

R Cultivator 361

Chapter 361: Nightmare

Sometimes, people realize they're dreaming.

For Astrid Rosefall, it always happened at the same moment—right before the worst part.

She was standing in the Bottom of the Labyrinth, an ancient ruin lost to time, where the walls wept shadows and the air trembled with sorrow. The silence was thick, pressing on her ears like cotton soaked in regret.

Her father lay before her.

The light dimmed, as if the world itself refused to witness what was about to unfold. Her hands trembled, yet they moved as if controlled by something beyond her—a force both foreign and familiar. A silver blade gleamed in her grip, trembling slightly, reflecting a distorted image of her tearless eyes.

She tried to speak, to cry out, but no sound escaped her lips.

Slowly but surely.

She plunged the blade forward, her body shaking with each heartbeat. It pierced flesh.

Slowly but surely.

Her father's eyes widened—not in pain, but in sorrow. He didn't fight back. He simply looked at her, the corners of his lips twitching in a soft, heartbreaking smile. The blade buried itself deeper, parting muscle, bone, and the last remnants of her sanity.

Time crawled.

She wanted to stop. Gods, she wanted to stop. But her arms didn't listen. Her hands were frozen in that cruel, merciless motion. The warmth of his blood soaked her fingers, thick and metallic, painting her white sleeves crimson. It ran down the hilt of the sword, dripping onto the ancient stones beneath them.

She would never forget the sensation—the horrible resistance as the blade pushed through his ribs, or the way his blood pulsed against her knuckles.

"I didn't mean to," she whispered. But no words formed. The dream didn't allow mercy.

She couldn't cry. She couldn't scream. She certainly couldn't run.

He looked up at her, those once-kind eyes now dimming like fading stars. His lips moved, as if trying to say something she couldn't hear.

Then, his hands rose—those strong, calloused hands that once lifted her high into the air when she was little—and reached for her.

They wrapped around her throat.

"I will never forgive you," he said.

His voice wasn't angry. It was cold. Final.

Her knees buckled, and she clawed at his hands, gasping, choking, but he held tight. The dream wouldn't let go. She was trapped, drowning in her own guilt, caught in a loop where forgiveness was a blade she could never wield.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry..." she sobbed, her voice finally breaking free, cracking with despair.

But no matter how much she begged or struggled, she couldn't escape. The dream held her tighter than his grip. Darkness crept in. Her vision blurred. Her strength faded.

Then—

A melody.

It was gentle, ethereal, like wind chimes in a forgotten garden. It wrapped around her soul like a warm blanket, humming through the abyss, dispelling the suffocating dark.

The nightmare dissolved like morning fog. Her father vanished. The blade slipped away. And her soul... finally, mercifully... rested.

Astrid stirred slightly, her face softening, no longer twisted in torment.

"I made sure she won't have any more nightmares," Mana said softly, standing beside the bed. Her adult form was serene, her voice like a lullaby. She stroked Astrid's hair with a motherly tenderness, her fingertips glowing faintly with residual magic.

Astrid lay there like a sleeping princess, her golden hair fanned across silk pillows, her breathing slow and even. The tension that once gripped her body had melted away, her face now peaceful in repose.

Behind Mana, the room was anything but quiet.

Darla had her arms locked tightly around Mathilda, who was kicking and squirming with exaggerated determination.

"Let me go, you tyrant! Only a true love's kiss can awaken the sleeping beauty!" Mathilda cried dramatically, her eyes sparkling with mischief—and something less innocent.

"Like hell I'm letting you put your perverted lips on her!" Darla hissed, dragging her back like a lioness pulling a cub from danger.

Mathilda reached out, fingers clawing the air in Astrid's direction. "But she's so beautiful like this! Like a glass sculpture come to life! Like a cherry blossom in winter! Like a snack waiting to be devoured—"

"You're making it worse," Darla grunted, tightening her grip. "Do you even hear yourself?"

