

R Cultivator 351

Chapter 351: Time, Space and Chess Rules

Chess Domain.

"Chess Piece Chariot."

Just as Su Fei's glowing fan descended toward Tyler's chest, a shadow of a massive castle manifested over his body—a projection from the chess piece known as the Chariot.

Before the fan could land, Tyler vanished sideways in a sudden flash, reappearing a few meters to the right. His body dragged by the force of his own magic, he panted, barely maintaining his stance mid-air.

Su Fei's expression twisted with confusion. "What...?"

"Reversal." she declared coldly. Her nine tails pulsed with crimson light, stirring the air like rivers of energy.

The world around Tyler rippled again, and his body was forcibly pulled back, returned to the same exact position as before—right in front of Su Fei's waiting fan.

But—

"Chariot!" Tyler shouted again.

Once more, he shot sideways, narrowly dodging the incoming attack by a hair's breadth.

Su Fei gritted her teeth. "Reversal."

"Chariot."

"Reversal!"

"Chariot!"

The two forces clashed in a dizzying back-and-forth. Tyler moved like a chess piece on a divine board, warping horizontally across the battlefield. Su Fei's Time Reversal tried to trap him in a frozen loop, but every time she rewound his position, the Chariot countered, shifting him once again.

From across the battlefield, Lily—still caught in the effects of the slow Reversal spell—watched the scene unfold with wide eyes.

"Chariot..." she whispered, her voice warped in the time loop. "In chess, the Chariot... also known as Rook... moves horizontally or vertically, but never diagonally... never jumps. That's how he's doing it. He's using the logic of the chessboard to override her Time Magic... but how?"

Su Fei's fan faltered for a second. "Impossible! How can you move... while caught in my Reversal?" Her voice cracked, tinged with disbelief.

Tyler coughed, spitting out blood but managing a grin. "This is my domain. I made myself a Chess Piece. Chess Pieces in a Chessboard move according to the rules. No one or nothing can change the rules. Not even Time."

His body trembled. The effects of Reversal were still weighing him down, even with the Chess Domain doing its best to negate it.

Su Fei's beautiful face twisted into a sneer. "You're at your limit. The Chess Domain is clever—but cleverness can only delay defeat."

Tyler wiped the blood from his lips and held her gaze. "Maybe. But I'm not the only one struggling."

Indeed, Su Fei's control over Reversal was slipping. Her nine tails shimmered less brightly than before, and the shine of the Red Shrine had dulled slightly. The temporal grip on the battlefield flickered, giving Tyler and Lily tiny windows of freedom.

Then—a voice echoed.

"Stop."

The single word rang like a bell through the battlefield. It wasn't shouted in anger, but carried with it a divine authority—light, delicate, and absolute.

Both Tyler and Su Fei froze.

They hadn't noticed her presence.

No one had.

But now, as if space itself bent at her will, a figure appeared, walking atop invisible platforms of air. Each step she took made the very fabric of reality ripple.

She was a young woman, looked like she was in late teens or early twenties. She wore a simple dress, but her presence was anything but. Her skin was pale as moonlight, and her long hair fluttered behind her. But what stood out most were her rabbit ears, twitching slightly. Her red eyes are brighter and attractive.

"Dawn?" Tyler gasped, his voice full of disbelief and awe.

The girl didn't respond. She walked forward and then leapt—light as a feather, faster than thought.

Her foot struck out towards Su Fei.

"Reversal!" Su Fei screamed, trying to turn back time again.

But this time—nothing happened.

Boom!

It collided with Su Fei's midsection, sending the fox-tailed woman flying backwards with a scream of shock. Her nine tails flailed wildly as she tumbled through the air.

Dawn floated gently to the ground, her soft boots landing atop a now-silent battlefield. She looked at Su Fei with calm, unblinking eyes.

Su Fei staggered in midair, recovering quickly but keeping her distance. She didn't attack again.

She couldn't.

"Impossible," she muttered. "You're... immune... to time?"

Dawn turned slightly, ignoring the comment. She reached into a small pouch on her waist and drew several cards. With a flick of her fingers, she threw them toward Tyler and Lily.

The cards spun in midair, then tore themselves in half—ripping open a glowing portal just large enough for three people to enter.

"Tyler, Go," Dawn said softly, but firmly. "Her reinforcements are coming. You don't want to fight them."

Tyler didn't hesitate. He grabbed Lily, who had just broken free of the Reversal, and they both dove toward the swirling gate.

Dawn followed, her steps light and composed as she walked into the portal behind them.

Su Fei remained floating above the shrine, her tails swaying as she watched them vanish.

She didn't follow.

She couldn't follow.

The girl named Dawn was something... different.

Even Su Fei, powerful as she was, dared not challenge her directly.

As the portal faded, so too did the tension in the air.

Su Fei narrowed her golden eyes, her expression twisted in mild irritation and curiosity as she muttered under her breath, "Dawn... that girl. A Space-Time user. Just my luck—after years of not fighting seriously, I finally make a move... and run into freaks who counter my Time Reversal like it's a party trick."

She let out a dramatic sigh, brushing a strand of silvery hair from her face as her tails flicked behind her, glowing faintly. Her gaze drifted toward the place where the portal had vanished, a faint smile playing on her lips.

"Tyler, huh?" she mused softly, the name rolling off her tongue like a melody. "So that handsome boy was called Tyler..."

