

R Cultivator 341

Chapter 341: Grandmaster

A terrifying pressure erupted, spreading across the entire world like an unstoppable tidal wave.

Even the sky trembled. Because this world highest limit is Golden Core Realm, Tyler's Breakthrough made a big commotion.

Every cultivator, from the lowly disciples of minor sects to the grand elders of ancient families, felt it.

They turned their gazes toward the source of this immense force, their hearts pounding in both fear and awe.

"An immortal treasure is born or an immortal reincarnated?" Many Cultivators gossiped. Some Cultivators are already on their way towards the commotion.

Even Mathilda who is enjoying her Harem in Castle also felt it.

"Oh... No.... The World end is coming. Everyone Remove your Dress. Turn into Baby costume. We are gonna have a big ritual. " She laughed with perverted expression.

Meanwhile somewhere else,

"This isn't just Spiritual Qi..." Astrid whispered, her eyes reflecting the vast energy rippling through the world.

Mana, standing beside her, sighed with a small smirk.

"Of course it isn't. This is Mix of Aura and Prana. This guy is breaking through simultaneously as Warrior and Mage."

She crossed her arms, watching as the sky itself seemed to pulse under the force of the breakthrough.

"He's making way too much noise," she said, shaking her head.

But despite her casual words, even she felt a flicker of surprise. She didn't expect a huge commotion.

Deep within a forest, hidden from the eyes of ordinary mortals, a spatial crack loomed—a dark gateway between Abyss and this world.

Two Grandmasters stood guard, their auras sharp and oppressive. One of them, grabbed the massive corpse of an Abyss Beast and tossed it back into the abyss passage.

But just as he turned away, his expression froze.

The pressure in the air had changed.

His eyes narrowed, and a trace of shock and disbelief flickered across his face.

"Is he... really just breaking through to Grandmaster?" he muttered.

"No."

Another Grandmaster beside him clenched his fists.

"This pressure... it's more like a Divine-Seeker Realm awakening."

The mere thought made the air heavy.

In the same forest, Near the rushing river, the temporary castle stood of Tyler stood tall, carved into the mountains like an immovable fortress.

Inside, the air buzzed with raw power.

Outside, the other two Grandmasters who had been tasked with guarding the castle could do nothing but stare in awe.

"Boss Tyler's talent is terrifying," one of them muttered.

"Talent?" another one sighed. "It's not just talent—it's also resources. Miss Mana gave me a storage ring filled with nothing but top-tier cultivation materials. My job? Refill the arrays every time they depleted."

A moment of silence passed between them.

Then, the realization hit.

"Wait... how much did he use?"

The man smirked.

"Enough to create at least twenty Grandmasters from scratch."

Inside the castle, the very ground transformed.

A lake appeared, its waters stretching beyond the walls of the castle and into the world itself.

Lotuses bloomed—radiant and ethereal, their petals shimmering in hues of gold, silver, and deep violet.

But this was no ordinary lake.

It was an illusion so powerful that even mortals, cultivators, and spirit beasts across the world could see it.

Panic spread.

People clutched their chests, trembling at the impossible sight. Some people thought God as Descended and even worshipped it. They saw everything below them turned into water, but couldn't touch the water.

Then, the lake shifted.

A chessboard emerged—vast and endless, its squares glowing red and blue.

Rain began to pour, but this time, it was not an illusion.

A Grandmaster standing near the castle let out a bitter chuckle.

"It's his Domain... already?"

Another sighed.

"How many years did it take for us to form our Domains after reaching Grandmaster?"

A different Grandmaster scoffed.

"I spent two years just forming a pseudo-Domain. Perfecting it took even longer."

They all fell silent.

Comparison was pointless.

Boss Tyler was on a level beyond logic.

Even if Boss Tyler has endless resources, how could he create a domain just as soon he breakthrough Grandmaster level. It's definitely Talent.

Oblivious to the commotion he caused, Tyler was now floating in midair, his body surrounded by dazzling arrays that poured Aura and Prana into him at a terrifying rate.

Inside his consciousness, something shattered.

His illusory core broke apart, and from its fragments, a majestic figure rose—

A Kun.

It spread its wings, radiating an ancient, boundless presence.

As it flew, its form twisted—shrinking, changing—until it became an exact replica of Tyler.

His Nascent Divinity had formed.

This should have been impossible.

In the Boundless world Immortal Practitioner System, a Nascent Divinity only formed upon reaching Divine-Seeker Realm.

But Tyler had done it at Grandmaster Realm.

Outside, if the Grandmasters guarding the castle had seen this, they would have dropped dead from sheer shock.

Because this meant one thing:

Tyler had the highest chance of reaching Divine-Seeker Realm.

As the energy settled, dragon scales emerged across Tyler's skin.

They were no longer black and crimson.

Instead, they shimmered in a deep, dark blue, exuding a terrifying pressure.

His body thrummed with raw power, the essence of the Azure Dragon flowing through his veins.

Tyler clenched his fists.

He felt it.

He could instantly crush a Grandmaster with a single punch.

And if he fought Raptor now...

He wouldn't just match him—he could defeat him.

His excitement flared, but he quickly suppressed it.

He needed to check his level.

4-Star Grandmaster Warrior.

3-Star Grandmaster Mage.

"Dyam..." Tyler muttered, exhaling.

That was a massive leap.