"But look at her!" Mathilda protested, cheeks flushed. "She's glowing like an angel fallen asleep after defeating all the demons of her past. I mean... isn't that romantic?"

"It's creepy."

"It's poetic!"

Mana rolled her eyes, though a faint smile tugged at her lips.

"Let her sleep," she said, brushing a few strands of hair from Astrid's face. "She deserves peace."

"She does..." Darla murmured, finally releasing a whining Mathilda.

The room fell quiet again, except for the faint hum of Mana's magic still lingering in the air.

Mathilda folded her arms, pouting. "Fine. No kisses. But when she wakes up, I'm telling her how gallantly I tried."

"No, you're not," Darla and Mana said in unison.

A minute passed.

Then, Mathilda turned towards Darla.

Darla took a step back in fear.

Mathilda suddenly pounced on her , her lips grabbed Darla's lips who was in maid uniform.

Her tongue played inside Darla's mouth as her hand groped her breast.

This sudden attack made Darla lost her strength.

"Yewww... So indecent." Mana who turned back into her usual form said.

"Stop... Haaa haaa..." Darla took a deep breath, there is a bridge made of saliva between her lips and Mathilda's Lips.

Mathilda also took a deep breath and kissed her again.

Astrid's fingers twitched ever so slightly, a tiny smile forming at the edge of her lips—as if she could somehow hear them even in her sleep.

Maybe dreams weren't always nightmares.

Maybe, just maybe... some dreams were filled with the voices of friends who'd never let her fall too deep.

"What's happening here?" a voice called out as a girl popped her head in, wearing nothing but a fluffy bathrobe.

Lily Gomes.

Sniff sniff "You smell like Tyler," Mana said, narrowing her eyes.

"Like hell I do," Lily snapped. "It's been two months since we left the Abyss. That guy still hasn't kept his promise." She chewed on her nails, clearly irritated.

"Maybe I should just push him down—like this pervert on the floor," Lily muttered and, without hesitation, kicked Mathilda away. Mathilda had been pinning Darla down in a rather compromising position.

With a yelp, Mathilda was launched out the window. A girl on a hoverboard zipped by and caught her effortlessly, then flew straight into the room through the same open window.

Mathilda fell on Darla again.

"Not Again..." Darla cried, though she didn't resist that much.

"Hawk. Back from Tyler's place?" Lily asked with a knowing smirk. Her eyes slid to Hawk's neck, where a faint set of teeth marks peeked out. "That's a pretty suspicious love bite."

Hawk's face flushed crimson as smoke practically puffed out of her ears. "I-I was helping Boss Tyler move Sister Serena into his Pocket World! At that time, we just... well... things happened."

"Tsk. Never mind," Lily said, brushing it off. "What's happening in the North? Did you gather all the intel?"

Hawk gave a firm nod and handed over a glass screen.

Lily tapped it, and a projection lit up in the air—a wanted poster.

It showed a beautiful, tanned-skinned woman with a cowboy hat and a smirk that could kill. Her bounty: 80 million Lydia.

"Oh, your girlfriend," Mana chimed in with a teasing grin.

"She's not my girlfriend," Lily groaned, rolling her eyes and zooming in on the image.

Isadora Nightkiss.

She was the one who had stolen the Orion Cube from Lily deep within the Rosefall Kingdom's Labyrinth.

"It seems this Isadora Nightkiss, along with several other Orion Cube fragment holders, is about to open something," Hawk explained. "Rumors are spreading across the Northern Seas. Even the Overlords are paying attention."

Lily swiped the image aside—only to be greeted by a short video clip of Tyler kissing Hawk.

"Awww—wrong video!" Hawk yelped and quickly swiped it away, her face now beet red.

The rest of the girls gave her a synchronized side-eye.

The projection changed again, this time showing a man sitting cross-legged on the back of a massive Titan Sea Beast. The waves around him stilled as if even the sea dared not disturb him.