Her cheeks flushed with a faint pink, uncharacteristic of her usual composed self. She chuckled to herself, low and sultry. "A Nascent Soul brat who fought me to a standstill. Tenacious, clever, bold... and cute. Hehe. I think I'll have to capture him."

Her tongue lightly traced across her lips as she remembered his stubborn eyes and the way he defied her with every move. It had been many years—perhaps centuries—since Su Fei had felt intrigued by someone on the battlefield. But Tyler, with his strange dual Domains and relentless will, had sparked something in her that hadn't stirred in a very long time.

"He'll make a fine pet... or maybe more, if he survives long enough."

Just then, the atmosphere shifted again. Space rippled like disturbed water, and three silhouettes appeared on the battlefield, stepping out of shimmering golden light.

Su Fei turned to them with an annoyed sigh, folding her fan with a snap.

"Tch. Late, as always." Her tone was full of disdain.

The first figure was a towering man clad in radiant golden armor, his cape fluttering in the windless air. His eyes glowed like twin suns beneath his lion-shaped helmet. He is Apollo boss of this Abyss Hunters Group.

Beside him stood Giant and a Shadow like thing inside the Armour.

Apollo stepped forward, his voice calm and dangerous. "Did you kill them?"

Su Fei rolled her eyes, opening her fan again with a snap. "Kill them? Please. One of them was a Space-Time Rabbit. You expect me to casually murder a myth-tier species immune to my Domain? Even I have limits."

Apollo's brows raised slightly beneath his helm, clearly interested. "A Space-Time Rabbit, you say? Now that's interesting. Very interesting." He rubbed his chin thoughtfully, the gears in his mind turning.

"I've heard whispers that the some sects in the Nine Heavens is hunting for space-time-based materials. A living Space-Time Rabbit could be worth a lot." He smirked.

Meanwhile, Tyler, Lily, and Dawn stepped out of the portal and onto solid ground. The air was lighter here, but the residual energy from the Abyss still clung to their clothes.

"Thanks for the help," Tyler said, nodding at Dawn. He glanced back at the shimmering remnants of the portal, his brow furrowed. Their Waypoint Terminal is not good as these cards thrown by Dawn.

Dawn shrugged nonchalantly. "It's alright. Since you're acquainted with my brother, it wasn't a big deal."

Before Tyler could respond, a blur of excitement rushed toward them.

"Dawn-sama!" Mathilda cried, leaping forward with open arms. But just before she could make contact, Dawn vanished in a flicker of space.

"Who the heck is this pervert?" Dawn muttered as she appeared.

Mathilda yelped and stumbled—right into Lily.

"Lily Onee-sama!" she squealed, immediately rubbing her head against Lily's chest like an affectionate puppy. "You look so hot dressed as a man!"

Lily raised an eyebrow but didn't push her away. "And you are horny as ever."

"Lily!" Mana and Astrid called out in unison, running toward them. The three embraced, sharing a brief, heartfelt moment of reunion.

"Since we're all back together," Mana said, brushing her silver hair behind her ear, "shouldn't we leave the Abyss now?"

Just as Tyler was about to agree, an unfamiliar voice cut through the moment.

"Uh, before that... Can you guys help us?"

The voice belonged to a boy—young, clear, but oddly confident. Everyone turned, startled. None of the Grandmasters around Tyler had sensed his presence until now.

A pair of figures stepped forward from the shadows.

Adam and Dusk.

Dawn's eyes widened in delight and pounced on him. "Stupid brother. Even in the Abyss, you manage to find me."

Dusk smiled gently hugged her back "And you still cause trouble wherever you go."

Dusk and Dawn Red eyes are somewhat attractive to everyone.

Chapter 352: Immortal Armour

"Sorry... I couldn't save your clone," Adam said quietly, his voice tinged with guilt.

Tyler shrugged and leaned back in his chair, cradling a warm cup of tea. "Yeah, I got all the memories from it. Funny thing—my clone actually wanted to kill you." He smirked. "Well, never mind that."

Adam just blinked.

"But... are we really in the Abyss?" Dusk asked, eyes wide as he scanned the lavish surroundings. The warm glow of lamps lit the room, casting gentle shadows over the intricately carved furniture. An entire banquet of food stretched across a long table—roasted meat, steaming buns, fruit platters, cakes, and even desserts served in elegant bowls.

It didn't look like the terrifying, twisted landscapes of the Abyss they had read about.

"Yeah," Tyler replied with a grin. "We are. I just happen to carry a few spare houses with me. You never know when you might need to host a dinner party in Abyss Floor."

Dusk's crimson eyes sparkled with admiration. "Big Brother Tyler... you're rich! You even brought a mansion to the Abyss!"

Dawn, nibbling on a slice of carrot cake with a delicate fork, slowly turned away from Dusk with the expression of someone pretending she didn't know Dusk.

"Well then," Tyler stood up and stretched. "Let's talk more after we all freshen up a bit. You're probably tired after all."

Adam, Dusk and Dawn nodded in agreement.

"You guys can pick any room and rest." Tyler gave them a thumbs-up before walking to his own chamber.

Once inside, he activated several privacy arrays, forming a soft shimmering dome around the room. With a flick of his fingers, he used a Cleansing Charm, washing off the grime and blood from earlier.

But that wasn't his main reason for retreating to his room.

He turned toward his bed, where Lily, Mathilda, Mana, and Astrid were sitting together, waiting for him.

