

R Cultivator 356

Chapter 356: Subduing the Fox

The Red Shrine shimmered like a beacon against the twilight sky. Winds howled across the Abyss terrain, their force growing stronger with each passing second.

At the top of the shrine arc stood Su Fei, her elegant figure silhouetted against the glowing structure. Nine magnificent tails flickered behind her like living flames, swaying in rhythm with the gusts. In her delicate hand, she held a fan etched with ancient markings, humming faintly with divine energy.

She stood still, waiting, poised like a queen awaiting her enemy.

Suddenly, space cracked like shattered glass beside her. A shimmering blur appeared, moving faster than the eye could follow.

Su Fei's fan whipped through the air with precision, blocking the sudden strike of the Space-Time Rabbit, Dawn, who had emerged from the void in a blink.

"So even if my Time Domain doesn't work on you..." Su Fei smirked, not missing a beat. "That doesn't mean I'm weaker."

She slashed at the air with her fan, and a ripple of spatial force surged forth, colliding with the void itself. A figure was flung out of it—Dawn.

The rabbit-eared woman rolled across the shrine's surface, landing with a light thud. She stood up slowly, brushing blood from her lips.

"You're strong..." Dawn admitted, her eyes narrowing with respect.

Su Fei nodded, her tone equally respectful. "You too."

Both women had suffered damage. The battle had taken its toll, but neither was willing to back down.

With a shout, they charged toward each other again.

But before they could clash, the ground exploded beneath them.

BOOM!

A massive figure dropped between them, the force of the landing shattering the terrain. Dust and rocks flew in every direction as the shockwave pushed both Su Fei and Dawn back.

Su Fei's expression twisted into a grin. Dawn's eyes widened in disbelief.

The Giant who was fighting Tyler had appeared.

Su Fei's voice was laced with curiosity and amusement. "Since you're here... that must mean..."

The Giant silently raised one broad shoulder, revealing something draped across it—a person.

It was Tyler. Unconscious. Limp. His figure looked small in comparison to the Giant's enormous frame.

Su Fei burst into laughter. "Good... good! Good! Give him to me. He'll be my male pet forever!"

The Giant began to move toward her, his footsteps shaking the ground with each step. He plucked Tyler off his shoulder with two fingers and lowered him gently toward Su Fei like one might offer a fragile treasure.

But Dawn's eyes narrowed in confusion. Tyler? Defeated? It didn't make sense. She had seen him battle Su Fei with his own strength. Though He was not her match, he gave her hard time step for step. How could he have been brought down so quickly?

Su Fei's hand reached forward, eager to take him.

Then—Tyler's eye opened. It looked funny because Tyler was hanging between giant fingers.

But for Su Fei, she was surprised.

Before she could react, her entire body was wrapped in glowing prana. In the blink of an eye, ice spread over her, encasing her body in a shimmering prison. She couldn't move.

"What?! Revers—!" she began to shout, trying to activate her Time Domain.

But the Giant, who was still holding Tyler with two fingers, suddenly released him. Then, with a grim expression, he clenched his massive fist—and smashed it down toward Su Fei.

"Traitor!" Su Fei screamed, her voice filled with fury.

Her fan flew upward, intercepting the blow midair and stopping the Giant's punch. The resulting shockwave blasted across the battlefield, shattering nearby rocks.

The tide of battle had shifted so quickly that even Dawn stood frozen, trying to comprehend what had just happened.

Su Fei gritted her teeth, still trapped in ice. She tried again to channel spiritual energy—but failed.

Then, her fan fell from the air.

She couldn't feel it anymore.

Her eyes darted down—and she saw it.

Around her neck, gleaming with strange runes, was a slave collar.

"You...!" she gasped.

Tyler landed gently on the ground before her, dusting off his dress with a smirk. "This Slave Collar was enhanced by Adam's AI called Eve."

Without her fan defending her, the Giant's fist came down again—only to stop a mere inch above her frozen head.

A tiny figure had leapt in to block it.

It was Tyler.

He held up one hand, his hand covered with dragon scales.

"Nah," he said calmly. "We're not killing her."

The Giant hesitated and nodded... then retracted its fist and stepped back.

Tyler turned to Su Fei, whose entire body was frozen in a block of crystalline ice, save for her head.

She glared at him with hatred and humiliation. "Kill me."

"I won't," Tyler replied with a relaxed shrug. "You wanted to make me your male pet, didn't you? Thought I'd be your pretty little trophy?"

His lips curled into a grin. "Let's reverse it."

"What?" Su Fei hissed.

Tyler leaned in slightly, voice laced with mockery. "From now on, you are my pet. My fox pet. Or female pet? Whichever works."

"How?" Dawn asked as she walked beside Tyler.

Tyler took out his Storage Bead and stored Su Fei in it.

Tyler turned toward Dawn

"It's simple, Miss Dawn..." he said with a grin. "We didn't actually fight."

Dawn blinked. "Huh?"

Let's turn back time a little...

The battle between Tyler and the Giant had seemingly begun with full intensity. The terrain rumbled as Tyler flew through the air, his Chess Domain activated. Checkerboard patterns spread across the ground beneath them, glowing with Aura and Prana as his projections of trident clashed against the Giant's massive war hammer.

"Ahhh... I've gotta keep you in check till Adam and Dusk finish off your boss," Tyler muttered, spinning through the air before hurling his trident at the Giant once more.