"This guy's been sitting here for Months. Just... watching the Ixalaria Continent," Hawk said casually. "Looks like he's waiting for someone. Not our business though."

Mana leaned forward, her voice calm and cold. "That's Immortal Feng Feiyan. He's probably waiting to kill Tyler."

"W-What? An Immortal has a grudge against our boss?" Hawk nearly tripped over her own feet in panic.

"Don't worry," Lily said with a shrug, still scrolling through the northern updates. "Tyler already knows. He said he'll handle it."

She flicked through a few more reports, her expression sharpening as she gathered information.

Their journey to the Edge of the World was about to resume—and the North held more secrets than any of them expected.

Chapter 362: Don't unlock this Chapter...

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Chapter 363: Pleasure and Report

Humans can reach for Infinity.

But those who touch Infinity... become Nil.

It was a paradox that had confounded sages, scholars, and seers for centuries—a cosmic truth whispered only in the most ancient sects and forbidden libraries.

And at the center of it all was the Orion Project.

The so-called Orion Cubes were not mere artifacts, nor relics of a bygone era. They were fragments of reality—tangible expressions of impossible mathematics. Created from incomprehensible, extreme mathematical models, each cube was said to contain formulae that corresponded to the fourth-dimensional structure of existence.

The theory was mind-bending.

Just as a being of three dimensions could interact freely with the world of two dimensions—creating, manipulating, and even destroying it—a fourth-dimensional being could, in turn, dominate the third.

A three-dimensional creature could slice through a two-dimensional world without warning. It could lift a two-dimensional square off its plane and rotate it, revealing angles the square never even knew existed. From the 2D creature's perspective, it would be magic.

Or worse, divinity.

Now imagine a fourth-dimensional mortal.

Could such a being create or annihilate immortals?

Could it tear through the fabric of our known universe like a hand through paper?

Was that godhood... or just another level of existence?

No one had the answer. But one myth persisted—Project Orion.

According to ancient records, Project Orion was a theoretical experiment conducted by a long-lost civilization rumored to have glimpsed the fourth dimension. The fragments of that experiment—the Orion Cubes—were scattered across the world.

Each cube was a piece of an incomprehensible puzzle.

And when combined, they formed a singular structure:

The Tesseract.

A perfect fourth-dimensional cube.

A key to the Fourth Realm.

Some even claimed that the Tesseract functioned like the legendary twin Suns and phantom Moons seen in the far North—a phenomenon no one could explain, but which many believed to be a breach point between the third and fourth dimensions.

Because of this, Immortal Practitioners, Cultivation Lords, and even Celestial Beings had begun scouring the world for fragments of the Orion Cubes.

And now, those very documents sat in front of Tyler White.

Holographic documents hovered in the air, runes glowing faintly around their borders. Lines of code, ancient scripts, and shifting diagrams flickered, representing partial translations of what had been decoded from an Orion Cube fragment.

Tyler leaned back, sipping the last of his Bitter Star tea. His sharp eyes scanned the scrolling text, absorbing line after line.

Hawk knelt before him, with Tyler's meat in her mouth. Her disheveled hair and her nearly naked dress suggested that she already finished two battle with Tyler already.

"Seems like everyone's getting ready to join the madness," Tyler muttered, flipping a holographic page with a flick of his fingers.."

He sighed. "I don't have time to play treasure hunter."

Hawk swallowed and replied between licking "Hmm.. then mm... Don't Participate."

"Just focus on one thing." Tyler's hand pushed her head forward making something hit Hawk's throat , "I need intel of High Elves. They dare to take someone from me."

Tyler is talking about Silvia.

"Mmm..." Hawk gave a half-shrug, then tapped the surface of her watch. It beeped softly, connecting with Tyler's. Instantly, a new data file appeared on his display—tagged Confidential: High Elves.

" *cough* The High Elves are moving through the Silverleaf Dominion. Last known coordinates place their lead scout force somewhere near the Dreamwood Spires," Hawk reported as she held the meat in her hand.

