

R Cultivator 236

Chapter 236: The Mysterious Celestial Bodies

The academy lectures, which Tyler once found dull and unengaging, had recently become much more captivating. Each class seemed to delve deeper into profound topics, and the curriculum for the second semester appeared significantly more challenging and rewarding than the introductory material of the first semester.

At the academy, each semester spans six months. Tyler and the girls, now in their second semester, were adjusting to the demands of more advanced subjects. Despite his lack of interest in most courses, Tyler managed to scrape by in his exams, focusing his energy solely on the subject of Technology, which fascinated him. Starting from the third semester, students would specialize in a single field of study, freeing Tyler from the burden of unrelated topics.

Darla, however, faced a setback. She failed one of her subjects and cried for an entire day. It was only after Tyler consoled her with comforting words and a bit of pampering that she resolved to pass the arrear exam—a supplementary test offered to students who fail their regular exams. Darla's determination to clear her backlog was inspiring, and it reminded everyone of the academy's high expectations.

While most lectures were now engaging, today's class promised to be particularly intriguing. It was about Celestial Bodies.

Tyler's curiosity was piqued. Hawk had once told him that the Sun and Moon were illusions, but Tyler had never asked for more details. Even during their more intimate conversations, the topic slipped his mind. Now, it seemed he would finally get some answers.

As Tyler joined the group of students heading to the AR room, a sense of anticipation filled the air. The Augmented Reality room was an advanced classroom equipped with technology Tyler had seen during the entrance exams. The moment he stepped inside, the world around him changed.

In an instant, Tyler and his peers found themselves standing in the vast expanse of the void, surrounded by the glimmering beauty of stars. It was as if they had been transported to the edge of the universe. At the center of the group stood Professor Naga, their instructor for the day.

Professor Naga was a Snakeman, a being with the upper body of a human and the lower half of a serpent. His scales shimmered under the cosmic light, and his sharp, narrow eyes glinted with intelligence. Adjusting his glasses, his forked tongue flicked as he began to speak.

"Today's lesson is about Celestial Bodies," Naga announced, his voice reverberating in the endless void.

He gestured toward a tiny object floating in the distance. Taking out a magnifying glass, he pointed to it. "Do you see that small object over there?"

The students nodded, squinting at what appeared to be a minuscule seed.

"That," Naga said, "is the Seed of Life."

The class murmured in recognition. They had covered the Seed of Life in their earlier studies.

"Correct," Naga confirmed, pleased by their familiarity. "The Seed of Life, also known as the Origin Source, is one of the rarest phenomena in the universe. Left untouched for trillions of years, such a seed has the potential to become a singularity."

As the professor zoomed in on the seed using the AR tools, intricate patterns swirling in orbits became visible.

"Mr. Tyler," Naga suddenly called out, "can you explain what a singularity is?"

Tyler, caught off guard, replied after a brief pause, "A singularity is a point in space-time where the laws of physics break down."

"Excellent," Naga said with a nod of approval.

The lecture continued with a discussion about the universe's formation, its expansion from quantum effects, and the mysterious concept of time giving way to space in the early cosmos. While some students were engrossed, others seemed lost in the abstract details.

The lesson shifted focus to their planet, which defied conventional physics.

"Now," Naga began, "let's discuss the unique nature of our planet. Unlike most celestial bodies, its shape and weight should make its rotation impossible. Yet it spins, defying logic."

He paused, letting the students absorb the information.

"This anomaly exists because ancient Gods chose this planet for their entertainment. Using a Seed of Life, they expanded the planet to its current state. Other than the World Tree, which we know to have originated from a Seed of Life, our planet is the only other entity created by such means."

Visual aids appeared, showing the planet's formation and the massive World Tree.

"Next," Naga said, "we'll discuss the Sun. We've all been taught that the Sun is a massive celestial body filled with Yang Energy, around which our planet revolves. But those who have ventured to the farthest North know a different truth."

As he spoke, a hologram of the Sun and a cylindrical planet orbiting it appeared.

"The Sun," he continued, "is an illusion. The same goes for the three moons you see in the sky."

A big X mark appeared on the projections and changed into a cylindrical planet just spinning around itself. A sun standing on the farthest North and three little moons spinning around the planet.

A murmur of disbelief rippled through the students. Tyler's eyes widened, intrigued.

"Have you ever wondered," Naga asked, "why the Moon is visible from both the southernmost and northernmost regions of our world with the same clarity?"

The hologram shifted, showing the moons vanishing.

"The answer is simple: both the Sun and the Moons are projections. What you see in the sky is a mere reflection of their true forms, which reside in the farthest North."

Like a shadow, the projections of moons appears in every part of planet as well as the Sun.

The class fell silent, stunned by the revelation.