But there was no time to celebrate.

Power meant nothing if it wasn't stable.

So he sat down.

Closed his eyes.

And began to consolidate his Realm.

One day later

The illusionary Chessboard had vanished.

Two days later

The Rain stopped.

A Month Later...

The world had calmed.

But not forgotten.

Tyler's breakthrough had shaken this small world. Cultivators across continents whispered about the illusory lake and chessboard, the storm of energy, and the immense pressure that had briefly dominated them.

Many adventurous cultivators, hoping to uncover the source of such an earth-shattering event, ventured into the ancient forest where the disturbance had originated.

They searched relentlessly, hoping to find 'Treasure' that caused the commotion.

But they found nothing.

The forest remained as it had always been- just a normal forest.

Unbeknownst to them, layers upon layers of high-level arrays from higher world concealed the castle and the Abyss Passage and Tyler's castle.

And so, after days of futile searching, the Cultivators left empty-handed.

A month after Tyler's breakthrough. A flying boat arrived in the forest.

Astrid and Mana flew back to the hidden castle, the wind whipping through their hair as their robes fluttered in the air.

Mana, with her usual playful smirk, glanced at Astrid.

"You look nervous."

"I'm not!" Astrid snapped, but the pink tinge on her cheeks betrayed her.

Mana grinned. "Yeah, yeah. We should monopolize this guy. If we let him lose God knows how many girls he will sleep with. He is Number 2 pervert."

"Who is Number 1 pervert? - Oh nevermind."

Within moments, they descended onto the castle grounds.

Tyler stood there, arms crossed, he is just enjoying the sunlight and fresh air.

He had finished consolidating his realm.

Now, he was just waiting.

Waiting for them.

Mana, never one for restraint, pounced on him.

"Tyler!"

She expected him to catch her effortlessly like always, but instead—

Thud!

"Ahhh!"

Mana's nose smashed into his chest.

She stumbled back, clutching her face.

"Why the hell are you so hard?!" she whined, rubbing her sore nose.

Tyler raised a brow. "That's what she said... I mean 'You' said?"

Mana blinked.

Then burst out laughing.

Astrid, still hovering near the entrance, lowered her gaze and blushed.

They had yet to fully confirm their relationship, but just standing near Tyler made her body feel hot.

It wasn't just attraction.

His Dragon Aura had a dangerous allure, something that made her heart pound wildly.

She swallowed, her fingers twitching slightly.

Mana, ever the shameless one, openly voiced what Astrid was too embarrassed to say.

"Damn, Tyler... you look sexy. Let's Mana and Astrid test if every part is Hard"

Astrid's eyes widened.

Then, without a word, she spun around and ran back to her room.

Mana smirked.

"Hmph. Leave her be. Tyler can tame her later."

Then, without waiting, she grabbed Tyler's wrist and pulled him toward another room.

Her usual teasing smirk wavered slightly, and for a moment, her face turned fully red.

Tyler, amused, let her lead him.

As she reached the door and turned to close it behind them, a strange flicker of energy passed through her hand.

Her young, delicate fingers...

Shifted.

For just a split second, her hand transformed—mature, elegant, and adult-like.

What happened next is not something mere mortals can pry.

But Mana was mischievous she didn't activate the Sound Isolation Array. Because of that her moan resonated loudly. Astrid who was in her room blushed, she can activate her sound isolation array. But she didn't.

"Maybe... It became very hard." She Muttered.

Meanwhile Mathilda, who was lying inside a room full of beautiful naked women, woke up.

"This feeling of cuckold... Someone is smashing Tyler...That Ghost and Angel Btches." she muttered and went back to sleep.

Chapter 342: Departure

It was called The Game of Eternity

Mortals were like ants on a sand table. Immortals looked down on them and could see their path from above. Whatever they used could block their path. The ants were tiny and were on the sand table again. From its point of view, it couldn't see the people standing outside the sand table. Every time it encountered something that blocked its way, it could only bypass it.

It was the same with the Boundless World.

Just like that Immortals were like those mortals in their eyes. They created a world of survival and let many species compete for the Eternity at the end of the world.

The ancient beings called as Gods who once governed existence had long since vanished, yet their game continued.

The End of the North has the Eternity.

A prize that had never been claimed.

Even though the Gods themselves disappeared eons ago, their legacy remained.

Logically, the game ended.

But the prize was still out there.

And so, countless Immortal Practitioners now journeyed northward, believing that in the distant, they would find The Eternity.

But whether it truly existed...

That was a different question.

In the Throne Room

Yuehua's golden eyes shimmered with curiosity as she listened to the tales of the Boundless World.

She sat comfortably on Mathilda's lap, her delicate figure almost dwarfed by the imposing presence of the woman who now ruled this land.

Mathilda, the Fiendish Queen, lounged on the royal throne, her legs crossed, one hand resting lazily on the armrest while the other trailed along Yuehua's thighs.

Her fingers were slow, teasing, tracing patterns across Yuehua's smooth skin—not in a predatory way, but more like an idle indulgence.

Yuehua shifted slightly but made no effort to remove herself from Mathilda's grasp.

She was too intrigued by the stories.

"So," she mused, tilting her head, "the Immortal Practitioners believe this 'Eternity' still exists?"

Mathilda smirked.

