she even forgot his remarks.

Tyler turned back, his expression hidden by the mask, but a faint smile tugged at his lips.

"Their cream buns were tasty,"

Then, without another word, he slipped into the darkness, the two unconscious men vanishing with him.

As he left, Moeko's spirit watched him, a faint, grateful smile appearing on her ghostly face.

Chapter 227: Breakthrough

Over the past six months at the academy, Tyler had been immersed in intense Cultivation. The thing he got from Senior Cyan called Mercury Fruit had become central to his training.

This rare and volatile fruit, harvested from the dangerous Abyss, could not be consumed directly.

Instead, it had to be contained in specially crafted vessels, as it would melt and turn gaseous within seconds of being plucked.

Only powerful immortal practitioners dared handle the Mercury Fruit. By sealing themselves within an array, they could safely absorb the gaseous essence emitted by the fruit, allowing them to cultivate and enhance their powers.

Mercury Fruit was especially effective for Elite-level practitioners, with the potential to elevate them to Master level after just one or two fruits.

Tyler, however, was beyond typical practitioners. Inside his room, he sat casually, a rare scene of calm amidst the volatile essence swirling around him.

He was seated on the floor, unclothed, casually taking copies of Mercury Fruit from his copper pot and releasing them into the room.

The essence filled the air like a fine mist, settling around him in thick clouds, so concentrated that he didn't need an array to contain it. His entire room had become a chamber of Mercury essence, a sacred space charged with immense power.

But despite his relentless efforts, Tyler couldn't break through. Days turned to weeks, and frustration crept into his training. He had absorbed so much Mercury essence, yet the threshold remained elusive.

"Maybe the academy isn't enough for you," said Naga, one of Tyler's instructors and an unusual figure at the academy. Naga was a snakeman, his body half-human and half-serpent, with bright scales and a pair of narrow, analytical eyes.

He adjusted his spectacles, his forked tongue flickering as he spoke. "Your mental state might be the reason for this bottleneck, Tyler. You've always loved adventure, yet you've been confined to the academy. Perhaps that's what's holding you back."

Tyler considered Naga's words, and his frown eased slightly.

"Go out, take on some missions or assignments beyond the academy walls. Forget the usual studies and do what you love out there. It might be the trigger you need to reach the next level." With a nod of encouragement, Naga slithered away, colliding with a broomstick in his path and giving a sharp hiss of annoyance.

Tyler's mind was made up. He would leave the academy to pursue his breakthrough.

Back to present

Now, in the scorching expanse of the Little Gobi Desert near Thanes Town, Tyler stood, his gaze fixed on the distant horizon. Two men lay bound at his feet, their faces gaunt and dehydrated.

Tyler already gave them the same treatment he gave Liu Feng. One of the person is Jake, the person Tyler was searching for. So after finding out he doesn't have things that resonates with copper pot, he decided to kill them too. They are now in their last breath.

Tyler barely noticed them as he took in the sweltering landscape around him.

"It's hot..." he muttered, feeling the intense desert heat despite his powers as an immortal practitioner. But as the harsh sun beat down on him, he felt his mind settling into a state of serene clarity. Just as Professor Naga had predicted, maybe seeking justice out of heart really calmed his mind.

Reaching into his pack, Tyler withdrew four array discs and tossed them in the air. They spun and settled in a square around him, activating to create a contained space.

He then opened several Mercury Fruit containers, releasing the precious fruit inside. Immediately, the fruit dissolved into gas, its potent essence mixing into the confined air around Tyler.

As the Mercury essence filled the array, Tyler's pores opened, absorbing it deeply. He began to chant the Kun Peng Art, the one he got from the Kun Peng Ruins. His breathing slowed, his heartbeat steadied, and he felt his mind sink into a trance-like calm, as his Aura and Prana—the sources of his strength—rose in harmony within him.

A sudden pressure built inside his chest, then—

Crack!