"In ancient times," Naga explained, "the Gods attempted to create Sun Clan and Moon clans and make them rule over the sky but they accidentally opened a fourth-dimensional space. The real Sun and Moons exist in this higher dimension, and what we perceive are their three-dimensional projections. Farther North, nothing adheres to our understanding of reality. You'll understand if you ever venture there."

Naga paused and said, "It is said that other than those Sun and moons. They found 3 treasures from the higher dimension. We don't know what the two out of three Treasures are. But one of the treasure is The Eternity..."

As the lecture ended, Tyler remained deep in thought.

The mysteries of the North intrigued him. The projection of the Sun and Moons, the influence of the Gods, and the concept of fourth-dimensional space—all of it painted a picture of a world far more complex than he had ever imagined.

After Finishing the Academy, his journey to seek the eternity which lies on the farthest North will resume.

Chapter 237: Academy's Dilemma

Tyler leaned against the railings of the Elite Academy Observatory, staring at the three moons through a high-powered telescope. The crisp night air cooled his face, but his mind burned with questions. He muttered under his breath, "The heck... they look so real."

The idea that the moons in the sky were just projections from the real moon which origin might be from the 4D space was still rattling in his head after today's lecture. Professor Naga's lesson about celestial bodies had left Tyler more curious than ever, but also more confused.

"What is 4D anyway?" Tyler mused to himself, flipping through the study materials he'd brought with him.

His thoughts wandered. A one-dimensional world, represented by a simple line with only an X-axis, allowed hypothetical organisms to move forward and backward in a straight line. A two-dimensional world, with both X and Y axes, expanded the possibilities—up, down, left, and right. Such a world was made up of an infinite number of 1D worlds stacked together. Then came the 3D world, which added a Z-axis for depth. That was their reality.

"But 4D..." Tyler whispered, staring at the moons. "What does that even mean?"

He scanned through his materials, most of which contained conjectures about 4D. Some theories described it as time, allowing entities in the fourth dimension to move backward and forward through it. Others dismissed the idea as purely mathematical, impossible to comprehend fully by 3D beings.

His thoughts were interrupted by a voice. "Some say 4D is time. If you're in the fourth dimension, you can move through time like we move through space."

Startled, Tyler looked up to see GG—a green-skinned girl from his year—taking a seat across from him. She adjusted her chair and continued, "There are also theories that the fourth dimension is an entirely new spatial axis beyond our perception. Many people believe it's time because of the Chronos Monster up north. You've heard of it, right?"

Tyler raised an eyebrow, intrigued. "Chronos? That time monster? Isn't that just a myth?"

GG shook her head. "Not entirely. Legends say Chronos escaped from the fourth dimension, which is why it can manipulate time in ways we can't understand."

Tyler leaned forward, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. "Interesting... I wonder if it really exists."

GG shifted in her seat, her cheeks faintly flushing. She avoided meeting Tyler's eyes and quickly changed the subject. "You know, I didn't think you'd want to talk to me again after... the incident."

A mischievous grin spread across Tyler's face. "Oh, you mean that incident? With Head Serena? I didn't think you'd want to talk to me after witnessing something like that."

GG's cheeks turned a deeper shade of green as she waved her hand dismissively. "Don't remind me of that! It's embarrassing enough."

Tyler chuckled, sitting back in his chair. "Relax, I'm just teasing."

She tried to brush off her embarrassment, but her posture betrayed her discomfort. GG crossed her legs and avoided eye contact, her mind clearly racing back to memories she'd rather forget.

"What's the matter?" Tyler asked, noticing her fidgeting.

GG exhaled, leaning forward on the table. "Our academy is in a tight spot. Worse than usual."

"What do you mean?" Tyler asked, intrigued. "The academy's always had its struggles. Did something new happen?"

GG nodded grimly. "Head Serena took out a huge loan for her research a few years ago. We were supposed to have five more years to pay it off, but the lenders are demanding the money now. If we can't pay, they're forcing her to sell the academy."

Tyler's eyebrows shot up in surprise. "Seriously? That's terrible."

GG's voice dropped to a more pleading tone. "You should help her."

Tyler tilted his head, confused. "Help her? Why me?"

GG frowned, a little exasperated. "You're close to Head Serena, aren't you? I mean..."

Tyler chuckled, shaking his head. "No, we're not close."

GG hesitated, her curiosity bubbling to the surface. "Then why... did you... "

She recalled how her junior's head was buried between her teacher's legs. She blushed deeply recalling it. Even though Serena was trying hard not to moan, her mouth was already drooling with pleasure.

Her words trailed off, but Tyler understood her meaning. He smirked and leaned in slightly. "Oh, that? It was just... letting off some steam. We never talked about it afterward."

GG's face flushed again. She didn't know whether to feel relieved or disappointed. Tyler's nonchalant tone only made her feel more awkward.

Before she could respond, Tyler's expression turned playful. "What about you, Senior GG? Would you like to... experience it?"