"Dreamwood..." Tyler murmured, frowning. "That's a little far."

"Exactly. And rumors say they've found something... odd. They're calling it a 'singing cube.' Emits frequencies that mess with Divine Sense."

Tyler's eyes narrowed. "Another fragment, then."

"Most likely," Hawk confirmed. "But they've locked down the area."

"Who's the one that gave us such detailed information about the Orion Cube fragments?" Tyler asked, eyes narrowed as he read the encrypted report projected in front of him.

Hawk removed the meat from her mouth, licking a bit of sauce of meat from the side. "It came from someone tied to ManHunter. They didn't leave a real name—just a codename."

Tyler arched an eyebrow. "Manhunter Isadora Nightkiss?"

"She is famous?" Hawk asked curiously.

"Yeah... She is a solo pirate. But many Pirate Groups were annihilated by her. She is famous in the seas." Tyler chuckled, though his expression remained unreadable. "Isadora Nightkiss... Could be an apology. Or maybe she's just trying to drag us into the chaos."

He tapped the desk rhythmically, lost in thought. "Either way, She did 'betray' my beautiful Vice Captain. She had to pay..."

"Speaking of chaos," Tyler continued, "what happened with that runaway dragon? Zuzia?"

"She disappeared not long after your Abyss Jump. She said that she wanted to find something to eat and disappeared." Hawk said while looking at the meat in her hand which is covered by her saliva, "I think... she didn't like the Abyss Aura much. So she left the continent. But we don't know if she left South or North."

Tyler patted her head and pulled her head a little . "This idiot... Always acting on her own. She probably thinks there will be no punishment if she Runs away without informing."

"She's a free spirit," Hawk offered, though her tone lacked conviction.

"She's reckless," Tyler corrected. "And reckless people, nope reckless dragons get hurt. Or worse, get others hurt."

"I'll need to tie up loose ends here first before I chase after the lost girls," he said finally.

He turned back to Hawk. "Tell Mana to start arrangements for buying up lands affected by the Abyss Breakout."

Hawk blinked. "You serious?"

"I heard they're practically selling entire nations for pocket change," Tyler said. "Ruined landscapes, evacuated cities... their economies have collapsed. If we buy up those territories now, we'll have like conquered the Ixalaria Continent. Since I have money I will just buy."

Tyler closed the file and leaned forward and picked up Hawk. He then placed her above his crotch.

They both become one and Tyler whispered, "Seems like Elves also going to join on Orion Hunt. Then there is ManHunter... Its looks like I can't avoid it.. haaa..."

"Yeshhh...."

"Aaaann boss the Academy sent the degree and the course completion certificateeeee."

"Yeahhhhh... We don't really need it. It's not like we are goooing to look for a jobbb. Also does Darla already out of Simulation Classsss?"

"Darla is already ouch... I mean Out. She is with Lily and otherssss."

"Alright... Letssss talk about these later... Chess Domain."

"Ahhhh... Haaaan .. what is this? Why is my physical sensitivity has become so highhhhh..."

One of Tyler's Chess Domain's Feature.

After that only pleasure moans echoed in the chamber.

Chapter 364: Hunting ManHunter, The Fox Woke Up

Inside a dense and misty forest, a woman in a deep purple dress and a wide-brimmed cowboy hat soared silently through the air. Her tanned skin gleamed under the filtered light, though several claw marks ran across her shoulder and arm. The wounds looked nasty, but her shimmering Aura kept the blood from spilling, sealing the gashes with energy.

She didn't fly fast—she didn't need to. No one seemed to be chasing her. But her movements were cautious, deliberate, as if the forest itself was watching. She floated a little closer to the heart of the forest, slowly but cautiously.

Her name was Isadora Nightkiss—the infamous "Manhunter." And in her possession was one of the Orion Cube Fragments.

Meanwhile, just outside the forest's edge...