Tyler smiled and walked over, sitting cross-legged in front of them. "Alright, give it to me."

Mana silently handed him a palm-sized copper pot, accompanied by a matching ladle. Tyler placed the ladle aside and held the pot carefully in his hands.

"Grow big," he commanded.

In response, the copper pot shimmered and expanded to the size of a small cauldron.

Then, Tyler pulled out a strange, emerald-green bead that resembled a glass marble. Inside, it looked like an entire world was swirling—tiny clouds, mountains, even what seemed like glimmers of sunlight. He gently dropped it into the pot.

"Each of you, take one," he said, gesturing to the pot.

"Ooh! Me first!" Mana was already at the pot before he finished speaking, her fingers diving in and retrieving a bead with childlike excitement.

Astrid followed next, calm and composed. Then Mathilda and Lily each took one.

"What... is this?" Mathilda asked, holding her bead up to the light.

"I'm not sure either," Lily said, tilting hers and watching the inner swirl. "But there's definitely a space inside. It's like a pocket world. I think it can even hold living beings."

Mana's brows furrowed in concern. "Storage items that can carry living beings are practically extinct. But that doesn't mean we can't get one in our world. Why did you even risk mining for years to get this?"

Tyler took a sip of tea before answering. "You'll understand once you enter. Just link your Divine Sense to the bead."

Without further hesitation, Mana's body flickered and vanished into her bead. One by one, the other girls followed suit.

Tyler also took a copy out and then poured out the Original. He then placed the copper pot and Ladle inside the Bead.

"It worked." Tyler smiled.

Actually Copper pot and Copper Ladle doesn't enter the storage Ring, Pouch or Device. He tried many of them. This is the first time it worked.

The Tyler had a crazy thought. He placed the Ladle in one bead and copied the bead using the copper pot.

Then he took out the copy and checked inside.

Tyler sighed in disappointment, "Sigh... The ladle didn't get copied."

A few minutes later, they returned to the room—visibly astonished.

"There's a sun and moon inside," Mathilda said slowly, still processing what she had seen.

"It feels like a real world," Astrid added.

"But... everything inside is dead," Lily murmured, frowning. "The animals, the birds... there are only dead bodies. It's like all of them had a group heart attack."

"That's because my copper pot can only copy non-living things," Tyler explained. "When it tries to copy a living being, it creates a soulless replica. Everything inside those beads is a perfect copies—except for life itself."

Lily stared at her bead again, this time with a sense of awe. "That's incredible. You just casually give away mini-worlds?"

Tyler chuckled.

There was a pause. A soft warmth filled the air, heavier than the Abyss around them, more powerful than magic. Trust wasn't something Tyler gave lightly—and all of them knew it.

The girls exchanged glances, a silent agreement forming among them.

They didn't say it aloud, but they all knew—they would stick with Tyler until they reached the Edge of the World in the North. Whatever lay beyond that point didn't matter right now.

Because when you've walked through storms, travelled together in many difficulties... bonds like theirs weren't so easily broken.

After some time had passed, everyone gathered in the main hall of Tyler's temporary mansion within the Abyss. The long wooden table was now cleared of food, I.

Tyler sat at the head of the table, calmly sipping another cup of tea. On his right and left were Lily, Mana, Mathilda, and Astrid, while on the opposite sat Dusk, Dawn, and Adam. The atmosphere was a mix of tension and curiosity.

Adam leaned forward, resting his elbows on the table. He wasn't one to waste time on small talk. "Let's get to the point," he said. "The leader of this Abyss Hunter group is named Apollo. I want his armor."

Everyone froze for a moment.

"You want... his armor?" Lily raised an eyebrow. "Just like that?"

Tyler looked at Adam with a curious expression. "Is there something special about this armor?"

Adam nodded, his eyes gleaming. "Ever heard of the Celestial Armor of the Sun God's Son?"

The room went quiet.

Dusk and Dawn exchanged confused looks, clearly unfamiliar with the name. Even Lily and Mathilda tilted their heads in thought. It was Tyler who finally broke the silence.

"I've read about it," he said slowly. "The Son of the Sun God... Karna. Born with celestial armor and divine earrings. In mythology, he was practically invincible."

Everyone turned to look at Tyler in surprise.

Back in the Zi World, when Tyler discovered the copper pot, Tyler got curious about its origins. He started reading every mythology and ancient manuscript he could get his hands on.

Adam's expression turned serious. "In my world, there's a similar myth. The Celestial Armor existed in legend, a divine relic granted to a demigod, forged in the heart of a dying star by the flame of a forgotten deity."

Lily's eyes lit up with interest. "Sounds dramatic."

Adam gave a small smile but continued. "What's more interesting One of the Gods of Boundless World , inspired by such myths, supposedly began crafting an Immortal Armor—an artifact that would defy death, decay, and even causality itself."

"Wait, wait... are you saying this armor was made by one of the Gods from our World ?" Astrid asked, blinking.

Adam nodded. "Yes. But something went wrong. The gods... they disappeared, vanished without a trace. No one knows how or why. And the unfinished Immortal Armor was lost, drifting across the void between realms, forgotten... until someone found it."

"And that someone is Apollo," Dusk muttered, finally catching on.

"Hmm..." Tyler also know about Disappearance of God. It's an Open Topic in Boundless World. Some says they can only see God after reaching the Edge of the World.

