

R Cultivator 286

Chapter 286: A strange 'reunion' ?

"Yo! Lian Fu?" Tyler called out, his voice breaking the eerie silence that blanketed the dried canal. He wore his usual carefree grin as he stepped closer. "Hey, where are the rest of the team?"

Lian Fu turned his head slowly to face Tyler. At first glance, he looked fine—his stance steady, his expression neutral—but something was off. Tyler narrowed his eyes as he took a closer look.

Lian Fu's irises were glowing bright red.

Tyler blinked. "Uh... dude, why are your eyes red? Do you have pink eye syndrome?" He took an exaggerated step back, feigning concern.

To his surprise, Lian Fu nodded silently.

"Oh... it is pink eye syndrome..." Tyler muttered. He scratched his chin, feigning deep thought. "But why do they even call it pink eye when it's clearly red? Shouldn't it be called red-eye syndrome?"

Lian Fu simply stared at him, his eerie red irises unblinking.

Tyler took another step back and crossed his arms. "Man, that sucks. I heard it spreads through eye contact."

Without hesitation, Tyler rummaged through his storage device and pulled out a pair of black sunglasses. He strode over to Lian Fu and placed them on his face. "There! Now it's safe," Tyler declared with satisfaction.

Lian Fu reached up, touching the glasses with a confused expression.

Tyler didn't notice the hooded figure silently approaching from behind.

Lian Fu, still perplexed by the sudden addition of sunglasses, removed them instinctively.

"Oi! Don't take them off! You'll spread it!" Tyler shouted in alarm, quickly turning around to avoid looking at Lian Fu's eyes.

And that was when he saw him.

A mage, shrouded in a dark hood, stood a few feet behind him. Tyler recognized him immediately—he was one of the mages from Team C, though his name escaped him. The mage's posture was slouched, his head tilted downward, as if trying to avoid eye contact.

Tyler frowned. "Wait a second... aren't you the mage guy? Uh... I forgot your name." He pointed at the staff in the mage's hand. "But yeah, you. I recognize you from your stick—"

The hooded mage lifted his head.

His eyes glowed the same eerie, crimson red as Lian Fu's.

Tyler stiffened. "Ahhh..." he let out a small, awkward noise, then immediately turned back to Lian Fu. "See! Look at what you did! Now he's got pink eye too! Ugh, I told you not to take off the glasses!"

Lian Fu remained silent.

The mage also said nothing.

The quiet was unsettling.

A few minutes later...

Tyler continued walking toward the town, but he couldn't shake the growing discomfort creeping up his spine. Something was wrong, but he couldn't put his finger on it.

Behind him, Lian Fu and the mage followed, their footsteps eerily synchronized. Both were now wearing black sunglasses, looking straight ahead without a word.

Tyler glanced over his shoulder. "...Why are you guys so silent?"

No response.

Tyler chuckled "You two acting cool or something?"

Still, silence.

Tyler sighed and rubbed his neck. "Man, it was Maxwell right? He doesn't want you guys to talk to me... I understand."

Suddenly the whole ground shook. Tyler also felt the Abyss mist is getting denser. And got attracted towards himself and the two of them behind.

Tyler activated his Ghost mask. Hiding his both Aura and Prana Fluctuations. He looked back at the both and didn't say anything.

The three of them made their way deeper into Water Street Town. The place was eerily deserted, its streets lined with abandoned stalls and half-collapsed buildings.

A dry wind swept through the empty streets, kicking up dust and debris. The town's famous canals—once flowing with clear, blue water—were now cracked and barren.

Tyler glanced at his device, his brows furrowing. The screen displayed chaotic energy fluctuations. "There are some very abnormal readings ahead," he muttered. "We're probably close to an Abyss Crack."

The thought sent a chill down his spine. Abyss Cracks were unstable rifts, bleeding corruption into the world. They warped reality, twisted creatures into mindless abominations, and possessed the weak-willed.

As he moved forward, the ruined town came into view. It was eerily quiet. Buildings stood half-collapsed, their structures blackened as if burned by an invisible fire. The streets were cracked, and strange dark tendrils pulsed from the center of the town like veins growing out of the land itself.

And there, at the heart of the destruction, Tyler saw it—a massive crack splitting the ground apart. A deep abyssal energy oozed from within, staining the air with its oppressive presence.

Standing near the crack were two figures. One of them was Maxwell, the leader of Team C. Beside him stood another man, a warrior whose name Tyler couldn't immediately recall.

Tyler stepped forward. "Finally, found you guys!" he shouted, raising a hand in greeting.

Both men jerked in surprise. Their reactions weren't of relief or recognition—but of fear.

They spun around, weapons drawn, eyes filled with panic.

"Why are you still here!?" Maxwell demanded, his voice tense and uncertain.

Tyler tilted his head. "Why can't I be here? You idiots left me behind—" He paused, then gestured over his shoulder with his thumb. "Anyway, This might be shocking to you guys. But don't Panic. Both of these guys behind me might be corrupted by the Abyss."

Maxwell's expression darkened. "Attack!"

