

R Cultivator 256

Chapter 256: Serena's Class

Tyler was sitting in the newly constructed Lab 1, surrounded by advanced technology and an air of anticipation. Today, he was about to dive into the intricacies of Portable Waypoint Units. The one who is gonna teach him is none other than Head Serena, albeit in her digital form.

He adjusted the lightweight helmet on his head and reclined on a comfortable sofa. The moment he closed his eyes, a surge of energy coursed through his mind, and the world around him faded. When he opened his eyes again, he was in a completely different place.

"What server is this?" Tyler asked, he looked up.

"I have seen this somewhere." He murmured. He just accept Serena's invitation and jumped into the server.

It's extremely dangerous to touch link of different servers from unknown people. It might lead them to some private fraud servers and might charge them money for just entering their servers. But Serena is not unknown scammer.

He stood on a floating island suspended in an endless sky. A vast, crystalline lake surrounded the island, reflecting the surreal scenery above. Instead of the usual sun or moon, there were massive planets orbiting close by, each adorned with dazzling rainbow-like rings that painted the sky in vibrant hues. The atmosphere was serene yet otherworldly, the kind of beauty that felt like a dream brought to life.

He can also see many Islands floating in the space. There is a giant planet shaped like a star which is burning brighter on fire can been seen in horizon.

Tyler immediately guessed the server he arrived.

"This is my old villa," Serena's voice rang out from behind him. Tyler turned to see her standing a few feet away, her digital avatar as graceful and lifelike as ever. "It's on the Starfire Server."

Tyler blinked in surprise. "You have a villa in the Starfire Server?" he asked, his admiration clear. "I tried to buy one there, but no one is willing to sell. Starfire Server is the most exclusive and sought-after among all the VR worlds."

Virtual reality had become a cultural phenomenon, especially in the northern regions. Entire worlds had been built in cyberspace, with people purchasing and trading virtual land as if it were real estate. Overcrowding had led to the creation of countless servers, but the Starfire Server, developed by the prestigious Starfire Academy, remained one of the crown jewel.

All because the ability of that 'Star' which is on 'fire' in the sky.

Tyler had only been able to access the server through his student login, which restricted him to the virtual academy grounds. Owning land in this server was an almost impossible things.

"This was my mother's house," Serena explained softly, her tone carrying a hint of melancholy. "After she passed away, I inherited the ownership rights."

For a moment, the air between them grew heavy. Tyler walked over to her and gently patted her shoulder, offering silent comfort. The gesture felt oddly real, almost as if he could feel the warmth of her skin. His brows furrowed as he realized this.

"Did you set the sensitivity to high?" he asked, glancing at her.

Serena nodded, her gaze locking onto his. Without warning, she grabbed him by the collar and pulled him closer. Her sudden boldness left him momentarily stunned.

"Before we begin the lesson," she said with a small smile "let's have some private lessons first."

"You have more expressions in VR than the real world." Tyler said.

Before Tyler could continue, Serena leaned in and pressed her lips to his. The kiss was intense, filled with an fiery passion. He also kissed her back. The surreal environment around them seemed to blur, the floating island and shimmering lake fading into the background as her presence took center stage.

Actually the surrounding did blurred like a censor ship. Even if someone who passes by looked at her Villa. They won't able to see anything but a blurred Villa.

A few Hours later,

Serena gestured, and the environment around them transformed. They are inside a sleek, futuristic lab filled with holographic displays and intricate machinery. A glowing, spherical device hovered in the center of the room, its surface pulsating with energy.

There is also a watch floating in the air.

"This," Serena said, pointing to the device, "is a Portable Waypoint Unit. It allows instant transportation between two fixed points, regardless of distance. The technology behind it is complex, relying on spatial arrays, energy compression, and quantum entanglement."

Tyler approached the device, "Yeah, yeah I know all this stuff. Apart from it can make portals from anywhere without a Giant Teleportation Hub, what is the other uses?"

"Other teleportation Hub needs Both of the Hubs from two points to activate" Serena continued without saying anything . "But this one doesn't needs that. The watch itself can create portal and can go anywhere we want."

".....To create a stable waypoint, the device requires precise calibration and a significant amount of energy. That's why these units are rare and expensive."

The boring lecture continued.

She waved her hand, and a holographic blueprint of the device appeared in front of them. Serena began explaining the various components and their functions, her voice steady and authoritative. Tyler listened intently, absorbing every detail. Despite the initial distraction, he found himself genuinely engrossed in the lesson.