"I'm looking for something," Adam said, his tone growing more serious. "A location. That armor might help me find what I'm searching for."

Lily tapped the table with her knuckle, her expression thoughtful. "Alright. Suppose we help you. Do you have a plan?"

Tyler looked at Adam, weighing his words. "If it's something this big, I'm not saying no. But let's here your plan."

Adam smiled and leaned back. "Don't worry. I'm not the planner in my team. I have an expert for that - Eve."

A projection appeared before them it's a projection of a Pixie.

Tyler recalled the Pixie on Future Adam's Shoulder where he seen in the past. They look the same but also different. That Pixie looked life like. This one is just projection.

Tyler was about to say it but Adam quickly stopped him.

"If you are talking gonna talk about my future self or my alternative self that saved you. Don't say it. If it is really my future self. Just knowing the future, will change the future and it will affect your past."

"Here he goes again. Seriously I can't understand a sh!t." Tyler simply muttered loudly.

Chapter 353: Battle Against Abyss Hunters

Exactly Seven Days Later...

The sky above was riddled with moons—seven thousand, maybe eight, thousand some cracked, some pulsing faintly like eerie lanterns. The ground beneath their feet was a tortured landscape, twisted by time and corrupted by chaos. Pools of lava bubbled like boiling blood, and skeletal trees reached toward the heavens like they were praying for mercy.

Static glitches pulsed across the air, tearing faint lines in space itself—signs that reality in this part of the Abyss was unstable. Then, in the middle of this hellish wasteland, several figures blinked into existence. Tyler, Adam, Dusk, Dawn, and the others had arrived.

"After we cross this stretch of purgatory, we'll reach their main camp," Adam said, his eyes scanning the horizon.

Tyler rubbed the back of his neck. "So the plan really is just to walk into their camp and fight Apollo head-on?"

"There's no other way," Adam replied flatly. "That guy's senses are too sharp. And his armour is practically invincible. An ambush would fail before it even began. Dusk and I will handle Apollo."

Tyler sighed. "Alright. Guess I'll stall the giant, then."

"I'll take care of that vixen," Dawn said, cracking her knuckles. "She's been itching for a beating."

"We'll deal with their subordinates," Lily chimed in with a nod.

But Dawn's eyes narrowed. "You'll also face Night. That thing in the armor... it's more shadow than man."

Their conversation was cut short—barely seconds had passed—when a rumble split the air. A mountain—yes, a mountain—was flying toward them, carried through the sky by an unseen force. Its peak glowed like a burning beacon, radiating demonic aura.

On top of the floating mountain stood four figures.

Apollo, with his golden-red armor pulsing like a second sun. Su Fei, the seductive yet lethal vixen. The Giant, over eight meters tall, his entire body wrapped in mechanical plating. And finally, a shadowy figure cloaked in darkness—Night, he wrapped in a silver knight armour.

"Heh... I didn't expect my sweet little angel to come crawling right to me," Apollo said, his voice like molten gold dripping with venom. He licked his lips as his eyes locked on Astrid.

Astrid shivered and instinctively hid behind Tyler. The malice in Apollo's gaze was unbearable.

"See?" Apollo chuckled darkly. "I even got you a gift."

He reached into thin air and dragged out a bloodied angel—wings shattered, body broken. The angel whimpered as Apollo's grip tightened around his throat.

"This little pest was making you trouble, right? So I dealt with him."

And then, with a sickening crack, he crushed the angel's neck in his palm like it was nothing. The limp body fell to the scorched ground below.

"Nice show," Adam said casually, stepping forward. "But we didn't come here to watch your theatrics. We're here to trade."

"Oh?" Apollo's brows rose in amusement. "I accept. Give me the angels, that space-time rabbit, and those beauties of yours... and in exchange, I'll let you die painlessly."

He laughed, his followers joining in. Just then, from the mountain's base, over a hundred Abyss Hunters surged out—most at the Golden Core realm, and some even stronger.

Tyler's hand hovered over his weapon.

Adam didn't flinch. "Actually, we want something else."

Apollo raised an eyebrow. "Oh?"

"We want your armor," Adam said calmly.

The Abyss fell silent.

Even the wind seemed to pause, the world holding its breath.

Then Apollo burst into laughter—loud, mocking, and full of cruel delight. "*Hahaha! You insects! You actually think you can take my armor? Very well... Let's see if you can even survive my men!"

With a wave of his hand, he roared, "Kill the men. Capture the women. Bring me the Angel and rabbit alive!"

"Also Bring that handsome fellow to me. For the first time in my life, I want to raise a Male Pet." Su Fei suddenly said with licking her lips.

"Huh... You want my body. But you will never get my heart." Dusk suddenly said.

"I am sorry brother. But Tyler is definitely the Handsome one here." Dawn quickly said.

"Dyamn, Tyler you even rizzed up a Fox Lady from the enemy camp." Mathilda said with jealous.

The Abyss Hunters moved, charging forward in a torrent of power and killing intent. But Tyler and others ignored them and had a causal chat.

But then—another thing happened.

Hundreds of figures suddenly appeared behind Tyler and the others, forming a barrier between them and the charging army. Men and women, some wearing broken chains, others still bearing the scars of captivity—slaves. But these were no ordinary slaves. Their auras burned brightly, each one at the Golden Core or Nascent Soul level.

Apollo's army hesitated.

"What's going on?" Su Fei hissed, her eyes narrowing.