"You sure the Manhunter came through here?" a sharp voice echoed as two figures stepped out from a swirling shadow portal.

One of them was a tall man with piercing silver eyes, his silver pupils shining like twin moons. His long coat fluttered even though the air was still. This was Captain Silver Eye, a name whispered across seas with fear and awe.

Beside him stood a towering, muscular giant—nearly three times the height of an ordinary man, with bulging muscles like carved stone. But in a blink, his figure shimmered and shrank down to the size of a dwarf, revealing a much leaner, nimbler version of himself. This was Captain Burgess, Silver Eye's trusted vice-captain.

"She's in there," another voice said.

A man with a rusty hook in place of his left hand stepped forward. His messy black beard and torn coat gave him a classic pirate look. A sly grin twisted his lips.

"I may not have a high bounty, but I'm a Captain too. My word is gold," he said. This was Captain Hooker Hogan, also known as Captain Hook, once a mid-tier pirate in the south. He'd encountered Isadora before—and barely lived to tell the tale.

Silver Eye didn't even blink. "Good. Let's move. I've heard stories about this forest."

"Yeah," Burgess muttered with a rare frown. "No matter what happens inside... don't touch the trees, the land, even the insects or leaves."

Without further discussion, the three took to the air and entered the forest, vanishing into the fog.

(Captain Silver Eye and Captian Burgess appeared in Volume 3 and Hooker Hogan also known as Captain Hook appeared in Volume 2)

Moments later, a different group arrived at the same location. Silently, without a sound, a dozen figures cloaked in black emerged from the shadows like ghosts. Each of them wore a symbol of justice stitched into their cloaks—though their definition of "justice" was... flexible.

"Boss," one of them whispered, "the intel was right. The woman with the Orion Cube fragment is inside."

A muscular woman stepped forward from the center of the group, arms crossed and jaw set. Her appearance was striking—short, spiky blonde hair, eyes like steel, and a body that looked like it had been sculpted from marble. Her ripped arms, visible even through the slits in her coat, spoke of years of training and battle. Her abs could probably cut steel, and her thighs made grown men cry. There was a beauty to her—but one that came with a danger label. An aura of dominance followed her wherever she walked.

Boys wanted her. Girls wanted her. But above all, they wanted to call her Mommy.

"She's carrying a treasure," the woman muttered, "and because of that, even if she's weak, she's become everyone's target."

"Huh?" one of her subordinates blinked in confusion.

The boss woman sighed in exasperation. "It means that she's innocent—but the treasure she carries makes her guilty in this world. So, before someone else reaches her, we'll take her down."

"Yes, Boss! Justice prevails!" the group shouted in unison, raising their fists.

"Don't shout, you morons," she snapped, smacking her forehead. "Stupid Justice Bandits."

Despite their name, the Justice Bandits were a chaotic group of vigilantes who believed they stood for justice—but usually acted in their own interests. This group is just a small gang from the group and their Boss, the muscular woman, is just the temporary boss of this gang.

They were sent to retrieve the Orion Cube by the higher ups from the Justice Bandits.

"What's the update on the Phantom Pirates—or whatever they call themselves now? The Blackwood Pirates?" she asked.

"They disappeared after the New Rose Kingdom's Labyrinth incident," one of her men replied. "Rumors say they died inside. But there's also unconfirmed reports that they were spotted near the northern sea routes. No solid intel yet."

The boss woman narrowed her eyes.

"Hmph... Phantom Blackwood is the one who killed my useless brother, Mash. I haven't forgotten. I'll avenge him, no matter how long it takes." Even though she said that there is no hatred or resolve in her tone.

(Mash was the unlucky member of Justice Bandits who was accidentally killed by Tyler White in Volume 2.)

"Understood, Boss. If we hear anything about those pirates, you'll be the first to know."

"Good." She turned to the group. "We're going in. But listen well—don't touch a single thing inside this forest. Not the trees, not the animals, not even a floating leaf."