"They just don't believe—they're desperate," she corrected. "It's been eons, yet no one has found it. But the according to those immortals they will feel something extraordinary in the north, when one reaches Immortal realm. So everyone thinks that is 'Eternity' left by God."

Yuehua's lips curled into a mischievous smile. "Then maybe we should hide something in this world and let whole world search for it."

Mathilda let out a low chuckle. "You're learning, little one."

She tapped Yuehua's nose playfully, then shifted the conversation.

"That previous emperor, Chang Shengzun, was arrogant—but he had something interesting."

Mathilda reached into her storage device and summoned a smooth, jet-black stone.

"This," she said, rolling it between her fingers, "is a Void Concealing Stone. It prevented him from being forcefully ascended."

Yuehua's eyes gleamed. "Prevent Forcefully ascended? No wonder Nascent Soul Realm stayed in this world."

Mathilda nodded.

"Sometimes, if your power exceeds the world's limits, the world itself will try to eject you."

She leaned in slightly, her voice lowering as if sharing a secret.

"There are ways to resist it. Like this Void Concealing Stone."

"But it's not the only method."

She leaned back, stretching like a lazy feline.

"We use something called the Aura Suppression Array. It does the same thing—lets us hide our full power, so we don't trigger the world's rejection."

Yuehua narrowed her eyes.

"That means... you're not using your full strength?"

Mathilda let out a mocking laugh.

"My dear, if I did... I'd probably shatter this country in an instant."

A slow, delighted shiver ran down Yuehua's spine.

Though Mathilda was just bragging. Maybe Tyler and Others can do it. But she can't. She is just in Master Level.

Mathilda continued her explanation, filling Yuehua in on the tales on upper world—how technologies are developed in North , but still backward in south.

Suddenly The castle trembled, the very stones of the ancient structure groaning under an unseen force.

It was as if a terrifying beast had awakened beneath the palace, its breath rattling the walls, its hunger threatening to devour everything.

The sky above darkened.

Then, without warning—

Rain began to pour.

Not just over the castle.

Not just over the city.

But over the entire kingdom.

It was no ordinary rain.

It carried a weight, an overwhelming presence, pressing down on every living being beneath it. The air itself seemed thicker, the world heavier, as if some ancient force had descended upon them.

Sitting on her ornate throne, Mathilda let out an exaggerated pout.

"Ahh... I don't wanna go..." she whined, stretching lazily.

Her fingers still traced absentminded circles along Yuehua's smooth thighs, but her eyes were focused on something far away—something only she could sense.

Yuehua, still seated in her lap, frowned.

She had no idea what was happening.

But before she could ask, before she could even process the ominous shift in the atmosphere—

A figure appeared.

Out of nowhere.

It was as if the very fabric of space had folded, bending around him as he arrived effortlessly before the throne.

A man.

No.

Something more than that.

A presence so vast, so commanding, that for a moment, Yuehua felt as if she had been cast into a frozen abyss.

Her body reacted instantly.

Before she could even think, she had already drawn her sword, the edge gleaming with a soft, silvery glow as it aimed directly at the intruder's throat.

"Who are you?" she demanded.

Her voice was firm, unwavering.

"How dare a man infiltrate the Queen's palace?"

She expected him to flinch.

She expected him to move.

He did neither.

Instead—

He simply looked at her.

And in that moment—

The world stopped.

Yuehua's breath caught in her throat.

She couldn't move.

She couldn't even process what was happening.

She didn't see anything, but she felt it—

As if she had been trapped inside a frozen lake, her entire body encased in an unseen ice.

Power.

Not just power—authority.

The very laws of nature obeyed him.

And she—despite her strength, despite her pride—was completely helpless.

Before she could panic, Mathilda's voice broke through the tension.

"Stop bullying my darling..." she said, pouting playfully.

The pressure lifted.

Yuehua gasped, suddenly able to breathe again.

She hadn't even realized how much weight had been pressing down on her until it vanished.

Tyler's gaze remained calm, unbothered.

"Alright," he said, his tone casual, as if nothing had happened. "Stop playing. We're leaving."

Mathilda let out a dramatic sigh.

"But how about..." she mused, tilting her head.

"We leave a little later?"

Tyler narrowed his eyes.

"Later like...?"

"Like..." Mathilda smirked.

"A hundred years later."

Boom!

Yuehua didn't even see it.

One moment, Tyler was standing where he had been.

The next—

He was beside Mathilda.

Before she could react, before she could even process his movement—

He bonked her lightly on the head.

A simple motion.

Casual. Effortless.

But Mathilda winced, rubbing her head like a scolded child.

Yuehua's mind reeled.

What... what just happened?

He had moved.

No.

He had teleported.

Even with her sharp eyes, her years of training, she hadn't been able to see it.

Who was this man?

Her frozen state finally released, she turned to Mathilda, her confusion plain.

"Queen..." she hesitated. "This is...?"

Mathilda sighed dramatically.

"This is Rich Boss Tyler."

Tyler's lips curled into a small smile as he glanced at Yuehua.

And just like that—

Yuehua felt her face burn.

She had seen handsome men before.

She had seen dangerous men before.

She had seen Rich men before.

But he—

He was combination of all.

Yuehua was still reeling from the encounter when Mathilda suddenly stood, stretching with an exaggerated yawn.

"Well," she sighed, "I know you will Rizz her. But she totally fell at first sight."

"Queen ... N- No I..." Yuehua panicked.