"What the hell? I said Don't panic." Tyler barely had time to react before Maxwell pointed his staff at him.

A massive water dragon surged from the mage's hands, roaring as it crashed down on Tyler, drowning him in an overwhelming flood.

For a moment, silence.

Then—

"Huh?" Tyler stood there, completely drenched, but otherwise unharmed. "Why are you attacking me? It's those two—"

Maxwell's eyes widened in shock. "Why didn't it work?"

The water dragon had enough pressure to crush a man's bones instantly—yet Tyler stood there like he had just walked through a mild rainstorm.

Tyler shook his wet hair and rolled his shoulders. "I'm fine with this level of pressure," he muttered. He didn't bother explaining further—thanks to the Kun Peng inheritance, water was actually a source of strength for him. If anything, Maxwell had just refreshed him.

He was about to say more when—

****Whoosh!****

A steel blade whistled through the air toward his neck.

Tyler barely dodged in time. "Woah—STOP IT!"

His body reacted on instinct. Dragon scales began forming over his skin, reinforcing his defenses.

The other man—the warrior—was relentless. Without hesitation, he drew another broad sword and lunged at Tyler, his eyes locked with killing intent.

"Alright, that's it—" Tyler was about to use his Ice Escape Art, but before he could—

****CLANG!****

A spear blocked the incoming sword.

Lian Fu had stepped between them, still wearing the Sunglasses. He planted his feet, pushing the warrior back.

"You focus on the zombie, I'll handle him," Maxwell ordered, pointing his staff once more.

"Water Prison."

A sphere of water formed around Tyler, trapping him inside.

Maxwell exhaled. "That should hold him—"

But a second later, Tyler slipped out effortlessly like a fish darting through water.

"...How!?" Maxwell staggered backward, stunned.

Tyler sighed. "You're really trying to drown me? Me, of all people?" He crossed his arms. "Did you even think this through?"

Maxwell clenched his fists, frustration visible on his face. "Why isn't it working!?"

Tyler, still dripping, pointed a finger at Lian Fu and asked. "Wait—did you just call him a zombie?"

The realization hit him all at once.

"Then is that guy is also zombie?" Tyler pointed behind him.

Maxwell turned around.

****BOOM!****

A lava-covered rock slammed into Maxwell's side, sending him flying.

Tyler turned his head towards the flying Maxwell.

"That's strange. Why there is no creature from the mist in the sky trying to capture Maxwell?" Tyler muttered and looked at the attacker.

The mage guy the one who had been with Lian Fu—stood there, his hands still smoking from the fire spell he had just launched. His sunglasses were still in place, but his expression was unreadable.

"Okay... What the hell is happening?"

He quickly glanced between the groups.

On one side, Maxwell and the warrior had tried to kill him.

"Maybe he thinks I am zombie?" Tyler tilted his head and looked at Maxwell.

On the other side, Lian Fu and the mage guy —whom Tyler had suspected of being corrupted—were now attacking Maxwell's group.

"...Alright." Tyler took a deep breath. "Now I'm totes confused. Who's the bad guy here?"

The ground trembled.

The Abyss Crack pulsed, sending out another wave of dark energy.

And then— a monstrous growl echoed from within.

The fighting stopped. Everyone turned toward the crack.

Tyler narrowed his eyes. "it's immortal pressure."

From the depths of the abyss, a massive creature emerged, its grotesque body twisting unnaturally, covered in dark, pulsating veins.

Suddenly, a Merman wielding a trident materialized as if teleported. The oppressive immortal pressure vanished instantly. He stood cool and composed—until he heard Tyler's voice.

"Another immortal?" Tyler muttered, eyeing the newcomer.

The Merman turned, his composure shattering. "The heck, why are you here?" he blurted out.

Tyler rubbing his temples. "Oh, come on... "

Chapter 287: A Scream in Northern Sea

This happened Before Tyler Arrived Near the Abyss Passage Crack

Near the gaping spatial crack that pulsed with ominous energy, Maxwell and the sword warrior fought desperately against Lian Fu and the mage. The stench of blood and decay clung to the air, the corpses of their fallen comrades strewn across the battlefield.

The battle raged, but suddenly, a voice cut through the air.

"Stop!!!"

The undead halted their attack, their bodies twitching unnaturally, as if compelled by an unseen force. Maxwell and the sword warrior, panting and bruised, turned toward the source of the voice.

Standing atop a broken stone pillar, his silhouette illuminated by the eerie glow of the abyss crack, was a familiar figure.

"It's you... Tyler?!" Maxwell's voice was filled with disbelief. "You're alive?"

The figure tilted his head, a slow, creeping smile stretching across his face.

"Of course," 'Tyler' said, his tone oddly casual. "You idiots left me behind—" He paused, then flicked a thumb over his shoulder. "Anyway, this might be 'shocking' to you guys, but don't panic." His red eyes gleamed unnaturally as he gestured toward Lian Fu and the mage. "Both of these guys 'might' be corrupted by the Abyss."

Maxwell's grip tightened around his staff when he saw red light on Tyler's eyes.