Tyler felt something shatter within him, an invisible barrier breaking down. In an instant, a surge of energy exploded outward, and the array holding the Mercury essence shattered, its fragments scattering in all directions.

A chill spread over the desert sand, and frost formed on the ground around him. Where Tyler stood, the harsh desert landscape transformed into a frozen expanse, the air shimmering with cold as if a portal to an arctic realm had opened in the heart of the desert.

Two cores formed inside him. One in his dantian and other in his mental consciousness.

1 star Master Warrior.

1 star Master Mage.

A grin of triumph spread across Tyler's face. He had finally reached Master level, both as a Warrior and as a Mage. The long-awaited breakthrough had arrived.

The transformation within Tyler extended to his divine sense, which expanded vastly, allowing him to perceive his surroundings with unparalleled clarity

His vision shifted, taking on a strange quality, and he noticed an unexpected phenomenon appearing beneath his feet—a pattern of squares in black and white, like the tiles of a chessboard. He realized, with a thrill, that this was his Chess Domain.

Usually only Grandmaster Level practitioners can use Domain. But some rare geniuses can use Domain before that. But he has lots of lots of wealth. The quantities of materials he used compensated the quality and he can also form the domain.

Experimenting, Tyler altered the colors of the squares to reflect his own attributes. The black and white shifted, becoming vivid shades of blue and red, extending in a 4x4 pattern, sixteen squares surrounding him in a controlled grid. Tyler could sense the unique power in each square; the rules of his Chess Domain were within his control.

His powers in this new domain held intriguing possibilities. When attacking someone standing on a blue square, his Prana would be amplified, delivering devastating blows to the target. Conversely, the red squares boosted the effects of his Aura-based attacks, enhancing his strength in battles that would take place within this realm. Some of the squares even seemed coated with a glass-like sheen—these, he realized, were reserved for divine sense attacks, allowing him to strike an opponent's mind directly.

The full potential of his Chess Domain began to reveal itself to Tyler, and he felt exhilarated, yet calm. The domain was his own strategic battleground, his personal arena where he could dictate the rules.

With a thought, he could set the terrain, establish boundaries, and create conditions that would give him a distinct advantage over his enemies.

He cast a glance at the bound men lying nearby, a spark of curiosity in his eyes. He could test his powers on them—though they were hardly worthy opponents, they would at least provide him with a chance to experiment with the Chess Domain's effects.

Jake was on the Red title. Tyler simply delivered a small punch.

Boom.

A loud sonic boom resonated.

Jake Destroyed into million pieces.

The other man was frozen in fear. He was on the blue title which looks like glass coated.

Brain Freeze

Tyler attacked him.

Blood began to flow from his eyes and ears. The man died without even knowing.

"Dyamm... Too powerful." Tyler murmured.

He closed his Chess Domain with a final thought, and the red and blue squares vanished from the desert sands. Tyler took a deep breath, feeling the stability of his new powers settle within him. His mind was clear, his spirit unburdened, and his path forward illuminated.

The desert heat had transformed into a refreshing coolness around him, his own mastery now radiating as a natural shield against the elements. Tyler felt invincible, prepared for whatever challenges awaited him beyond the academy.

Inside his academy room,

"Ok this is not the challenge I awaited in the academy." Tyler found himself in an unusual situation—pinned down by Zuzia, the mischievous dragon girl.

Her gaze was fixated on him, a hungry gleam in her eyes, her mouth slightly open as though she were savoring a feast in her mind. Drool trailed down her lip, and Tyler could only look at her with mild exasperation.

"Stop, Zuzia... Control yourself, girl," he said, trying to remain calm, though he couldn't help but feel a bit unnerved.

"Tyler... tasty..." she murmured, her voice low with hunger.

He sighed. "You are not allowed to eat me."

"Zuzia... hungry..." She didn't even seem to hear his words. The determined dragon girl edged closer, ignoring his attempts at reason.