"It's alright. We can leave tomorrow. But today..." Mathilda placed her hand on Tyler's shoulder, "Why do you look so hot?"

She whispered her hot breath reached his face. She kissed him.

Tyler rolled his eyes but didn't stop. Soon the throne room was filled with Evil Queen moans.

The Tyrant getting suppressed by a powerful Beasts. Yuehua who was watching the battle with red face was also dragged in.

But Mathilda pervertedness didn't stop, she also called Wives, Concubines and Daughters in the palace to join.

Another Month passed.

"Here are protective charms, these are attack charms, and these are high-level arrays..." Mathilda said, her tone unusually serious. "There are ten thousand of each stored in this storage device. Use them well and live happily in this world. With these, no one can touch you."

She placed the device into Yuehua's trembling hands, then smiled gently.

"Make sure you ascend to Boundless World," Mathilda continued. "We've already formed a karma bond, so there's a 90% chance you'll reach Boundless World when you ascend. When that time comes, make sure to contact one of these companies—" she gestured at a list of trading platforms. "They all belong to Boss White."

Yuehua's vision blurred with tears.

The two women stood there, staring at each other in silence, their emotions too overwhelming for words. Then, finally, they parted with tears in their eyes.

Mathilda turned, her gaze sweeping over the other women in the castle.

They were all sniffing, dabbing at their eyes, as if they were reluctant to see her go.

Mathilda felt touched.

Then—

"The Demon is gone!"

A sudden, joyful shout rang out.

Mathilda froze.

Before she could react, the entire castle erupted in cheers.

"Thank you, Boss Tyler!"

"You have saved us from the Demon Queen!"

"Praise be to Tyler!"

Mathilda's jaw dropped.

Even Yuehua, still wiping her eyes, had to turn away awkwardly.

From far away, already flying with Tyler, Mathilda huffed, "They're going to miss me so much..."

She smiled confidently—

Then paused.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

A series of explosive sounds echoed in the distance.

Mathilda frowned.

"...Fireworks?" she muttered.

She shook her head.

It must have been her imagination.

With one final glance back, she left with Tyler.

Chapter 343: Meeting Dawn

The Abyss was a paradox.

There were no suns in the sky, yet this entire Abyss floor shone as brightly as day.

A massive fish dived out of the water and landed on the golden sand. But instead of struggling, it swam through the sand as if it were water, vanishing beneath the surface.

The fish suddenly froze.

A group of figures was moving across the Abyss floor.

It quickly buried itself deeper, pretending to be dead.

The group?

Naturally, it was Tyler, Mathilda, Mana, Astrid, and four Grandmasters.

It's been 6 months since they returned to Abyss.

Their journey took them through a foggy region, filled with a strange, dense mist that distorted vision.

Though ominous, it wasn't difficult for them to pass through.

Instead, they stumbled upon unexpected treasures—a set of peculiar eggs, unlike anything they had seen before.

Tyler examined the eggs in his hands, their smooth, translucent shells pulsing faintly.

Once they emerged from the fog, Tyler turned to the Grandmasters.

"The Thousand Source Egg... what exactly is it?"

One of the Grandmasters stepped forward.

"The Thousand Source Egg is an extremely rare life form," he explained.

"When it hatches, it becomes a strange kind of bug—one that can condense aura. Unlike other creatures, it doesn't need to be fed. Instead, it absorbs aura directly and, after digestion, excretes something very valuable."

"Excretes?" Mathilda raised an eyebrow.

The Grandmaster chuckled. "Yes. It produces Aura Crystals."

Tyler's eyes widened.

"Aura Crystals? From a bug?"

He had never heard of such a thing.

Back in Boundless World, Aura and Prana Crystals were mined from the depths of the ocean or excavated from crystal mines.

Even Tyler himself owned several mines, supplying a steady flow of resources.

But the idea of an egg-hatched bug producing Aura Crystals naturally?

It shattered his understanding.

The Grandmaster nodded.

"That's right. Once the Thousand Source Bug hatches, it will generate Aura Crystals every few days. These crystals are far purer than those extracted from mines because they are formed from pure aura absorption—no contamination, no external impurities."

Another Grandmaster added, "You know how immortal Practitioners require all sorts of spirit medicine and herbs to nourish their bodies?"

Tyler nodded.

"Well, over-reliance on medicine leads to impurity deposits in the body. These impurities build up over time, slowing cultivation progress."

"But Aura Crystals from the Thousand Source Bugs? They have no side effects."

Tyler's mind raced.

This was huge.

A spirit tonic without side effects?

For immortal Practitioners, this was as valuable as gold.

Mathilda tapped a finger on her lips.

"But wait... how did these eggs survive here?" she asked. "There's no aura in the Abyss."

The Grandmaster pondered before answering.

"They were probably absorbed into the Abyss from another world—one that also relies on aura. Since there's no aura to nourish them, they've remained dormant, preserved in their current state."

Tyler's curiosity deepened.

"Then what about Prana Crystals?" he asked. "Are there bugs that condense those as well?"

"There are. They're called Crystal Condense Bugs. But we're already extremely lucky to have found the Thousand Source Bugs' eggs. The odds of stumbling upon Crystal Condense Bugs are almost nonexistent."

The Grandmaster laughed.

Two hours later...

The same Grandmaster stood frozen in place, staring at the Abyss floor in utter disbelief.