GG's eyes widened as she instinctively leaned back in her chair. "Junior, you're impossible!" she exclaimed, her voice wavering between shock and amusement.

Tyler burst into laughter, waving his hand dismissively. "Relax, I'm just joking."

GG huffed, trying to compose herself as Tyler stood up to leave. She watched him walk away, feeling a mix of emotions she couldn't quite place. Letting out a deep sigh, she muttered, "Head Serena seems enjoying it..."

She murmured and touched between her legs. She flushed when she noticed something between her legs.

"It's wet."

Tyler walked briskly down the dimly lit corridors of the Elite Academy of Magic and Technology, heading straight for Serena's workshop. The sound of his boots echoed faintly, mingling with the hum of magical machinery from nearby labs. His mind was clouded with thoughts of the academy's dire financial situation.

When he reached the workshop, the door slid open with a creaking sound, revealing Serena hard at work. She sat at her usual spot, her sharp green eyes focused on a floating virtual screen. Her fingers moved swiftly over a holographic keyboard, the soft glow of the interface casting a faint light on her face. She didn't look up as Tyler entered.

Unbothered by her indifference, Tyler walked over to her. Without a word, he lifted her out of her chair, sat down in her place, and settled her onto his lap. Serena didn't resist or even react, her attention still fixed on the screen in front of her. This was just how she was—cool, composed, and utterly unshakable.

Tyler wrapped his arms around her, resting his chin on her shoulder. His hand slid beneath her shirt, drawing a faint reaction from her.

"Not now... I'm working," she said in a bored tone, her fingers continuing to tap on the holographic keys.

"Why didn't you tell me about the loan?" Tyler asked, his voice soft but serious.

Serena paused for a fraction of a second before resuming her work. "It's a huge amount," she replied nonchalantly.

"Money is never a problem for me," Tyler said, tightening his hold on her slightly.

"I don't want to seduce you for that," Serena replied flatly, her tone as emotionless as ever.

Tyler smirked. "Even without trying, you're already seducing me," he said, his hands moving to her breast and slightly pinching her nipples.

"That is that, and this is this," she said, brushing off his remark. "All this work tension made me want to try something new. I was even considering Ciel until I met you. I don't have any romantic feelings for anyone."

Tyler raised an eyebrow at her blunt confession. "Then how about we do deeds even deeper?" he teased, letting his hands wander lower.

Serena stopped his hand just before it slipped beneath her waistband. She turned her head slightly and, without any warning, asked, "Will you marry me?"

Tyler blinked, caught entirely off guard. He hadn't expected that question, least of all from Serena.

When he didn't answer immediately, Serena sighed and said, "See? I want to give my first time to my husband." Her voice carried no hint of emotion, just a matter-of-fact tone, as though she were discussing an academic theory. Then, without waiting for a response, she returned to typing on her virtual keyboard.

"Well, we'll talk about that later," Tyler said, regaining his composure. His tone turned serious. "How about you sell the academy to me?"

Serena froze mid-typing, her fingers hovering above the glowing keys. Her expressionless eyes twitched ever so slightly as she adjusted her long green hair. Slowly, she turned to face him.

"You're serious?" she asked, her tone unreadable.

"Dead serious," Tyler said, his gaze unwavering. "I'll settle all your debts. In return, I want the academy in my name."

Serena turned fully to face him, her legs still draped over his. For the first time, her usual stoicism faltered. She took off her glasses and placed them on the table, leaning back slightly to study him.

Then, without warning, she leaned in and kissed him.

Tyler blinked in surprise but quickly responded, his arms wrapping around her as the kiss deepened. Between breaths, he managed to say, "You said you wouldn't seduce me for money."

"This isn't seduction," Serena murmured, her lips brushing against his. "It's a reward."

Tyler chuckled softly and pulled her closer, the two losing themselves in the moment.

Serena noticed something poking her butt from below.

After thinking for a moment she said seriously, "You can use my mouth."

Chapter 238: That One Extra Lydia

During the lunch break, Tyler decided not to go to the cafeteria. Instead, he stayed in the classroom, engrossed in his studies, preparing for the two tests scheduled in the afternoon.

For the past month, Tyler had been skipping most of his classes. It wasn't due to laziness—he had his reasons—but the consequence was clear: he had no choice but to cram at the last minute. Thankfully, Senior Hawk had helped him prepare. She had collected previous exam questions and their standard answers, providing him with some hope of passing.

The first test was a behavior assessment. Unlike typical academic subjects, it consisted of questions that delved into ethical dilemmas and personality evaluations.

For example: If you encountered an Abyss monster attacking a person, what would you do?

The options were grim.

If you chose to save the person, there was a high chance you might lose your life in the process. On the other hand, if you chose to walk away, you would be morally condemned.

Another question asked: If you found out your wife was cheating on you, what would you do? Options included forgiving her, divorcing her, or taking extreme measures like killing her.