The sword warrior spat on the ground. "Damn it... You're the traitor, aren't you?"

'Tyler' merely chuckled, the sound unsettling in its lack of warmth.

Maxwell took a step forward. "What happened to Charla?"

'Tyler' hummed, pretending to think. Then he shifted to the side, revealing a figure that had been standing behind him, obscured by the shadows.

A pale, ghostly Charla emerged. Her once vibrant skin had been drained of color, leaving only shades of white and gray. Her once bright eyes now glowed an eerie red. Unlike Lian Fu and the mage, her transformation was different. She wasn't just corrupted—she had become something else entirely.

A *wraith*.

Maxwell's breath hitched.

'Tyler' smirked. "Ah... you mean this*girl?"

Charla twitched violently. Her body flickered like mist, half-solid, half-ethereal. A deep, guttural scream tore from her throat as she lunged toward Maxwell and the sword warrior, her lower body dissolving into smoky tendrils.

But just as she was about to strike—

A new presence descended upon them.

An overwhelming *pressure* crashed down, suffocating and absolute. The ground trembled, the very air distorting under its force.

Then—

****BOOM.****

A shockwave erupted as a figure landed between them, the sheer force sending *everyone* flying.

Maxwell and the sword warrior were hurled back like ragdolls, crashing through the remnants of a crumbling building, their bodies barely holding together. The two zombies were blasted away, their bodies skipping across the ground like stones on water.

Even Charla, the wraith, was flung into the abyss crack, her screams fading into the darkness.

As for 'Tyler'—

He *knelt*, his body crushed under the sheer weight of the new arrival's presence. He couldn't move. He couldn't speak. An invisible force pressed him into the dirt, an unbearable weight suffocating him.

A boot stepped onto the back of his head, forcing his face into the rubble.

" Found you. Remember me?"

The voice was deep, laced with amusement and vindication.

The newly arrived figure stood tall, his golden robes billowing in the wind. His presence radiated authority, his long silver hair reflecting the abyssal glow.

Feng Feiyan.

A satisfied grin stretched across his lips as he dug his foot further onto 'Tyler's' head.

"Hahaha... Revenge is the best dish when served cold" He laughed, his voice laced with glee. "I, Feng Feiyan, have never felt more satisfied than this moment."

Then, his expression twisted into confusion.

"Wait... why isn't the curse activating?"

The Feng Family had a curse—one that prevented them from directly harming *Tyler*. Any attempt would be met with a violent backlash, a punishment so severe that it almost took Feng Feiyan life last time.

But Feng Feiyan felt... nothing.

His thoughts were interrupted as two zombies suddenly lunged toward him.

With a mere flick of his sleeve—

****CRASH!****

The zombies were launched into the air, their bodies propelled at such speeds that they vanished beyond the ruined city in seconds.

'Tyler' struggled, trying to open his mouth, but an external force sealed it shut.

He wanted to speak. He wanted to explain.

But he couldn't.

Then, a voice echoed within Feng Feiyan's mind.

"Stop, Immortal Feng..."

It was a message sent through divine sense.

Feng Feiyan's eyes darkened. The immortal from the Bank of Atlantis is here. He understood he has no time, cause he just sneaked in without permission.

"Tch. Annoying." He clicked his tongue.

He grabbed 'Tyler' by the collar and, with a swift motion, took to the skies.

As he ascended, the very ground beneath them *shattered*, a small earthquake rippling through the city from the sheer force of his departure.

And in an instant—

They were gone.

High above the clouds, Feng Feiyan came to a sudden stop. His sharp gaze scanned the misty sky. Something lurked within the dense fog—a massive shadow, its silhouette marked by an enormous clawed appendage. It didn't attack. It sensed his presence—a Half-Celestial Immortal. The being dared not interfere.

But before Feng Feiyan could contemplate further, another figure materialized before him.

A Merman.

His body shimmered with an otherworldly glow, his trident crackling with the power of the deep. His expression was stern, his presence commanding.

"This is an offense against the Bank of Atlantis and the Federation," the Merman declared. His voice was calm yet carried the weight of authority. "Leave at once. If you attempt to set foot on Ixalaria Continent, our organization will be forced to arrest you."

Feng Feiyan narrowed his eyes but said nothing.

Feng Feiyan entered the continent during an Abyss Breakout and even stood near a spatial crack. Some high-level Immortal Beings have undoubtedly sensed his presence.

This place was supposed to be a trial ground—a controlled environment where lower-level Immortal Practitioners could temper themselves against abyssal threats and also find opportunities. But his

interference had almost ruined the entire process. If an Immortal-level Abyss Demon emerged too soon, the delicate balance would collapse.

"Heh..." Feng Feiyan let out a small chuckle. Then, with a shrug, he said, "I apologize. I won't come here again."

With a single step, he disappeared, leaving the Ixalaria Continent in the blink of an eye.

The Merman watched him vanish into the distance, then let out a deep sigh. He turned his attention toward the Spatial Rift.

His expression darkened.

A surge of pressure descended from within.