His face twitched.

His mouth opened but no words came out.

Before him, Tyler was holding another set of eggs.

But not just any eggs.

Crystal Condense Bug Eggs.

The Grandmaster rubbed his eyes.

"This... what an unbelievable luck."

For Tyler this is just small episode. All he needs was just one Aura Crystal and a Prana Crystal. He can copy it into many times as much he wants.

Tyler was particularly interested in these crystals because he usually had to rely on complex arrays to refine Aura and Prana Stones, painstakingly removing impurities. But with these, he could skip countless steps.

For instance, it had taken Tyler two years to break through to his current realm. However, if he had access to pure Aura and Prana Crystals, he could have achieved the same breakthrough in less than a year.

Tyler's eyes remained locked on the compass in his hand, watching as the needle trembled slightly.

"We're close..." he muttered.

The group pressed forward cautiously, their senses sharp. Suddenly, distant noises broke the eerie silence. Tyler's instincts kicked in as he motioned for everyone to stop. Without hesitation, they activated a series of concealment arrays, shrouding themselves in an invisible barrier.

The sounds grew louder. Soon, a shadowy figure emerged, sprinting through the vast, desolate terrain. Tyler's eyes narrowed as he quickly recognized the person. Without wasting a moment, he opened a small gap in the array and sent a voice transmission.

The figure halted abruptly and vanished into the concealment formation. Tyler immediately sealed the array again, ensuring no traces were left behind.

"You're the girl who warned us back at the lake," Tyler said, his voice steady.

Standing before them was a young woman with long silver hair, striking red eyes, and a pair of soft rabbit ears. Her presence was almost ethereal, but her eyes carried a sharpness that hinted at experience beyond her years.

Back when Tyler and his crew had been setting up an ambush for Raptor by the lake, this very girl had appeared out of nowhere, giving them a crucial warning before vanishing again.

A rush of figures flew past their array, completely unaware of their presence. The girl exhaled in relief and turned to face them properly.

"Your eyes look familiar," Tyler mused aloud.

The rabbit-eared girl tilted her head in thought before speaking. "Did you meet someone with the same eyes as me?" Her voice was soft and sweet, yet carried an underlying wariness.

Tyler nodded. "His name was Dusk."

Dusk had been one of the two men Tyler had encountered in the Southern lands, alongside a man named Adam. They had been searching for a way to teleport North and had requested Tyler's help.

"Ohh... That idiot is my brother," the girl said with a small sigh. "My name is Dawn."

Tyler's gaze flickered between her rabbit ears and the way she had vanished so easily earlier. A thought clicked in his mind. Using voice transmission, he said:

"Rabbit ears... your ability to teleport... You're the Space-Time Rabbit they've been searching for."

Dawn's scarlet eyes widened in alarm. She quickly responded via voice transmission.

"So that fool of a brother actually trusts you enough to reveal my identity, huh?"

Mathilda, on the other hand, wasn't paying attention to their silent exchange. Instead, her eyes were locked on a certain part of Dawn's body with an all-too-familiar smirk.

Dawn's entire body tensed as she felt the predatory gaze. She immediately took a defensive stance and raised her voice slightly, as if to ward off any unwanted thoughts.

"Yeah, those were Abyss Hunters chasing me. I just infiltrated their mines and found something important. Now, I need to find my brother and my boyfriend."

She emphasized the last word, making sure Mathilda heard it loud and clear.

Tyler let out a sigh and, without warning, bonked Mathilda on the head.

"Actually, we're looking for someone too," he said, ignoring Mathilda's grumbles. He reached into his storage ring and pulled out a small picture of Lily Gomes.

Dawn's ears twitched as she instantly recognized the person in the image.

"Oh! She's the one who helped me escape!" Dawn said excitedly. "She disguised herself as a man and got captured by the Abyss Hunters as a mine slave."

Tyler's eyes lit up.

Astrid, Mana, and Mathilda exchanged glances, their relief quickly shifting into grim determination.

"But..." Dawn's expression darkened slightly. "You need to be very careful. These guys aren't weak. They have three vice leaders and one main leader. All of them are just a level below Immortal."

She frowned. "I'm not sure what you call that level in your world..."

"We call it Divine Seeker Realm," Tyler replied, his mind already racing with plans to rescue Lily.

Dawn observed him carefully. After a moment, she spoke again.

"If you really want to save her, I do have a plan... but it's risky."

Tyler's eyes locked onto hers. "I'm listening."

Dawn took a deep breath before explaining.

Meanwhile...

Deep underground, a vast mine stretched endlessly beneath the earth. Despite being buried beneath the surface, the sheer scale of the cavern was as massive as a mountain—with towering rock formations reaching toward the ceiling like jagged peaks.

A thick white smog lingered in certain areas, giving the place an eerie, almost ghostly atmosphere.

Throughout the cavern, hundreds of laborers toiled away, their only source of light coming from lamps powered by luminous butterflies. The faint glow of the insects cast shifting shadows across the mine walls, making the space feel both mystical and oppressive.

Among the workers, a handsome figure covered in dust straightened up after successfully digging out an ore.

It was none other than Lily Gomes.

Though she had disguised herself as a man, her delicate facial features still remained. Anyone who looked closely might notice the sharp glint in her eyes—a stark contrast to the weary expressions of the other slaves.

Lily let out a long sigh, brushing dust from her face.