Knowing how stubborn she could be when hungry, Tyler relented with a resigned sigh. "Alright, alright. I'll start by filling your mouth."

A couple of minutes later...

Zuzia transformed, shrinking down into her winged cat form and curling up contentedly, purring in her sleep. She had a bit of white stuff on her mouth.

"Dyamm... she just turned into a cat after eating her fill," he muttered, shaking his head in frustration. The demanding dragon girl had taken all the attention, leaving him feeling unexpectedly unsatisfied.

Tyler sat in silence for a moment, thinking of a solution, until an idea struck him. With a sly smile, he picked up his watch and placed a call.

"Hello, Senior Hawk... Are you free now?" he asked.

On the other end, Senior Hawk, a tall and athletic woman with piercing eyes, blinked in surprise, a curious expression forming on her face. Though initially confused, she quickly recovered and nodded eagerly, resembling a chicken pecking at grains.

After disconnecting the call

With a slight grin, Tyler murmured, "Sorry, Sister Hawk. Looks like I'll have to eat you up today."

Chapter 228: Eating Hawk and Touching Grass

"When you said you wanted to eat... I didn't expect you meant me," Hawk murmured, her lips curling into a pout.

Beside her, Tyler lay under the sheets, his bare chest rising and falling as he chuckled softly. "Don't tell me you hated it? Who was it that kept riding on top all night—"

Before he could finish, Hawk pressed her mouth against his, silencing him with a lingering kiss.

When they finally pulled apart, Saliva of bridge formed.

Tyler smirked. "If you keep that up, we might just go for another round."

Hawk leaned back, catching her breath, a playful sparkle in her eye. "You know, I feel a guilty pleasure here... Are you really older than you look?"

"Oh, absolutely," Tyler replied, grinning. "You don't need to worry about that. You see, there are countless treasures hidden across the vast sea. My crew happened to stumble upon one. So, yeah, I'm totally legal."

He casually reached over, pulling away the blanket that half-covered her. Hawk instinctively tried to cover herself, her cheeks flushing as her beautiful form was revealed. Even after the wild night they'd shared, a shy blush crept onto her face under his gaze.

Tyler is in small form. So Hawk breath quickened as she looked at him. Ever since he said that he is legal she decided to forget all boundaries.

They kissed again.

"Pant, pant..." Hawk panted fiercely once their mouths separated. She was looking at him with tears in her eyes and a blushing expression.

"Junior..." She stared at him seductively before lowering her head in embarrassment. Seeing that expression, he felt his blood burning inside of him.

Tyler hand explored her body before reaching the forbidden cave.

"Anh..." Hawk moaned softly and twitched below his body.

Tyler showed his wet hand which made Hawk blush again.

He smiled and kissed her eyelids softly. He then moved his mouth to her cheeks, then to her neck, then to her shoulder.

Hawk twisted her body comfortably and tried to suppress her moans, but his mouth explored her body without stopping. He caressed her legs and then put his palm against her abdomen, doing circles in her skin.

"Do you touch yourself often, Senior?" He asked.

His voice was the last straw that broke her determination. Hawk was unable to suppress her moan when she felt my breath against her skin.

"Uhh... Ahn... Sometimes... Wh-When I... ahn... When I think of you..." Hawk moaned.

"Hahaha... Bad girl.. Why are you suppressing it now when you moaned a lot yesterday?" Tyler teased her.

Then he showed her his secret weapon.

Hawk eyes turned surprise and said, "Why is that thing still standing? I definitely defeated it after many rounds yesterday."

"Why don't we find out who will get defeated now?" Tyler whispered.

Soon lustful moans echoed throughout the room.

Afternoon

Tyler quietly left Hawk's room. The small, unassuming bedroom was tucked away in a secluded corner of the workshop, a place usually reserved for engineers working late nights on long projects.

But Tyler didn't care it's just one of Hawk's wish to be that place her first time. So Tyler agreed. He is now inside the Elite Academy of Magic and Technology. So he is not worried that someone will come here during his passionate session with Hawk. There are only three people who stays in this academy. And this Workshop is not used for years.