The Giant blocked effortlessly with his hammer. The sheer impact split the earth beneath them.

"Same here," the Giant replied calmly. "I just need to stall for time."

Tyler raised an eyebrow mid-air and said jokingly "Heh... then why don't we stall time without actually fighting?"

He hovered for a moment, preparing another attack.

The Giant paused. He seemed to genuinely consider the idea. "Alright," he said with a shrug.

Then, in a bizarre twist for a battlefield, he casually sat down on the ground and placed his war hammer beside him like it was a picnic.

"...Huh?" Tyler muttered, blinking in disbelief. "You're serious?"

"Yup," the Giant nodded.

Seeing no reason to waste energy, Tyler descended and formed a small icy platform to sit on. It floated at eye level with the Giant, making things feel more like a tea break than a duel between two powerhouses.

"So... we're just gonna wait here?" Tyler asked, reclining back slightly.

"Yeah. But if you move suddenly, I'll kill you," the Giant said bluntly.

"Likewise." Tyler didn't even flinch.

There was a moment of silence.

"...So is your name literally 'Giant'?" Tyler asked, curiosity piqued.

Back to the present...

Dawn stared at him, clearly baffled. "Wait, that's it?"

"Pretty much," Tyler replied with a grin. "After that, we just talked. The big guy opened up a bit. Told me that this Abyss Group he's part of is just a small sub-group. Apparently, there are thousands of these factions, and they all work to some Immortal Abyss Hunters who dungeon dive in the deepest floors of the Abyss."

Dawn's eyes narrowed. "So the higher-ups don't really care about these surface-level hunters?"

"Exactly," Tyler nodded. "They're just pawns. And our buddy, Mr. Giant, well... he wants to climb up the ranks and eventually lead this faction. So he doesn't really care if Apollo wins or loses. If Apollo falls, it just makes things easier for him."

"So... he's on our side?" she asked hesitantly.

"Not quite." Tyler leaned back slightly and crossed his arms. "I told him I can help Adam and Dusk take down Apollo. He agreed to help me against Su Fei, but he's not touching Apollo. That part's on us."

Tyler stretched. "Now... let's go help the girls."

"Help who?"

The unexpected voice echoed through the clearing.

Tyler turned sharply, recognizing that voice instantly.

There they were—Lily, Mana, and Mathilda approaching them. Mathilda was carefully carrying an unconscious Astrid in her arms, while Grandmasters followed behind, looking worse for wear but still standing.

Lily crossed her arms and raised an eyebrow. "Help who, exactly? Because from where I'm standing, we handled everything just fine."

Tyler blinked. "Wait, you girls are done defeating Night, Already?"

The Girls chuckled and held their head proudly.

"What happened to Astrid?" Tyler asked with concern.

The Girls explained what happened.

He quickly took out a Life Orb he got from the Labyrinth under the New Rose Kingdom and fed her.

Tyler looked at her condition. Half of her side looks different.

Chapter 357: Reinforcement

"Her transformation..." Tyler murmured as he stared at the girl lying unconscious in Mathilda's arms. "It kinda looks like Vale's village chief... Misra."

Mathilda's brows furrowed as she looked down at Astrid, who shimmered faintly with soft light and traces of darkness still swirling faintly beneath her skin.

"Now that you mention it... yeah," Mathilda nodded. "Misra's Abyss Transformation kinda looks similar. But Astrid looks cute."

"Ah... Misra must be crying in her afterlife." Tyler said.

Just then, the ground trembled beneath their feet—a heavy, thudding presence approaching from behind.

Everyone turned sharply.

The Giant stepped out of the shadows, his towering form rising like a moving mountain behind Tyler. His massive feet cracked the earth as he stopped beside them.

"Enemy?!" Lily's voice rang out as she immediately took her whip.

"No, no—hold up!" Tyler raised a hand quickly. "He's an ally. Well... at least for now."

The others didn't lower their guard just yet, but the tension eased slightly.

The Giant gave a slow, respectful nod before glancing at Astrid in Mathilda's arms.

His deep voice rumbled like rolling thunder, echoing through the cracked terrain. "Hmm... interesting. She carries the Darkness Essence within her. Seems like you tiny people managed to defeat Night."

The Giant continued. "Night... not just any creature. She belonged to a forgotten race born in pure darkness—beings from the void between worlds. Parasitic in nature. When such beings die, they try to possess a suitable host to avoid true death."

Everyone stared at Astrid's sleeping form in silence.

The Giant knelt down slightly, examining Astrid with glowing eyes. "This little angel has an extraordinary amount of Life Force within her. Far more than a normal half-angel. When Night tried to devour her from the inside, Astrid's own life essence resisted. The darkness couldn't consume her completely and... in turn, was consumed."

"Will she be alright?" Tyler asked, concern evident in his voice.

The Giant gave a thoughtful pause, then nodded slowly. "She will not only survive... she will awaken stronger. She's evolving. Her soul resisted corruption and absorbed a fraction of ancient darkness. When she wakes... she may no longer be the same girl you once knew."

Lily blinked. "You mean her personality will change?"

"No," the Giant replied. "Her soul remains hers. But her power... her nature... is no longer just divine. It now carries the balance between darkness and light."

The wind picked up slightly, rustling Astrid's hair.

Everyone remained silent for a moment.