"Ahh... When I said I liked miners(minors), this isn't what I meant..." she muttered.

Chapter 344: The Underground Mine – A Prison Without Time

The underground prison was vast, stretching endlessly with countless iron-barred cages stacked atop one another like a labyrinth of suffering.

In the dim torchlight, shackled figures could be seen inside the cells—many reduced to mere husks of their former selves. The stench of sweat and blood filled the air, mixing with the eerie dark mist that drifted along the cavern floor.

Above, a group of humanoid cultivators soared on hoverboards, their sleek metallic crafts propelled by fiery propulsion formations that left behind faint streaks of red light.

They were carrying a prisoner.

The captive struggled, but his restraints glowed ominously, suppressing any attempt to resist. Moments later, without hesitation, the guards hurled him down into the underground prison. He crashed hard onto the cold ground.

The metallic clang of a cage door slamming shut echoed through the cavern.

Hours Later...

Tyler opened his eyes and scanned his surroundings. The prison was still, save for the occasional sound of chains clinking and the muffled groans of exhausted captives.

The other prisoner in his cage sat cross-legged, his eyes closed in meditation.

Tyler flexed his hands, testing his restraints. His skin darkened, and he attempted to activate his Dragon Mode to break free.

Crack!

A sharp pain jolted through his neck. He gritted his teeth. The collar around his throat glowed briefly before returning to normal.

He tried again. And again.

Nothing.

Tyler frowned. This isn't just any ordinary suppression collar.

"It's useless."

The voice was calm, yet firm.

Tyler turned to see the other prisoner had opened his eyes. His gaze was sharp—filled with quiet wisdom and a lifetime of experience.

"Save your energy," the man continued. "These shackles are specially designed for us. No one has ever broken free from them."

Tyler studied the man. He spoke in a completely different language, yet Tyler understood every word.

His eyes lit up.

This collar... it's a translation device as well?

He reached up, lightly touching the cool metal. He could sense the enchantments within.

"Where is this?" Tyler asked.

The man looked surprised.

"You don't even know?"

Tyler shook his head. "I was knocked out and brought here."

The man sighed. "This is the Netherite Mines. This entire underground prison is a massive mining operation controlled by the Abyss Hunters."

He gestured toward the center of the cavern.

Tyler followed his gaze and finally noticed it.

A towering mountain of ore stood in the middle of the cavern, its jagged black surface glistening faintly under the dim light.

It stretched all the way up to the ceiling, connecting seamlessly like a giant pillar holding up the underground world.

Dark mist oozed from cracks in the mountain, drifting like ghostly tendrils through the cavern.

Tyler remained silent.

In truth... he had let himself be captured.

It was all part of the plan.

After strategizing with Dawn, he decided to infiltrate the Abyss Hunters' base from within.

Before being captured, he had entrusted all his belongings—including his copper pot and copper ladle—to Mana.

Now, as a mine slave, he had only one goal.

Find Lily Gomes.

In the Netherite Mines, there was no morning or night—only an endless cycle of labor and suffering.

The air was thick with dust, and the dim light from luminous butterflies barely illuminated the cavern's towering ceiling. The vast underground expanse stretched far beyond what the eye could see, with thousands of cages suspended from metallic beams.

Suddenly, a deep, resonating clang echoed through the cavern.

A guard wielding a massive bell struck it with rhythmic precision.

CLANG! CLANG!

"The bell..." A voice from the next cell stirred. "Time for breakfast."

Tyler turned toward the voice. The same man from before, his gaze sharp yet calm.

The man stretched slightly before saying, "Kaiser."

Tyler gave a nod. "Tyler."

From above, guards soared over the cages on hoverboards, their crimson cloaks fluttering behind them. Without stopping, they hurled objects into the cells below.

Thud!

Something heavy and slimy landed in front of Tyler.

He glanced down.

It was a large, worm-like root, its tubular body squirming as if still alive. Its shape resembled a sweet potato with gnarled roots, yet its skin was translucent, revealing a greenish fluid inside.

Tyler frowned.

Kaiser, on the other hand, lit up with excitement. Without hesitation, he grabbed the squirming root and bit into it.

A burst of vibrant green liquid splattered onto the ground as he devoured it hungrily.

Noticing Tyler's hesitation, Kaiser licked the excess juice from his fingers and chuckled.

"That's Green Gord Root—the only thing we get to eat here." He tapped his metal collar with his fingers. "With this thing suppressing our energy, food is the only way we can replenish our strength. Try it. Tastes like green tea."

Tyler reluctantly picked up one of the wriggling roots. He held it for a moment before taking a small bite.

A mild bitterness spread across his tongue, followed by an earthy aftertaste. Strangely enough, it did resemble green tea.

Kaiser grinned. "See? Not so bad."

Tyler remained silent. He ate just enough to keep up appearances.

Another bell rang.

CLANG! CLANG!

Kaiser let out a breath. "Time to mine."

Above, guards hovered over the prison cells, activating jade slips that controlled the inscriptions on the cages.

With a faint glow, the bars slid apart, allowing prisoners to exit.

A long, silent procession formed as hundreds of slaves moved in an orderly line toward the colossal underground mountain.

At the mining station, each prisoner was handed mining tools—pickaxes, chisels, hammers, and shovels.

Tyler took a pickaxe and a chisel before following the others.