However, as he stepped out into the hallway, he froze mid-stride. Sitting quietly in one of the worn chairs in the center of the room was a familiar figure, wearing a sleek VR helmet. The light of the helmet flickered faintly, and Tyler's heart skipped a beat. He realized, with a mixture of surprise and amusement, that he was standing there in nothing but his underwear.

Unbothered by his lack of clothing, Tyler walked confidently towards the figure. As he drew closer, he confirmed his suspicion—it was none other than Head Serena. Slowly, she removed her VR helmet, her sharp gaze settling on him with an expression as calm as ever.

Tyler met her eyes, a mischievous smile playing at his lips. Serena's face remained impassive, but her eyebrow arched slightly in a silent question.

"What do you want?" she asked in her usual crisp, emotionless tone.

Tyler chuckled, feeling a bit bolder than he perhaps should. "Head, is that really the only question you have?"

She narrowed her eyes, studying him for a moment. "Alright, then," she replied, an almost imperceptible hint of curiosity in her voice. "Why are you half-naked?"

He shrugged, a playful smirk tugging at the corners of his mouth. "You already know the answer to that, don't you?"

Serena's gaze didn't waver.

"I didn't know you were a peeping Tom. Voyeurism?" Tyler asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Hmm. And how exactly did you figure that out?" she replied in an emotionless tone, putting on her glasses over her sleepless eyes.

"Well, you're also in your underwear," Tyler replied, smirking. "And there are... suspicious stains on it."

Serena looked down briefly, her expression as calm as ever. She didn't blush like Hawk might have; instead, she simply said, "Oh."

Then, she handed Tyler the VR helmet.

"Yesterday, I noticed the workshop lights were on," Serena explained. "So, I used one of my gadgets to check who was inside."

Tyler put on the helmet and saw a live video feed of the bedroom, where a very tired Hawk lay sprawled out, her legs spread as she slept.

"You... you saw everything?" Tyler stammered.

Serena nodded. "Yes."

"And you... pleased yourself while watching?" Tyler asked, his tone both surprised and intrigued.

Serena nodded, her face remaining impassive. "I was feeling strange, and... that was the only way I could find relief."

"Well, there's actually another way to experience that kind of pleasure," Tyler murmured, placing a hand on her pale thigh. His other hand gently brushed through her green hair.

"You mean... sex?" she asked, her voice as calm and emotionless as ever.

"Straightforward, but I like it," Tyler replied with a grin. "Yeah, it'll help you relax. You've been working hard on your project, right? How about a little break?" He slowly moved his hand upward, his gaze fixed on her.

Serena noticed Tyler's actions but didn't stop him.

In past six months, Tyler also came back to the academy and gotten little closer to Serena. But it never reached this level. Tyler just trying his luck. Because it is the first time he saw the emotionless Serena showing interest in something other than her project.

He said sorry to Professor Ciel in his mind.

Tyler's hand reached her underwear, still slightly damp. He slipped his hand inside, and Serena wiggled a bit as his fingers found their way to her most sensitive spot.

It was hairy.

He felt a hint of warmth, his own excitement rising in response.

Tyler felt his little brother turning energetic again.

"No... just use your hand... or your mouth," Serena murmured, a faint blush appearing on her face.

Tyler then knelt before her and removed her underwear.

Tyler now stood in a grassy field, surrounded by vibrant green scenery.

"I'm gonna touch some grass," he said, reaching down.

His hand brushed against the grass, gently parting it. The fresh scent was addictive to him. For a moment, he felt like a cow.

Cow-Tyler used his tongue to lick the grass, savoring the earthy taste. He noticed a small crack in the soil beneath the blades, slightly damp and firm.

With his two "hooves," Cow spread the crack a bit wider and continued licking. It was his favorite flavor, and he eagerly tasted it over and over, his tongue venturing further in. Suddenly, he saw the crack wiggle.