As the hours passed, Tyler gained a deeper understanding of the Portable Waypoint Unit's mechanics. Serena's teaching style was both engaging and thorough, a testament to her expertise. By the end of the session, Tyler explained everything he learned.

"Not bad," Serena said as she watched him explain. "You're a quick learner."

Tyler smirked. "I've had a good teacher."

The compliment caught Serena off guard, and for a moment, her composed demeanor faltered. She looked away, a faint blush coloring her cheeks. "Don't get too cocky," she muttered, though her tone was more amused than annoyed.

"Seriously, are you really that expressionless Serena?" Tyler asked with confused expression.

Serena then opened a window and toggled off automatic expression option.

Serena returned to her natural expression.

"Yub this is what I like about you.. your cold look." Tyler said as he placed the sensitivity to 150%

Serena took a step backward. "What are you trying to do?"

"I wanted to see, if you still be expressionless with 150% of heaven and hell." He smiled evilly and pounced on her.

Soon Tyler saw 'different' expressions on this cold beauty face.

As they wrapped up the lesson, the environment shifted back to the floating island. Tyler removed the helmet and opened his eyes, returning to the real world. The lab around him felt almost dull in comparison to the vibrant VR landscape he had just left.

Serena's digital voice echoed through the room. "You did well today. With more practice, you'll be able to use these devices efficiently."

"How did your voice turned back into natural? Are you toggled on the Cold Expression option?"

He asked while recalling the faces Serena made.

The giant robot arms and legs in the corner started to float. The arm grabbed Tyler and the legs kicked him out.

The lab door closed with a loud sound.

Chapter 257: New Vice Principal

"This year... I've selected many underprivileged kids and awarded them scholarships to join the main academy on behalf of our branch academy," Tyler said, leaning against the rooftop railing with a confident smile.

It was nearing the start of Tyler's sophomore year, and the main academy admissions season was in full swing. The Academy's administration building buzzed with activity.

Meanwhile Tyler and Hawk enjoyed the peaceful view from the rooftop on their branch academy.

According to academy rules, their branch was on the verge of closure due to a lack of students. Yet Tyler had stepped in and solved the problem in the simplest way he knew—money.

Money wasn't the solution to every problem, but as Tyler liked to say: Almost every problem needs money as the solution.

"What if they betray us and switch to another branch, like that Cyan guy?" Hawk asked, her arms crossed as she glanced at the newly constructed buildings floating in midair.

The campus of Elite Academy of Magic and Technology was undergoing a transformation. Blocks of newly built structures hovered above, while others remained under construction, casting an ever-changing skyline over the academy.

"Don't worry," Tyler replied, his tone calm. "I already made them sign contracts."

Hawk raised an eyebrow. "Isn't that a bit excessive?"

"Not at all," Tyler assured her. "I didn't force them. I simply told them, 'Sign the contract and study at the academy, or go try your luck somewhere else.' It's fair."

Hawk sighed, realizing the sense in his logic. She silently regretted not having Cyan and GG sign contracts before letting them enroll. One left without a second thought, leaving the academy in a lurch. Another one is a traitor. But this is academy not some Sect from the South.

"Well, we still have a big issue," Hawk said after a moment. "We're short on teachers."

"That's easy to solve," Tyler said, brushing off her concern. "We'll hire during campus interviews."

Hawk tilted her head in skepticism. "Are you sure? Can we attract good teachers?"

"Absolutely," Tyler replied confidently. "We're going to offer salaries as competitive as those at Starfire Academy. Besides, there's already a rumor that a big tycoon has bought this academy. That alone will attract plenty of applicants. But don't expect it to be easy for them—our interviews will be tough."

"Tough?" Hawk repeated, swallowing nervously.

"Of course. Head Serena will be conducting them." Tyler's voice carried a sense of finality as he looked at her.

Hawk blinked, then frowned. "Wait a second. You've never asked this, but... do you know what year I'm in?"

Tyler raised an eyebrow, realizing he'd never thought to inquire. "Now that you mention it, what year are you in?"

"Uh... seventh year? Kind of," Hawk said sheepishly. "Here's the thing: after finishing the standard four-year course, students can pay extra to continue studying at the academy. Before GG and Cyan batch, I was the student who joined behalf of our academy. The count was dangerously low. I mean there was no one. So I had to step in and represent the academy."

She sighed, recalling the uphill battle of maintaining the branch's relevance. Hawk tried to enroll the girl he met in the south but she was so eager to follow her boyfriend.