The Merman felt it immediately—an Immortal-level Abyss Demon was attempting to break through.

He disappeared and appeared near the rift.

Just an early-stage Beginner Immortal level... he thought, his expression neutral.

A lesser being might have panicked. But he merely adjusted his grip on his trident.

With a thought, the oppressive immortal pressure vanished—completely nullified. He stood there, unmoving, as if the chaotic energy of the abyss meant nothing to him.

He was composed. Unshaken.

Until—

"Another immortal?"

A voice came from behind him.

The Merman turned his head. His composure shattered.

"The heck—why are you here?!" he blurted out, his cool demeanor breaking instantly.

"Oh, come on..." Tyler muttered, exasperated. "Why are all of you so damn surprised that I'm here?"

The Merman didn't respond immediately. His brows furrowed, his mind racing. If Tyler was standing here—

Then...

"Who... was the one that Immortal took away?" the Merman asked, his voice uncertain.

Far to the North, above the vast ocean, a colossal entity drifted on the waves.

A creature the size of a mountain, its gargantuan form floating effortlessly upon the sea. Its body was covered in thick, scale-like armor, its massive eyes closed in deep slumber. Even in its dormant state, its presence exuded a quiet menace.

And atop its immense back, Feng Feiyan landed.

He threw 'Tyler' onto the beast's rough hide. The figure tumbled across the surface before coming to a stop.

Feng Feiyan stomped his boot down, pressing hard against 'Tyler's' chin, forcing his head against the ground.

His expression twisted into one of satisfaction.

"Let's see how your abnormal luck saves you now. Tyler White" Feng Feiyan sneered, his eyes filled with malice.

Last time in the Planet Zi, Tyler defied logic—defied fate itself. But here, on this forsaken beast, miles away from anyone who could interfere, there would be no miracles.

No lucky escapes.

No cheating destiny.

Or so he thought.

Because the moment he applied more force, something... changed.

Feng Feiyan's grin faltered.

'Tyler's' body... shifted.

It rippled like disturbed water. His skin distorted, stretching unnaturally. The figure on the ground twitched, his limbs bending at unnatural angles. His skin cracked, revealing something else underneath.

Then, with a sickening sound, 'Tyler' transformed.

A grotesque Abyss Demon emerged where he had once lain.

Its elongated jaw split open, rows of needle-like teeth glistening with blackened saliva.

An Aswang.

A high-tier Abyss Shapeshifter.

It had been wearing Tyler's form like a disguise.

Feng Feiyan's stomach dropped.

"YOU'RE... NOT TYLER!!!!"

An Immortal scream was resonated in the Northern Seas.

Chapter 288: Closing the Abyss Crack

With a flick of his hand, Feng Feiyan crushed the Aswang. The Abyssal Demon let out a distorted shriek before its body collapsed in on itself, disintegrating into black mist.

Without wasting another moment, Feng Feiyan vanished.

But as he sped across the skies, heading back toward the Ixalaria Continent, he suddenly halted.

A wave of immense pressure descended upon him.

His expression darkened. Someone was watching him—no, locking onto him.

"A Celestial Immortal..." he muttered, his eyes narrowing.

Feng Feiyan immediately recalled the Merman's warning. He wasn't allowed to step foot on Ixalaria Continent.

He weighed his options. Should he take the risk?

No.

Instead of pressing forward, he ascended. Higher and higher, piercing through the clouds, until his gaze locked onto a vague figure in the distance.

A voice rang out, neither hostile nor friendly, yet unwavering in authority.

"You have already violated our organization's rules," the figure said. "We do not care, as you are not one of us. However, we have imposed a ban on you from entering the Ixalaria Continent. We suggest you obey it."

A pause.

"Or be prepared to be captured."

With that, the figure vanished.

Feng Feiyan clenched his jaw. His fingers twitched in frustration, but he held back his emotions.

"Tsk... How does your damn luck keep working?" he muttered, thinking of Tyler.

A cruel glint flashed in his eyes.

If he couldn't deal with Tyler himself...

Then he would simply send others to do it.

Without another word, he disappeared into the horizon.

Back near the Abyss Crack, the Merman Immortal wielded his Trident with an air of indifference.

With a single swipe, a Beginner Immortal Abyss Demon that had begun crawling out of the crack let out a soul-piercing scream.

The sheer force of its wail made Tyler clutch his head, a splitting pain surging through his skull. Maxwell and the Swordsman, already severely injured, couldn't withstand it. Blood trickled from their ears as their bodies trembled. Their resistance didn't last long.

Both of them collapsed.

Then, just as suddenly as it had started—

The screaming stopped.

The Abyss Demon had retreated at its full speed.

The Merman lowered his trident, his expression calm. "It's gone."

Tyler exhaled, still shaken by the intense pressure.

The Merman turned his sharp gaze to him. "You're here for the mission to close this rift, aren't you?"

Tyler nodded. It wasn't hard to figure out. Why else would an Immortal Practitioner be searching for the Abyss Crack?

"Then close it. If I intervene directly, I risk drawing the attention of a Heaven-Level Abyss Creature. That's the last thing we want."