These weren't questions with "correct" answers. Rather, they were designed to test a student's personality, values, and critical thinking. The goal was to prepare future cultivators to face difficult decisions with wisdom and resilience.

Tyler sighed as he reviewed these hypothetical scenarios. He was relieved that this would be the last time he'd have to deal with these types of psychological tests. According to the curriculum, such subjects were mandatory only in the first two semesters. Their purpose was to address a critical issue: the arrogance that often accompanied great power. As one delved deeper into the path of immortality and gained immense strength, unchecked arrogance could lead to a cultivator's downfall. These classes aimed to instill humility and ethical reasoning, even if many students found them tedious.

The second test, however, was one Tyler dreaded for a different reason—it was the combat assessment.

Afternoon arrived, and the combat assessment officially began.

The atmosphere in the arena was tense as students waited for their names to be called. Each participant had to enter the testing chamber individually, where their performance would be graded on a strict scale. The grading system ranged from S (Exceptional) to A (Excellent), B (Good), C (Average), D (Poor), and F (Failure).

When Tyler's name was finally called, he stood up, stretched his arms, and walked into the testing facility. The heavy doors closed behind him with a loud thud, sealing him inside.

The room was eerily silent. A series of camera-like scanners descended from the ceiling, their lenses whirring as they scanned the area. Within seconds, the scanners activated a mechanism resembling a 3D printer. Layer by layer, a creature began to materialize.

It was a four-legged monster, its black skin glistening with an unnatural purple hue. Tentacle-like appendages sprouted from its eyebrows, writhing menacingly.

"Lizart Rat," Tyler muttered under his breath.

These creatures were known as Elite-level beasts from the Abyss. Fast, cunning, and vicious, they were notorious for their agility and unpredictable attacks.

The rules of the combat test were simple: survive for ten minutes.

The Lizart Rat wasted no time. It leaped toward Tyler with blinding speed, its tentacle-like eyebrows snapping forward like whips. Tyler instinctively threw a punch, but the creature vanished mid-air, reappearing by his side.

"Fast," Tyler murmured, narrowing his eyes.

The Lizart Rat's tentacles lashed out, wrapping around Tyler's arm. A sizzling sound filled the room as white smoke rose from the contact point. However, Tyler remained calm.

His arm began to emit an icy chill, spreading rapidly through the tentacles and onto the Lizart Rat's body. Within moments, the entire creature was encased in a thick layer of frost. It froze mid-motion, resembling an eerie ice sculpture.

With a casual flick of his fingers, Tyler shattered the frozen monster into countless shards.

The cameras in the room whirled again, scanning Tyler's performance. Moments later, the 3D printer activated once more. This time, it materialized four Lizart Rats.

Tyler frowned. Even though he was at the Master Level, dealing with multiple Elite-level creatures was no small feat.

The Lizard Rats spread out, surrounding him from all sides. Their tentacles writhed ominously, and their glowing eyes fixated on him.

Tyler slowly reached into his coat and pulled out a peculiar weapon—a ladle.

A few minutes later

A robotic voice announced:

"Combat test completed. Grade: S."

"You mean I don't really have to defeat it? I just have to survive?" Tyler's mouth twitched as he processed the information.

"Exactly," Hawk replied, her tone casual. "But defeating them guarantees you a higher grade."

The two hovered mid-air on sleek hoverboards, the soft hum of their engines filling the silence between them.

"I'll activate it now, Junior," Hawk said, her voice steady with the confidence of experience.

Tyler nodded, touching his bracelet. A faint light enveloped his body, forming a protective barrier. Hawk, on the other hand, adjusted her watch. Her hover gear, complete with a helmet, gloves, and a high-tech suit, gleamed under the artificial light.

A swirling portal materialized in front of them, its edges glowing with an ethereal blue. Without hesitation, the duo glided into the shimmering gateway.

Wantai Country

Wantai Country, a nation distinct from any others in its governance. Unlike most regions, Wantai was not under the control of any large organizations but rather ruled by its royal family. Known as the manufacturing hub of the continent, Wantai thrived on industry and commerce. Businesses from across the world sought to purchase raw materials and establish manufacturing plants in this country, exporting finished goods far and wide. This economic activity had fostered friendly relations between Wantai and its neighboring nations.

At the heart of Wantai stood Ba Auction House, one of the continent's most prestigious auction companies. On this day, its grand halls were filled with influential figures, each eager to secure a monumental acquisition.

The object of today's auction was none other than the Elite Academy of Magic and Technology. While many of those present had little interest in the academy itself, their eyes glittered with desire for its patented technologies, innovations that promised unparalleled power and profit.

Headmistress Serena stood in the venue, her posture composed but her eyes betraying a hint of unease. Beside her was GG, her loyal student, who fidgeted nervously while occasionally peering through the tall windows, as if expecting someone to appear.

