

R Cultivator 261

Chapter 261: Multiple titles

Starfire Virtual World: The Dome of Knowledge

It's been a year since Tyler made a quick trip to the south. Now, Tyler and the girls are in their third year at Starfire Academy.

Tyler stood among his peers, the air abuzz with anticipation as they waited outside the colossal dome. This wasn't just any structure—it was an advanced facility constructed using cutting-edge spatial arrays, making its interior vastly larger than it appeared from the outside. As the massive doors creaked open, Tyler caught sight of the previous third-year students leaving the dome. Their expressions were a mix of exhaustion and longing, their reluctant glances back at the dome suggesting the intense experiences they had endured within.

The group of current third-years was ushered inside by their instructors. The interior was breathtaking. Rows upon rows of VR pods floated mid-air, neatly organized into towering stacks that stretched from the ground to the far-off ceiling. Levitating platforms allowed students to ascend to the higher rows. It was a marvel of engineering and magic.

"Everyone, locate your assigned pod. If you need assistance, feel free to ask me or the staff," instructed Professor Ellen, her voice amplified by an array spell, making it sound as if she were speaking directly into each student's ear.

Tyler glanced at the sheet he was holding. His assigned number was 2025. Nearby, he noticed another student clutching a card with the number 4780. Realizing the sheer scale of the dome, Tyler marveled at how many students it could accommodate—at least 5,000, if not more.

The Search for Pod 2025

Many students used Levitation spell or Levitating charms to go up.

It took Tyler nearly half an hour to locate his pod, suspended in the fourth row. Using a basic levitation charm, he floated up to it. The pod was sleek and futuristic, its metallic gold exterior gleaming under the dome's artificial lighting. Smooth, aerodynamic curves defined its design, with glowing accents highlighting its cutting-edge functionality. The interior housed a padded bed, a VR helmet, and transparent tubes connected to nutrient reservoirs.

He pressed his ID card against a scanner, and the pod opened with a soft hiss. Climbing in, he couldn't help but feel a twinge of apprehension. This wasn't just a brief simulation—once inside, he wouldn't wake up for an entire year in the real world. The pods were equipped with specialized storage spaces containing nutrients to sustain the body and drugs to prevent mental exhaustion.

Tyler lay down, letting the soft padding mold around him. As the pod sealed shut, he stared at the helmet above his head. Two hours later, Professor Ellen's voice echoed through the system.

"Everyone is in their pods. The dome is secure, with staff stationed to safeguard the facility. Relax and focus on your studies. Do not resist the needles."

Tyler barely had time to process her words before he felt a slight prick on his arm. The needles administering the nutrients were shockingly sharp, piercing his tough, warrior-trained skin effortlessly. A soothing warmth spread through his body, and within moments, he drifted into a deep, artificial sleep.

Starfire Virtual World: A New Reality

When Tyler opened his eyes, he found himself standing back in the dome. It was identical to the one he had just left, but something was different. The air felt surreal, and everything seemed sharper, more vibrant. The realization dawned on him—they were now inside the Starfire Virtual World.

A teacher materialized, hovering mid-air. "Welcome to Starfire," he announced. "You are now part of the server housed within the Starfire mainframe."

The students collectively looked upward, noticing a massive, glowing star dominating the artificial sky. Its light bathed the cityscape in a golden hue.

"This star," the teacher continued, "is the heart of our virtual world. It powers the entire system and allows for the unique time dilation here. Ten years inside Starfire equates to one year in the real world. Use this time wisely to master your studies."

The teacher gestured toward the cityscape visible beyond the dome's open doors. Skyscrapers of varying sizes filled the horizon, each adorned with holographic billboards displaying subjects and topics. "Each building represents a field of study. You'll find AIs within each domain to guide you. If needed, you may also summon a human instructor for additional help. Remember, the closer you move to the central tower, the stronger the time dilation becomes."

The students gasped. The central tower, a monolithic structure over 3,000 meters tall, loomed in the distance. Its design was both imposing and awe-inspiring, a testament to the advanced technology underpinning the Starfire Virtual World.

"Lastly, follow the rules. This world is designed to maximize your potential. Make the most of it," the teacher concluded before disappearing into a shimmer of light.