His tone carried a veiled warning.

Tyler didn't argue. Instead, he took out a set of devices, swiftly arranging them into a formation.

With practiced precision, he set up the arrays.

Within moments, a structure resembling an altar took shape—an intricate fusion of magic and advanced technology.

Tyler activated the formation. A beam of light shot out, striking the crack from two sides.

A faint hum filled the air as the rift began to shrink.

The process was swift. In just a few minutes, the Abyss passage was sealed shut.

The Merman observed the process without interference. Once the crack had fully vanished, he nodded in approval. "That was a small one. Easy enough to close."

He crossed his arms, his gaze drifting toward the distance. "The biggest rift, the one responsible for this Abyss Breakout, will take a lot longer to recover."

A hint of disappointment flickered across his eyes. "It's a pity there are no void stone fragments. They are pretty valuable."

Then, as if remembering something, the Merman turned back to Tyler.

"You'd better be careful. Someone named Feng is after you."

Tyler's eyes narrowed.

Before he could ask any questions, the Merman vanished.

Now alone, Tyler surveyed the place.

He then looked at his communication device. He tapped on it, quickly composing a message:

"Mission Completed."

With the priority task done, he turned his attention to Maxwell and the Swordsman, both still unconscious.

His gaze flickered toward the bodies of Lian Fu and the Mage.

They had once been 'zombies.' But now?

Their eyes were empty.

The Abyssal corruption was gone, leaving them as nothing more than lifeless corpses.

Tyler didn't linger. They weren't his problem anymore.

He crouched down, checking Maxwell and the Swordsman for any severe injuries. They were stable but badly wounded.

Sighing, Tyler pulled out his portable waypoint terminal.

He tapped a few buttons, attempting to open a portal back to safety.

But—

Nothing happened.

"Tsk... As expected not working." Tyler muttered. He decided to wait for the reinforcement.

Inside the Abyss Passage , a phantom-like figure drifted through the endless void.

A lady wraith , her once-luminous red eyes now devoid of color, moved with a lifeless gait . Her entire form had faded into a grayish-white entity , stripped of all vibrancy, a mere shadow of what she once was.

Yet, within that empty husk, a voice lingered.

"I won't forgive you. I won't forgive you... Tyler White."

The words spilled from her lips in a broken mantra, a whisper carried into the depths of the Abyss , before she vanished into the darkness.

As Charla wandered deeper, creatures lurking in the shadows took notice.

They sniffed the air, sensing her presence .

A fresh prey had arrived.

Some of the monsters— twisted, grotesque entities that slithered and crawled through the jagged abyssal pathways—began to circle, their glowing eyes locked onto her.

Yet, just as they prepared to pounce , they stopped.

A mark burned faintly on her spectral body— the mark of an Aswang.

It was a claim , a brand left by a higher-tier Abyssal Demon .

Reluctantly, the creatures withdrew , their hunger unsated.

Charla, unaware of the threats around her, continued forward , her steps aimless and hollow.

However, something changed.

As she drifted further into the abyss, her mark vanished.

The moment it disappeared, the darkness stirred.

The creatures lurking in the shadows snarled , their patience rewarded.

With her protection gone, she was free game.

Dozens of glowing eyes flickered in the darkness. Fangs bared. The hunt began.

But just as the creatures lunged—

Two figures appeared.

The wraith never saw them coming.

A pair of young girls , appearing no older than sixteen , suddenly materialized from the darkness, their hands grabbing hold of Charla before she could react.

The surrounding creatures—moments away from tearing into their prey— froze .

A single glance at the newcomers sent a ripple of fear through the abyssal beasts.

They immediately retreated into the darkness , unwilling to challenge them.

The two girls turned their attention to their new captive, their expressions filled with curiosity.

"Wow!" one of them exclaimed, her violet eyes shimmering with amusement. "Such a beautiful wraith . Shall I possess it, sister?"

The other girl rolled her eyes. "Nixie, you're the only one who wants to possess a Wraith. "

"But she's so cute !" Nixie pouted, gently poking Charla's ghostly cheek. "Besides, it's rare to find a wraith like this!"

The older girl— Nova —sighed, placing her hands on her hips. "We just escaped the Lower Realm and made it back to the Abyss. Can't you give it a break ? Maybe instead of collecting random souls , we should focus on finding a world where we can have a—"

Nova's lips curled into a mischievous grin .

"— an orgy party. I loved how we turned an entire village into a lust paradise"

Nixie groaned. "Ugh! You and your orgies! You're always thinking about that!"

Nova smirked. "Look who is talking . who was the one possessed this young girl and raped her whole family?."

"Ah... You won't understand just thinking about it makes me Horny again." Nixie made a ahegao face thinking of that. She then looked back at Charla. "Fine. But let me play with her first!"

Charla, though still in her dazed state. She didn't even notice her Phantom like dresses vanished.

Nixie giggled as she played with the wraith, her fingers weaving through all over Charla's part. Then she also did scissors and all.