"So you mean... She got a Power Upgrade..." Lily said with deadpan expression.

The Giant Understood the word 'power upgrade' and nodded.

"Lucky... Why didn't Night Possess Mana?" Mana asked with envy.

"You are a spirit." Mathilda gave her a side eye.

Adam and Dusk were still locked in a brutal battle against Apollo, who commanded the battlefield from atop the Giant Abyss Lizard. Dusk faced off against the Giant Gorilla, while Adam took on the monstrous lizard itself.

The Gorilla let out a guttural roar as it raised its massive axe, aiming to cleave Dusk in half. But Dusk vanished in a flash, reappearing midair as a flurry of floating magical cards circled him like an orbiting storm.

"Try this," he whispered.

With a flick of his staff, Dusk directed the cards toward the Gorilla's arm. They spiraled around the limb, moving faster and faster until sparks ignited into magical flames. The creature let out a pained cry as its arm was engulfed. The axe slipped from its grip and thundered to the ground.

Before the dust could settle, Dusk vanished once again.

Only his staff—and the tall magician's hat balanced on top—remained standing where he'd been.

The Gorilla stomped forward, only to hear a shimmer of cards. Dusk had reappeared near the fallen axe. He tossed a handful of glowing cards onto the weapon, enchanting it with explosive energy.

The beast roared and tried to crush Dusk with its other hand—but the magician disappeared once more, this time reappearing back at his staff's original position. He calmly caught the falling hat and adjusted it atop his head.

"Adam..." Dusk muttered as he eyed the battlefield. "Finish faster. This thing is really starting to annoy me."

Meanwhile, Adam was fighting the towering lizard. He held a giant hammer, which he slammed against the creature's leg with a grunt. Sparks flew on impact, but the beast hardly flinched.

"Switch," Adam whispered.

The hammer disappeared, replaced instantly by a sleek silver sword. He slashed across the scales, but again—barely a scratch.

"Damn it," Adam muttered, then took out his yo-yo, flinging it upward to climb the creature's massive body.

Just as he neared the top, the lizard's entire body began to glow white. Energy surged toward its mouth, forming a brilliant beam of destruction.

Adam's eyes widened. "No, no, no!"

The beam fired.

"Switch!" Adam yelled.

In a flash, he vanished, replaced by a chunk of stone. The beam blasted through the sky, tearing through clouds like paper.

Adam reappeared at a safer distance, panting. "That was too close."

He took another breath and launched himself upward again using the yo-yo. This time, his target wasn't the lizard—it was the strange control machine Apollo was operating atop its head.

Drawing a futuristic gun, Adam took aim and fired. The bullet shot forward like a meteor, striking the barrier around the machine. The impact barely left a dent.

"Ha!" Apollo laughed, cradling the device in one arm. "You think that can break through my defenses?"

Adam gritted his teeth and fired again. But this time, just as the bullet reached the barrier, he whispered, "Switch."

The bullet shimmered—and swapped midair into a radiant sword pulsing with terrifying energy.

Apollo's eyes narrowed. He moved faster than the sword, appearing in front of the device and intercepting the strike. The blade clanged off his armor, pushing him back slightly—but the machine remained untouched.

"Still not enough," Adam muttered, frustration creeping into his voice.

Suddenly, the air shimmered—and space itself tore open. Dawn stepped through the rift, followed by Tyler, Lily, Mana, Mathilda, and the rest of the Grandmasters.

Apollo blinked in surprise. "Reinforcements? Tch. So be it. I'll just end this quickly."

He took a small vial and poured a drop of glowing liquid into the machine. Instantly, the lizard let out a deep, distorted howl, and its body surged with chaotic energy.

The Machine Needle slightly become unstable.

"Brother!" Dawn cried, ignoring Apollo completely as she flew straight toward Dusk.

"You girls assist Dawn and Dusk," Tyler shouted. "I'll help Adam!"

As if on cue, the Giant Gorilla retrieved its axe and swung it at Dawn. But Dusk snapped his fingers just before it could land. The cards he had placed earlier on the weapon ignited in arcs of lightning, stunning the beast.

With the girls and Grandmasters joining the fray, Dusk finally had room to breathe.

Tyler landed beside Adam with a roll, brushing dirt off his cloak.

"I can't fly," he muttered.

"Flight restriction," Adam explained curtly. "The Abyss Beast suppresses airborne abilities."

Tyler groaned. "Of course it does."

"Any plan?" he asked.

Adam didn't look away from the towering lizard. "If we can just destroy or remove the control machine on its head, the lizard will stop attacking us."

"That's it?" Tyler tilted his head. "Sounds easy enough."

Adam scoffed. "It's not! Apollo's guarding the device, and it's protected by a high-level energy barrier. Even if we use high level attack he simply uses his Armour as shield. We need to regroup and form a plan to completely damage or remove the —"

Adam suddenly froze mid-sentence, his eyes widening.

In Tyler's hand was a Copper Ladle.

And resting inside the ladle—was the machine.

"H—how...?" Apollo gasped, visibly shaken.

"H—how...?" Adam echoed, completely dumbfounded.

Tyler casually twirled the ladle. "Told you. Easy enough."

Tyler simply took his copper ladle and made a swiping gesture towards the machine. Since the Needles were unstable he was able to take it easily.

"Can you snatch his armor?" Adam asked, glancing at Apollo.