Exploring the Starfire City

Tyler stepped out of the dome alongside his classmates and into the sprawling city. The atmosphere was electric with activity. Students rushed toward the skyscrapers, eager to immerse themselves in their respective subjects. Billboards lit up with enticing titles: Advanced Alchemy, Strategic Warfare, Interdimensional Travel Theory, and countless others.

While others hurried to their destinations, Tyler paused, taking in the scene. The city was a marvel of innovation—a seamless blend of magic and technology. Floating walkways connected buildings, and streams of data flowed like rivers above their heads.

His gaze was drawn to the central tower. The closer one got to it, the more time slowed down. A year spent studying near the base of the tower could yield the equivalent of ten years' worth of knowledge in the virtual world. It was both an opportunity and a challenge.

The First Steps

Tyler decided to start with the basics. He entered a nearby skyscraper labeled Fundamentals of Advanced Array Design. Inside, an AI in the form of a floating orb greeted him. "Welcome, Tyler White. These are the things related to your course. Do you want to study?"

Tyler answered with an 'Yes'

The room transformed, walls dissolving into a vast, interactive display of glowing array symbols. The AI guided him through the foundational principles of array construction, explaining the nuances of power distribution, stabilization techniques, and amplification mechanisms.

Time seemed to blur as Tyler absorbed the lessons. The AI was efficient, breaking down complex theories into digestible segments. Whenever Tyler struggled, the AI slowed down, adapting its teaching style to suit his needs.

A City of Endless Possibilities

Over the next several virtual months, Tyler explored various fields of study. He ventured into buildings dedicated to Arrays, Charms and Technology. Each subject had its own immersive environment, designed to make learning as engaging as possible.

One of Tyler's favorite experiences was the study of Teleportation Array. Though it is not good as Waypoint Terminal, he was surprised by the fact they are teaching him Basics of Teleportation Array.

Meanwhile Lily, Darla, Mathilda and Astrid are in different area in the Virtual City learning different things. With the Size of the city, It's less possible for them to encounter each other.

Approaching the Tower

As the months turned into years within the virtual world, Tyler felt a growing pull toward the central tower. The knowledge he sought lay within its enigmatic walls, but reaching it wasn't easy. The path was lined with challenges, including advanced tests and puzzles designed to push students to their limits.

Tyler's determination never wavered. He knew the time dilation near the tower's base would provide him with the edge he needed to master his craft. The lessons he had learned so far were just the beginning.

Chapter 262: Abyss Breakout

It had been more than five years inside the Starfire Time Dilation Server, the special VR of Starfire Academy where time flowed differently, allowing practitioners to hone their skills and knowledge.

Inside one of the towering structures, Tyler was engrossed in crafting a small robot. He meticulously designed it, built its frame, inscribed intricate runes, and programmed its core. The entire process was his alone—a testament to his boundless curiosity and expertise. Unlike ordinary mortals, Immortal Practitioners had an extraordinary capacity to absorb knowledge. For someone like Tyler, who was deeply passionate about the emerging field of Magic Engineering, mastering these complex disciplines was almost second nature.

While Tyler continued his studies, an alarming situation unfolded outside.

In a grand chamber filled with the hum of Death energy, the Principal of Starfire Academy, a skull shrouded in dark robes, leaned forward on his throne-like chair.

"When is it happening?" the principal asked, his voice hollow and echoing.

"It's already begun," replied the Vice Principal, "The Abyss has erupted in the northern regions. It appears someone tore through the Void Barrier, and now Abyssal Mist is pouring into our world. This mist isn't the only problem—microscopic organisms from the Abyss have also leaked through. They're causing rapid mutations in practitioners and beasts alike."

One of the professor tone grew heavier. "These mutants are tearing open the Void Barrier even further. As a result, larger Abyssal beasts are emerging. Villages, towns, and cities in the north have been razed to the ground."

"What about the defenses?" the principal inquired.

"Many towns and cities have raised their barriers. They're serving as the first line of defense, but the situation is escalating quickly. The Abyssal creatures are growing stronger with every moment."

The skull-faced principal tapped his bony fingers on the armrest, seemingly unfazed. "The Bank of Atlantis and the Federation won't sit idle. They'll step in."

"Not unless an Immortal-level Abyssal Fiend emerges," the Vice Principal countered. "Until then, they'll refrain from deploying their strongest forces."