Nova watched from the side, arms crossed, a small smile tugging at her lips.

"You're always like this, Spreading your legs to any creatures you meet" she mused, shaking her head.

Nixie barely acknowledged her, too absorbed in her game.

But then—

Her eyes widened.

"Sister... Guess what?"

Nova raised an eyebrow. "What now?"

"I just read her memories..." Nixie's voice dripped with suspense.

Nova sighed. "And?"

Nixie grinned. "I found someone interesting."

Nova rolled her eyes. "Just say it already."

With a gleeful smirk, Nixie whispered, "Tyler White."

Nova's expression froze.

Then, after a beat—

She made an ahogao face. She also joined them.

Inside the Abyss, the two succubi made their decision. They decided to find Tyler White and make him their slave. Their 'pet' wraith will also tag along.

Chapter 289: Moon Soul Nourishing Potion

Moon Soul Nourishment Potion

After completing the mission, remaining members of Team C stood before Sandra, who clasped her hands together and closed her eyes in a brief moment of prayer.

"Congratulations on finishing your mission," she said solemnly. "We lost many companions... May their souls reincarnate into better lives."

A somber silence followed. Though they had succeeded, the cost was heavy.

After all formalities were complete, Tyler and the others left the meeting room.

"Finally, it's over..." Tyler exhaled, rolling his shoulders as he inspected the small vial Sandra had given him. The Moon Soul Nourishing Potion.

"Heh... We will meet again Tyler White." Maxwell quickly said and left. Maxwell was also looking at the Moon Soul Nourishing Potion he received, looks like he gonna enter seclusion soon. Same with the sword warrior.

Moon Soul Nourishing Potion - It was a rare potion, crafted under the true moons' light in the North — not the illusory moons above, which were mere reflections. The moonlights are the main ingredients. Even Tyler won't able to get hands on it. But Academy was able to get some Vials with their connection.

"You really got a Moon Soul Nourishing Potion?" Human Kyla's eyes widened in shock.

"You know it takes decades to break through the Master Level and years to reach the Grandmaster Level," Rabbit Kyla added, her voice tinged with envy. "This potion nourishes the soul and stabilizes one's foundation. The quantity is tiny, but it's still worth it."

Tyler nodded, tucking the potion away.

"I heard Brolin almost died," he said, glancing around. The man was nowhere to be seen.

"Yeah... We were attacked by rogue Immortal Practitioners," Rabbit Kyla explained. "We were caught off guard, but somehow, we managed to eliminate them. Brolin got injured. Then the readings led us to a giant mammoth-like monster, and his injuries only got worse after that."

Tyler sighed. Brolin was reckless, but he was a strong fighter. He'd pull through.

After chatting for a while, Tyler left. His mission was complete, and with a six-month break, he was practically on vacation.

Back at His Temporary House

Once inside, Tyler activated multiple security arrays, ensuring that no one could spy on him.

He placed the vial of potion inside a copper pot, letting it settle.

Then, a portal shimmered open beside him.

Without hesitation, he stepped in.

Elite Academy of Magic and Technology

The portal spat him out at the Elite Academy of Magic and Technology, where he held a special privilege—unlike most, he could teleport inside the Academy's barriers. Only a handful of individuals, including Serena and Hawk, had the same clearance.

He materialized inside his personal office, a sleek room filled with high-tech equipment, ancient scrolls, and prana-infused artifacts.

Closing the portal with a waypoint terminal unit, Tyler called out, "Serena."

A holographic projection of a small Serena flickered to life in the air. Her CGI form was designed to move freely throughout the Academy's campus, thanks to advanced array formations.

"Welcome back," she greeted in her usual monotone voice.

Tyler smirked. "I brought something good."

He raised his wristwatch, the embedded storage device containing his latest haul.

Serena's eyes flashed with interest.

"Wait..." she murmured.

A few seconds later, a robot assistant rolled into the room, carrying a storage device.

Tyler tapped his watch against the device, initiating the transfer.

The data flashed across Serena's interface, and for once, the usually emotionless AI's eyes widened.

"That's... Moon Soul Nourishing Potion."

Tyler chuckled. "Yeah."

Serena continued analyzing the data. Then, her expression froze.

"W-wait..." she stammered. "There are 100 of them?"

Tyler resisted the urge to smirk.

'Girl, there are thousands of them with me.'

Of course, he wasn't about to say that out loud.

Instead, he shrugged. "Don't worry about it. It's for our students."

Serena's head tilted slightly, processing his words.

"Select some outstanding students and nurture them, and give them missions to venture into the Abyss Breakout." Tyler instructed. "But only in less dangerous areas."

Serena nodded in agreement.

Tyler leaned back in his chair, feeling a sense of satisfaction.

"Oh... I'm going into seclusion," Tyler announced as he stretched his arms. "Can you check on what my friends are up to? If they're free, tell them to come back."

Serena, the AI projection, nodded without question.

Tyler intended to gift them some of the Moon Soul Nourishing Potions—something that would be a game-changer for Breakthrough.

After giving his instructions, he activated his Waypoint Terminal Unit and instantly teleported to a hidden underground training ground.