The slaves also picked up a lamp with luminous butterfly in it. Tyler also picked one.

For hours, he climbed up the jagged black rock, his steps careful and calculated.

Once he found a secluded area, he examined the equipment in his hands. The tools were forged with powerful enchantments, allowing them to chip away at the dense Netherite ore.

He swung his pickaxe, shattering chunks of rock.

Tyler noticed something strange—everyone here was incredibly strong.

Even without any sort of Energy, the prisoners wielded their tools with extraordinary strength, hinting at their natural physical abilities.

He continued mining, waiting for the right moment.

After a few minutes, when no one was watching, Tyler lifted his chisel and made a small, precise cut on the side of his foot.

Blood seeped out.

Ignoring the pain, he reached into the wound and carefully extracted a tiny metal ring from beneath his skin.

He held it between his fingers, clicking the small embedded gem.

A soft blue glow emerged.

A tiny pen-like device ejected from the ring.

Tyler clicked the gem again.

A mirror appeared.

At that moment, a guard flew past overhead.

The man glanced down, briefly noticing Tyler still working despite his bleeding foot.

He shook his head and moved on without a word.

Tyler waited until the guard disappeared from view before spitting the ring from his mouth back into his hand.

He then took out the pen and mirror once more.

"Don't come again. The energy inside the ring is limited." Since he can't use his divine sense, Tyler has to use the gem containing the divine sense to take out the items.

The mountain is so big, the guards are patrolling randomly. He also had to keep an eye above.

With careful precision, he activated the pen, causing a thin red laser to extend from its tip.

He then traced the laser over specific patterns on his collar's inscription.

This wasn't random.

Tyler knows the decryption.

Before, he had rescued Kairon, a slave who had been relentlessly pursued by Raptor. Grateful for his freedom, Kairon shared a crucial secret with Tyler—the method he had painstakingly discovered to decode and deactivate the slave collars.

It had taken Kairon years of suffering to figure it out. Through relentless trial and error, he had finally succeeded in breaking free.

Tyler had specifically prepared a tool—one that would allow him to bypass the lengthy process and unlock the collar in mere minutes.

It was a calculated move.

For several minutes, Tyler worked methodically, adjusting the angle of the beam, ensuring it hit the precise seals and suppressions placed on the device.

A bead of sweat trickled down his temple as he focused.

Then—

Click!

A soft mechanical sound echoed from the collar.

Tyler's lips curved into a subtle smirk.

It worked.

With a firm grip, he removed the collar.

Chapter 345: Tidal Waves

After removing the restriction, Tyler wasted no time. He quickly picked up the collar and began tinkering with it. His fingers moved with practiced precision, adjusting the intricate mechanisms while analyzing the runes and suppressions embedded in the device.

At the same time, with his power no longer suppressed, his injury on his leg healed rapidly, the wound sealing itself as if it had never existed.

After several minutes of meticulous modifications, Tyler carefully placed the collar back around his neck. The moment it locked into place, it glowed faintly before dimming, appearing identical to its previous, unaltered state.

But now, there was a crucial difference—Tyler had control.

Through a small modification, he had ensured that his divine sense could deactivate the restriction at will, granting him the ability to use his powers without alerting anyone.

This was a necessary precaution. If he simply shattered the collar or used his full strength, the Abyss Hunters would immediately detect the energy fluctuations. By keeping the collar intact and suppressing his aura manually, he could blend in while biding his time.

"Now, let's get back to work..." Tyler muttered, gripping his pickaxe.

For now, he had to play along.

Tyler resumed mining alongside the other captives. He kept his movements steady, neither too fast nor too slow, ensuring he didn't attract attention.

The work was grueling. Mining deep within an underground cavern the size of a mountain, he followed the same routine as the others—digging, collecting ores, and transporting them to a massive pit where everything was dumped.

His keen senses picked up subtle details as he worked:

Guards patrolled on hoverboards, powered by fire-based formations that emitted a faint hum.

The workers were from different realms, evident from their varying physiques and energy signatures.

Abyss Hunters rarely interacted with the slaves, but when they did, it was only to enforce discipline with brutal efficiency.

Tyler's initial plan was to observe the schedule and patrol patterns before making his next move. He expected to be sent back to the cages after a day of work.

But there was one thing he hadn't anticipate—

They were forced to work for two straight days before being allowed to rest.

Despite the lack of sunlight, Tyler's internal clock and divine sense told him nearly two days passed.

Two days of non-stop labor.

Two days of meager meals consisting of wiggling Green Gord Roots, a strange underground plant that resembled a giant worm but tasted like green tea.

Two days of watching, waiting, and analyzing.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, a massive bell echoed through the cavern.

It was time to return to the cages.

Tyler casually blended in with the exhausted slaves, his mind working through everything he had learned.

The mining operation was highly efficient.

Every two days, the slaves were allowed a half-day rest before repeating the cycle.

The guards patrolled in shifts, with one group always present, ensuring no one could escape or rebel easily.

This strict system left little room for error, but Tyler wasn't concerned. He now had enough information to act.

As they were herded back into the underground prison, Tyler's eyes subtly scanned the area.

He didn't find Lily, there are lots of cages in other side. He has to find a way to unlock this cage and explore.

Kaiser, Tyler's fellow cellmate, was already inside the cage when he returned.

The man gave Tyler a brief nod, acknowledging his presence.

