

R Cultivator 231

Chapter 231: Isha (2/2)

"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.

Isha blinked, trying to piece together what had happened. Her expression shifted from confusion to dawning realization, her golden eyes narrowing as she nodded. "Yes... I remember showing you that."

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

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

Her beast ears twitched slightly, and her gaze darted to the now-closed box sitting on the shelf. "So... everything that just happened was..." Her voice trailed off, her face gradually turning a deep shade of red.

"Not real," Tyler confirmed, unable to hide the smirk tugging at the corners of his lips.

Isha's hands flew to her face, her clawed fingers barely concealing her mortification. "No..." she murmured, her words muffled. "So I was not Rap-"

"Yeah... it didn't happen." Tyler said, enjoying her reaction a little too much. "You sniffed that stuff, and next thing I know, you were rolling on the ground, screaming for someone—or something—to stop."

Her golden eyes snapped up to him, wide with horror. "Rolling on the ground? Screaming? That's all?" she asked, her voice laced with a desperate hope that nothing worse had occurred.

Tyler raised an eyebrow. "Oh, there's more."

"Then," he said, drawing the word out for dramatic effect, "you grabbed that rod, that mushroom shaped thing."

She buried her face deeper into her hands. "Please, no..."

"You, uh, sucked on it pretty hard." He continued.

"I wanna die." Isha wish if she were born in ostrich clan so she could hide her face in the ground.

"also Moving your head forward and backward." Tyler said.

Isha froze. Her gray skin, which usually had a subtle, seemed to flush an even deeper shade of crimson. "I—what?" she whispered, her voice barely audible.

Tyler shrugged. "Yeah, for a second, I thought it was some kind of scam. But then I noticed your eyes were completely unfocused. That's when I realized you were hallucinating. So I grabbed an antidote for hallucinogens from the shelf and made you drink it. Atleast you happily swallowed it."

Isha let out a small, mortified whimper. "I can't believe this happened. I'm never living this down."

"Relax," Tyler said with a chuckle, his voice light but reassuring. "No one else knows. Your secret's safe with me."

She peeked through her fingers, her face still burning with embarrassment. "You promise you won't tell anyone?"

"Haha, don't worry," Tyler replied, touching his lips with a teasing smile. "Not a word."

For a moment, she seemed to relax, letting out a sigh of relief. But then Tyler hesitated, his smirk fading as he debated whether to tell her the rest. Then he touched his lips.

Before Isha started rolling on the ground. She kissed him, fiercely. Her tongue fought few rounds with his tongue.

"Well," Tyler said with a grin, his tone teasing, "at least now we know how strong that stuff really is."

Isha's face flushed deeper as she tried to regain her composure. She crossed her arms, her clawed fingers nervously tapping against her sleeves. Tyler watched her for a moment, then decided against revealing everything that had happened.

Instead, he took a deliberate step closer.

"Am I hallucinating again?" she blurted out, her golden eyes widening in suspicion as he closed the distance.

Tyler chuckled, leaning slightly toward her. "If that drug works as you say it does, why did it show you if getting forced by me?" His voice was calm, but there was a playful edge to his words.

Like a child caught sneaking sweets, Isha flinched, her gray skin darkening further with embarrassment. She glanced away, unable to meet his gaze.

"So," Tyler continued, his smirk widening as his hand touched her shoulder, "your deepest, darkest desire is for someone to do you?"

Her ears twitched as his words hung in the air, and she instinctively took a step back, her movements unsteady. "Don't..." she managed, her voice soft yet firm, though there was a tremble to it.

Tyler stepped back.

Isha's golden eyes flickered with a hint of disappointment when Tyler backed off, though she quickly masked it.

Tyler noticed but chose not to comment. Instead, he broke the silence with a casual smile. "Alright... let's talk business."

Half an hour later, after discussing various products, Tyler glanced at the shelves. "I'll buy all of these."

Isha blinked in disbelief. "That's worth millions... You're rich?"

Tyler shrugged. "I've got businesses overseas. Enough income to live comfortably for the rest of my life."