Unlike the rest of the Elite Academy, this place was off the grid. No Surveillance Arrays, no Serena projection coverage—just absolute privacy.

Tyler pulled out a device from his storage.

It looked like a small round meditation mat, except with a futuristic, high-tech design.

Placing it on the ground, he activated the mechanism.

A force field instantly materialized, forming a levitating platform.

Tyler sat cross-legged on it, feeling himself float.

Closing his eyes, he began circulating the Kun Peng Art—a mystical technique that enhanced his aura, mana, and physical power in perfect balance.

Once he completed one circulation, he retrieved a vial of Moon Soul Nourishing Potion and drank it.

Euphoria Beyond Words

The moment the liquid touched his tongue, a wave of pure ecstasy crashed over him.

"Ahhh..." Tyler moaned involuntarily, his entire being shivering in pleasure.

It felt like thousands of beautiful women massaging him at once—their soft hands kneading his soul into blissful relaxation.

No. It was beyond that.

It was as if his very essence was soaring toward the heavens themselves, dancing through celestial clouds.

He had never felt so refreshed, purified, and powerful in his entire life.

The Immediate Effects

After a few minutes, Tyler's mind stabilized, and he began checking himself.

His aura and prana felt immeasurably refined.

His mental strength had improved drastically.

He could sense that he had skipped an entire year of training in just minutes.

The realization made his eyes shine with excitement.

He didn't hesitate.

He grabbed a second vial and drank it.

Then a third.

Then a fourth.

Then a fifth.

If any other cultivators had seen him at that moment, they would have vomited blood out of frustration.

Each vial was worth millions of Lydia, and it was incredibly difficult to obtain.

But here was Tyler—drinking them like fruit juice.

The Final Breakthrough

By the time he reached the 13th vial, the entire underground chamber trembled.

A massive torrent of energy swirled around him, forming a miniature storm.

Then—

BOOM!

Tyler's eyes snapped open, glowing with an intense, electrified light.

He had broken through.

2-Star Master Level Warrior.

2-Star Master Level Mage.

He had stepped into a whole new realm of power.

A grin stretched across his face.

"Alright... Let's continue."

Without a second thought, he reached into his storage device and pulled out dozens more vials of Moon Soul Nourishing Potion.

Tonight—

He wouldn't stop until he gets resistance to this potion.

Chapter 290: 290. Missing Companions

Beneath the vast expanse of the Northern Seas, the Northern Lights shimmered like ethereal ribbons, casting an otherworldly glow upon the waters. Unlike the chaotic Abyss Breakout that plagued the Ixalaria Continent, the practitioners here lived near the Abyss passage.

Why?

Because an active Abyss passage had existed in these lands for centuries.

What is the Abyss?

The Abyss was a mysterious plane connected to countless worlds.

No one knew what lay at its center—if such a thing even existed.

But one thing was certain: the Abyss was filled with unusual creatures, beings from forgotten realms, and treasures beyond mortal comprehension.

In its natural state, the Abyss would consume any world it touched, spreading like an insatiable void. Some ancient texts claimed that, upon its birth, the Abyss had devoured millions of planets before being sealed by the efforts of powerful beings.

Despite its dangers, the Abyss was a treasure trove for those daring enough to venture inside.

These individuals were called Abyss Treasure Hunters—people known for surviving in the Abyss, retrieving rare artifacts, and selling them to the highest bidder.

Some even stumbled upon Spatial Rifts—hidden pathways that led to lower worlds.

Once there, they had two options:

1. Conquer the world and use its resources.
2. Sell the world's coordinates to powerful factions for an astronomical price.

It was a cutthroat business, one that often blurred the lines between exploration and conquest.

Feng Feiyan had no intention of putting a bounty on Tyler White.

Instead, he sought to hire Abyss Hunters—professionals skilled in capturing targets within Breakout zones.

Not just Tyler, but his entire circle of companions.

"So, let me get this straight..."

A man with fish scales on his face leaned back, examining the pictures laid before him.

Each image depicted one of Tyler's allies:

Tyler White – A Master-level Dual Practitioner.

Mana – A Spirit Ghost with mysterious abilities.

Lily Gomes – A trickster whose strength was unknown.

Astrid – A half-angel with royal blood.

Silvia – An elf with Taming Ability.

Mathilda – A human Alchemist.

Lily (again) – Wait, why was there two pictures of Lily?

The fish-scaled man, Reinier, frowned. "You sure. They are so weak."

"Just send your people," Feng Feiyan replied coolly. "Immortals are prohibited from stepping into Ixalaria Continent."

Reinier smirked. "Yeah, yeah, I know. I even heard some idiot immortal entered without hesitation... What a fool!"

Feng Feiyan's mouth twitched, but he forced a smile.

Reinier leaned forward, tapping a clawed finger against the table.

"If an immortal enters the Continent now," he mused, "the Immortal level beings in the Abyss will sense their presence and will try to ascend. If that happens, the Abyss Passage will expand, and the entire continent could cease to exist. Thankfully last time, they controlled the situation before more than one Immortal Beings began to emerge."