After that she always visited south to poach some people. That's how she found Tyler.

After Cyan had left, and their enrollment numbers remained precarious—until Tyler arrived with his crew and turned the tide.

"Gladly, this year we've got you, our academy's savior," Hawk said with a grin.

Tyler smirked. "Don't give me all the credit yet. What about classes in VR? Don't you attend those?"

"I've skipped most of them," Hawk admitted. "I'm not really interested in the current course I selected. Actually, I'm planning to drop out of it entirely and become a teacher here instead. I already finished a course seven years ago, anyway."

Tyler stared at her, a newfound respect forming in his eyes. Despite the academy's struggles, Hawk had done everything she could to keep it afloat. Her dedication to the branch academy was undeniable.

"Then it's settled," Tyler said, nodding. "I'll see you at work, Vice Principal."

Hawk froze, her expression one of utter confusion. "Vice principal?" she repeated, glancing around as if the person Tyler referred to were standing behind her.

"Yes, you," Tyler confirmed, smirking.

"Since when?"

"Now. I just decided," Tyler said nonchalantly. "Congratulations, Vice Principal Hawk."

Before Hawk could fully process what had just happened, Tyler patted her shoulder and stepped off the edge of the rooftop.

"Wait, Tyler!" she shouted, her voice tinged with panic.

But Tyler didn't fall. Instead, the soles of his shoes activated, transforming into a sleek hoverboard. He shot off into the sky with a wave, leaving Hawk standing on the rooftop, still trying to wrap her head around her sudden promotion.

As Tyler soared across the academy grounds, he marveled at the progress being made. Construction drones buzzed through the air, assembling new buildings with precision. The academy no longer resembled the struggling institution it had been when he first arrived.

Landing gracefully in the central courtyard, Tyler was greeted by a crowd of curious students. Among them were the scholarship recipients he had personally selected. Most of them were still adjusting to their new environment, their expressions a mix of awe and nervousness.

"Welcome to the academy," Tyler said, addressing the group. "This is your chance to rewrite your story. Work hard, and you'll achieve more than you ever thought possible."

The students nodded, their determination evident. Tyler smiled, feeling a sense of pride.

He was about to leave when one of the younger students hesitated, then approached him. "Excuse me, sir," the boy said timidly.

Tyler knelt slightly to meet his gaze. "What's on your mind?"

"I just... wanted to say thank you," the boy said, his voice barely above a whisper. "Without the scholarship, I wouldn't be here. My family..." He trailed off, his emotions getting the better of him.

Tyler placed a reassuring hand on the boy's shoulder. "You don't owe me anything. Just promise me you'll make the most of this opportunity. Make sure you get selected in the Main academy."

The boy nodded, wiping away a stray tear.

As Tyler walked away, he couldn't help but feel a renewed sense of purpose. His decision to invest in the academy was not just to help Serena. Tyler just wanted to own many businesses as possible in the whole world. It was definitely not about creating a future for those who needed it most. But it seems like these people will not believe it even if he openly revealed it.

Later that evening, Tyler returned to Lab 1.

Two giant arms hovering in the air are constructing something. Noticing Tyler, a message appeared in his watch.

'Get in the VR.'

He placed the helmet back on his head, ready to enter the VR world for another session with Head Serena.

This time, he found himself in an expansive virtual library, the walls lined with glowing shelves of books and holographic displays. Serena was waiting for him, her avatar leaning casually against a table.

"You're late," she said, raising an eyebrow.

"Had some real-world business to handle," Tyler replied with a grin.

"Fair enough," Serena said, motioning for him to take a seat. "Let's continue where we left off."

Tyler sat and raised his head. He saw a deep valley before his eyes. She sat before him on the desk. He can see that she is not wearing anything inside. He can see the familiar Green Grass field.

"First the special lesson." She said as she raised the sensitivity.

Looks like she really enjoyed high Sensitivity play.

The next day, Tyler organized a group of students to travel via Waypoint Terminals under Hawk's guidance. As the process unfolded smoothly, Tyler's mind was already racing ahead with plans. He had decided to construct a private teleportation hub just outside the college grounds.

He won't stop with just one hub. There will be lots of hub will be extend to every island in the southern region where Tyler conducted business. It was a bold, ambitious project, but one Tyler simply wanted to do it. After constructing these Teleportation Hubs he can install the Waypoint Terminals and monopolize this business in the south.