The Justice Bandits nodded, then silently soared into the sky and slipped into the cursed forest, disappearing like shadows.

Three groups.

One forest.

"Haaa...."

A soft, elegant yawn escaped Su Fei's lips as her long lashes fluttered open. The dim lighting above her was warm and golden, casting a soothing glow over a chamber filled with floating lotus petals and gentle, swirling mist.

Before she could fully register her surroundings, a hand appeared in front of her holding a porcelain cup of tea. The aroma of jasmine and spirit herbs wafted into her nose.

Without thinking, she took it and sipped.

"Thanks," she murmured lazily, her voice still heavy with sleep.

"Oh, you're polite. You're welcome," a familiar voice replied, cheerful and amused.

Her ears twitched.

In the next moment, her three fluffy tails stiffened, turning into needle-like spears that shot toward the man in front of her.

But he was faster.

With a grin on his face, Tyler White caught all three tails mid-air as if swatting away feathers. Instead of retaliating, he brought the soft fur close to his cheek, rubbing them against his skin.

"Mmm... soft, fluffy, and smells really nice," he said with a delighted sniff.

Su Fei clicked her tongue, unfazed by her failed attack. "Tsk... Where am I?"

The attempt to skewer him was already forgotten, as if it were just a reflexive twitch rather than an assassination attempt.

"You're in my Pocket World," Tyler answered casually, still playing with her tails. "We've already left the Abyss. And I'm sorry to say this, but... this fox now belongs to me."

His hand reached up to gently caress her cheek, brushing over the silver collar around her slender neck. It shimmered faintly with sealing runes.

Su Fei glanced down at the collar with an annoyed sigh. "Tsk... Alright, fine. I give up. But at least remove the full seal on my cultivation. Give me some freedom before we have any... discussions in bed."

Her lips curled into a smile both seductive and dangerous.

Tyler blinked, momentarily stunned. "Whoa. If I became your male pet, would you be this generous?"

"Of course," she said with a smug grin. "You're weak. I can push you down easily and ride till you collapse."

Tyler's eyebrow twitched. "Heh... Am I?" He stepped closer and ran his finger gently over her lips. "Be careful how you speak to your master, little fox."

"Hmm... Weak master," Su Fei teased, narrowing her eyes. "What do you want from me?"

"Oh, I'll tame you later," Tyler said, handing her a glowing scroll. "For now, take this—Energy Conversion Art. It'll allow you to transform your Spiritual Qi into Aura or Prana. Experiment. Who knows You might be able to cultivate both like me. In this world there is no Spiritual Qi it's just Aura and Prana."

Su Fei took the scroll.

"I'm lifting the seal slightly," Tyler continued. "You'll now be at the Foundation Building Stage—Elite Level here. That should be enough to move freely... but not enough to bite the hand that feeds you."

Before she could reply, Tyler vanished in a swirl of mist, leaving her standing alone amidst floating petals.

Su Fei sighed and looked up at the ethereal sky, streaked with ribbons of soft blue and purple.

"A self-disciplined pervert, huh..." she muttered under her breath.

She crossed her arms and sniffed the air. Her nose twitched.

"I can smell... two girls on him. Heh. He just finished a session with two girls huh."

She walked slowly toward a nearby pond, the water perfectly still, reflecting her beautiful figure—silver hair cascading down her back, fox ears perked and alert, and three elegant tails swaying behind her.

Her fingers lightly touched the collar.

"This thing again... Who would've thought the hunter would become the prey," she muttered.

As for Tyler, he went back to continue his session with Hawk and GG.

Chapter 365: Prosperous Dusk City

Elite Academy of Magic and Technology

The transformation of the Elite Academy of Magic and Technology was nothing short of extraordinary.