"That's impressive," she murmured, stepping closer. Her soft scent lingered in the air, subtly drawing his attention.

"Actually you can try this drug... I saved this for my husband. But I will give it to you." she took a small vial and gave it to Tyler.

"Isn't this..." Tyler can see that this is a type of aphrodisiacs. The pink colour vial screams the name.

"Please drink it and satisfy my desire." She mumbled.

Tyler hesitated and drank it.

After he drank it, Isha tried to run. But Tyler grabbed her and kissed her. Isha struggled but she couldn't.

Isha gave him the potion to make him beastly and attack her with desire.

But Tyler stopped.

"Seriously?" Tyler regained a little clarity and said.

"Please.. don't resist... Do it..." She whispered.

This time Isha screamed for help and she also begged him to stop. But Tyler didn't. Her clothes were thrown away and she was pinned down.

Lustful moans and cry resonated in the room.

An hour later...

Isha who is beneath Tyler whispered, "And they say I am the beast... But these men are....a ahhh..."

"You are the one who wanted this." Tyler whispered back.

"The drug effect stopped?" She was shocked.

"Yeah.. It stopped in 10 mins... But it seems like you enjoy this more... So I decided to continue..." Tyler said and Isha kissed him.

"This feeling... I want more," Isha said, her voice trembling with excitement. "There's a drug that gives me temporary amnesia. I'll take that, and we can... do that again. Please, just once more. I'll even go get refreshed and put on my favorite dress." Her eyes sparkled as she added, "I'll give you a signal before I take the drug." Without waiting for a response, she darted off to her room.

Tyler stood there, speechless, a mix of amusement and disbelief washing over him.

'This woman has the weirdest kinks,' he thought, shaking his head.

Meanwhile, outside the house, Lily was lounging on the top branch of a sturdy tree, her hat tilted over her face as she napped. She stirred slightly, muttering in her sleep, "Damn, Tyler... hoes before bros..." before drifting off again.

Chapter 232: Finally Caught

The next morning, a sharp knock echoed through the door. Isha opened it to find a disheveled Lily, a blanket draped over her head, her eyes half-closed with sleep.

"Tsk... that mofo inside totally forgot about me," Lily grumbled.

"Mofo?" Isha asked, tilting her head in confusion.

"Motherf****," Lily clarified bluntly, her tone laced with irritation.

"Oh, she's my friend. Let her in," Tyler called out from inside.

As Lily stepped in, her sharp eyes began scanning the room. She then went to cupboard and look at the drugs.

"Did you find anything?" Lily asked.

Tyler turned his head towards Isha.

Isha started explaining "Roel brings me drugs every time he visits. I sell them for him. Somehow, he manages to get plenty of rare ones..."

Lily raised an eyebrow, smirking "Wow, Tyler's skills in bed must be amazing. You just snitched on your husband that easily."

"Why? You never tried it?" Isha retorted.

Lily froze.

"You really didn't try it?" She looked at her 'Shock'.

Lily glared at Tyler like it was all his fault.

"Even a girl he met yesterday..." Lily gritted her teeth.

"Well there are some reason why she hate her husband." Tyler immediately changed the topic.

Isha's expression hardened slightly, but her voice softened. "He's my husband, but for the past few years, he..."

Before Isha could finish, Lily interrupted, spotting something beneath a cupboard. "Wait, what's this?" She pulled out a piece of leather stored in a hidden compartment.

"These are some Leathers... I am not sure what type of leathers these are...", Isha admitted, frowning.

"That's Abyss Vegan Leather," Tyler said, stepping closer to inspect it.

Lily added, "Even though it's called 'vegan,' it's actually made from the petals of flower monsters found in the Abyss. Each petal is worth at least a hundred thousand Lydia."

Isha's eyes widened in disbelief. "A hundred thousand? For just one?" She took a deep breath, trying to process the staggering value of the material.

Tyler picked up one petal, carefully examining it. Then, he picked up another. His brow furrowed slightly.

"You noticed it, right?" Lily asked through divine sense, her words echoing directly in his mind.