He then felt pressure on his head, as if someone was locking him in place with their legs, pushing him toward the opening. The wiggling hole released a sudden fountain, splashing over Cow's face and watering the nearby grass.

Cow drank happily, feeling his thirst quenched.

As he lifted his head, he looked to his left and noticed a goblin staring at him, wide-eyed with shock.

He ignored it and continued munching on the grass. Then he paused, doing a double-take.

"Wait, a goblin?" Cow thought, glancing over again.

GG is standing there in shocked expression.

Tyler's head is locked by Serena's legs and Tyler was doing some indecent things while Serena is trying her best to suppress her moans.

"Teacher, Junior. What are you doing?" She asked with her green face dyed with red blush.

Serena thought for a moment and said, "Relieving Tension."

"Don't answer her." Tyler shouted.

GG face burned even brighter her gaze turned into Tyler's Underwear which acts like a array that is sealing a Terrifying monster.

Chapter 229: Investigating the last suspect

Two months later...

"After narrowing down the possibilities, this is the only guy who probably has the thing you're searching for," Lily Gomes said, placing a photograph on the table in front of Tyler. Her tone was confident, as if she'd just cracked a long-unsolved puzzle.

Tyler leaned in, examining the image of a man with blonde hair and sharp, distinctive features. "Isn't that Professor Ciel?" he asked, furrowing his brows.

Lily shook her head. "No, that's Ciel's younger brother, Roel. He is an assistant professor in our academy. He rarely shows up in the Academy. They do look a little alike."

Tyler nodded thoughtfully. He shifted his gaze to their current location—a bustling Teleportation Hub. The air buzzed with activity as travelers queued in long lines, clutching forms and cargo.

Unlike the rest of the crowd, Tyler and Lily didn't bother joining the queue. Tyler had arranged for a VIP pass, granting them access to an exclusive teleportation array without the usual waiting. Ignoring the envious looks from the regular line, he approached the counter to fill out their forms while Lily wandered closer to the Teleportation Array.

As she neared the array, her eyes landed on a peculiar figure—an old man slumped over a desk, seemingly asleep. His head rested on folded arms, but what caught her attention wasn't his posture—it was his face.

"What the heck?" Lily muttered, leaning in for a closer look. "He doesn't have any eyes... or a nose..." Her voice trailed off as her expression twisted in confusion.

Out of nowhere, a gruff voice replied, startling her. "Everything's here, little girl."

Lily took a step back, her mouth agape. "Dyamm... It talks, but there's no mouth!" she exclaimed, her surprise almost theatrical.

The old man slowly raised his bald head, revealing a sleepy "Everything's here," he repeated with a yawn. "You're just not looking at wrong spot."

Before Lily could respond with another quip, Tyler appeared and tugged her away by the arm. "Sorry about that sir," he said apologetically, throwing Lily a warning glance. "She's a little... curious."

With her best puppy eyes, Lily quickly added, "Sorry, Uncle. I didn't mean to be rude."

The old man chuckled, waving a dismissive hand. "Ah, it's fine, little lady. You remind me of my granddaughter—sharp tongue, big heart."

As they walked away, Tyler glanced at Lily, shaking his head. "You always manage to slip out of trouble with that childlike act, don't you?"

Lily grinned mischievously. "Hehe... It works like a charm, doesn't it?"

Tyler sighed, folding his arms. "For a moment, I thought your... defective personality had finally vanished."

Lily laughed, tilting her head playfully. "Nope. Still here. It's just upgraded! I'm both now—adorable and cheeky." She winked at him, her grin widening.

"Who said anything about being Adorable?" Tyler murmured as his way to the VIP Teleportation Array.

"Hmph... I heard that..." Lily followed him.

Both Lily and Tyler didn't return to the academy after their last excursion. Instead, they found themselves in a bustling city.