The sound of creaking wood disrupted the tense atmosphere. A towering tree-like figure, its bark shimmering with age-old wisdom, strode toward them.

"All those years of history come to an end today," the vice principal sneered as he passed Serena. His smugness radiated from every step, accompanied by Cyan, a former student of Serena who had betrayed her to join the vice principal's faction. Cyan, guilt-ridden, avoided eye contact with Serena as he trailed behind.

"Hmph," GG muttered under his breath. "I'm certain he's the one pulling the strings behind all this."

"Silence," Serena snapped, her voice cold. GG grimaced but complied, taking a sip from the wine glass in his hand.

The venue resembled a grand ballroom, its opulence fitting for an event of such magnitude. Chandeliers cast shimmering light on polished marble floors, and soft orchestral music played in the background.

"The auction for the Elite Academy of Magic and Technology will end in ten minutes," an announcer declared, his voice echoing across the hall. "Please submit your final bids promptly."

Unlike a traditional open auction, this was a sealed-bid auction. Participants submitted their bids in sealed envelopes, which would be opened simultaneously at the end. However, this auction followed the Vickrey auction format. In this system, the highest bidder would win but only pay the second-highest bid, an approach designed to encourage participants to bid their true valuation.

The academy itself, with its sprawling grounds and ancient buildings, was evaluated at a modest 40 million Lydia. However, the patented technology housed within its laboratories elevated its value to a staggering 50 billion Lydia.

As the ten-minute countdown ended, the tension in the room thickened. The auctioneer, a bald man with an aquiline nose and a pair of feathered wings, stepped onto the stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, his voice commanding. "We shall now reveal the bids."

The auctioneer began reading the bids in reverse order.

"Prince Hi Ping," the auctioneer announced, "51 billion Lydia."

Serena and GG exchanged glances.

Finally, Tyler White's name was announced: 300 billion Lydia.

The room fell silent, save for the gasps of astonishment from the audience. Serena's eyes widened in shock, and GG exhaled deeply, with a satisfaction.

But the vice principal remained unfazed. He smirked, his confidence unshaken. Thanks to his bribes, he already knew the top bid. Leaning back in his chair, he gestured for the auctioneer to continue.

"The World Tree Association," the auctioneer declared, "300 billion and one Lydia."

A collective murmur spread through the hall. The vice principal's faction had deliberately outbid Tyler by a single Lydia—a blatant act of provocation. The smug look on the vice principal's face was infuriating.

Serena closed her eyes, as though resigning herself to the outcome.

The vice principal rose from his seat, striding toward the stage with a triumphant air. "Prepare the documents," he said, barely concealing his glee.

"Sir, please wait," the auctioneer interrupted, his voice cutting through the vice principal's celebration. "There is one final envelope yet to be opened."

The room froze. Serena's eyes snapped open, and the vice principal halted in his tracks, his smugness giving way to shock.

"White Merchant Group," the auctioneer announced, "300 billion and two Lydia."

The hall erupted into chaos. Gasps, whispers, and stunned expressions filled the room. The vice principal's face darkened, his composure crumbling.

Chapter 239: Showering Gratitude

Suddenly, a swirling portal materialized in the middle of the bustling city square. With a loud whoosh, Tyler and Hawk shot through on their hoverboards. They descended rapidly, aiming for the marble floor below.

"Aaaaaahhhh!" Tyler shouted as he flailed his arms, losing control and landing face-first on the ground. Hawk, in stark contrast, executed a graceful backflip mid-air and landed perfectly. She adjusted her sleek helmet, her expression unbothered as she looked at the embarrassed Tyler.

"You need to work on your landing," Hawk said, her tone laced with subtle amusement.

"It's because you didn't warn me we'd be landing in the middle of the air!" Tyler grumbled, rubbing his sore face. His hoverboard wobbled to a stop beside him.

Hawk chuckled softly. "Hehe. My bad."

Tyler rolled his eyes and straightened up, brushing the dust off his jacket. "I hope we're not too late," he muttered, glancing around the city.

"Why can't we just teleport directly inside the venue?" he added, annoyed by the extra steps in their journey.

"The arrays in the building won't allow any spatial transmission," Hawk explained. She tapped her wrist communicator, displaying a holographic map of their current location. "We'll have to make our way on foot from here."

Meanwhile, back at the auction venue, tension filled the grand hall.

Cyan, seated in one of the private viewing boxes, clenched his fists so tightly that his knuckles turned white. His frustration was visible, and his sharp glare was fixed on the auctioneer below.

"What is going on here?!" Cyan barked, his voice seething with suppressed anger. "Didn't you tell me that we are the highest bidder? You also leaked us the highest bidding. Now, How is there someone bidding higher than us?"

The vice principal, sitting beside him, remained eerily calm, his face devoid of any emotion. He seemed utterly unbothered by Cyan's outburst.