The southern islands were notoriously devoid of teleportation hubs, and for good reason. Operating such infrastructure in this region was prohibitively expensive, requiring vast resources to maintain even the most basic functionality.

But for Tyler, the cost was not even a challenge. With his Copper Pot, he can simply make copies of materials.

"Are you ready?" Serena voice asked. It was from his communication device.

"Yeah... I am gonna visit the south after a long time." He nodded. It's really not long time according to immortal Practitioners. But Tyler was not even 100 years old. So his Time Sense is same as mortals.

Another figure appeared who is gonna accompany him in the journey. It was Lily.

Chapter 258: A small journey to the south

A swirling portal materialized in the heart of Cedar Islands, its shimmering energy rippling like a liquid mirror. Tyler, accompanied by Lily, Mana, and Zuzia—who had taken her winged cat form—stepped through, their expressions calm.

But

"Teleporting without the receiving point. One might end up between the buildings or deep inside the sea." Lily said.

"No problem, I can handle it . We are going to travel all the way to south with this method and create a Teleportation Hub." Tyler replied.

Actually luck is also part of this. The accident rarely happens without a receiving point. And Hawk always uses this method to travel south. Tyler never doubted his luck. Especially his abnormal luck that helped him get away from an Immortal.

Waiting for them was Situ, the newly appointed Head of the Woodcutter Association, standing respectfully with a bow.

"Alright, I need to check on all my branches, so my schedule's tight. Let's start immediately," Tyler said briskly, wasting no time.

Situ led them to the newly built private teleportation hub.

Unlike traditional teleportation arrays, which required intricate engravings and years of painstaking labor to construct, The waypoint terminals which can create portals was completed in just three months with the combined expertise of Head Serena and Hawk.

The project was part of a previous agreement: They would deliver a series of waypoint terminals that could connect southern islands for Tyler's business, along with granting limited usage rights to the technology. The first terminal was completed successfully, though Serena's subsequent poisoning had been an unfortunate setback. Still, Tyler wasn't deterred. He now owns the technology. For now, one operational terminal was enough, he can just use his chest item to multiply it.

Upon reaching the private teleportation hub, Tyler quickly instructed everyone to clear the area. With a calm precision, he raised a copper ladle and made a pouring motion towards an empty space.

In an instant, a portal machine appeared, it is the waypoint terminal. Its shimmering edges crackling with vibrant energy. The portal device itself stood as a towering masterpiece of futuristic engineering, its immense circular frame glowing with hues of blue, purple, and white. Intricate engravings covered its metallic surface, a seamless blend of ancient runic designs and cutting-edge technology.

For the next hour, Tyler worked tirelessly to connect the various components. Holographic symbols and patterns floated in the air, rearranging and shifting as though they were alive. The entire system pulsed with energy, radiating an otherworldly hum that filled the room.

Several hours later, Tyler emerged from his work, his expression satisfied.

Situ, now joined by several other shareholders from the company, arrived at the teleportation hub to witness the demonstration. Tyler didn't waste time. Glancing at his watch, he activated the portal with a simple tap. The air shimmered, and a vortex of swirling light and energy formed before their eyes.

"Follow me," Tyler said, stepping confidently into the portal.

Situ followed without any thoughts.

The group hesitated for a moment. Summoning their courage, they stepped through, finding themselves instantly transported inside the Teleportation Hub.

They were awestruck by the swirling storm of light and energy that seemed alive with its own pulse. It was unlike anything they had ever seen—large enough to accommodate not just people but vehicles and cargo.

The shareholders stood in stunned silence as they took in the sight. Unlike traditional teleportation arrays, which required two fixed hubs to function, Tyler's portable waypoint unit could open a portal anywhere. It was a game-changing innovation, a revolutionary leap in teleportation technology.

"This system eliminates the need for fixed hubs on both ends," Tyler explained as he glanced at their astonished faces. "It's fully mobile and adaptable."

The shareholders' eyes gleamed with excitement, their minds racing with possibilities. But before they could voice their enthusiasm, Tyler cut through their fantasies with a sharp dose of reality.

"This portable waypoint unit won't hit the market for a few dozen years," he said, his tone firm. "For now, it's not for sale, and you won't be getting your hands on it. Just use it like normal Teleportation arrays."

With that, Tyler dismissed their eager expressions, leaving them awestruck and grounded.

Tyler just want to own private teleportation Hubs.

Tyler and the girls resumed their journey.

Their next destination was the bustling Triangle Islands, accessed via one of the waypoint terminal.