"Yeah," Tyler replied, also using divine sense. "There's a scratch on this petal, and the same scratch is in the exact spot on the other one. These aren't separate petals; they're duplicates."

"That confirms it," Lily said. "Roel is our target. He's the one who has the artifact that can copy items."

Tyler nodded, setting the petals down carefully. His mind raced.

The artifact Roel possessed wasn't just valuable; it was dangerous in the wrong hands. The ability to duplicate rare and expensive items could destabilize entire economies if used recklessly. And some people would notice it and track them back.

This is why Tyler never recklessly uses his Copper pot.

"What's the plan?" Lily asked, leaning against the wall, her arms crossed.

"We need to capture him," Tyler said firmly, his tone leaving no room for doubt.

Isha, still trying to process everything, looked between them with wide eyes. "What are you talking about? Roel... capture my husband?"

"Yes, sweetie," Lily said with a teasing smirk.

To both their surprise, Isha straightened and said, "I'll help."

"What?" Lily blinked, her astonishment evident. "You'll help us capture your own husband?"

"In exchange..." Isha's cheeks reddened, but her gaze remained steady. She looked at Tyler and said, "I want you to use the amnesia drug on me and... treat me as your pet."

Lily's jaw dropped for a moment before she burst out laughing. "Wow... You'd pair perfectly with Mathilda."

Tyler, despite himself, nodded in agreement, his expression caught somewhere between amusement and disbelief.

Knock knock knock.

Isha opened the door cautiously, only for Roel to shove her aside and stride into the house.

He carried something large, covered in cloth, and placed it carefully in the corner of the room. Isha didn't dare approach it. The last time she had touched one of his mysterious items out of curiosity, he had beaten her severely.

Roel rummaged through the shelf, grabbing a small drug wrapped in leather, and lit it with a quick flick of his wrist. Taking a deep drag, he exhaled with a long sigh.

"Ahhh..." he muttered, his tension easing as the smoke filled the room.

Isha hesitated before sitting down beside him, hoping to speak. Before she could say a word, Roel's foot shot out, kicking her hard.

"You filthy beast!" he snarled. "How many times have I told you not to touch me with your disgusting hands?"

Isha recoiled, backing away with trembling fingers. Her eyes darkened, but she remained silent.

"Huh? What's that look for? Are you in heat or something?" Roel scoffed, taking another drag. "I don't have time for your nonsense. I'm already drowning in enough problems as it is. Just stay away from me."

He checked his watch, and a holographic image of a woman appeared.

"Don't worry, darling," Roel said, his voice softening. "I'll deliver all the leathers today, just like I promised."

The woman on the screen smiled sweetly. "Good. Don't keep me waiting."

After they exchanged a few more flowery words, the call disconnected.

Turning back to Isha, Roel sneered. "See that? Even though polygamy's common, women like her don't want to share their men with beasts. You should be thankful I haven't thrown you out yet."

He leaned back, his tone dripping with bitterness. "Hmph. My brother lives it up at the academy, and I'm stuck here as an assistant professor. Tsk. But not for long... Everything will change soon."

Suddenly, his head spun. His vision blurred, and a wave of dizziness overtook him.

"Did I overdose?" he murmured, staring at the half-burned cigar in his hand.

Then, the object covered in cloth began to vibrate.

Roel's eyes widened in panic. He turned to Isha, who now looked at him with a cold, detached expression.

"You... traitor—" he choked out, trying to rise, but his legs gave out beneath him.

As he slumped to the floor, he reached desperately toward the vibrating object, but Isha was faster. She stepped forward and seized it with both hands.

Roel's fading vision caught the sight of her, holding his prized possession with a triumphant smirk.

The last thing he saw before succumbing to unconsciousness was a young man walking through the door, pulling his wife into a kiss and taking the treasure from her hands.

Chapter 233: Copper Ladle

"Alright, here's the plan," Tyler began, leaning back in his chair, his expression sharp with focus. "Roel has Artifact. It is kind of an alert system that triggers whenever I get near him. So, I'll stay outside the village, far enough not to set it off. The problem is, I don't know which direction he'll come from."