"I don't know what you're talking about, We don't have policy of leaking the Highest Bid." the bald auctioneer with a literal eagle nose said loudly, addressing the crowd to maintain decorum. Then, leaning in closer to Cyan, he whispered conspiratorially, "I'm sorry, but someone recently acquired a 10% share in our auction house. It's likely connected to that... He "

Cyan's eyes widened in disbelief. "Tsk... He bought what?" he hissed. His mind raced, quickly connecting the dots. The one who won the Bidding is Tyler. So he is the one who also brought the share of this auction house?

The realization left Cyan momentarily speechless. He clearly understood something. In terms of Money, no one can beat Tyler.

Elsewhere in the hall, the auctioneer approached Serena, who sat calmly at the VIP table, observing the proceedings with a neutral expression. He bowed slightly, lowering his voice as he addressed her.

"The buyer has already signed the necessary documents," the auctioneer informed her.

Serena raised an eyebrow. "You mean he already signed before the auction even began?"

The auctioneer coughed awkwardly, clearly uncomfortable. "Ahem. Don't worry about the specifics. What matters is that he agreed to pay 300 billion Lydia in Installments. He also instructed me to deliver these documents to you."

Serena accepted the envelope handed to her and opened it. There is a small smile on her lips. Her expression shifted ever so slightly as she scanned the papers, though it was impossible to tell exactly what she was thinking.

Across the table, GG sat in stunned silence, still grappling with whether she was dreaming or not.

"Huh..." Hawk murmured, breaking the silence.

"Is there something you wanted to say?" Tyler asked, lounging on a poolside chair.

"Why are we having a date instead of heading to the auction house?" Hawk asked, her tone teasing. She wore a revealing swimsuit, the sunlight highlighting her toned figure. Taking a bite of her parfait, a dollop of cream slid down her skin. Without hesitation, she wiped it with her finger and licked it off, a casual but sensual gesture.

Tyler smirked. "Because we don't need to be there and also You missed some," he said. Leaning closer, he licked the remaining cream off her. His warm breath brushed against her skin, causing her to shiver.

Hawk's cheeks flushed as the sensation sent a wave of heat through her. She squirmed slightly, her body reacting to the unexpected intimacy. Glancing around, she was relieved to see no one was paying attention to them.

"Relax," Tyler whispered, his tone low and smooth. "I activated a small concealment array."

Her eyes widened. "You mean the expensive one used in battlefields?" she asked, her voice tinged with disbelief. Some instant activation arrays can be even used by non-immortal practitioners, which is very useful during a fight. But they are so expensive.

Tyler nodded nonchalantly, leaning back with a confident smirk.

Hawk laughed softly. "Rich, cute, handsome, and young. You're everything a girl could want," she said, leaning in to kiss him. Her lips pressed against his, her hands sliding downward toward his trousers.

Before she could go further, another hand caught hers.

"Huh... Headmistress Serena?" Hawk said in shock, turning to see the Academy's headmistress standing beside them. Serena was dressed in a golden swimsuit that shimmered in the light, paired with a long, elegant coat that added an air of mystery and sophistication.

Behind Serena stood GG, peeking nervously. Her green face glowed red with embarrassment. She was dressed casually in a white T-shirt and denim shorts, her toned green thighs subtly drawing attention.

Tyler scratched his head awkwardly. "Oh, right. I forgot—I already messaged them that we were here," he muttered.

"Geez.." Hawk pouted.

Serena's expression remained unreadable as she handed him a sealed envelope. "The documents," she said curtly.

Tyler took the envelope, his gaze briefly scanning her figure with playful admiration. "Thanks," he said. With a sly grin, he added, "So, from now on, you're all under me."

Serena gave a sharp nod, her serious demeanor unchanging. Hawk chuckled at his boldness, leaning back with a smirk, while GG's face turned bright red.

A few minutes later...

The sound of heavy panting echoed through the dimly lit room of a luxury hotel suite. Serena and Hawk lay sprawled in different corners, exhaustion evident on their flushed faces. They had both shown their gratitude to their new boss in ways that left them completely drained.

Outside the room, GG stood hesitantly, clutching the hem of her dress. Her heart raced as she tried to summon the courage to enter. After a deep breath and a firm nod to herself, she pushed the door open and stepped inside.

The sight made her green cheeks turn a deep shade of crimson. Serena was fast asleep on the bed, her naked figure glowing faintly under the soft light. Her body was slightly arched, and a faint trail of viscous liquid ran down her thighs, a clear indication of her earlier endeavors. Hawk was slumped over a coffee table, her chest rising and falling with heavy breaths. Her eyes were half-closed, rolled slightly upward, while a faint trail of liquid dripped from the corner of her mouth, mingling with drool.