"Nah," Tyler replied, shaking his head. "He's wearing it. Not possible."

Before they could say more, the Abyss Lizard—now free from control—let out a thunderous roar, its voice shaking the ground. Its entire body began to glow with wild energy. Without warning, it reared up and dove headfirst into the ground, vanishing beneath the earth in a surge of tremors and dust.

Apollo, still standing atop the lizard's head, lost his balance as the creature dove. With flight restrictions in place, he couldn't escape into the air. He barely managed to leap away just before being crushed, landing heavily on the ground—right in front of Tyler and Adam.

The two stared at him for a brief moment. Apollo looked up, his expression furious and confused.

Then, to his surprise, both Tyler and Adam turned and sprinted away without a word.

"What the—?" Apollo muttered.

A second later, realization struck.

A massive beam of concentrated energy blasted down from behind, engulfing Apollo in a blinding flash. The ground cracked, smoke billowed, and the force of the explosion shook the battlefield.

The Lizard, now glowing with calm but immense power, didn't even glance back. It turned its head toward the Giant Gorilla and let out a low, rumbling roar.

The Gorilla, still holding its axe, hesitated. Then, as if understanding something unspoken, it lowered its weapon.

Without a word, the two colossal beasts walked off together, disappearing into the distance.

Tyler and Adam reappeared behind a fallen boulder, watching in silence.

Chapter 358: Borrowing the Celestial Armour

The war had stopped.

The battlefield was silent, its chaos replaced by the eerie calm of aftermath. The air still carried the faint scent of scorched qi and disturbed earth.

At the heart of the ceasefire stood the Giant—a towering figure of strength and authority. With one gesture, he ordered the remaining forces to stand down. No more fighting. No more bloodshed.

Apollo, the former threat, was now unconscious and restrained, carried back by Adam like a defeated trophy.

Now, in a luxurious mansion nestled atop a floating mountain hovering above the Abyss Floor, Tyler and his companions were finally catching their breath. The mansion, a relic from another era, was massive, with towering pillars, floating lanterns, and walls laced with mana threads humming softly.

The Giant had made a surprising decision: he would not recapture the slaves who had been released during the battle.

First, he didn't have the proper collars or seals needed to enslave them again. Second—and more importantly—because those very people had helped Tyler and his crew during the chaos. Tyler had refused to let them be enslaved again, and the Giant, perhaps out of respect or sheer laziness, agreed.

Besides, as he had grumbled, "I can buy more slaves in some other world."

In one of the mansion's quiet rooms, Tyler sat at a desk covered with scattered notes and diagrams. The window next to him offered a stunning view of the swirling Abyss clouds below.

Mana peeked inside.

"Whatcha doing?" she asked, leaning casually against the doorframe.

Tyler, hunched over a sketch of armor runes, didn't even glance up. "That Celestial Armour... I want it."

Mana raised an eyebrow. "Ah... Are we gonna rob them?" Her tone was teasing, but there was a flicker of concern in her eyes. "You do realize that Adam, Dusk, and Dawn aren't exactly weaklings."

"Nope," Tyler replied with a smirk. "Nothing like that. I just want to borrow Apollo for a little while."

Later that evening, both groups—Tyler's and Apollo's—sat around a massive dining table in one of the mansion's open halls. Floating lanterns cast a warm glow, and enchanted dishes refilled themselves as conversations buzzed.

Apollo, however, wasn't partaking in the feast. He sat at the far end, bound tightly in a dark-colored straitjacket etched with glowing sigils. The material looked like leather, but the runes made it clear it was far more than that—crafted to suppress power and keep even someone like Apollo unconscious.

Tyler took a sip of his drink and leaned toward Adam. "Did you guys find a way to remove the armor yet?"

Adam nodded, setting down his roasted meat skewer. "Yup. The armor's connection runs through an anchor point in another world. We're heading there soon. Once we reach the source, we should be able to rip it off him."

Tyler glanced at the unconscious Apollo, then asked, "What happens if you just... kill him?"

Adam grimaced. "Risky. We don't know if the armor would vanish with him. Some artifacts are soul-bound and disintegrate when the user dies. Others explode. And knowing our luck..." he trailed off with a shrug.

Tyler tapped his fingers against the table thoughtfully. "I'm actually really interested in that armor. Any chance I can take a closer look at it tonight? I'll give it back tomorrow, promise."

The room fell quiet.

Tension crept in like a slow fog. Even the plates on the table seemed to hum a little louder.

Dusk was the first to break the silence. "Huh... That's not a problem," he said cheerfully, as if discussing loaning out a book rather than a powerful divine relic.

Dawn immediately whipped her head toward him. "Stupid brother! What if he runs away with it?"

Dusk turned to Tyler. "Will you steal it?" he asked plainly.

Tyler blinked. The directness caught him off guard. "Huh? No. I just want to study it a bit."

"See?" Dusk beamed, completely unfazed.

Dawn couldn't help but touch her forehead, looking helpless, sighing. "Why are you sooo."

"What are you? Straw hat Captain?" Adam muttered. He also has no problem with temporarily lending it to Tyler since Dusk already agreed.

After the meal, Tyler entered a quiet room where Apollo had been placed, still bound and unconscious.

Then Tyler simply stored Apollo inside his replica of storage Bead that can store living things, which he acquired in the mines with Lily Gomes.

He placed Apollo inside the bead then placed the Bead inside his copper pot. Then he took out a Copy.