Once a silent, almost forgotten institution tucked away on the outskirts of Dusk City, the academy had now become lively. The lonely corridors that once echoed with the wind were now alive with chatter, footsteps, and the occasional explosion from magical experiments gone wrong. Students of all backgrounds, from nobles of high-standing clans to wandering geniuses with no family name, filled the classrooms, lecture halls, and training grounds, eager to pursue knowledge in both Prana Arts and modern technology.

This massive resurgence wasn't a miracle—it was the result of Tyler White's vision and investment.

The academy now employed some of the most skilled and respected teachers in the Boundless World. Many of them had left prestigious positions at other sects and institutions, lured by one irresistible fact: the pay was absolutely insane. The salaries offered were far above the standard, and the resources provided for research and experimentation were practically limitless. Most of these teachers were now fiercely loyal to the academy, treating it as their home and vowing to help it rise to the top.

One of the key figures in this new era was Hawk, who had been appointed as the Vice Principal of the academy. Hawk really took care of almost everything when Tyler was not around.

As for the Principal, her presence was far more enigmatic. The elusive Serena, known in hushed whispers as the "Holographic Witch," never appeared in person. Instead, she taught her classes through advanced holographic projections, projecting a near-lifelike image of herself into lecture halls. Her magic-infused AI lectures were so seamless that many first-year students didn't even realize she wasn't physically present. Some speculated that she wasn't even in the Boundless World at all, but operating from a floating island or a secret base hidden somewhere in another dimension. Whatever the case, her knowledge was undeniable, and her lessons left even the brightest students humbled.

Beyond the walls of the academy, Dusk City had undergone a complete metamorphosis.

Once a city plagued by failing infrastructure, and declining population, it had risen like a phoenix from its ashes. The old abandoned amusement park on the east end of the city was Bought by Tyler White for a suspiciously low price, it was quickly renovated and rebranded as Dreamscape Park. With enchanting rides powered by prana, light shows cast by illusionists, and floating snack stalls run by golems , the park became a favorite destination for tourists from across the continent. Children rode sky-drakes through illusion tunnels, while couples took romantic starlit boat rides through artificial lakes under aurora spells.

Alongside the park, the city's tram system—once creaky, slow, and constantly breaking down—was completely replaced. Using advanced magi-tech arrays and hover-rail tracks, the new trams glided silently across the city, connecting every district with unmatched speed. Funded entirely by Tyler's White Merchant Group, the public transportation project earned the gratitude of the masses and the quiet admiration of infrastructure specialists from every major city.

Even the City Lord had become lap dog for Tyler.

Though still officially in power, it was no secret that he answered to the academy now—or more precisely, to Tyler. Policies were aligned to suit the academy's needs, city guards patrolled its borders with extra vigilance, and permissions for expansions and magical constructions were signed within hours.

In public, the City Lord smiled and proclaimed strong collaboration between government and education. In private, he acted more like a personal assistant to Elite Academy of Magic and Technology.

The Elite Academy of Magic and Technology is under the White Merchant Group, a business empire that had, in recent years, become the dominant force in multiple industries throughout the Boundless World.

A recent report from the news channel Boundless Today had this to say:

"Wherever the White Merchant Group sets foot, success follows. They have never suffered a single public loss. Whether it's cedar trading, academy administration, floating boat transportation, or even the export of enchanted Alchemy products, they remain untouchable."

But insiders knew the truth was far more ruthless.

Not all of Tyler's ventures were profitable. In fact, many of them initially suffered steep losses, and some even verged on collapse. However, Tyler didn't care.

With unlimited resources, obviously the copper pot, he poured money into the ventures without hesitation, propping them up, buying out competitors, and undercutting market prices until rivals were forced to close shop or sell to him.

He simply crushed the competition until they bled dry and positioned himself at the top. It wasn't kindness or cruelty—it was cold, strategic brilliance. And it worked.

The world famous — atleast the continent and the southern famous — White Merchant Group's CEO and Founder is now sitting in the principal office, a beautiful teacher and a beautiful student are blushing alot as they were under the desk getting some guidance from Tyler White.