At the center of it all stood Tyler, casually sipping a glowing potion. It was a special brew crafted by Mathilda, designed to restore his stamina. The potion worked wonders; Tyler looked composed, a stark contrast to the disheveled women around him.

"GG?" Tyler asked, raising an eyebrow in surprise.

GG's hands trembled as she fidgeted with her dress. "I... I wanted to show my gratitude too, Junior," she stammered, her voice barely above a whisper.

Her face burned with embarrassment as she slipped off her dress, revealing her toned green body. Her figure was striking, her curves enhanced by the warm lighting of the room. Between her legs, a patch of light purple hair was barely visible, as if it was still growing.

Tyler's gaze lingered, making GG's heart pound harder. "D-Do you only like humans?" she asked nervously, her voice trembling.

Tyler didn't respond immediately. Instead, he closed the distance between them, his hand pulling her closer. Before she could process what was happening, she found herself lying on the bed beside the sleeping Serena.

Moments later, GG let out a sharp cry as her body experienced sensations it never had before. The initial pain quickly gave way to a wave of pleasure, leaving her breathless.

"Ah... so good, so hot," GG exclaimed, her voice trembling as she reached her first climax.

Unlike Serena and Hawk, who had already succumbed to exhaustion, GG surprised Tyler with her stamina. Despite being new to this, she managed to keep up with him for four rounds, her green skin glistening under the light as she matched his rhythm.

As the night wore on, the room grew quiet, save for the sound of heavy breathing. Tyler looked at the three women around him.

Tyler, utterly drained from the night's events, decided not to take a stamina potion this time. His body felt heavy, and drowsiness overwhelmed him as he sank into a deep sleep.

"Wake up, Tyler! Wake up!"

The urgent voices of Hawk and GG pierced through his slumber. Tyler's eyes shot open to find the two standing beside him, both still naked but visibly distressed.

He immediately noticed the panic etched across their faces, their breaths uneven as they tugged at his arm.

"What's going on?" Tyler asked groggily, rubbing his eyes.

"Head Serena is Poisoned."

Chapter 240: Who is the Culprit? (Part 1)

"Wake up, Tyler! Wake up!"

The urgent voices of Hawk and GG pierced through Tyler's slumber, jarring him awake. His eyes shot open to find the two women standing beside him, their faces pale and filled with panic. Both were still naked, but their disheveled state wasn't from passion—it was clear something was terribly wrong.

"What's going on?" Tyler groaned, his voice heavy with sleep as he rubbed his eyes.

Hawk, trembling, pointed toward the bed. Tyler turned, and his heart sank. Serena lay motionless, her usually vibrant skin now pallid, with black, web-like veins snaking across her body. Her breathing was shallow, her chest barely rising and falling.

"She's poisoned, Tyler!" Hawk cried, her voice breaking as tears rolled down her cheeks.

GG knelt beside Serena, desperately pouring a glowing antidote into her mouth. Her hands trembled as she tried to steady the vial, but it was no use. "It's not working! The poison isn't reacting!" GG exclaimed, her voice a mix of fear and frustration.

Tyler snapped fully awake, his exhaustion vanishing in an instant. He leapt from the bed and crouched beside Serena, inspecting the ominous black veins. His expression darkened.

"The fuck happened?" he demanded, his voice sharp as he looked at Hawk and GG.

"We don't know!" Hawk sobbed, clutching her hands to her chest. "She was like this when we woke up. One moment she was fine, and then... this!"

GG's green face was ashen. "This isn't an ordinary poison. It has an Abyss aura..."

Tyler's eyes narrowed. He quickly grabbed an expensive antidote potion and poured it into Serena's mouth, but there was no reaction. He took a small injection and injected it. But there is still no reaction. Frustrated, he stood. "We're taking her to the hospital. Now!"

At the hospital, Serena was hooked up to various machines, her body surrounded by glowing medical arrays. Needles and tubes protruded from her arms, and half of her body had turned a purplish black. Tyler stood at the edge of the room, his jaw tight as he observed the setup.

The lead doctor stepped in, his expression grim. "The poison has already seeped into her heart. It's Abyssal Poison—extremely rare and deadly. We'll need to replace her heart to save her life."

"Then do it!" Tyler said, his voice firm.

"It's not that simple," the doctor replied. "The surgeon capable of performing this procedure is currently in another country. And even if we could start the operation now, we'd need a cloned heart using her DNA, which will take time to create. Keeping her alive until then will be a challenge, even with the most expensive potions."

"Is there any other way?" Tyler pressed, refusing to give up.

The doctor hesitated. "If you can find an Angel with a Healing trait, they might be able to slow the poison's progress and buy us time."

Without hesitation, Tyler pulled out his watch and made a call. Within an hour, Astrid, the Half-Angel from his crew, arrived through a Teleportation Hub. Lily, Mathilda, and Darla accompanied her, their expressions filled with worry.