He then took out Apollo's copy. Without soul he looked like a peaceful dead man.

He knelt beside the man, and tore the bounded strait jacket, his eyes drawn to the armor.

It was a masterpiece of divine craftsmanship. Smooth plates of Gold and midnight black interlocked with arcane lines running between them. A faint glow pulsed from beneath the armor's seams, like it breathed with a life of its own.

Tyler gently touched the surface, feeling the magic pulse beneath his fingertips. The armor responded to Apollo's aura, tightly clinging to him like a second skin. It wasn't just worn. It was fused.

"Interesting..." Tyler murmured.

"Seems like killing him won't make the Armour disappear. Well I don't have to tell them." Tyler muttered.

Then he stored the body into the real storage bead.

Then Tyler took out the Real Apollo, after thinking for a moment he placed Apollo in the copied bead and left.

Tyler walked through the wide hallway of luxury mansion.

As he entered a spacious chamber overlooking the vast, swirling clouds of the Abyss Floor below, he saw Dusk standing by the edge, watching the ever-shifting mist.

"Dusk." Tyler called out.

Tyler approached and held out the bead.

"What's this?" Dusk asked, tilting his head.

"It's a storage device," Tyler replied with a small grin, placing the bead carefully in Dusk's hand. "It can store living beings. There's a mini world inside"

Dusk's eyes widened slightly. "A world inside a bead?" he echoed, his voice filled with genuine wonder. He rolled it between his fingers, examining it closely. "This... feels like it's incredibly valuable."

"Yub.. That's for you." Tyler said.

Dusk blinked and immediately moved to return it. "I can't accept this. It's too valuable."

But Tyler simply placed his hand over Dusk's, closing the Dusk's fingers around the bead. "Come on now. Aren't we friends?"

Tyler wholeheartedly gave this to Dusk. Because Dusk trusted him and let him analyze the armour without any hesitation.

"Friends huh? " Dusk smiled and said , "Then I will take it."

"Also I am Rich. So don't worry." Tyler replied. "Apollo's inside. You can carry him with you easily now without dragging around a whole unconscious guy in chains."

"That's... actually very helpful," Dusk said, holding the bead up to eye level. "And kind of cool."

He tapped it lightly, and the runes along its surface shimmered faintly.

"How does it work?" He asked.

"Divine Sense. You know the one we use for Sound Transmission. What do you call that in your world?" Tyler asked.

"Sound Transmission? You mean telepathy. We also call it Sense. Mana Sense." Dusk said and used Mana Sense on the Bead. He quickly disappeared.

A few minutes later he appeared again.

"Haha... That's so cool," Dusk laughed, his voice carrying a genuine sense of amusement and wonder.

The two of them stood side by side at the balcony, leaning against the sleek stone railing of the mansion. The swirling Abyss clouds above moved in mesmerizing patterns, and for a moment.

They had just finished a long talk— about random things. Life, food, strange Creatures, about Girls and about Each other worlds.

"I don't think this Prana is actually a Magic System," Dusk said thoughtfully, glancing at Tyler. "From what I've observed, it resembles a Cultivation System more. The way it refines the body, aligns with energies... It's fundamentally different."

"I don't know about Magic System. But those who practice Prana are called Mages." Tyler said, "They even use staffs and wands."

"Hmm.. Maybe it's a mix? Looks like there are more mysteries waiting for you to solve," Dusk said with a faint smile.

Tyler stretched. "Always is."

He turned to leave, his tone becoming more casual. "Alright. I've got other things to do. Need to check on the others."

Dusk chuckled. "Go ahead. And Tyler..." He paused, then gave a grateful nod. "Thanks. For everything."

Tyler waved a hand without looking back, a small smile on his face. "Take care, magician."

As Tyler's footsteps faded down the corridor, Dusk remained at the balcony, the silence once again wrapping around him like a familiar cloak.

He sighed softly, then reached into his coat and pulled out the small storage bead Tyler had given him earlier. With a flick of his wrist, he activated it.

Apollo appeared before him, still unconscious, bound in the magical straitjacket.

Without hesitation, Dusk retrieved a glowing card from his inner sleeve. He placed it gently above Apollo, and golden runes lit up across its surface. A soft hum resonated in the air as Apollo's figure shimmered, then was absorbed into the card like mist being drawn into a bottle.

Dusk looked at the now-glowing card in his hand.

Apollo figure is inside.

He then took another card, this one silver and adorned with tiny geometric runes. He placed the bead atop it. In a flash of light, the bead vanished, captured safely into the card as well.

"Much more convenient," he whispered, tucking both cards safely into his coat. The Abyss wind gently tousled his hair as he turned back to gaze into the fog-covered distance.

Chapter 359: Farewell

"I'll take these Abyssal Ores," Tyler said, tapping the chunks of shimmering dark minerals piled beside the Giant. "And if possible, send me more resources from the Abyss. I'll trade you with valuable materials from Boundless World in return."

Tyler then stored them.

The Giant nodded thoughtfully. "Agreed. I will have my people collect and prepare them. When the spatial tides are calm, we'll send them your way."

Just like that, a trade agreement was sealed—one that bridged between Abyss and Boundless World.

It's very simple, they don't simply always find a spatial tunnel and send materials. Instead they will use a two way teleportation. The only way to activate is using Some Arrays and Formations on the both side. They can only send non-living things.