The principal chuckled, a chilling sound that reverberated through the room. "This is no ordinary disaster. It's an opportunity. Every Abyssal breakout brings chaos, yes, but also untold resources. My own transformation into a Lich was possible only because of an Abyssal incident centuries ago."

The Vice Principal nodded, understanding the implications. The Abyss was a double-edged sword—while it unleashed destruction, it also brought rare materials and challenges that could push practitioners to their limits.

Here's an edited and expanded version of your text to enhance clarity, flow, and reach the 1000-word mark:

"Cancel all classes for the fourth-year students," the principal ordered, his voice sharp and commanding. The atmosphere in the meeting hall grew tense as the faculty exchanged uncertain glances. "Send them to the Abyssal border. Assign them to towns, cities, and villages under our protection near the breakout zones."

One of the professors, a bespectacled man with an air of caution, raised an eyebrow. "All of them? Even the ones who aren't combat-ready?"

"Every last one," the principal confirmed without hesitation. "Survival isn't limited to fighting. They must apply everything they've learned here—magic, engineering, alchemy, and even diplomacy. Let them form their own clubs or teams. How they organize themselves is their decision. This is their trial."

The Vice Principal gave a curt nod. The Academy had always embraced the philosophy that true growth stemmed from adversity. Now, with the Abyss erupting, opportunities for both challenges and rewards were abundant.

As the room fell silent, the principal leaned back in his high-backed chair. The hollow sockets of his skeletal face glowed faintly with a sinister, otherworldly light. "The Abyss holds immense potential for those who dare face it," he said ominously. "Let us see which of our students rise to the occasion—and which of them crumble."

The meeting concluded with murmurs of agreement and reluctance, and the faculty began to disperse. The Vice Principal lingered for a moment before heading towards his office. His polished wooden face betrayed no emotion, yet his steps carried a weight of contemplation.

Upon reaching his office, he opened the heavy oak door and stepped inside. The familiar scent of aged parchment and ink greeted him. He sank into the comfort of his chair, swiveling slightly to gaze at the quiet corner of the room.

"What brings you here?" the Vice Principal asked, his voice steady but laced with intrigue.

From the shadows, a figure emerged. His entire face was cloaked in darkness, a deliberate concealment that gave him an aura of secrecy. He stepped forward, holding out an envelope. "I thought you'd find this interesting."

The Vice Principal took the envelope, opening it with precise movements. Inside was a photograph of a man—middle-aged, with a confident posture and a shrewd gaze. It was a face he recognized instantly.

"Tyler White," he muttered, almost to himself.

"A Half-Celestial Immortal is looking for him," the shadowed man said in a low voice.

The Vice Principal sighed, leaning back in his chair. "I've given up on Project 'T.' That man has carved out a life of his own in the South—he's running multiple businesses and raking in millions every day. I am considering negotiating with him, but I am not sure if it will go smoothly."

The shadowed man hesitated before speaking again. "B-but this might be an opportunity to reclaim the academy..."

The Vice Principal cut him off with a weary wave of his hand. "That academy was rebuilt by that guy's Money. It now thrives with over a thousand students. Tyler's salary package have even swayed several teachers from the other Branch to join his endeavors. If there's one thing I've learned, it's that Tyler White cannot be defeated in the game of wealth."

"Not even by that rich mermaid?" the man asked, an edge of curiosity in his tone.

"Who knows..." The Vice Principal exhaled deeply, his thoughts trailing off. He glanced at the skull emblem etched into the wooden hand, a stark reminder of his past assassination attempt on Serena.

The shadowed man leaned closer, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. "But we could simply inform the Half-Celestial Immortal. Let him take care of the rest."

A chill settled over the room as the Vice Principal extended his arm, revealing a glowing skull mark etched into his wooden hand. The curse pulsed faintly with a malevolent energy. "No. I can't," he said,

his tone grave. "The principal wasn't pleased with my actions before. He cursed me to ensure that I'd never harm my own students again, directly or indirectly. If anything were to happen to Tyler because of me, I'd suffer unimaginable consequences. Besides," he added with a hint of irritation, "you could've snitched without telling me."

The shadowed man shifted uncomfortably. Now that the Vice Principal knew, he was bound by the curse to ensure Tyler's safety. Protecting students was no longer just a moral obligation—it was a rule etched into his very being.