Upon arrival, the girls left Tyler to his business, to explore the lively island. They immersed themselves in sightseeing and shopping.

The island had transformed drastically since Tyler's establishment of the "White Trading Center."

Once a quiet blueford town, it now teemed with merchant ships and adventurer vessels, the streets alive with the sounds of commerce and excitement.

Tyler, however, had no time to linger. He met with the trading center's manager, who escorted him to a large empty warehouse. The structure, normally reserved for emergency supplies, provided the perfect space for Tyler's next project.

"Clear the area," Tyler instructed. The manager obeyed without hesitation, ushering the workers out of the warehouse and leaving Tyler alone in the expansive room.

Tyler began his work, retrieving his trusted copper ladle and pot. From the pot, he looked inside and saw an intricately crafted small Waypoint Terminal. This was the original terminal, painstakingly created by Serena and Hawk during their initial efforts.

Tyler used ladle ability to place the original inside the copper pot.

Yes this is one of the ability of Copper pot where Tyler doesn't need to store something in Storage device and then copy it.

Instead he can copy any items at any measurements with the Ladle.

Carefully, he used his ladle to "scoop" a copy of the Waypoint Terminal from the original inside the copper pot. With a practiced motion, he "poured" the terminal into the empty space of the warehouse. Instantly, the structure materialized before him—a perfect replica. Its glowing runes flickered to life as Tyler began the process of connecting and activating the system.

Then it took an hour of focused effort to connect and activate it. Tyler worked methodically, ensuring the terminal integrated seamlessly with the network he was building across the south. Once the connection was complete, he approached the small screen embedded beside the terminal.

The interface was simple but powerful. It displayed a list of destinations, with "Cedar Islands" prominently displayed. Tyler tapped the option, and with a hum of energy, the portal opened—a swirling vortex of light and power.

To test the system, Tyler stepped through the portal and found himself instantly transported to the Cedar Islands' teleportation hub. Satisfied with the flawless connection, he walked back through the portal to return to the Triangle Islands.

Tyler smirked, pleased with his work. He called the manager over and demonstrated the functionality of the new Waypoint Terminal. The manager's awe was evident as he witnessed the seamless travel between islands. Tyler provided a brief explanation of its use and emphasized its importance for the trading center's growth.

The next morning, Tyler regrouped with the girls, who were brimming with stories of their adventures on the island. Without wasting time, they prepared for their next destination: Rosefall Kingdom—or, as it was now known, The New Rose Kingdom.

Chapter 259: Meeting new friends?

Two weeks later...

"We have to go back in two weeks," Lily said casually, lounging on a cushioned chair as if the thought didn't carry much weight.

The group's long journey was winding down. After exploring Rich Berg Island, Tyler and his crew had encountered an unexpected limitation. Tyler now fully understood why the Bank of Atlantis had stopped expanding their branches past Rich Berg Island. It wasn't for lack of opportunity; it was something far more troublesome.

"The Teleportation Array doesn't work properly after Rich Berg Island," Tyler muttered, his brow furrowed as he studied a flickering Waypoint Terminal at their current location on the Seo Islands. "More like it's extremely unstable."

The sleek metallic frame of the Waypoint Terminal flickered ominously, its runes dim and pulsing irregularly, as though struggling to draw enough energy to function. The constant instability made teleportation south of Rich Berg Island nearly impossible—or at the very least, highly dangerous.

"I don't really get why it doesn't work past this point," Tyler said aloud, frustrated. "I remember Hawk using Mobile Portals all the way to the Kun Peng Ruins without issues. What's different here?"

They were standing inside a branch of the White Merchant Stores on the Seo Islands, a small but bustling archipelago located not far from Rich Berg Island. Tyler had personally installed the Waypoint Terminal, but its current state left much to be desired.

Lily leaned back in her seat and tilted her head toward Tyler, her expression unbothered. "Well, we don't really have to solve this right now, do we?" She stretched lazily, the golden rays of the afternoon sun glinting off her revealing swimsuit.

"Easy for you to say," Tyler shot back, rolling his eyes.

"There's no signal here," Lily continued, ignoring his jab. "We should head back north and ask Professor Ellen. She might know something."

Before Tyler could argue further, Mana and Zuzia strolled over. Both were also wearing swimsuits, clearly ready to take full advantage of the tropical surroundings. Mana's crystalline wings fluttered playfully as she carried a towel over one shoulder, and Zuzia, in her winged cat form, floated lazily at her side.

Tyler frowned. "And where exactly are you three going?"