Isha, perched comfortably on his lap, toyed with one of her long ears before speaking. "He'll come from the west, from the direction of the town."

"Then I'll position myself farther east," Tyler said, his voice steady. He planted a quick kiss on her lips, earning a soft blush from her.

"I'll stay here," Lily interjected, sitting cross-legged on the floor. "If the drug doesn't work for some reason, I'll handle him myself."

Tyler tapped his fingers on the armrest of the chair, thinking aloud. "Should we slip the drug into his food or drink? That might be risky. He could notice it."

"No," Isha said thoughtfully, her gaze shifting as an idea formed. "But if we mix it with another drug... like the one he already uses..."

Tyler and Lily turned to look at her, their eyes narrowing in interest.

"What?" Isha asked, blushing under their intense stares.

"You're a genius," Tyler murmured, leaning closer. He whispered something inaudible against her long ear before biting it gently.

"Ahhh..." Isha let out a surprised moan, her face turning crimson.

"Alright, lovebirds, focus," Lily interrupted with a smirk.

"Lovebirds? We are just friends." Tyler said while touching Isha's breast.

"Yeah... I am already married. Aan..." Isha moaned as her hand explored Tyler's pants.

Lily rolled her eyes. "So, what's the plan? How do we do this?"

"He's addicted to smoking," Isha replied, regaining her composure. "We can lace his cigars. He won't suspect anything."

Tyler grinned. "Perfect. Let's prepare."

Two Days Later

Tyler crouched near the edge of the forest, waiting. His communicator buzzed, and a message from Lily appeared:

[Target spotted.]

Moments later, another message popped up:

[Target trapped.]

Without wasting a second, Tyler launched himself into the nearby lake. With a powerful kick, he propelled himself forward, cutting through the water like an arrow. The force of his movements created a sonic boom that echoed across the tranquil waters.

He emerged near the village, droplets of water streaming down his face. His copper pot vibrated confirming the target's presence.

Tyler smiled.

Tyler wasted no time and sprinted toward Isha's house. Bursting through the door, he was greeted by a chaotic scene.

Roel, who bore an uncanny resemblance to his brother Ciel, was sprawled on the floor. He clawed at the ground, his face twisted in pain and fury. "Traitor!" he screamed, his voice hoarse.

Tyler's eyes shifted to Isha. She stood tall, her eyes gleaming with satisfaction. In her hands was a large object wrapped in cloth—the artifact they had been after.

Tyler walked toward her, his steps calm and deliberate. Reaching her, he cupped her face in his hands and kissed her deeply. Isha melted into the kiss, her grip on the artifact loosening as Tyler took it from her.

Lily, who had been silently observing from the roof, gracefully jumped down and landed beside Tyler.

"Isha, can you wait outside for a moment?" Tyler asked, his tone soft but firm.

Isha hesitated, casting a worried glance at her husband, who lay groaning on the ground. "Anything for you, darling," she said with a nod. She leaned in, kissing Tyler on the cheek before stepping out of the house.

As the door closed, she murmured, "Please don't hurt him too much..."

Tyler sighed and nodded, turning to Lily.

"Even after everything—domestic violence, his constant verbal abuse—she still has a soft spot for him," Lily remarked with a hint of disdain in her voice.

"Well, according to her, he wasn't always this way," Tyler replied, his voice heavy. "She said he used to be caring and attentive. But as soon as he started making money, his character changed. Happens a lot—money has a way of corrupting people."

Lily tilted her head, her sharp eyes focused on him. "What about you? "

Tyler chuckled. "I don't know..."

Turning his attention back to Roel, Tyler pulled out two sets of handcuffs.

"Why two?" Lily asked curiously.

"One suppresses prana, the other suppresses aura. Even though he's primarily a mage, better to play it safe," Tyler explained as he secured Roel's wrists.

Lily nodded in approval and watched as Tyler unwrapped the cloth bundle Roel had been so protective of.

"A... ladle?" she asked, her voice tinged with disbelief.