"So, what should I do?" the man asked after a long silence.

The Vice Principal tapped his fingers on the desk, contemplating his next move. "When Tyler White exits the VR," he said finally, "relay the information to him. Let him decide how to handle it."

The man gave a slight nod before retreating into the shadows, his form dissolving into the darkness as if he were never there.

The Vice Principal sat alone in his office, the weight of the conversation pressing heavily on his

Chapter 263: A Call for Help

Inside the Starfire Server's VR world, day and night cycles seamlessly mimic reality. Students often find themselves enjoying the myriad entertainment facilities available, perfect for unwinding after rigorous academic schedules.

Tyler sat alone in a virtual cafeteria, his eyes fixed on a movie playing on a large screen. The ambiance was lively, but his table remained peaceful—until someone tapped his shoulder.

"Well, well... Look who it is—the richest guy in the virtual world!" Lily teased, grinning as she slid into the seat opposite him. Without hesitation, she grabbed a slice of cake from his table and took a bite.

"Even though this is a virtual world, the food tastes divine," Lily remarked between bites.

"Ugh, it's just data," Darla chimed in, taking the seat beside Lily. "It can't compare to real food." She folded her arms and pouted.

Astrid joined them, quietly taking a seat next to Lily. She nodded in greeting to Tyler but stayed silent.

"Looks like everyone's on break," Tyler observed, glancing at the gathering of familiar faces.

"You forgot about me?" Mathilda's voice came from behind as she playfully nudged him before sitting beside him.

"Thought you were busy with your experiments," Tyler replied vaguely, raising an eyebrow.

Clicking her tongue in mock annoyance, Mathilda said, "You seem to be adjusting to life on land pretty well. Don't you miss the sea?"

"We're leaving soon," Tyler replied. "Once we finish our studies, we'll head further north."

"That's great! I was worried you'd forgotten our original purpose," Mathilda said, grinning mischievously. "I'm planning to recruit some babes—I mean, new crew members—for the journey."

"Ah, Mathilda, I finally figured out what's wrong with your brain," Lily quipped, shaking her head with an exaggerated sigh.

Mathilda leaned forward eagerly. "What is it, Lily onee-sama? Enlighten me!"

Lily smirked. "On the left side of your brain, there's nothing right. And on the right side, there's nothing left."

The group burst into laughter, with Mathilda rolling her eyes at Lily's wordplay.

While the girls continued their lighthearted banter, Tyler sensed an unusual ripple in the air beside him. His eyes narrowed.

"A bug?" he murmured under his breath, his tone curious rather than alarmed.

A small black hole materialized next to him, and moments later, a young man's head popped out.

"Tyler," the figure called out, his voice urgent.

The girls froze, their laughter giving way to wary silence.

"Huh... Adam?" Tyler's surprise was evident. The VR world was heavily secured, and no one should have been able to breach it without proper authorization.

"Your friend?" Lily asked, her tone guarded.

"Kind of," Tyler replied, his gaze locked on the intruder. "How did you get here, Adam?"

Adam stepped fully out of the black hole, his expression harried. "That's... complicated. I'll explain later. Right now, there's no time."

He glanced at the closing black hole behind him, his urgency growing.

"Help me," Adam said, his voice firm. "I'm trapped on one of the floors of the Abyss. I need someone to open it from the outside."

Tyler's brow furrowed. "I can't help you right now. It'll be at least six months before I can leave this place."

Adam shook his head, a wry smile crossing his face. "You don't need to worry about that. I'll get trapped a year and three months from now."

The group stared at him, stunned.

"Again with your weird time paradox nonsense," Tyler muttered, exasperation creeping into his voice.

Ignoring the confusion on everyone's faces, Adam continued, "You might not know yet. But Abyss Broke our in Northern side of the continent."

Tyler's eyes narrowed. "how?"

Adam hesitated. "It's because of me. I accidentally broke it out."

"What the heck did you do?" Tyler asked, clearly surprised.

Adam looked back at the Black hole behind him.

"Well never mind. I somehow synchronised the time with this and was able to talk to you. But it also consumes lot of energy. So I have no time to explain. just come and save me..." He said and disappeared.

"That's a lot to take in," Mathilda said, crossing her arms. "And why should we trust this guy?"