Tyler, still curious about something, wasted no time asking, "You didn't take a pickaxe or any other tools, right?"

He had noticed Kaiser walking back empty-handed.

"Some fellow Daoists don't need tools." Kaiser smirked and turned his head toward another cage. "Take Green Beetle, for example."

Following his gaze, Tyler saw a giant green beetle, about the same height as himself, with two sharp, curved blades extending from its wrists.

Tyler then glanced at Kaiser's hands. They looked completely normal—like those of an ordinary human.

"There's also Huge Jacked Man..." Kaiser continued, motioning toward another cell.

Tyler turned to look and saw a short but heavily built man, only 5'3, with thick sideburns that extended down his cheeks and connected to his beard, leaving his chin and upper lip mostly bare.

But what stood out the most were the iron-like claws extending from his wrists.

"Do you have claws too?" Tyler asked, intrigued.

"No... I use this." Kaiser brought his palms together. Water began to form around them.

Tyler raised an eyebrow. "You can use your Qi?"

"No... It's not Qi." Kaiser smirked. "It's controlling nature."

Then, without warning, Kaiser clenched his fist and punched the cage door with full force.

Clang!

A loud metallic sound echoed through the underground prison, but the cage remained completely intact, not even a single scratch left behind.

The guards briefly glanced over but, seeing nothing out of the ordinary, turned away disinterestedly.

Kaiser, still in his punching stance, sighed. "It'd be a lot cooler if I demonstrated outside."

"Yeah, probably." Tyler chuckled.

Kaiser suddenly grinned. "So, do you wanna learn?"

"Huh?" Tyler tilted his head.

"Come on... I've been imprisoned here for over a hundred years. I'm bored out of my mind. I'll make you my apprentice."

"I don't want a master," Tyler refused without hesitation.

"Haha! No hesitation at all—I like it." Kaiser laughed. "Alright, no master-apprentice nonsense. Just learn from a cellmate."

Tyler sighed. "You're not gonna stop, huh..."

Kaiser grinned wider.

Training started in the cage. Kaiser explained the technique with enthusiasm.

Hours passed.

The routine continued as usual—the bell rang, signaling mealtime. Tyler, uninterested in the wiggling Green Gord Root, pushed his portion toward Kaiser, who devoured it happily.

Once the second bell rang, they were herded back to the mines.

Tyler grabbed a pickaxe and a lantern containing a luminous butterfly, his mind set on sneaking away to search for Lily.

But before he could act—

"Haha! Didn't expect us to be assigned to the same place." A familiar voice rang out. "Come on, let's continue the practice!"

It was Kaiser.

Tyler sighed. He was also interested in the technique but quickly realized it wasn't easy to master.

Unlike traditional cultivation methods, this technique required him to sense nature without using divine sense or energy.

It relied purely on willpower and persistence—something that clashed with Tyler's usual approach.

Tyler had always relied on arrays and treasures to cultivate, so learning this raw, instinctual method was frustratingly difficult.

If it was something resource oriented, he can easily pull out his copper pot and make multiple copies. No even if it is resource oriented, Tyler doesn't have his copper pot in his hand.

Beside him, Kaiser, who still had no tools, continued punching the mountain with his bare fists.

Water formed around his hands, enhancing his strikes. Each punch was stronger than Tyler's swings with the pickaxe.

Tyler watched in silence before finally asking, "What's the name of this?"

"It's called Tidal Fist." Kaiser grinned. "But that's just the first move. The punches after that are called Tidal Waves."

"Hehe... Wait until I explain how these Tidal Waves works... You can even cross realms and kill your opponent." Kaiser grinned.

"Who created this technique?" Tyler asked.

"It was my ancestor. He was an immortal who ascended to higher world. Then he came back and taught me this technique." He said proudly trying to gauge Tyler's reaction.

He seemed slightly disappointed by Tyler's neutral reaction but perked up again when he saw Tyler attempting to practice the technique himself.

After half a day, Tyler gave up.

Kaiser, however, suddenly spoke up.

"If you wanna sneak out, now's the time."

Tyler paused, then smiled. "You noticed?"

Kaiser shrugged. "You were watching the patrol patterns, right? It doesn't matter. The guards don't really care or remember every prisoner. They just fly over and check if everyone's working. No one can escape with that collar, though."

'Someone did, though,' Tyler thought, recalling Kairon, the only known escapee. It seemed the other prisoners weren't aware.

"Alright. I'll be back." Tyler nodded and left.

Tyler moved carefully, walking along the mountain paths while keeping an eye on the guards.

Whenever an Abyss Hunter patrolled nearby, he quickly pretended to mine, blending in with the other workers.

At one point, another slave noticed his suspicious movements and tried to snitch on him.

Without hesitation, Tyler punched the man in the gut, silencing him.

Moments later, an Abyss Hunter saw the fallen slave, assumed he was slacking off, and beat him unconscious before moving on.

Tyler took the chance to slip away.

He walked toward a dimly lit cave, its entrance glowing faintly from within.

As he stepped inside—

A hand suddenly grabbed his head.

Before he could react—

Smooch.

Warmth spread across his lips.

Tyler's eyes widened.

His lantern fell from his hands, the butterfly inside fluttering in panic, illuminating the cave with a soft glow.

And under that luminous light—

He finally saw the familiar face he had been searching for.

Lily Gomes.