The Giant quickly fished out a silver core embedded with glowing runes—a remote detonator for the slave collars. He pressed it without hesitation. "Kill them all!"

But nothing happened.

The collars didn't explode. Instead, they flickered—and deactivated.

"H-How? That tech is from a high-end civilization!" the Giant muttered, his voice shaking.

Suddenly, a small, shimmering projection of a pixie appeared on Adam's shoulder.

Its Eve.

She winked and snapped her fingers.

The detonator core in the Giant's hand overheated and exploded in his face, making his giant face black.

A sultry voice echoed. "High-end? Please. You're a million years too early to call that primitive junk 'high-end.'"

Eve's voice.

Adam smirked. "Eve's AI race has already conquered half a universe. Hacking this stuff is child's play."

Eve then snapped her fingers again all the collars were removed.

With the collars gone, the former slaves stood tall, their powers reigniting like dormant volcanoes. Their eyes were full of fury—years of pain, abuse, and imprisonment finally given a target.

Adam grinned and said "Now... should we say something cheesy like 'Avengers assemble!' or just—eh, screw it."

He roared, "Attack!"

The battlefield erupted into chaos.

The former slaves surged forward with newfound purpose, clashing against the Abyss Hunters in a tide of vengeance. Magic lit the sky, weapons clanged, and shockwaves shattered the cracked placed.

In the midst of it all, Apollo simply smiled, his armor glowing brighter than ever.

"Well then," Apollo said, flexing his fingers as if warming up for a casual spar, "It seems we'll have to enter the game and play after all."

But then—something unexpected happened.

A card flickered into existence before Apollo. Its surface shimmered with glowing symbols, and before anyone could react, a voice whispered across the battlefield:

"Switch."

In an instant, the card vanished and Tyler Appeared.

Apollo blinked.

His body was already transformed—covered in dragon scales.

Mode Dragon

Tidal Fist!

Tyler arm coiling back like a spring before launching forward with the force of a tidal wave.

The impact slammed against Apollo's celestial armor.

BOOM!

A shockwave erupted from the point of contact, sending tremors across the cracked battlefield and hurling debris into the air. The sky shimmered from the release of spiritual energy. Even far-off fighters paused for a moment, stunned by the power behind that single blow.

Apollo stood unmoved, but the smirk on his face faded slightly as he looked down at Tyler. The armor had held, but something felt... off.

Tyler took a step back, breathing heavily. He could feel it—tiny fractures forming in the scales on his arm from the feedback of the punch. His knuckles throbbed, and steam rose from the edges of his dragon claws.

Apollo chuckled darkly. "Do you really think that would work on me?"

His voice was laced with amusement again, but a sliver of caution now danced in his eyes.

Tyler grinned despite the pain. "I'm not here to beat you..."

He raised his eyes.

"I'm just stalling for time."

That's when it happened.

Without warning, a yo-yo sliced through the air behind Apollo. It looped once, spinning rapidly, and wrapped around his neck with uncanny precision.

Apollo's eyes widened, but it was too late.

With a whirling pull, the yo-yo yanked Apollo backward and ripped open a spatial crack in midair. The entire movement was so fast, so fluid, that even the shadows of Night didn't respond in time.

SHHHHHHKKKK!

The spatial crack shimmered like a mirror dipped in oil, and Apollo vanished through it, dragged into the unknown.

A second later, a voice echoed towards the direction of the yo-yo.

"Reversal."

Su Fei stood several meters away, her hair billowing in the wind. Her Nine Tails fluttered there is a red shrine behind her.

But nothing happened.

The yo-yo didn't reverse.

Her eyes narrowed. "Again.. someone who can resist Time."

Back near the impact site, Tyler remained crouched, breathing slowly as he regained balance.

Tyler straightened up and exhaled.

Across from him, three figures stepped forward—commanders of the Apollo’s Abyss Hunters Group. With Apollo gone, they stood before Tyler.

Down in the mountain, the battle between the Slaves and Abyss Hunters raged on. Screams and explosions filled the air.

But here—this stand-off between Tyler and the commanders—felt like the true turning point of the battle.

Everything was quiet for just a second.

Chapter 354: Battle on the Flying Mountain

After being dragged by the yo-yo, Apollo twisted midair through the crack in space. He could feel the magic binding him begin to unravel. With a twist of his neck and a flare of divine energy, he broke free—but not by snapping the string. Instead, the yo-yo’s thread phased through him as if it had served its purpose. It withdrew, zipping back toward its master.

The yo-yo returned to Adam’s outstretched hand, vanishing into the shadows of his cloak.

Apollo landed on his feet, surrounded by a vast and eerie landscape.

Above him, the sky was haunted by the light of five hundred moons, each casting a sickly glow across the crumbling terrain. Massive cliff faces formed and decayed in a continuous cycle, like breathing stone. The very ground beneath him cracked and repaired itself in slow pulses.

Far on the horizon, colossal beings wandered without purpose. Each one towered like a mountain, their movements slow and heavy. One resembled a bipedal lizard with molten veins running across its scales. Another looked like a hulking gorilla carrying a rusted axe the size of a ship across its shoulder. They

didn't seem to notice the small combatants in their world—they simply walked, as if dreaming in an eternal slumber.

Apollo glanced at them only briefly. He had no interest in these ancient giants.

Instead, his gaze settled on the two figures standing before him.

Adam, as calm as ever, was dusting his sleeves.