Lily tilted her head. "He doesn't seem like he's lying, but this whole thing reeks of trouble."

Astrid, who had remained silent until now, finally broke her silence. Her voice carried a mixture of concern and curiosity. "How did he manage to break through the Abyss passage? That's supposed to be impossible."

Tyler leaned back in his chair, his expression thoughtful. "From what I know, spatial rifts occasionally form between the Abyss and our world. When that happens, creatures from the Abyss sometimes cross over. Our Academy has protocols to deal with these events. If a rift opens in an area under the Academy's protection, students are sent to handle it."

Lily chimed in, her tone more matter-of-fact. "But those spatial rifts are usually temporary. They appear and vanish in less than an hour. However, there are exceptions—some rifts can last for years. That's what people call an Abyss Breakout. It's a natural phenomenon, but extremely dangerous."

Astrid frowned, her delicate features clouded with worry. "The way that guy called Adam spoke... it's as if he's directly responsible for opening a rift. If that's true, he is incredibly reckless."

"I don't know," Tyler admitted, running a hand through his hair. "He didn't exactly give us a lot of useful information. Just vague warnings about the Abyss. And from the way he talked, it sounds like he hasn't even been trapped yet. It's like he came here from the future. Heck, he didn't even tell us about which floor he got trapped."

Lily leaned back in her chair, her sharp eyes narrowing. "Maybe as long as you went to that place, you will be able to find him?"

Tyler sighed, rubbing his temples. Despite the fact that they were in a VR world, he felt the weight of exhaustion creeping in. "You are smart as ever."

"Did I hit the nail?" She asked.

"Yeah... I have a way to sense them when they are nearby." Tyler said.

"Gay radar?" Mathilda murmured.

"Noo... You are Gay...." Tyler retorted.

"Yes, I am..." Mathilda nodded and corrected Tyler, "But If It is Woman X Woman then it is called Lesbian."

"How did you know that guy? How are you sure he is trustworthy?" Lily ignored Mathilda and asked Tyler. She was not convinced.

Tyler quickly told the story of how he met Adam and Dusk.

"Fine," Lily said with a shrug. "If we're doing this, let's do it right. But don't expect me to play nice with that guy if he turns out to be trouble."

"Agreed," Mathilda said, her voice firm.

Tyler smirked,. "We'll find out the truth—one way or another."

A Year and Three Months Later

Somewhere inside the Abyss...

"I've informed him," Adam said with a sly smile, his figure shrouded in darkness.

Suddenly, the seal on the cave shattered.

Tyler strode in, his body covered in crimson scales, his eyes blazing with fury. In his hand, he carried a lifeless Halfbred.

"It's all because of you—she's dead!" Tyler roared, his voice echoing with unrestrained rage. Without hesitation, he charged at Adam, his every step radiating wrath and

Chapter 264: Wake up to Reality, Literally

It had been a year in the outside world, but ten years had passed within the Starfire Server's time-dilated environment.

Tyler emerged from the massive tower at the server's center, accompanied by a steady stream of students. Knowledge within the server was boundless, and many had chosen to move closer to the

tower, where the time ratio skewed dramatically, to absorb even more. Tyler had spent a total of 13.5 years in the VR realm, immersed in learning and growth.

Astrid exited a nearby building, her gaze fixed on an angelic projection glowing softly within. She stood there for a moment, lost in thought, her usual composure tinged with an air of contemplation.

Not long after, Mathilda emerged from the tower, clearly energized. It was evident she had enjoyed her time in the Starfire Server immensely.

"Tyler, you should build a special server like this when we're out," Mathilda had said the last time they spoke. "I could run experiments here forever."

Tyler had only chuckled, knowing her obsession with Alchemy and Girls would never wane.

As the students continued their activities, an abrupt stillness overtook the city. The entire virtual world seemed to pause. Structures, objects, and even projections dissolved into streams of data, flowing toward the tower at the center. One by one, the students themselves transformed into particles of light, their forms absorbed into the system before being ejected from the Starfire Server's specialized time dilation area.

Moments later, they found themselves inside the Dome, a vast, futuristic space where their real-world bodies awaited.

Above them, a holographic image of Professor Ellen materialized, her serene yet authoritative presence commanding the room.