Tyler turned back to his group, a mix of satisfaction and reluctance on his face. This Abyssal expedition had been exhausting, yet incredibly rewarding.

"Well, it's about time we left," Adam said as he adjusted the straps on his gear. Dusk and Dawn stepped beside him, prepared for their own departure.

"I really want to visit your worlds someday," Tyler admitted, glancing at the swirling tornado in the sky where the spatial rift hovered.

"Then reach the peak of cultivation," Adam said simply. "Once you've climbed high enough, such a journey won't be impossible. Or try to build Teleportation Device that can send you to another universe."

Tyler nodded, a small smile playing at his lips. "Let's see."

Dusk stepped forward with an open smile and gave Tyler a firm hug. "I'll miss you, my friend."

Caught off guard but smiling, Tyler returned the hug. "Me too."

"Since when did they become close?" Dawn muttered, arms crossed as she watched them. She couldn't help but want to picture the scene. Her fujoshi part is showing up a little.

Before she could walk away, a bubbly voice called out.

"I'll miss you too, Dawn!"

It was Mathilda—sprinting toward her like a missile of affection. She threw her arms around Dawn, who flinched but sighed, allowing the hug.

Unfortunately for Dawn, Mathilda's hands had other plans.

Within seconds, they were wandering too far south.

Mathilda's hands reached Dawn's Butt.

Grope.

"Aaaan~!"

A loud, involuntary moan burst from Mathilda's lips—right before she was sent flying with a mighty kick to the face. She spun midair, crashed into a nearby rock, and lay there twitching, a boot print on her cheek and blood streaming from her nose.

Dawn stood tall in her elegant battle attire, one leg still raised in a flawless kicking stance.

Tyler coughed, trying not to laugh. Dusk just smiled awkwardly.

The other girls pretended not to notice Mathilda's perverted downfall and went around to say their proper goodbyes. Mana waved her hand towards Adam and Dusk and Lily casually winked at Dawn, who just raised an eyebrow in response.

Once the farewells were done, Adam, Dusk, and Dawn prepared for departure. Overhead, the sky had begun to swirl violently as the tornado intensified. At the center of the storm, a small rift shimmered with spatial light—a crack between Abyss and another world.

Dawn took the lead. With a light step, she ascended the air as though walking on invisible platforms. The space itself bent beneath her feet, stabilizing her every step. She held out her arms.

Dusk grabbed her right hand, Adam her left.

In one smooth, effortless leap, she pulled them both up into the air and soared toward the rift. The trio vanished in a flash of spatial energy.

As the portal sealed behind them and the wind died down, silence reclaimed the mountaintop.

"They're gone," Tyler said softly, eyes still on the sky.

Lily appeared beside him, watching the same spot. "Think we'll see them again?"

"Definitely," he said. "Atleast that Adam Guy. He will meet my past self in his future."

Behind them, the crew was already prepping for departure.

A Flying Boat is ready for their departure.

Mathilda, still nursing her injuries, limped past them, dabbing her nose with a tissue. "Totally worth it..." she muttered under her breath, remembering the brief moment her hand met glory.

Mana rolled her eyes and handed her a cold compress. "You'll never learn, will you?"

"Nope," Mathilda replied cheerfully, despite the boot print still imprinted on her face.

As the tornado glowed brighter, Tyler stood at the edge of the Flying Mountain, looking out over the vast, endless Abyss floor one final time.

The Giant stood off in the distance, his immense form watching silently. He raised a massive arm in farewell.

Tyler returned the gesture.

This journey had changed a lot—both for Tyler and for the people around him.

The Flying Boat glided smoothly through the oppressive layers of the Abyss. Its hull shimmered faintly, covered in a protective formation specifically designed to resist corrosion from the harsh Abyssal environment. Without it, even the sturdiest materials would rot away in days under the toxic mists in the Abyss.

They had been traveling for weeks—no, more than a month—since the battle with Apollo. With the spatial compass in Tyler's hand pointing the way toward the Boundless World, their path had taken them across several Abyss Floors.

Each layer brought new challenges: rocky plains filled with beasts, shifting gravity zones, acidic fog, and the most dangerous of all—dense clouds of Abyss Mist.

One rule remained constant: never fly too high.

The sky above them, though veiled by layers of thick mist and chaotic energy, was not empty. Strange creatures lived there. Tyler and his crew had spotted shadows writhing above more than once—massive, winged figures that shimmered in and out of vision. Land Beasts were dangerous, yes.

But the creatures that lurked above the mist? Unpredictable. Terrifying. And best avoided at all costs.

Tyler stood at the edge of the deck, a soft breeze brushing past him. In his hand was a delicate cup of Spiritual Tea, a gift from Adam before they parted ways. The taste was rich and slightly sweet, with a strange warmth that lingered in the chest.

Behind him, Lily leaned against the railing, her long shiny hair flowing gently with the wind. She gazed off into the swirling darkness.

"What happened to Astrid?" Tyler finally asked, breaking the silence.

Lily turned her head, blinking slowly. "Still undergoing transformation," she replied. "She's absorbing and adapting to the energy of this place... foreign to her nature, but not incompatible. When she wakes up, she'll be something else entirely."

"Something else?"

"Queen of Light and Darkness," Lily said dramatically, though a teasing smile played on her lips. "Sounds cool, right?"