He grinned, flashing sharp teeth, "It happened once and a continent just disappeared."

There were once two continents in this world. The second was shattered centuries ago due to an uncontrolled Abyss Breakout.

Feng Feiyan nodded. "Then you understand why I reached out to your organization. I want to capture this guy. For others, Capture them or kill them. I don't care."

"This is a small job for us." Reinier grinned. "We'll be back in a month."

"You can do it, right?" Feng Feiyan asked, narrowing his eyes.

"Hmph." Reinier scoffed, puffing out his chest. "Mr. Heaven Immortal, if I don't complete this mission in one month, you can call my name in reverse!"

Feng Feiyan blinked. "...What's your name again?"

"Reinier."

"...?"

Feng Feiyan stared at him, silent. What was the point of reversing your name?

One Month Later...

Reinier appeared before Feng Feiyan, completely empty-handed.

His face was blank. His arrogant confidence from before? Gone.

Feng Feiyan crossed his arms. "So?"

Reinier let out a heavy sigh, rubbing his temples.

"...You can call my name in reverse."

"..."

Feng Feiyan stared at him.

As I said before...

Reinier.

What's the point of reversing it?

"What happened?" Feng Feiyan asked.

A Month Earlier...

Tyler sat cross-legged inside the underground training ground, staring at the another vial of Moon Soul Nourishing Potion in his hand.

With a sigh, he downed the glowing liquid. The moment it entered his system, he closed his eyes, waiting for that familiar heavenly sensation—the overwhelming euphoria, like being massaged by a thousand gentle hands.

Instead, nothing happened.

Tyler opened one eye.

"...Where is my 1,000-woman massage?" he muttered, disappointed.

The once-potent elixir had lost its effect on him. He had developed resistance to the potion.

Checking His Progress

Shrugging, Tyler activated his Waypoint Terminal Unit, scanning his body's condition.

5-star Master Warrior.

5-star Master Mage.

His Aura and Prana had skyrocketed, but this kind of rapid breakthrough would raise too many questions.

Without hesitation, Tyler equipped his Phantom Mask, a relic capable of concealing his true strength. He adjusted his energy signature, making himself appear as nothing more than a 2-star Master Mage and Warrior.

Nodding in satisfaction, he ended his seclusion and teleported back to the office/room.

Vanished Without a Trace

The first thing he heard after stepping out was bad news.

"What? They're all missing?!" Tyler's voice echoed through the chamber as he stared at Serena.

Serena's holographic projection remained calm as she explained, "Silvia left with a group of elves. She voluntarily departed, leaving you an invitation to visit anytime."

A robotic approached, placing an ancient leaf on the table. The leaf brimmed with life energy, an unmistakable sign of Elven craftsmanship.

Tyler frowned. Silvia left voluntarily? Why?

"What about Astrid and Lily?" he asked.

Serena's expression flickered before she continued.

"Astrid was being chased by an angel. Both of them disappeared into the Abyss. Lily also pursued them."

Tyler's eye twitched.

"...What the heck happened?"

Before Serena could respond, the door suddenly burst open.

"We're here!"

Three figures rushed in—Mana, Mathilda, and Darla.

Before Tyler could react, Mana leaped at him, wrapping her arms around his torso. Mathilda winked before hugging him from the side. Even Darla, blushing furiously, gathered her courage and joined the embrace.

Tyler stiffened. The three different scents that filled his senses were intoxicating, each unique like exotic perfumes.

"...What's going on?" he asked, confused.

"It's bad!" Mathilda spoke quickly, not letting go of him. "Lily made some lame jokes and chased after an arrogant angel. The angel was after Astrid, and they all jumped into the Abyss."

Tyler blinked.

"Wait... what?"

Mathilda took a deep breath and explained everything.

She had been in the same camp as Lily and Astrid when the incident occurred.

One day, an angel suddenly appeared—a Grandmaster-level being. He was powerful, too strong for the Grandmaster warriors in the camp to handle.

His goal? Capture Astrid.

At the time, Astrid, Lily, and Mathilda were near an Abyss Crack, a volatile rift between realms where Abyss Breakouts frequently happened.

Instead of fighting, Astrid made a reckless decision. She just jumped in

The Mad angel followed without hesitation.

And then...

Lily stood there for a second and said, 'Huh... I'm gonna roast those wings,' and then she jumped in too. Before that Lily provoked the Angel with lots of lame jokes which made the Angel so mad.

Tyler pressed his fingers against his temple.

"...Lame jokes?"

Mathilda nodded gravely.

"Defective Lily is back, huh?" Tyler muttered.

After recounting the chaotic events, Mathilda leaned against Tyler, letting out a deep sigh.

"Ugh... after going through all that... I feel stressed."

She turned her gaze toward him, her eyes gleaming with meaning.

Darla, standing beside them, suddenly blushed.

"M-me too..." she stammered.

Mana giggled softly as she removed her dress. The other girls followed.

"I will close the door." Serena voice resonated as the door closed.