"Welcome back, students," her voice echoed. "For you, it has been over ten years, but only a year has passed in the real world. I trust that each of you has made the most of this opportunity to gain knowledge and refine your skills. Very few academies have access to technology like our time-dilation Starfire Server, and this is why we remain the number one academy."

A ripple of applause spread through the gathered students.

Professor Ellen's expression grew somber. "As you know, completing your third year in the Starfire Server is a monumental achievement. However, the challenges awaiting you in your fourth year will be unlike anything you've faced before. Normally, the fourth year is devoted to preparing you for future careers by assigning you to various organizations for practical experience. But this time, things are different. The Abyss has broken out."

Gasps filled the room as the weight of her words settled over the students. However, Tyler and his group remained impassive, having already learned about the situation from Adam.

"The Abyss is a threat unlike any other," Professor Ellen continued. "You will be assigned to various regions to use the knowledge you've acquired—be it in technology, alchemy, combat, or even cooking—to aid the people affected. This is your chance not only to gain invaluable experience but also to seize opportunities. Remember, adversity is the foundation of greatness."

Her hologram flickered once and disappeared, leaving the students in thoughtful silence.

A notification screen appeared before everyone.

[You will be logged out in 1 minute.]

The countdown began.

[You will feel slight discomfort upon logging out. Please remain patient while your body readjusts. Drink water and eat the provided candy bar.]

As the seconds ticked down, Tyler closed his eyes, preparing for the transition.

[...3 seconds.]

[...2 seconds.]

[...1 second.]

The world around him vanished, and Tyler's eyes fluttered open. The VR helmet automatically detached from his head, signaling his return to reality.

Tyler felt slightly disoriented as he reoriented himself in the real world. After a year of suspended animation, his body struggled to adjust after experiencing 13 and a half years inside the Starfire Server's virtual reality. The transition was jarring; his muscles ached from disuse, and his senses were overwhelmed by the tangible reality he had long forgotten.

Before him, a holographic screen projected a series of instructions. Tyler stretched his hands and legs, attempting to loosen the stiffness that had settled into his limbs. He began with gentle exercises—small sit-ups and push-ups—to gradually awaken his body. Each movement felt foreign, a stark contrast to the fluid motions he had mastered in the VR world.

His eyes fell on the Chocolate Bar and the bottle of water placed neatly beside him. Hungry and thirsty from his prolonged sleep, Tyler quickly grabbed the chocolate bar, taking a grateful bite, and then drank deeply from the bottle. The simple act of eating and drinking felt immensely satisfying after such a long period of deprivation.

As he regained his composure, the pod's lid hissed open, and Tyler stepped out into the common area. Simultaneously, numerous other students began exiting their pods. Many of them glanced back at the pods, their faces reflecting a mix of nostalgia and reluctance. They had grown fond of the immersive experiences within the Starfire Server, but the time had come to return to reality.

Despite their fondness for the virtual world, duty called. The students began to disperse, noticing that many second-year students, who were now third-year, awaited their turn to enter the server. This realization hit Tyler hard—they had officially reached their fourth year at the academy.

Tyler decided his first destination would be the Elite Academy of Magic and Technology. Accompanied by the Girls—Lily, Darla, Astrid, and Mathilda—he approached the teleportation hub. In the academy, They are only allowed to use Waypoint Terminal inside the Hub.

Together, they stepped through the portal and emerged into the bustling grounds of the Elite Academy. The once desolate campus had transformed into a vibrant hub teeming with students and activity. The sprawling facilities buzzed with the energy of eager learners, though something was noticeably

missing—the Starfire Server. Intrigued, Tyler made a mental note to explore the possibility of installing a similar system, recognizing the immense benefits it had provided during his studies.

With two months of vacation ahead, Tyler planned to maximize his time. Before delving into personal projects, he knew he needed to gather more information about the Abyss—a mysterious and dangerous phenomenon that had recently erupted. The Abyss posed significant threats, and understanding its mechanics was crucial for their safety and future endeavors.

He also has a plan to venture deep to save 'Adam', though not sure if he will actually do it.

As Tyler delved into the extensive archives and digital repositories of the Elite Academy, searching for any data related to the Abyss, his communication device beeped with an incoming message.

It was from the Vice Principal of Starfire Academy.