Beside him stood a man in a sleek black blazer, magician's hat tipped forward to shadow his eyes. In one hand, he held a deck of floating cards glowing with runes. In the other, a staff nearly his own height, topped with a glowing gem.

It was Dusk.

Adam raised an eyebrow. "New outfit?"

Dusk chuckled. "It's a magical artifact. Stylish and protective. What do you think?"

"I think you're both too confident."

With a flick of his wrist, Apollo summoned his weapon—a massive golden sword radiating divine energy. It pulsed in rhythm with his heart, each beat sending waves of pressure through the air.

"Alright," he said with a smirk. "You got me off guard. Let's settle this here and now."

Without another word, he raised the blade and swung it downward with crushing force.

WHHHHHHRRRRMMMM!

A beam of golden light exploded from the blade's arc, carving through the ever-changing terrain. The rocks beneath it split, molten cracks forming instantly as the attack roared toward Adam and Dusk like the judgment of a god.

Meanwhile...

Back on the battlefield, Tyler stood at the center of a deadly triangle.

On his left, Su Fei twirled her fan, her nine tails flickering behind her like burning silk. Her eyes sparkled with amusement and something darker.

On his right, the Giant cracked his knuckles, each movement releasing a thunderous clack as gears twisted under his skin.

And in the shadows behind them loomed Night—the mysterious warrior wrapped in pitch-black armor that seemed to absorb all light. His presence sent chills down the spine, even for Tyler.

"So..." Su Fei purred. "Do you want to surrender and become my slave?"

Tyler raised an eyebrow. "You're not trying to kill me?"

"No, silly," she giggled. "It's been ages since a man made my heart thump. After all this time, I find one who actually makes me feel alive. Of course I want you as my male pet—my darling little— ahhhhh"

WHAM!

A foot slammed into Su Fei's stomach mid-sentence, sending her flying backward with a sharp cry.

Dawn landed gracefully in front of Tyler.

"Heroine saving Hero. But don't fall for me. I already have someone I like." Dawn said in narcissistic way.

"heh... Bro-con." Tyler muttered.

Without hesitation, she chased after Su Fei, vanishing into a trail of sparks and wind.

"Let's finish our fight!" she shouted.

"You dare interrupt me?!" Su Fei's voice echoed, enraged, as her nine tails lit up with spiritual fire. She drew her ornate fan and hissed, "I'll turn you into rabbit soup!"

The two women vanished in flashes of light and magic, their duel continuing in the sky above.

That left Tyler with two enemies—now just one.

Before he could react, Night was suddenly wrapped in two lightning-charged whips. The crackling tendrils coiled around his armored frame and yanked him backwards with incredible force.

From the distant, Lily's silhouette flashed, electricity trailing from her hand. "Don't hog all the fun, Captain!"

Night was pulled away into the mists, leaving only one opponent before Tyler.

The Giant.

"Looks like it's one-on-one now," Tyler muttered with a smirk.

The Giant, in response, vanished.

Tyler's eyes widened. He's fast!

He looked up—too late.

The Giant had leapt high into the sky and was now descending like a meteor. His entire body, augmented by dense spiritual Qi and reinforced limbs, crashed down toward Tyler like a falling mountain.

BOOOOM!

The impact shattered the ground. Dust and debris flew in all directions, and a crater the size of a small lake formed.

But as the dust settled, the Giant frowned.

Where Tyler had stood was not a broken corpse nor his Flesh and blood, But scattered ice—shards glimmering under the moonlight, reflecting the chaos around them.

Tyler appeared behind him and with a Trident.

On the other side of the mountain...

The air was heavy with tension, the landscape quiet save for the rumbling of distant battles. .

Night stood at its center—or more accurately, floated. A humanoid knight clad in jet-black armor, he radiated menace and silence. But beneath that armor, there was no body—only shadow, a writhing, formless darkness with no true shape.

Without warning, two lightning-infused whips lashed out from the cliffs above, crackling with intense power. They coiled around Night's armored limbs, hissing as electricity surged through them.

The whips belonged, of course, to Lily Gomes.

She yanked hard, pulling Night from the shadows and flinging him like a ragdoll across the clearing. His armored form skidded before crashing into a shallow pond.

But this was no ordinary pond. The bubbling green liquid inside it churned like acid-laced lava, hissing as it made contact with his armor. The pond had been created specifically by Mathilda.

As soon as Night's body sank into the bubbling mixture, smoke rose. The black knight armor began to sizzle and corrode.

Mathilda blinked in surprise. "That's it? That was easy."

But the words barely left her lips before the pool erupted.

From the center of the toxic pond, a mass of shadow launched into the air. Night's true form—shifting tendrils of darkness—writhed upward and reached into the toxic depths. In a heartbeat, it retrieved the damaged but still functional armor, pulling it over itself like a second skin.

The knight form reassembled itself in midair, the pieces snapping back into place.

Lily narrowed her eyes. "This is going to be troublesome."

Night's helmet tilted toward them. Then, without any gesture, a surge of black energy exploded outward. From the cloud of darkness, Mana was flung out like a broken doll.

She tumbled across the rocky ground, coughing violently before catching herself.

"Mana couldn't possess him," she groaned, struggling to her feet. "It's like... he doesn't have a soul. Is he even a living being?"

Lily didn't answer. Her eyes sparkled with lightning. With a small swing, her whips cracked against the earth, sending a bolt of electricity roaring forward.