"Yep, a copper ladle," Tyler said, pulling out his copper pot from his waist.

Lily crossed her arms, a small smile playing on her lips. She felt a flicker of happiness; it was rare for Tyler to openly share his secret without holding anything back.

Tyler held the large copper ladle "Alright, let's test this thing. Small small."

Nothing happened.

Before they could investigate further, a cough broke the silence.

Both Tyler and Lily turned to see Roel stirring slightly. His eyes were closed, but his faint movements betrayed his consciousness.

"We know you're awake, Professor Roel. Stop pretending," Tyler said, nudging him with his foot. Roel remained still.

"Fine. Mini Brain Freeze."

"Argh!" Roel yelled, clutching his head as a sharp, cold sensation shot through his brain.

"Finally awake, huh?" Tyler said, smirking.

"Who are you people? What do you want?" Roel demanded, glaring at them.

"Let's not play games. You know exactly what we want," Tyler replied.

"I'll never give you my ladle!" Roel shouted defiantly. "And I'll never tell you how it works! My brother—he's a Grandmaster Mage at Starfire Academy. You don't know who you're messing with!"

"Who?" Tyler raised an eyebrow.

"My brother, Cie—"

"Who asked?" Tyler cut him off, deadpan.

Roel's mouth snapped shut, his face turning red with frustration.

"Use your divine sense to open this storage device," Lily ordered, holding up the ladle's matching container.

Roel scowled. "I won't—"

An electric spark danced on Lily's fingertips, and she raised her hand menacingly. "Open it, or we'll take the ladle and leave you with nothing."

But he didn't say anything.

Lily placed her finger on his forehead.

"I can't. You locked my divine sense too." Roel suddenly yelled.

"Oops..." Lily then slightly adjusted the runes in the handcuffs a little.

Grumbling under his breath, Roel complied, reluctantly activating the storage device.

"Looks like this ladle's pretty important to you," Tyler observed, watching Roel closely.

Roel remained silent, glaring daggers at them.

Lily, who had been rifling through the storage, suddenly froze, deep in thought.

"I think I got it." Lily said.

"What's on your mind?" Tyler asked.

Lily turned to Roel. "Let me guess... You could've made endless copies of those leather goods and sold them for a fortune. But you didn't. Why?"

Roel stiffened, his eyes widening in surprise. How did they know about the copy function?

"You see," Lily continued, "the ladle's copying ability isn't limitless. It follows the law of conservation. Copying something requires fuel—specifically, aura stones or prana stones. Am I right?"

Roel's jaw dropped. "How did you—?"

"It wasn't hard to figure out," Lily said smugly, holding up a handful of aura and prana stones from his storage.

Roel was surprised by the fact that she figured out everything just by glancing at his storage device.

"Well, Our deductive is awesome as ever." Tyler said, grinning. He placed a cigar in the ladle and turned to Roel. "Where do I put the stones?"

"The handle," Roel grumbled, realizing there was no point in hiding the truth.

Tyler placed an aura stones into the ladle. It began to glow faintly as it absorbed the energy. He has to hold it because there is no slot.

"This is taking forever," Tyler complained.

"Hah! If you've got something that can copy items faster than this, bring it here, and I'll write my name backward!" Roel sneered.

Tyler and Lily exchanged amused glances.

"Thank goodness your name isn't Lana or something," Lily quipped.

"Yeah, or Elohssa," Tyler added with a grin.

"There's no such name as Elohssa," Lily retorted.

"Well, what about Suna?"

"Is that even a name?"

Their playful banter left Roel utterly confused. "What is wrong with these people...?" he muttered.

Moments later, the glow from the ladle faded, and an identical cigar materialized before their eyes.

"Not bad," Tyler said. The ladle took 5 stones just to copy a cigar.

Chapter 234: Soul Contract

"Does anyone else know about this artifact?" Tyler asked, his voice steady but tinged with curiosity.

Roel remained silent, his eyes shifting nervously. The atmosphere grew heavier, tension thickening the air around them.

Beside Tyler, Lily's finger crackled with a small spark of lightning, her patience thinning.