"To the beach, of course," Lily replied matter-of-factly, flashing a grin. "For us, this is a holiday."

Mana nodded enthusiastically. "We've been working nonstop. This is a perfect chance to relax."

Zuzia, in her small winged form, chimed in, "Yes, Tyler! Even you need a break sometimes."

Before Tyler could argue, Lily tapped on her wrist-mounted watch. A portal flickered into existence before them, its swirling energy visibly shaky, crackling with unstable energy.

"Small portals still work fine," Lily said, waving off Tyler's concerned look. "They're just a bit... energy-hungry."

Tyler crossed his arms. "I'm warning you—use those too much, and it'll take forever for your watch to recharge."

"Duly noted!" Lily said with a laugh, and without another word, she stepped through the shimmering portal with Mana and Zuzia following close behind.

Tyler sighed as the portal vanished, leaving him standing in the now-quiet merchant store. He turned to face Brella, the store manager for the Seo Islands branch. She was a young woman with round-rimmed glasses perched neatly on her nose. Her flaxen-colored hair was braided into tidy fishbone plaits, and her simple, earth-toned dress only added to her wholesome, rancher-like appearance.

Brella seemed unfazed by the commotion and adjusted her glasses. "They're certainly enjoying their time here," she said, smiling faintly.

"They've earned it, I guess," Tyler admitted, though his tone carried a hint of begrudging acceptance.

Brella nodded before her expression turned serious. "By the way, we recently requested that the Bank of Atlantis open a branch here. Having their presence would make trade smoother and more secure. But they declined."

Tyler raised an eyebrow. "Declined? Why?"

Brella sighed. "They said they didn't have permission from their Head to open a branch this far south. It sounded odd, but they were firm about it."

Tyler frowned thoughtfully. "Yeah... it's probably because they can't build Teleportation Arrays here in case of emergencies. It's a major drawback for them."

Brella's brow furrowed, clearly intrigued. "What do you mean?"

Tyler gestured toward the barely functional Waypoint Terminal. "Teleportation Arrays need stable magical energy to function properly. Past Rich Berg Island, something disrupts that stability. I've tried

connecting this terminal to the northern network, but the energy loss is ridiculous. That's why their expansion stops here—they can't guarantee teleportation in critical situations."

Brella nodded slowly as realization dawned. "That makes sense. If they can't operate Teleportation Arrays, opening branches this far south would be too risky."

"Exactly," Tyler confirmed. "I'd bet anything their Head is just playing it safe."

A thoughtful silence settled over them before Brella spoke again. "So, what's next for you, Boss? Are you going to head back north?"

"Eventually," Tyler said, looking toward the horizon where the sun was beginning to set over the islands. "For now, I am gonna take a little rest. I planned to open branches in the south. But without a stable Teleportation Hubs it's impossible to keep tabs. So if guys need to go north, go to the branch in Rich Berg Islands."

Brella smiled softly. "Thank you, boss... I didn't know that some organisations has secret Teleportation Arrays in their basement."

"Hmm... Well ours is not secret it's our Private Hub buisness opened to everyone. If you want you can take care of that buisness." Tyler said.

"Ok.. sure..." Brella suddenly said.

"Ah... So, You were aiming for that." Tyler shook his head.

She just stuck out of her tongue cutely, "Oh... By the way boss, I am already married or i would have invited you to my room just like before."

She expressed a regretful expression and continued, "B-but if boss wants me..."

She slightly opened her dress and showed her breast.

Tyler gently grabbed her dress and closed it.

"It's ok vixen. Just be faithful to your family." Tyler said and turned around.

Brella pouted. Boss looks more younger than before. She wanted to have a taste of him. But she didn't expect her boss would reject her.

She sighed but she didn't care. She got a new job. Her eyes shined looking forward to manage the Teleportation Hub.

Tyler was in no mood for distractions. His frustration weighed heavily on him as he sat brooding in the White Merchant Store's Seo Island branch. The dream he had—building a Teleportation Network to the edge of the world—had come to a screeching halt. The instability past Rich Berg Island made further progress impossible, and the setback gnawed at him.

"Dusk, are you sure it's this way?"

A young boy's voice broke Tyler from his thoughts. He glanced lazily to the side, only half paying attention to the commotion.

"Yeah, you know my powers, right? It's pointing this way," a second voice replied, confident and calm.

The answer piqued Tyler's curiosity just enough to make him look over. He caught sight of a boy with striking red eyes—eyes unlike any he had seen before—and froze.