Curious, Tyler opened the message, revealing an attached photograph of an older version of himself—Old Tyler White. Alongside the picture was a brief, cryptic message:

"Someone in the North, a Half-Celestial Immortal, is searching for you. Be cautious."

Reading the message, Tyler felt a chill run down his spine. The mention of a Half-Celestial Immortal—a being of immense power and unknown intentions—suggested that danger was imminent. He couldn't shake the feeling that this Immortal was seeking him with malevolent purposes.

"But why is the Vice Principal informing me?" Tyler is more curious about that.

"Yeah? Why is he contacting you?" Serena voice appeared from his communication device.

Chapter 265: Camp No. 640

Luka City

A shimmering portal appeared near the entrance of Luka City. Tyler stepped through, his eyes scanning his surroundings as the portal dissolved behind him.

"Well, that's convenient," he muttered, taking in the grim atmosphere of the city. The sky was cloaked in a thick, dark gray fog, casting an eerie, colorless pall over the urban landscape.

Checking his watch, Tyler looked at his new assignment which is assigned by the Academy. As a final-year student at the Starfire Academy, his role was to provide support to the team managing the Abyss outbreak in Luka City.

With a flick of his hand, Tyler activated his hoverboard. It hummed softly as it lifted him off the ground, carrying him toward a small camp located just outside the city center. The camp wasn't much more than a repurposed building surrounded by makeshift barricades and equipment.

As he approached, Tyler noticed a group of students clustered near an experimental station. They were analyzing strange flowers with thorny stems the size of watermelons, their purplish-red hue hinting at their origin from the Abyss. Beyond the camp, other students wielding wands were battling back creeping vines that seemed intent on encroaching upon the city.

At the entrance, Tyler presented his student ID. The guard waved him through without issue.

"You're from the Technology Department? Great. We've got a malfunctioning observation device in the next room. Could you take a look at it?" A woman with glasses, clearly overworked but efficient, gave him his first task without so much as an introduction.

Tyler nodded and headed into the room she had indicated.

Inside, a six-foot-tall telescope-like device was positioned by the window, aimed at the epicenter of the Abyss outbreak. Tyler recognized the model immediately—it was a newer variant but based on principles he had mastered during his VR training.

He powered it on, watching as the lens flickered to life and emitted a pulse of energy, similar to a radar scan. But no feedback came through.

"Receiver's malfunctioning," Tyler murmured, opening the casing with practiced ease. He examined the internal components carefully, his fingers tracing over the intricate runes and circuitry. When he reached the receiver box, he spotted the issue: a tiny Abyssal flower embedded within the system.

"How the heck did you get in?" he muttered. His hands turned into scales and he removed the flower after sealing it in a containment pouch. After making the necessary repairs, Tyler reactivated the device.

This time, the pulse worked as intended. Within moments, the display screen lit up with abnormal readings—three massive Abyssal flower buds were buried 1,000 meters underground, dangerously close to the city's perimeter.

Tyler returned to the main room, handing the sealed flower to the woman who had assigned him the task. "This was jamming the system," he said, explaining the underground readings.

The woman, whose name he learned was Sandra, frowned as she examined the flower. "These Abyss fiends are getting smarter by the day," she said with a sigh.

Sandra, a former student who had graduated the previous year, was one of many who had chosen to stay on as a temporary hire, taking advantage of the opportunities presented by the Abyss outbreak.

Placing the flower in a rune-inscribed glass tube, Sandra watched as it began to thrash violently, trying to escape. Its movements were futile; the runes held it firmly in place. After a few moments of resistance, the flower slowed, bouncing lightly within the containment.

"Take this to the lab," Sandra instructed a nearby student, handing him the sealed tube. "Tell them to figure out how it infiltrated our base."

Turning back to Tyler, she gave him a tired but grateful smile. "Thanks for your help. For now, your task is done. Just check the other equipment and ensure the building's protective arrays are functioning. Tomorrow, you'll be assigned to inspect the city's defense array."

She handed him a small ID card, a carved token inscribed with runes. It read: Tyler White - Camp No. 640.

"Welcome to Camp 640," she said.

Tyler pocketed the ID and stepped outside, where he flagged down another student. "Where's the accommodation?" he asked, showing his camp ID.