CRACK!

The whip pierced straight through the knight's chestplate—but Night's form shimmered and dissolved like smoke. He reappeared a few meters away, untouched.

Mathilda reached into her pouch and began hurling potions and pills at Night with reckless abandon.

First came a vial of Dreamless Sleeping Potion.

Then she hurled a flask of Divine Sense Explosion Potion, which detonated in a psychic shockwave that made the air ripple.

Next came Self-Exploding Wood Elemental Pills, followed by Gold Elemental Pills, which erupted in bursts of elemental chaos.

Three-Day Diarrhea Elixir

an Aphrodisiac Potion.

Still nothing happened.

Night didn't even flinch.

From behind, Astrid joined the assault, tossing a set of pre-inscribed Array Discs. As they struck the ground, complex patterns of light emerged—barriers, seals, and spatial locks, all designed to trap or contain.

But Night phased right through them, as though they weren't even there.

The ground shook, and four Grandmasters—joined the fray. Their domains expanded into the surroundings, layering the battlefield with dense pressure.

"His shadow ability is the problem," Lily muttered.

Mana leaned on Astrid's shoulder. "He's like a walking void."

"So what do we do?" Astrid asked, already preparing another wave of array discs. "We can't hurt him, we can't bind him, and we can't touch him."

Lily stepped forward, her whip sparking to life again. "We stall."

Mathilda gave her a side glance. "Stall? For how long?"

"Until Tyler and the others finish their battles," Lily replied, voice calm but firm. "We're not here to win. We're here to hold the line."

Everyone went silent for a moment.

Then they nodded.

Mathilda pulled out more vials. Astrid reloaded her arrays. Mana disappeared for sneak attacks. The Grandmasters adjusted their stances.

They just need to stall time.

Chapter 355: Subduing Night

"Switch."

The word echoed in the void.

In the blink of an eye, Dusk vanished, instantly replaced by Adam. The yo-yo in Adam's hand spun wildly, wrapping itself around the extended claw of the Abyss Giant Lizard. Using the pull, Adam hurled himself into the air, narrowly dodging the creature's second strike—a massive claw that cleaved through stone like butter.

The air cracked from the force of the missed attack.

Meanwhile, Dusk found himself flung through the spatial swap and slammed right toward the second beast—a hulking, Gorilla-like monster with thunder in its steps and a battle axe the size of a tall building strapped to its back.

Dusk raised his staff in alarm. "Bruh... Give me warning next time."

The Gorilla roared and charged.

Back above, Adam, still midair, clicked his yo-yo again and flung it toward a rock spire to his right. The string extended like a lifeline, wrapping tight. He swung with the momentum, flipping to avoid the Lizard's snapping jaws.

But there was a problem.

The Lizard's very presence was bending the laws of physics. Flight restriction—a domain-like aura that clung to the air itself—made flying impossible. Wings would cramp. Levitation arrays would sputter. Even Qi-based propulsion weakened under the pressure.

Adam had already dubbed it 'Flight Restriction.'

Which meant his only choice was to use yo-yo to dodge.

And yet, despite the danger, he smiled. "Hehe Spider Parker."

Below them, amidst the jagged ravines of the Abyss Floor, stood Apollo, unmoved.

He stood atop the skull of the Giant Abyss Lizard like a warlord on his throne, the wind howling around him like a chorus of spirits. His long black coat fluttered, and beneath his boots, the beast's armored hide shifted, rising and falling with each breath like a living mountain.

But this creature... it was no longer just a monster.

Not since Apollo had embedded the machine.

A grotesque fusion of ancient runes and future tech, the device pulsed in his hand like a mechanical heart. Glowing tubes spiraled from its base into the lizard's skull, connecting directly to the beast's nervous system.

At the center of the device, a spherical core churned with spiritual energy. Lightning arcs licked its surface, casting jagged blue shadows across Apollo's pale face.

The lizard's golden eyes had turned eerie blue—emotionless, cold, obedient.

Twelve obsidian needles, each one the size of a lance, were drilled deep into the creature's brain. They twitched, synchronized to Apollo's commands. Blue cracks of forced loyalty spread like veins across its skull.

The beast was no longer free. It was his.

His personal siege engine.

Apollo tilted his head, watching Adam swing past a ridge. "Fly, fly little rat," he said with amusement.

Then the machine pulsed again, and the Giant Lizard screamed.

The sound wasn't a roar—it was a cry of pain twisted by control, an unnatural howl that split the air like a blade. Entire cliff faces shattered, boulders crumbling into dust. Dust storms rose like ghosts from the ground.

The beast surged forward, clawing up the cliffside, trying to reach Adam.

Apollo simply watched, calm and composed. "Let's see how far you can dance."

Back on a part of the mountain,

A sea of lightning roared, lighting up the battlefield like the wrath of the heavens. The source of it all—Lily Gomes—rushed toward the looming shadow known as Night, her dual lightning whips sparking violently, dancing through the air like twin serpents. Each strike aimed to break through the shroud of darkness that enveloped him.

Night stood silently amidst the chaos, his obsidian-black armor absorbing most attacks like an endless void. Lily struck again and again, her movements blindingly fast. She resembled a lightning dragon unleashed in human form, crackling with raw energy. But no matter how fierce her assault, the darkness around Night devoured it with ease.

After a relentless barrage, Lily leapt back, panting slightly. "Now!" she shouted.