"Huh... it's him..." the boy, apparently named Dusk, muttered as he locked eyes with Tyler.

Beside Dusk stood another young man. He looked ordinary enough, with soft features and an approachable smile, but something about him sent a shiver down Tyler's spine.

"Hello," the young man said warmly, offering a polite nod.

Tyler's eyes widened in shock. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. "It's... you..."

The young man blinked, surprised by the reaction. "Huh? Have we met before?" He paused and scratched his head. "I'm sorry, but this is my first time arriving on this planet. I'm Adam."

"You don't remember me?" Tyler asked, more confused than ever. He studied the young man in front of him, and something felt off. Adam appeared weak, far weaker than the powerful being Tyler had encountered before.

Adam's brow furrowed slightly, and his voice dropped to a cautious tone. "Did you meet one of my alternatives?"

Tyler's breath caught. Alternatives? So there was more to this than he realized.

Memories flooded back, and Tyler recalled the first time he had met this 'Adam'. It was long ago—or maybe not so long, given how strangely time seemed to work for him. Tyler and team who participated in competition had been attacked by an immortal. But somehow he was saved by mysterious luck and was brought to this planet by Cultivation CC.

But during the travel in the starry sky he was caught off guard by Feng Clan princess.

And then he appeared. The mysterious young man. Or, at least, he looked like Adam before him.

That Adam simply stopped the Feng Clan princess attack casually and saved Tyler and his friends.

Yet the Adam standing before Tyler now seemed... diminished. Ordinary.

Tyler swallowed hard, piecing together his thoughts. "You... you saved us before," he finally said.

Adam tilted his head, curiosity in his eyes. "It seems we have much to talk about."

Tyler nodded slowly, the weight of the moment settling on his shoulders. Whoever this Adam was— whoever he had been before—Tyler always curious about that being.

Chapter 260: 260. Adam and Dusk

The void passage was suffocating. Endless darkness surrounded Tyler, Priscilla, Yu Meixue, Lan Xuero, and Lan Yi. The faint, protective light enveloping them was the only source of comfort, shielding them from the vacuum of space. Yet, the sensation was surreal—they couldn't even feel themselves moving. Time seemed meaningless, stretched thin in this silent expanse.

Tyler scanned the abyss, his thoughts racing. What is this place? Are we even moving forward?

Out of nowhere, a portal materialized in front of them, its edges rippling like liquid silver. Before they could react, an invisible force yanked them forward, and they were hurled into another void.

This one was different. Specks of light began appearing in the distance. At first, they were faint and scattered, but soon they grew brighter and multiplied, forming constellations. Tyler's eyes widened as he realized the sheer scale of what he was witnessing.

They all looked at the beautiful stars. What they don't know is that Those are galaxies. Billions of stars in each one.

The realization was overwhelming. Tyler and the others couldn't tear their eyes away from the breathtaking scene. For a moment, the void felt alive, pulsing with the light of creation.

Then, as abruptly as they had arrived, another portal opened, sucking them in. The stars vanished, replaced once more by the oppressive darkness of the void passage. Before they could catch their breath, a spatial crack tore through the fabric of space nearby, emitting a strange green light.

From the crack stepped a young boy, dressed in modern attire—completely out of place in this ancient and otherworldly setting. He moved freely, unaffected by the vacuum, and without the protective light

that encased Tyler and his companions. On his shoulder perched a tiny girl, no bigger than the size of a palm, with delicate green butterfly wings that shimmered faintly.

"Oh... This is the Ancient Method of Artificial Ascension," the boy said, his voice resonating directly in their minds through spiritual consciousness. He didn't seem constrained like the others. Instead, he swam through the void effortlessly, circling them like a curious fish.

Tyler was the first to break the stunned silence. "Who are you?" he asked via voice transmission, his tone cautious.

The boy smiled cryptically. "Oh, sorry, Tyler. I can't say that. But the past me will meet the future you. Or should I say, the past me already met the future you?"

The group exchanged bewildered glances. His words were nonsensical, yet there was a strange weight to them.

The little fairy on his shoulder tugged at his cheek. "Stop being so confusing," she scolded. "Say cheese!" With a mischievous grin, the boy pulled out a sleek device—a cellphone—and snapped a selfie, the flash momentarily blinding everyone.

Tyler stared in disbelief. "What... is that?"

The boy ignored the question, his attention shifting to a portal forming ahead. "It's time, huh."

"Time for what?" Tyler asked, his unease growing.