Disguised by their Phantom Masks, which allowed them to appear as teenagers, the two blended seamlessly with the crowd. Wandering around as children often attracted unwanted attention, so this was their preferred method of disguise.

After hiring a flying cab, they began their journey to a small, scenic village nestled amidst the rolling green hills. The lush greenery stretched as far as the eye could see, and a gentle breeze carried the earthy scent of crops and fresh water.

"According to my investigation, he's been visiting this village frequently," Lily explained, glancing at a notepad she'd scribbled notes in earlier.

Tyler gazed out of the window, taking in the picturesque surroundings. "What a peaceful place. Feels like a hidden paradise."

The houses in the village were quaint and simple, each surrounded by its own stretch of farmland. Vibrant green crops swayed gently in the breeze, and villagers bustled about their daily routines.

When the cab finally came to a stop, the duo hopped off and stood at the entrance to the village. Tyler reached for the copper pot he always carried and placed a hand on it, concentrating. After a moment, he shook his head. "Hmm... no resonance. Looks like he's not here."

Lily nodded thoughtfully. "Probably not. But we might be able to dig up some information about him from the locals." Without wasting any time, she marched ahead, leaving Tyler to follow her lead.

"This really is a beautiful village," Tyler murmured as they strolled down a dirt path. His attention, however, was soon drawn elsewhere—specifically, to the village girls walking by with baskets full of fish and vegetables. One of them, a beast girl with striking features and an infectious smile, caught his gaze. She winked at him, then subtly pointed toward a farmhouse at the far end of the village, signaling it was her home.

Tyler smirked but said nothing, distracted by her suggestive gestures.

"Focus," Lily snapped as she returned from speaking with a villager. Her stern tone cut through his daze.

"I am focused," Tyler replied defensively, though his eyes lingered on the winking girl.

Lily followed his gaze and raised an eyebrow. "Oh, I see. I didn't expect you to find Roel's wife so quickly. As expected of my former assistant," she teased, patting his shoulder with mock approval.

"Wait—wife?" Tyler's expression shifted from amusement to shock. "Roel has a family here?"

Lily nodded, suppressing a smirk. "Yup. Didn't I mention that?"

Tyler's thoughts raced. If the winking girl was truly Roel's wife, why had she invited him to her home with such obvious signals? Surely she couldn't be trying to...

"Tyler, stop overthinking. Let's go investigate." Lily's voice broke through his internal musings.

"Right," Tyler muttered.

"Don't be horny all the time." Lily said with a teasing tone.

"It's not me... Trust me... The situation around me..." Tyler said.

"Yeah yeah..." She nodded.

Suddenly on the way to Roel's house, Tyler and Lily stopped because they heard something.

"Hey I thought I told you kids to go plow in the field." A middle aged man voice said.

"But Dad we've been plowing all morning." A young boy replied.

"Yeah I can't take any more plowing I can barely walk." A young girl voice followed up.

"Look I know it seems like dirty work but son you got to spread that seed until your sack is empty." The middle aged man said and he continued, "And Daughter you got to clear away all that brush so he can plant it deep where it needs to be okay."

"We'll keep at it but I think that hoe is pretty much worn out." The young man replied.

"Well, flip it over you can use both sides." The dad said.

Tyler and Lily exchanged a quick glance before quietly peeking over the edge of the fence. In the distance, a father and his children were working in the fields, their laughter carried by the gentle breeze.

"Well, at least I'm not the only dirty-minded one," Tyler muttered under his breath, unable to help himself.

Lily lightly tapped his arm and chuckled, shaking her head. "Focus, Tyler. You're getting distracted again."

After weaving through the village, they finally stood in front of the farmhouse where the girl had indicated she lived.

Lily smirked mischievously. "Alright, here's the plan—go inside and seduce her."

Tyler stared at her, baffled. "What?"

"That's the easiest way, obviously. She already gave you some signals, didn't she?" Lily teased with a wink.