"Let me see if his Elohssa is Lightning proof," she said with playful tone. As she took the oddly shaped mushroom key. (Elohssa in backwards)

"No... No one..." Roel quickly responded, his voice shaky now. He knew better than to test the patience of people like them.

Tyler nodded, seemingly satisfied with the answer, but he wasn't done yet. "How did you get this thing?" he asked, his gaze never leaving Roel's face.

Roel hesitated for a moment before speaking again. "It came from farther north. You've heard of the Bodhi Buddha Temple, right?"

Tyler's expression shifted slightly at the mention of the name. "The Bodhi," he said, voice almost reverential. "One of the gods who created this world, and the religion is called the Bodhi Buddha Religion."

"Yeah," Roel continued, his voice quieter now, as if the memory of the story was still fresh in his mind. "My friend came back from the Northern Hemisphere. He was on his last breath when he arrived here. I

tried to save him, but his injuries were too severe. He didn't make it. I checked his belongings and found his diary, which mentioned this treasure he got from the Bodhi Buddha Temple. I... I went to the place where he hid the treasure and took it."

Tyler absorbed the information carefully, his brow furrowing slightly. "So that guy risked his life to get it and you were too lucky that Artifact came towards you by itself." he said, more to himself than to Roel.

"Yeah," Roel confirmed with a nod, a grim smile playing on his lips. "He also mentioned in the diary how his artifact suddenly vibrated when he reached one of the overlord territories. He immediately escaped, thinking the artifact resonated with something powerful over there. I didn't know what it meant at the time, but now... now I get it."

"Get what?" Tyler asked.

Roel chuckled nervously. "So you are subordinates of the Dragon King, right? You came here to take this treasure. Are you going to kill me?"

Tyler didn't immediately answer. This guy misunderstood them as Dragon King's subordinate.

He exchanged a look with Lily, who raised an eyebrow, clearly intrigued by the sudden mention of the Dragon King. Roel's fear was palpable; he had already assumed they were here for the artifact, and likely for him as well. His mind was running wild with possibilities. He had heard rumors of Dragon King's followers, they all have dragonic powers.

"Should we kill him?" Lily asked, her voice coming through Tyler's divine sense, the words sharp and cold.

Tyler didn't hesitate to respond. "Isha doesn't want it. And he's Ciel's brother. What if he decides to investigate his brother's death?"

Lily's voice carried an air of mockery through their mental exchange. 'You screwed Ciel's crush. You even screwed Ciel's sister-in-law. What's the point of hesitating?'

Tyler winced at her words, his thoughts flashing back to his past interaction with Head Serena . "I didn't do many things with Head Serena," he replied, trying to keep the conversation on track.

Lily snorted, amused. "Even if you just mowed the grass, it still fits in those categories."

Tyler rolled his eyes. "Can we focus on the matter at hand?" he replied, exasperated but with a slight smile tugging at his lips. It was hard to argue with Lily when she was being so... Lily.

After a while, the array sealing Isha's house was deactivated. She slowly stepped inside, her expression calm but distant.

Her eyes fell on her husband Roel, bound and sitting on the floor with lifeless, soulless eyes. The man who had once been a significant part of her life now seemed like nothing more than a shadow of his former self.

"I've ordered something," Tyler said casually, him, with a hint of smile. "It'll arrive today."

Isha gave a slight nod, she smiled back at him. She no longer cared about what happened to her husband. The moment she betrayed him, she had made the decision to sever all ties with him. Still, she felt a faint sense of relief knowing they weren't planning to kill him—not yet, at least.

By evening, a group of strangers arrived. Without hesitation, they set to work constructing an altar in the middle of the room. Their movements were efficient, precise, as if they had performed this task countless times before.

Tyler gestured for Roel to follow him, and together they approached the altar. A few moments later, the two men began forming a soul contract.

The process was surprisingly straightforward. The service Tyler had ordered was known as a Mobile Contract, a modern convenience in this world. Contracts could be arranged online, and a professional team would travel directly to the client's location to perform the ritual.