The student, barely sparing him a glance, pointed toward a building across the courtyard.

"That's the girls' side," he said, gesturing toward a structure where several women in elegant evening gowns stood on balconies, sipping coffee as if they were on vacation.

"And the boys?" Tyler asked.

The student smirked and pointed in the opposite direction. Tyler followed the gesture and saw a row of tents pitched on scorched earth. The ground had been burned to remove invasive Abyssal vines, leaving it barren and ashy.

Under the tents, a chaotic scene unfolded. Some boys were brushing their teeth, others were playing augmented reality (AR) games with holographic cards, and a few were simply lounging around, unbothered by the rough conditions.

Tyler couldn't help but laugh.

"Name's Tyler," he said, turning back to the student.

The boy shrugged. "Don't have time for introductions," he replied curtly, before heading toward the girls' building. Tyler watched as a girl exited to meet him, the two exchanging smiles before disappearing into the city together.

"Tsk," Tyler muttered, shaking his head. "My girls are assigned to other cities."

His crew—Lily, Astrid, Mathilda, and the others—had been scattered across various locations for their final year assignments. The realization stung a little. It was unlikely they'd cross paths again for at least a year.

For now, though, Tyler focused on his new reality. He was in Luka City, surrounded by the looming threat of the Abyss. There would be no time for nostalgia or distractions. He would study more about the Abyss and see if he can sneak in and take a look. According to the information he gathered there are some Master Level Warriors saw the Crack that led to the Abyss breakout.

They were still trying to find which floor of Abyss has broken out.

Tyler strolled toward the boys' accommodation, his eyes scanning the area as muffled laughter reached his ears.

"Hey, look, the new pretty boy!" someone called out, prompting a chorus of chuckles from the group of boys lounging nearby.

Tyler smirked, unbothered. "Nice to meet you all. I'm Tyler."

One of the boys, a burly man with a bald head and rippling muscles, stepped forward. "Technology Department, huh? I was expecting Combat, to be honest. Still, you're lucky. There are seven girls from your department stationed here." His tone carried a hint of envy.

The group introduced themselves. The bald man's name was Brolin. He leaned in slightly, his presence imposing but not hostile. "Most of the girls are working on the City Array. You heading there, too?"

"Yeah, tomorrow," Tyler replied casually.

"If you need a place to crash, my tent's over there." Brolin pointed to a flimsy-looking tent sagging in the corner, its condition precarious at best.

Tyler shook his head politely. "Thanks, but I've got my own setup."

Brolin hesitated for a moment before speaking again. "I'll need a favor tomorrow. Nothing big—if you're cool with it, I'll explain later."

"Sure," Tyler said with a shrug. "If it's something simple, I don't mind helping."

As he moved to an empty spot in the camp, another boy piped up, grinning mischievously. "Hey, Flower Boy, need a hand?" The comment, paired with Tyler's sharp looks, drew another round of laughter.

Tyler only chuckled and waved them off, his focus elsewhere. Reaching into his storage device, he pulled out a small, palm-sized house.

The group watched in confusion as Tyler placed the object on the ground and activated it using his divine sense. With a faint hum, the compact structure began to expand.

In moments, the simple object transformed into a fully functional house. Its smooth, white wooden walls, accented with dark gray trimmings, exuded modern sophistication. The sloped metal roof gleamed under the camp's dim lighting, its sleek corrugated pattern catching the eye. Large windows framed each side of the house, promising a bright and airy interior.

The front door, made of sturdy wood with a horizontal-panel design, added a welcoming warmth to the otherwise clean aesthetic. The structure spanned approximately 20 feet in width, 30 feet in length, and stood 15 feet tall at the roof's peak.

The entire camp fell silent, their jaws practically hitting the ground.

Even the girls from their accommodations peered out of their balconies, curiosity piqued.

"Wait, is that... a portable home?" Josh, one of the boys, asked incredulously.

"Not a portable home. That thing must be worth at least a hundred thousand Lydia! And it's just one time use." another boy exclaimed. "And he's using it for a temporary camp?"

Josh stared at Tyler's house, then back at his own tattered tent. The comparison was almost cruel.

"Damn, rich!" he blurted, unable to hold back. Others also nodded.

Tyler merely smiled as he stepped into his new abode, ignoring the murmurs of awe and envy behind him.