Tyler chuckled softly and nodded. "That's good to hear."

He took another sip of the tea, savoring the lingering aftertaste.

Then Lily glanced at him sideways, her eyes glinting mischievously. "So," she said, "what did you do with Astrid?"

Tyler nearly choked. He coughed, struggling not to spill the tea. "Cough... what?"

"You heard me."

"Well that was an accident." Tyler said righteously.

Lily exhaled slowly and gazed into the distance. Then, with a little smirk, she said, "So I'm the only one in the crew who hasn't been touched by you."

Tyler blinked didn't say anything. Didn't even mention Silvia and Zuzia.

He turned around to avoid the intensity of Lily's gaze. But before he could step away, he felt something warm press against his back.

Soft arms gently wrapped around his torso. A body, warm and familiar, leaned into him.

"We'll do it," Lily whispered near his ear. Her breath sent a chill down his spine. "After we leave the Abyss."

Tyler froze.

His mind short-circuited.

Tyler was just about to say something when Lily suddenly shouted, her voice filled with excitement.

"Ahhh... The Final Passage is here!"

Startled, Tyler turned and looked ahead. A massive spatial crack had appeared in the distance, swirling with radiant light and strange patterns. It pulsed like a living thing, opening the way back to their world—the Boundless World.

He blinked, a sense of relief washing over him. "Finally..."

Before he could process the moment, Mana burst out from the ship, flying up and wrapping her arms around him midair. "We made it!"

Tyler caught her with a laugh just as Mathilda stepped out onto the deck. She didn't fly—she simply walked right up to him and leaned her body against his side, her eyes wide as she stared at the enormous rift in the sky.

"Yeah... at last," Mathilda breathed. "We're leaving the Abyss..."

She threw her hands up dramatically. "Bye bye, Abyss Arc!"

Lily groaned, clearly holding back a laugh. "Hey! Don't casually break the fourth wall like that!"

That got a laugh out of Tyler.

The group stood in silence for a moment, soaking it all in.

"What are we going to do after this?" Mana asked suddenly, still clinging gently to Tyler.

The question cut through the cheerful atmosphere. Everyone turned toward Tyler, waiting.

He glanced around at the girls—and nodded with a calm but firm look.

"We keep going," he said. "We head further north. We sail beyond the known seas. Our journey... to the Edge of the World... continues."

There was a pause, then—

"Hurray!!!" Mana shouted, spinning mid-air with joy.

Without any more hesitation, the flying boat surged forward. The runes engraved along the hull lit up, shimmering with layered magic. Wind howled as the ship accelerated, heading straight into the glowing spatial passage.

A brilliant flash enveloped them as they crossed the threshold—leaving behind the Abyss.

End Of Volume 5

Chapter 360: 360. Offshoot Tales

Part : 1 — How the Abyss Crack Appeared

"So big!"

"So long!"

"So rough!"

"What the hell kind of adjectives are you throwing around?" Adam shouted, smacking Dusk on the back of the head. "If you don't know what they mean, just stop using them, alright?"

Dusk scratched his head sheepishly and laughed, his eyes still glued to the massive flying vessel overhead. "I was just describing the ship, you know..."

Before them soared a colossal flying ship, sleek and metallic, with luminous arrays glowing along its hull. On its side, in bold golden letters, were the words: White Cloud Ferry No. 5.

"Tyler White..." Adam muttered. "That guy's damn rich. He's got a fleet of flying ships running like inter-world buses."

"What's a bus?" Dusk asked, tilting his head.

The two of them boarded the flying ship like everyone else, blending into the crowd. After paying for their tickets and finding seats, they relaxed, letting the ferry carry them across countries.

A few days later, deep within Twilight Mire City...

They stood in a shadowed, forgotten corner of the city. The old storage building around them creaked with age, its stone walls covered in moss and cobwebs. Light barely filtered in through the broken windows.

Adam narrowed his eyes at the small spatial fissure in the center of the room. It hovered in the air, only a few inches wide—barely noticeable unless one looked carefully.

"You're sure your sister went through this?" he asked, pointing at the faintly glowing crack.

Dusk nodded with a mix of worry and certainty. "Yeah. You know my powers—I can track traces of presence. She definitely passed through this exact spot."

Adam crouched and observed the crack with interest. "This thing... it's small, but it reeks of Abyss energy."

"How do you know it's connected to the Abyss?" Dusk asked, peering over his shoulder.

Adam gave a half-smirk. "Because when you stare at it... it feels like something's staring back."

Dusk instinctively took a step back but then leaned closer, eyes narrowed in focus. His expression changed. "You're right... I feel something is watching me."

"That's me... Now move," Adam said. He reached into his pouch and pulled out a small silver sphere etched with runes. "I'm going to throw this in and use my ability to swap places with it. That way, we can arrive at the destination."

Just as he was about to toss the sphere into the crack, Dusk grabbed his arm.

"Wait. That's dangerous."

Adam raised an eyebrow. "What isn't dangerous in any world, huh? I eat danger for breakfast, lunch, and dinner."

With a smirk, he casually tossed the object into the spatial crack.

But instead of passing through, something strange happened.

The moment the sphere touched the crack, the air rippled. A sound like shattering glass echoed around them. The small rift split open like a fractured mirror, jagged black lines spreading through the room and into the ceiling. Then the cracks extended—upward, outward—shattering the very fabric of space above them.