"Ahhh... Sure ... Your promotion and your Job, don't worry about it. I will take care of it." Tyler said as he moaned.

After their steamy session , the three of them—Tyler and the two girls—took their time lounging around the spacious, high-tech office. There were flirtatious exchanges, light teasing, and playful banter, but eventually, the girls dressed and left, looking completely satisfied... and visibly weak in the knees.

The silence in the room didn't last long.

"Tyler, your blood circulation is highly stimulated," came a calm, familiar voice from the far corner of the room.

Tyler turned toward the unexpected voice. Serena's holographic figure stood just beside his bookshelf, arms crossed, her expression unreadable as always.

She continued in her matter-of-fact tone, "It's flowing at an accelerated rate through every part of your body. Muscle groups have relaxed, your vessels have expanded, and there's a particular intensity in your... reproductive system. Fascinating."

Tyler narrowed his eyes. "I thought you couldn't project your hologram outside the research chamber after I moved you into the pocket dimension."

"I couldn't," she said with a small shrug. "But then you went ahead and installed a server, full data access, and internet into the pocket space. Not to mention, you gave me elevated system permissions. So technically, I can project myself now—as long as I remain within the connection range. Think of it like tethering to a router. I can't stray too far from the pocket dimension, but I'm still here."

Tyler sighed. He had, in fact, forgotten he'd granted her admin-level access in a moment of generosity. Now he was starting to regret it. "Fine," he muttered. "But seriously, can't you announce yourself like a normal person?"

"I'm not a person," Serena replied plainly. "I'm an AI now, atleast until I get my Body back."

Tyler rolled his eyes. "You are not an AI, You are A Fake AI."

Serena tilted her head slightly, then got back to the topic at hand, her tone sharper. "That aside, I have a professional inquiry. As the Head of the Academy, how do you justify... sleeping with both teachers and students under your administration?"

Tyler coughed awkwardly. "I mean, technically, they're not under me anymore. I rarely show my face here. Besides, everything was consensual. i didn't use my authority to force them."

Serena didn't blink. "That's not the point."

"I know," Tyler said, scratching the back of his neck. "Honestly, ever since my last cultivation breakthrough, I feel like my self-control has taken a nosedive. My instincts are more... primal now. Emotions are stronger. Impulses harder to resist. And let's be honest, I've never been the kind of guy to say no when the cake is already placed in front of me."

"So basically," Serena summarized with the expressionless tone of a therapist writing in a notebook, "you're blaming your libido on a power-up and your lack of willpower on a metaphorical pastry."

Tyler smirked. "Exactly."

"You really are a playboy," Serena said, nodding. "A well-dressed, rich, morally gray playboy."

"That's the nicest thing anyone's said to me all week."

She ignored the sarcasm. "Back to the mission. When are we leaving?"

Tyler's playful smile faded slightly as his expression turned more serious. "We'll depart as soon as the vessel is completed. The construction arrays are working overtime. I estimate three more days."

Serena nodded. "And the girls? Are you bringing your two little lovers along?"

Tyler leaned back in his chair. "Hawk already informed me she wants to stay here and oversee the academy. With her as Vice Principal, I'm not too worried. I will just make her the Principal. As for GG... she's still taking care of your main body. She volunteered to stay in the pocket dimension, maintain the healing arrays, and monitor your vitals."

Serena's gaze lingered on him, her eyes softening just a touch—a rare sight for someone whose expression rarely shifted beyond analytical calm. She fell silent for a moment.

Tyler blinked. "What?"

"...It's true GG betrayed me once," Serena finally said. "But she's still a pity child. Try not to bully her too much."

Before he could respond, her projection flickered and disappeared into thin air, leaving the faint smell of ozone in the air—a side effect of prana-based projection.

Tyler sat there for a moment, fingers drumming lightly on the desk.

"Bully her?" he muttered to himself. "It was GG who took the initiative..."

He shook his head, lips curling into an amused, slightly helpless smile.