Astrid immediately knelt beside Serena and activated her Healing ability. A warm, golden White glow enveloped Serena's body, halting the poison's spread. Sweat dripped from Astrid's forehead as she worked tirelessly. "This will hold her for three days, but no longer," Astrid said, her voice strained.

The group sighed in collective relief. The surgeon and the cloned heart would be ready in two days, giving them just enough time.

Later, Tyler and Lily stood outside Serena's room, discussing the situation.

"Do you have any suspicions?" Lily asked, her tone calm but probing.

Tyler glanced toward GG and Hawk, who sat anxiously in the waiting area. "It could be a high-level assassin, or..." He hesitated, his gaze darkening. "...it could be one of them."

Lily's eyes narrowed. "Then why wait? Capture both and interrogate them. We'll squeeze the truth out of them."

Tyler frowned. "I... I'm not sure. What if I'm wrong?"

Lily's frustration bubbled to the surface. "What's stopping you? Is it because you rode their butts last night?"

"Tsk, it's not that!" Tyler snapped, taking a deep breath. "But I really hope it's not one of them."

Lily rolled her eyes. "Fine. I'll use my methods to investigate. But first, let's think about the motive. Why was Serena poisoned now, of all times? You already have a guess, don't you?"

Tyler nodded slowly. "It's probably related to her research. Since I bought the Academy, she can make progress rapidly without interference."

"Exactly," Lily said. "So, who stands to lose the most from her success?"

"The Vice Principal's faction," Tyler replied, his jaw tightening.

Lily smirked. "Bingo. Now, let's assume one or both of them—Hawk and GG—are connected to that faction. Based on what we know, let's call it a 50-50 chance for now."

Tyler sighed. "So what do we do?"

Lily's eyes gleamed mischievously. "Tell me what happened last night. Everything."

"Are you serious?" Tyler asked, his face turning red.

"Dead serious. Spill it," Lily demanded.

Reluctantly, Tyler recounted the events of the previous night.

When he finished, Lily leaned back, her expression thoughtful. "Hmm... Based on that, I'd say the odds are now 60-40."

"Who's at 60?" Tyler asked warily.

Lily grinned but refused to answer. Instead, she leaned in and whispered something in his ear.

Tyler's eyes widened. "You can't be serious."

"Do it," Lily insisted. "It might fail, but it'll make my job easier."

Tyler agreed reluctantly.

The plan is simple.

To keep an eye on both Hawk and GG.

But in another way,

Serena is dying while Abyss poison is consuming her.

"Ahh .. We shouldn't be doing this. But I don't know why, my mind feels so light." Hawk shouted while grabbing the bed that Serena is sleeping.

GG tried to crawl out. But she was dragged back by Tyler.

"I am also sad that Head got poisoned. This is the only way I can vent my frustrations." He said as he started doing with GG.

Both of them awoke suddenly, their bodies jerking upright as the vivid sensations of their shared dream evaporated. Their breaths were shallow, their faces flushed.

"It was... just a dream," GG murmured, breaking the silence. She glanced at Hawk, who was equally disoriented.

The two women sighed in unison, relief mingled with lingering embarrassment. They instinctively scanned the room, ensuring that no one had seen them in such a state.

When their eyes met, the memory of the dream flashed between them. Both quickly looked away, the awkwardness palpable.

Outside the room, Mathilda smirked, watching the scene unfold from a hidden corner. "The drug worked like a charm," she muttered to herself. Beside her stood a striking red-haired elf, her arms crossed as she observed with a mix of annoyance and curiosity.

"Thank you for the illusion," Mathilda said, her tone both grateful and conspiratorial.

The elf, whose name was Aeliana, raised an eyebrow. "You owe me for this, Mathilda. Asking me to craft an illusion like that? For that?" Her cheeks turned a faint shade of pink as she folded her arms tighter.

Mathilda chuckled, clearly unfazed. "Relax, Aeliana. It's all for the greater good."

Aeliana shot her an exasperated look before shifting her gaze to Tyler, who was standing a few paces behind them. She reached out and gave him a sharp pinch on the arm.

"What kind of requests are you letting your friend make?" she demanded, her voice a mix of indignation and embarrassment.

Though the pinch didn't hurt, Tyler winced theatrically, clutching his arm. "Ow, ow! Senior, I didn't plan this! I'm just the middleman here!"

Aeliana huffed but didn't press harder. She turned to Mathilda. "You'd better make good on your end of the deal. I want that product you promised. And if anyone finds out I was involved in this, you're both dead."

Mathilda gave her a playful salute. "Don't worry, your secret's safe with us."

Tyler added, "As promised, Mathilda will deliver exactly what you want. No one will ever hear a word about this."

Aeliana's posture relaxed slightly, though her glare lingered. "You'd better keep your word," she muttered.

As the elf walked away, her fiery hair swaying behind her, Mathilda turned to Tyler with a mischievous grin.