"Adam! What did you do?!" Dusk shouted as he dragged him backward.

The floor split apart, and beams of violet energy surged from the widening rift. In seconds, the entire building disintegrated in a silent explosion of spatial distortion.

And then, above the ruins of the building, an enormous Abyss Crack opened in the middle of Twilight Mire City.

Adam and Dusk exchanged glances.

"Uh-oh..." Adam muttered. "I think we did something wrong."

Before they could be caught in the chaos, Adam grabbed Dusk and leapt into the expanding rift.

Moments later, cultivators from all over the city began arriving at the scene, drawn by the eerie energy.

"What is that?"

"It's not just a crack... that's a rift to another realm!"

"Don't go near it! Something's—!"

Before the cultivators could make sense of the phenomenon, thick black mist began to pour out of the rift. The air grew heavy, almost tangible. The mist swirled unnaturally, hiding countless writhing shapes within.

Then the plants nearby started to move. Vines slithered like serpents. Trees twisted and groaned, roots tearing through the earth as if trying to escape. Beasts emerged—mutated, feral, monstrous. Some looked like grotesque versions of familiar animals, others were beings no one had ever seen before.

Screams echoed throughout the city.

The first line of cultivators engaged the invaders. Bright swords clashed with dark claws, talismans lit up the air with protective barriers, but it was clear—this was no ordinary incursion.

This was the beginning of something far greater.

The beginning of an Abyss Apocalypse.

All across the Ixalaria Continent, alarms were raised. Communication talismans flared to life. Powerful sects, kingdoms, Academies and empires scrambled to respond. Students rushed to decipher the nature of the growing rift. War councils were summoned overnight.

None of them knew that the cause of it all—two wandering people—had already disappeared into the Abyss.

Part : 2 (Sneak Peek)

Dusk and Dawn (Prologue)

"Let's start then," Dusk muttered as he opened his eyes. His red pupils stared at the shabby ceiling. Slowly, he got up from the wooden bed. Beside him, a small girl slept peacefully, her rabbit ears twitching occasionally.

Dusk, a 12-year-old boy, yawned. He had fair skin and a thin body. Running a hand through his messy black hair, he quickly brushed it into place.

The shack was tiny and sparse. Apart from the wooden bed, the room contained a rickety wooden table that looked like it could collapse at any moment, two relatively intact stools, and a crate with a hole in it. Across the deteriorating wooden door, there was a rusty crock hanging above an old, worn-out stove. The fire had long been extinguished, leaving only cold ashes beneath.

Dusk walked over to the lone crate in the corner. Inside, apart from some old clothes, were three loaves of bread and forty-seven copper coins. Only one loaf looked edible; the other two were overbaked, blackened lumps barely recognizable as bread.

Ignoring the normal bread, Dusk grabbed one of the burnt loaves and took a hurried bite.

Crack!

The hard crust nearly broke his front teeth, but he kept eating, driven by his growling stomach. He left the normal bread untouched for his sister.

"Dawn, wake up," he called softly.

"Brother? Good morning."

The little girl, about nine years old, slowly sat up, rubbing her eyes. Her rabbit ears perked up as she looked at him. Like her brother, she had red eyes and black hair, but her rabbit ears replaced normal human ones.

After waking his sister and giving her the better bread, Dusk quickly left the house. Before stepping out, he warned her not to open the door for anyone until he returned and only to play outside when there were lots of people around.

The streets buzzed with activity. Children played games, their laughter filling the air. A girl, two years older than Dusk, noticed him and ran over with a mischievous grin.

"Dusk, you can't escape me this time!" she teased, blocking his path.

Unlike Dusk, she lived comfortably and spent her days playing with friends. She admired how hardworking Dusk was and couldn't resist teasing him whenever she saw him.

"Stop it, Big Sister Ash! I have work to do," Dusk protested, pouting as she pinched his cheeks.

"Aww, look at you rebelling," Ash laughed.

"Why do you always run away when you see me? Am I not pretty?" she asked, twirling around. Her tanned skin, black hair, and confident demeanor gave her an aura of youthful charm.

"You are pretty," Dusk replied seriously, making her smile. Then he added, "But I heard that pretty girls make men dumb. The prettier the girl, the dumber the man!"

Ash's smile froze, her lips twitching.

"Exactly!" a boy playing nearby chimed in. "My dad ran off with a pretty woman, got swindled, and lost everything!"

Ash shot him a glare.

"Tsk... Why are you even talking to slum boys?"

A hand suddenly shoved Dusk to the ground. It was Ash's brother, Gary, who didn't even spare Dusk a glance.

The bread he bought fell to the ground, landing in a puddle of muddy water. Dusk froze, staring at the soggy, ruined bread with a sad expression. His stomach growled softly, a cruel reminder of how precious each loaf was to him and his sister.

He reached out hesitantly, his fingers trembling as he picked up the bread, now streaked with dirt. A lump formed in his throat as he wiped it against his worn shirt, trying to salvage what he could.

Ashes, seeing the scene, frowned. "Gary! You idiot! Look at what you've done!" she snapped, glaring at her brother.

Gary scoffed, brushing off her scolding with a wave of his hand. "It's just trash food anyway."

Dusk said nothing. He held the bread close to his chest, shielding it from further harm. His red eyes glimmered with quiet determination as he stood up, brushing the dirt off his knees.