It was efficient and discreet. The individuals creating the contract followed strict guidelines. They weren't permitted to inquire about the content of the contract or even look too closely at its terms. Their job was purely to facilitate the agreement, nothing more.

-Terms and Conditions of the Contract

By entering into this agreement, the following terms are hereby agreed upon by both parties, Tyler White (hereinafter referred to as "Buyer") and Roel (hereinafter referred to as "Seller"):

1. Payment Terms:

1.1. The Buyer agrees to purchase the Artifact from the Seller for a total amount of 100 million Lydia.

1.2. The full amount will be transferred to the Seller immediately upon execution of this agreement.

2. Confidentiality Clause:

2.1. The Seller shall never, under any circumstances, disclose, hint at, or communicate directly or indirectly to any entity, individual, or force the existence, nature, or details of the Artifact.

2.2. Violation of this clause will result in the immediate obliteration of the Seller's soul, as enforced by the binding magic imbued in this contract.

3. Memory Seal:

3.1. The Seller consents to the sealing of their memories regarding the Artifact's secret.

3.2. This seal will render the relevant memories inaccessible, even under coercion, mental intrusion, or advanced memory extraction techniques.

Acknowledgment and Acceptance

By proceeding with this transaction, both parties acknowledge and agree to be bound by these terms. Any breach of these conditions shall result in consequences as outlined above.

Signed on this day,

Tyler White (Buyer)

Roel (Seller)

That night. Roel who is still tied up in the hall woke up from the faint noise. It is his wife moaning sound.

Roel gritted his teeth. These b*tches didn't even use sound isolation array.

Lily had already left the village.

Tyler, however, planned to stay one more day to finalize his deal with Roel. Afterward, they would head to the Bank of Atlantis to transfer the sum of money according to the deal.

Inside the room, the atmosphere was relaxed but charged with an undertone of intimacy.

"What are you going to do next?" Tyler asked casually, reclining on the bed.

"Of course, follow you," she replied, her voice laced with confidence. Her naked form lay sprawled atop him, her hair cascading over his chest. "Don't forget our agreement."

Tyler chuckled, his amusement evident. "Alright, fair enough," he said, his tone light but accepting.

"Actually," she began, her eyes glinting with mischief and excitement, "there's something I've been wanting to try."

Tyler's laughter faltered slightly. He could sense the gleam in her eyes hinted at something outrageous, possibly even dangerous. He gulped involuntarily, a bead of sweat forming on his temple. He knew all too well that her ideas often leaned toward the extreme, and her fetishes were nothing short of creative madness.

Chapter 235: Ability of Copper Ladle

After indulging Isha's unusual fantasies, Tyler wasted no time and headed straight to the local branch of the Bank of Atlantis. The deal with Roel had concluded successfully, and Tyler wanted to ensure that the funds were transferred securely. Roel, on the other hand, seemed ecstatic with his newfound wealth.

Roel had decided to leave the continent altogether, heading south with a spring in his step and dreams of living a luxurious nouveau lifestyle in the South.

His memories regarding the artifact he had sold were sealed, ensuring he wouldn't recall its significance. Yet, Roel didn't care. With 100 million Lydia in his possession, he was ready to leave everything behind, including his wife. He smugly thought, With this money, I can have as many wives as I want.

Roel didn't even inform his brother Ciel and quickly left.

Meanwhile, Tyler had other plans. First Isha was not allowed in academy because she is not an academy student or staff. So He sent Isha to the Cedar Islands to assist Mana in her endeavors.

As for himself, he chose not to return to the academy immediately. Instead, he decided to focus on unraveling the mysteries of the copper ladle— the peculiar artifact he'd been eager to study.

Back in his room,

Tyler rented a courtyard in a random city. He even turned off his communication devices. He doesn't want to get disturbed.

Tyler placed the copper ladle on a table. Its color is similar to the copper pot, but its dull appearance contrasted sharply with the powerful resonance he faintly sensed before.

Now the resonance totally stopped.