"Or," Tyler countered, crossing his arms, "how about we talk to her directly instead?"

Lily sighed dramatically, rolling her eyes. "Are you sure? If she finds out that you know her husband, the probability of... plowing her field... will drop to zero."

Tyler's brow twitched in annoyance. "That 'field' already has an owner."

"True," Lily admitted with a smirk. "But the owner is absent. The field has been left untended—dry, parched, and begging for someone to water it." She burst into laughter at her own wordplay. "Come on, Tyler, just do it. It's not like you and Roel are destined to be best friends. If anything, the chances of him becoming your enemy are at least 80%."

Tyler let out a sigh and reluctantly nodded, walking toward the house. Despite Lily's antics, her reasoning had a strange way of making sense.

As he approached the door, he took a deep breath, ready to knock. But before he could, the door swung open. Standing in the doorway was the same strikingly beautiful beast girl he had seen earlier. Her appearance was even more captivating up close.

"Hello," Tyler said smoothly, improvising on the spot. "I'm a bit thirsty. Could I trouble you for some water?"

The girl glanced left and right, hesitating for a moment before stepping aside and inviting him in. Tyler stepped into the house, his gaze lingering on her now fully revealed form.

The girl's golden eyes fixed on him with an intensity that made his pulse quicken. For a moment, there was only silence between them, charged with unspoken tension. Tyler cleared his throat, trying to focus.

"Thank you," he said as she handed him a cup of water. Her hand touched his hand while giving the cup.

Meanwhile outside, "He just went in... That was Fast..." Lily murmured.

Chapter 230: Isha (1/2)

Tyler stepped into the house, his gaze still lingering on the beast girl who had invited him in. Her grayish skin seemed to glow faintly under the soft light filtering through the room, while her pointed ears gave a subtle twitch. Her white hair, styled elegantly back, shimmered like threads of moonlight, and the golden circlet resting on her forehead only enhanced her otherworldly beauty.

Her outfit was intricate and provocative, a dark bodice with bold cutouts revealing tantalizing glimpses of her chest, connected by ornate golden accessories. The armor-like details on her arms and legs gave her an air of strength and grace, while her digitigrade legs ended in clawed, animal-like feet, adding a primal allure to her already stunning presence.

The girl's golden eyes bore into him, filled with curiosity and intensity, making Tyler's pulse quicken. The air between them felt heavy, almost charged with unspoken tension. Tyler cleared his throat, trying to focus as she handed him a cup of water.

"Thank you," he said, his voice steady despite his racing thoughts.

The girl offered a faint smile. "It's not often we get visitors here. What brings you to our little village?"

Tyler hesitated, glancing over his shoulder as if Lily might burst in at any moment. He needed to tread carefully here.

"My name is Ty... Oops... Brown..." Tyler started but immediately winced at his awkward slip.

The girl tilted her head, her expression puzzled. "Tyopps Brown?"

Tyler sighed and waved it off. "No, it's Tyler White." After a moment of thought, he decided there was no point in lying about his name. This situation was already confusing enough.

"Alright," the girl said, her tone shifting as she closed the door behind him. "Shall we start?"

Tyler blinked, taken aback. "Just like that?"

"Yup, just like that," she replied confidently, nodding.

Tyler shifted uncomfortably but nodded. "Alright..."

Before he could even step forward, the girl stepped away and returned moments later holding a long, rod-like object with a mushroom-shaped top. Tyler's eyes widened as panic surged through him.

"Uh... wait, what?" he stammered, instinctively taking a step back.

"Relax," she said, waving her hand dismissively. She moved to the wall and inserted the strange object into a hidden slot. With a soft click, a section of the wall slid open, revealing a small hidden shelf lined with boxes.

Tyler wrinkled his nose as a heavy, unfamiliar scent wafted out. His voice came out sharp and incredulous. "Drugs?"