"I hope the timeline doesn't change too much," the boy muttered to himself, seemingly unaware of their presence. His words only deepened their confusion.

Suddenly, another spatial crack appeared, releasing a blinding light of destruction. It locked onto Priscilla, Yu Meixue, and the Lan couple. The oppressive energy bore down on them, freezing their bodies and souls in terror. The feeling of impending death was inescapable.

"Switch," the boy commanded, his tone calm but resolute.

The destructive light transformed into harmless petals, fluttering gently around the group. The suffocating pressure vanished as if it had never existed.

"Who are you?" demanded a voice from within the spatial crack—a voice brimming with authority and rage. It was the voice of the Princess.

The boy raised his hand, and a tiny sparrow appeared on his palm. He glanced at the crack, his expression unreadable.

Then the universe itself glitched. For a brief moment, reality wavered, as though it were a fragile projection. No one noticed—except the boy.

"If I interfere more, the timeline will change too much," he murmured to himself. The sparrow vanished, and with a casual wave of his hand, the spatial crack closed, its energy dissipating into nothingness.

Turning back to Tyler and the others, he said, "According to the original timeline, you're all supposed to die here. Only Tyler survives. To preserve the timeline, follow the instructions I'm about to give you."

Before they could respond, he pointed at their heads. A surge of information flooded their minds, overwhelming them. When they recovered, the boy snapped his fingers, scattering them across the portal.

Present Day

Tyler stared at Adam, his mind reeling from the young man's explanation.

"So that's what happened..." Adam muttered, rubbing his chin. "Probably my alternate self. Or my future self. Just because he said 'future me' doesn't mean he's the same me from the same timeline."

Tyler groaned. "You're not making any sense."

"You're not alone," Dusk chimed in, scratching his head. "I don't get a word of this, either."

Adam sighed. "Alright, let's simplify things. How about we change the topic?"

"Wait," Dusk said, narrowing his eyes. "You have something special, don't you?"

"Special?" Tyler asked, confused.

"He's talking about your Chaos Treasure," Adam clarified, before shooting Dusk a glare. "Don't ask about it! That's like revealing someone's greatest secret."

"Chaos Treasure?" Tyler repeated, even more baffled.

Adam explained patiently. "Chaos Treasures are items that shouldn't exist. They're absurdly powerful and defy logic. Each Chaos Treasure can sense the presence of another. You've probably felt something unusual around us."

Tyler hesitated, but he nodded. It was true—there had been a strange, inexplicable feeling, like a bond between him and these two strangers. He couldn't put it into words until Adam mentioned it.

"You both have Chaos Treasures?" Tyler asked.

"I don't," Adam replied. "But for some reason, they sense Chaos Treasure energy on me. I don't know why. And don't tell anyone about your treasure, ever."

"Mine is called Threads of Fate," Dusk said suddenly, grinning.

Adam groaned. "Idiot! What did I just say? Your sister's going to kill me."

Tyler chuckled despite himself. These two were strange, but oddly entertaining. "So, what brings you here?"

Adam's expression shifted. "We were chasing a Space-Time Rabbit and accidentally ended up on this planet. The rabbit's in the north. Is there a way to get there quickly?"

"You definitely have something that can help," Dusk added confidently.

Tyler sighed, Dusk probably guessed with this so called 'Threads of Fate', though he is curious he decided not to ask. "I suppose I owe your... future self, or alternate self, a favor. Here." He handed them two portable waypoint watches and explained their function.

Adam inspected the watch, impressed. "Oh, nice. This world has futuristic tech. I thought it was stuck in the year 1000 or the medieval era."

Tyler blinked. "What does that mean?"

Dusk laughed, equally confused. "No clue, but it sounds cool."

Activating the watch, Adam created a portal but didn't step through. Instead, he tossed two chairs into it, then closed it.

"Yup, that's enough. We'll meet again, Tyler White—if fate allows." Adam placed a hand on Dusk's shoulder.

"Not again..." Dusk murmured and waved his hand at Tyler.

"Continental Switch." Adam snapped his fingers.

They were replaced by the same chairs that Adam just thrown out.

Tyler stared at the empty space where they'd been. "So, They can teleport?" he muttered, shaking his head.

Everything that had happened today felt like a fever dream. Tyler decided to file it away in the "unexplainable mysteries" category of his mind.

"Alright," he said to himself. "Time to move on."

Tyler has a feeling that he will meet them soon. What Tyler doesn't know is, as the holder of Chaos Treasure, they were tied together by Fate.