Like the copper pot he had acquired earlier, the ladle couldn't be stored in any storage device or treasure, further hinting at its unique properties.

"Finally, some time to figure this out," Tyler muttered, rolling up his sleeves. He began by testing the basics: dipping it in his blood, channeling aura and prana stones into it, and even trying various activation phrases. However, the ladle seemed disappointingly ordinary.

After hours of tinkering, Tyler leaned back in frustration, staring at both the copper ladle and the copper pot. A thought struck him, and he picked up the copper pot.

"Big, big, big," he commanded.

The pot expanded to the size of two basketballs, just as it had before. Curious, he gently placed the copper ladle inside the enlarged pot. It fit perfectly, as though they were parts of a single set.

"Small, small, small," Tyler whispered.

The pot began to shrink, returning to the size of a baseball—and the ladle shrank along with it. When Tyler removed the ladle, he noticed that it retained its smaller size.

"Big, big, big," he said again, and the ladle expanded independently of the pot. Tyler laughed, more from relief than understanding. "Alright, so you can grow and shrink. But what's your real purpose? Do you have any useful feature?"

The question nagged at him. Over the next three days, Tyler immersed himself in experiments.

He tried various things to see if there is any special with Copper pot.

When he finally returned to the academy, he looked more puzzled than triumphant. Lily, who had been curious about his prolonged absence, immediately sought him out.

"What's up with you? What have you been doing?" she asked, noticing the odd expression on his face.

"This copper ladle is a menace," Tyler replied, shaking his head. "Its powers are ridiculous. I think I activated something when I combined it with the copper pot, but now it's lost its ability to replicate using aura or prana stones."

Lily raised an eyebrow. "Wait, what? The only useful ability. Well it's useless for you. But still that only ability is gone. So what is the use of it?"

Tyler smirked. "I'm going to use it as a weapon."

"What?" Lily blinked, imagining the absurdity of the situation. Her mind conjured a comical image: a proud sword warrior in a grand arena challenging Tyler, only for Tyler to whip out a ladle.

"Wield your weapon!" the warrior in her imagination shouted.

"Behold... the world-ending ladle!" Tyler declared dramatically in her vision, holding the Ladle like some divine relic.

The thought was too much for her, and she burst into laughter. "You've got to be kidding me! A ladle?"

"Don't underestimate it," Tyler said, his tone suddenly serious. "How about we spar? I'll show you its power."

The academy provided private sparring grounds that could be rented by students. To ensure safety, an instructor would always oversee the sessions. However, a concealing array could be activated for privacy, allowing individuals to practice secret arts or exclusive family techniques without prying eyes.

Inside one of these sparring grounds, Tyler and Lily prepared for a practice match. Lily confidently took out her whip, its leather coiling with a faint crackle of electricity, signaling her readiness for combat. Her movements were fluid and precise, as though she'd done this countless times before.

Tyler, however, reached into his pouch and pulled out what looked like an ordinary spoon. Lily stared, puzzled, until he murmured a command.

"Big, big, big," Tyler said, and the spoon expanded into a ladle of absurd proportions.

Lily froze for a moment before bursting into laughter, unable to contain herself. "You're seriously going to fight me with that?" she managed between fits of giggles, pointing at the oversized kitchen utensil.

Tyler smirked. "Don't underestimate it. This ladle might be the most dangerous thing you've ever faced."

Her laughter only grew, but she readied herself nonetheless. "Alright, world's deadliest ladle. Show me what you've got!"

Few Minutes later

The two left the sparring ground, Lily looking utterly flabbergasted.

"I can't believe it," she said, glancing at the copper ladle in Tyler's hand with a mix of awe and disbelief. "Its power is ridiculous."

Tyler grinned. "Told you. This thing may look stupid, but its ability is also incredibly stupid. Just like the Copper Pot."

Indeed, the ladle's abilities defied logic.

Lily sighed, still processing what she'd witnessed. "You know, Tyler, sometimes I wonder if the universe just enjoys making you look ridiculous while giving you overpowered tools."

Tyler chuckled, but his expression turned a little sour. "Probably my luck."