In perfect synchronization, four other Grandmasters lunged in, surrounding Night and engaging him with every ounce of their power. While they fought, Lily regrouped with the others.

"I think I found his weakness..." she said, her voice cautious but hopeful.

"As expected of Lily Onee-sama!" Mathilda beamed, eyes glowing with admiration. "What is it? What did you find?"

Lily pointed toward the battlefield. "It's not brute force or elemental destruction that can hurt him. It's light. Pure light. When my lightning strikes his body directly, it hurts him—but only when there's no shadow nearby. That's when he's most vulnerable. He can't hide or dodge unless he has darkness."

"So... he needs darkness to survive," Mana muttered thoughtfully.

"Exactly. If we trap him in a space filled entirely with light—pure, reflected, radiant light—it'll be much easier to damage him."

"Light?" Astrid blinked. Her voice wavered with a memory. "Actually... I might be able to help with that."

Everyone turned to her, surprised.

"Actually I got wings." Astrid said with a smile.

"Chicken wings?" Mana asked.

Astrid mouth twitched and she explained. It turns out when she got pursued by an angel, she somehow awakened her wings. And then she explained something.

"Will it work?" Mathilda asked.

Astrid's expression hardened with resolve. "We won't know unless we try. But I'm willing."

"Well then," Lily said, glancing at the terrain around them. "We'll need mirrors. A lot of them. Anything that reflects. Do you girls have anything?"

Mana grinned and lifted a small device. "Tyler's storage watch. He gave mana a copy of his storage watch. It has almost everything."

She tapped the interface and began rummaging through items. Moments later, she pulled out a miniature mirror castle, its spires and walls entirely reflective.

"This is perfect," Lily said, eyes lighting up. "But fragile. We'll need to be fast."

"We'll act swiftly, then," Mathilda said, nodding.

"Also," Mathilda added, reaching into her satchel, "this smoke bomb—it's infused with light sensitivity properties. It will amplify every bit of light in the area." She held up a small glass flask filled with swirling rainbow-colored liquid.

"Brilliant," Lily said. "Let's plan this precisely. We'll give him nowhere to hide."

A few moments later...

"Retreat!" Lily commanded. The Grandmasters disengaged and fell back, leaving Night momentarily unchallenged.

Then, Lily struck again—fiercer, faster, sharper. Her electric waves split the ground and tore through the sky, but once again, Night's darkness swallowed them whole. Yet Lily remained untouchable, darting in and out with the help of high-movement speed charms that shimmered at her waist.

Moments passed—and suddenly, Night looked up. The battlefield had changed.

He was trapped inside a giant sphere of lightning.

The sphere shone with intense brilliance, generated by Lily's continuous lightning flow. The bright illumination disrupted the shadows around him. For the first time, Night seemed unsettled.

Then, he extended his hand—and the world twisted.

A dome of absolute darkness surged outward from his body, erasing the light around him. The sky above warped, turning pitch black, as if a black hole had swallowed the sun.

"As expected," Lily muttered, gritting her teeth.

His true power... was the domain of darkness itself.

"Now!" Lily screamed.

Suddenly, a glass flask flew through the air and shattered inside Night's shadow domain. A colorless smoke erupted, hissing into the air and spreading rapidly. It clung to every surface, vibrating with strange energy.

A flash of movement—and Mana appeared behind Night, donning a Phantom Mask. With a swift gesture, she activated a mechanism, and a giant mirror castle formed around him, walls expanding in all directions and trapping the darkness within.

Another figure descended gracefully from above, wings outstretched. She, too, wore a Phantom Mask—but everyone recognized her divine aura.

"Astrid," Lily whispered.

"Holy Healing!" Astrid chanted, her wings glowing.

From her feathers, pure light burst forth. The smoke amplified the radiance, while the mirror castle reflected and refracted it endlessly. The space became a prison of light—each ray piercing into the shadows.

Night's form flickered, his outline distorting.

And then they saw it.

A figure—no longer a formless shadow, but a person. Or something close to it.

Pale as death, without hair, androgynous and thin, with sharp features and elf-like ears. Their eyes were golden, and their presence felt alien. This was Night's true form.

Night was so pale white, and with a form like that it's difficult to say whether it's a male or female.

Night howled. It was the first sound Night had ever made—an eerie, high-pitched scream, more like a banshee. The mirror castle trembled under the force of their energy.

Night raised its hand to destroy it—but it was a moment too late.

CRACK!

Lily's lightning whip shattered the space between them and lashed across Night's chest. The blow ignited its pale skin and sent a shockwave across the battlefield.

"Aaaahh!!" Night shrieked.

Night's black armor cracked, splintered, then exploded off its body in shards. Night coughed violently, blood spilling from its mouth. Then Night muttered a word in an unknown language—and Night's body liquefied into pure shadow.

Before anyone could react, Night darted forward like a living mist—and lunged at Astrid.

"Astrid!" Mana screamed.

Astrid clutched her head as she fell, her body spasming. Shadows surged around her limbs, creeping over her like venom.

Lily was already there. She caught Astrid mid-fall, her expression fierce.

Mathilda and Mana flew in, their faces pale with fear.

"Half of her body—it's transforming..." Mathilda whispered.

One of Astrid's wings had turned black. One of her eyes turned golden. The corruption had started.

But whether it was too late to save her—or just the beginning of something far more dangerous—none of them knew.