The girl nodded casually, as though it were the most normal thing in the world. "Yes. These are forbidden substances with unique hallucinogenic properties. Each one is designed to stir specific emotions and create perfect illusions. For example..." She picked up a small box and opened it, letting a faint powdery scent escape. "This one can make your deepest fantasies feel real with just a little sniff."

"So... you're just a drug dealer?" Tyler sighed, rubbing the back of his neck.

"What were you thinking?" she asked, raising an eyebrow.

"I thought you were, you know... a beautiful woman inviting me to your house with a wink..." Tyler admitted, feeling a little awkward.

"Huh... me, beautiful?" she said, her cheeks flushing slightly before she coughed to cover it up. "Ah... that was just a signal. Many students buy drugs from us..."

"Us?" Tyler asked, narrowing his eyes.

"Half of this village," she explained nonchalantly. "This village is under the Federation. They don't really care about it. Plus, these drugs are used for potions and pill-making. It's not all bad."

"Oh..." Tyler nodded thoughtfully, his eyes drifting toward the rows of boxes. He stepped closer to examine them.

"Also... I— I..." She hesitated, then added, "My name is Isha."

"That's a cute name," Tyler said, flashing a small smile.

Isha blushed faintly. "I'm sorry for giving you the wrong idea earlier."

"It's okay. It's my fault for jumping to conclusions," Tyler replied, shrugging lightly. "Though, in my defense, you are incredibly charming. I might have just been clouded by your beauty."

His words made Isha flustered, her golden eyes darting away for a moment. Tyler stepped closer again, glancing at the drugs on display, though his real focus was on her.

"I— I'm..." she stammered before blurting out, "I'm married."

"Oh..." Tyler stepped back, giving her space. He understood what that meant. When a woman mentioned being married or having a boyfriend, it was usually a polite way of saying, don't pursue me. Tyler respected that boundary.

"But..." she sighed, her voice softening. "My husband rarely sees me..."

Tyler hesitated for a moment before stepping a little closer.

"But I still love him," she continued, her voice firm.

Tyler took a step back.

"But that love... it's fading," she admitted quietly, her voice carrying a trace of sadness.

Tyler moved closer again, his eyes meeting hers.

The air between them felt heavier now, charged with something unspoken.

"But—" she started to say something else, only for Tyler to gently place a finger against her lips.

"Shhh... no buts," he whispered, his voice low and soothing.

The room fell silent for a moment as they stood there, his finger resting softly on her lips. Isha's golden eyes widened slightly, and a faint flush crept back onto her cheeks.

Suddenly, Tyler's finger brushed her lips. He used his thumb to open up her mouth a little. Then he kissed her. She tried to struggle but Tyler's grip was so powerful. His tongue knocked her teeth open and it entangled with her tongue.

Before she could even understand what happened she was pushed down.

Her clothes were torn.

"Please stop... Please don't... I don't even know you..." She cried.

But Tyler like a beast pounced on her, naked. Soon her cry for help echoed in the room but no one came. Tears flowed from her eyes.

"What is this some sort of scam?" Tyler suddenly said.

Isha didn't understand.

Suddenly Tyler kissed her again. Then he took his thingy and inserted in her mouth. He then forced her head front and back. Like a soul less doll her head moved front and back while thick long object in her mouth.

Something splashed inside her mouth.

"Drink it..." she also heard Tyler voice. She subconsciously drank it and his thing was again forced in her mouth.

Soon her eyes regained clarity.

She is now sitting on the sofa while holding the key of shelf in her mouth. Tyler is standing next to her with an potion in a test tube.

"What happened?" she looked around in confusion. Because Tyler is not naked and her dresses were not torn.

"Remember? You took that small box and said it could make your deepest fantasies feel real with just a little sniff," Tyler said, his tone calm but tinged with amusement.

She nodded.

"Well," Tyler continued, leaning back against the wall with his arms crossed, "you sniffed it."

"..." A heavy silence filled the room.

"So everything was just happened was.... Not real?" She asked while burning with embarrassment.