

R Cultivator 366

Chapter 366: White Pearl

At the edge of the Ixalaria Continent lay an island known as Iter Island, a lone survivor in the aftermath of the Abyss Breakout.

While half of the mighty Ixalaria Continent behind it had succumbed to the corrupting tides of Abyss Energy, Iter Island remained strangely untouched, as if shielded by fate itself. On the other side of the island stretched the endless, uncharted sea, a vast and mysterious expanse known to devour even the bravest sailors.

The name "Iter" meant "Journey" in the ancient tongue, and it was fitting. This island served as the starting point for countless dreamers, adventurers, and madmen who dared to sail toward the Farthest North — a place whispered about in legend, beyond the known world. Because of this, the island had earned a second name, spoken with both reverence and dread: 'The Island of Journeys.'

On this day, at the Waypoint Terminal — a teleportation hub at the heart of Iter Island — the portal shimmered and rippled like a silver pond before exploding outward with light.

Out of the portal stepped Lily Gomes, her sharp eyes surveying the bustling island, followed by Mathilda, Mana, Darla, Isha, Hawk, and Taka. Each of them carried an air of excitement mixed with tension, fully aware that this might be their last time standing on safe, familiar land.

"Let's go... the ship is arriving," Lily said, her voice calm yet filled with anticipation.

"Aye aye, Vice Captain~" Mana said playfully, giving a mock salute that made Darla and Mathilda chuckle as they left the teleportation hub.

The group made their way through the sparsely populated streets toward the private port. It was unusually quiet — only a few workers moved about, tending to supplies and maintaining the docks. Tyler had already rented this port in advance, reserving it solely for their use.

"There! Look, it's our ship!" Mana said, her voice light and cheerful as she pointed toward the familiar figure anchored in the distance — the White Merchant Ship, their old vessel that had carried them through so many adventures.

"But we're not sailing it this time..." Mathilda murmured, her tone tinged with sadness.

The White Merchant Ship had served them well, but it wasn't built to survive the brutal trials of the Northern Seas. Tyler knew that better than anyone. What they needed now was something beyond ordinary — an indestructible ship, one worthy of a voyage to the end of the world.

"Tyler is coming here on the new ship," Lily confirmed, sensing the unspoken worries of the group. "He hired the best shipwrights and engineers to design and build it from scratch. It's not just a ship — it's a fortress made for the impossible."

As they approached the dock, a group disembarked from the White Merchant Ship. Leading them was Tuman, the temporary captain Tyler had appointed after he left for the Academy. Tuman had done well, managing the crew and keeping the ship in excellent condition while Tyler was away.

Tuman and the remaining crew members lined up and saluted, showing their respect.

Lily nodded approvingly, then addressed them with a serious tone, "Good. Even though most of you are only Master Level cultivators, it doesn't matter. The new ship won't need a large crew to operate. Our goal is no longer simple trading. This time, we're voyaging into the unknown. Into the far North."

The group stiffened, understanding the gravity of her words.

"There's a high chance we won't return," Lily continued bluntly. "Captain Tyler already made it clear — if any of you want to stay behind, you are free to do so. If you have families, if you fear the Northern Seas, then it's better you stay here and live."

Tuman stepped forward without hesitation. He placed his right hand over his chest and declared, "I will follow Captain White and Vice Captain Lily, no matter where the journey leads."

Several of the crew members moved to stand behind him, faces full of determination.

Yet, there were also some who quietly stepped back, unwilling to gamble their lives on a journey so dangerous that even the gods might weep for them.

Lily didn't blame them. She didn't even spare them a second glance. This voyage was not for the weak-hearted.

As they waited at the shore, a sudden gust of wind swept over the port, causing everyone's cloaks and hair to flutter.

From beyond the clouds — thick with the ominous Abyss mist hanging over the Ixalaria Continent — four colossal airships descended slowly, their great propellers humming a deep, rhythmic tune that vibrated through the very ground.

And suspended between them, tied by massive chains reinforced with shimmering runes, was a ship unlike any they had ever seen.

A true titan of the seas.

The airships carried it with the utmost care, lowering it through the dense mist until it began to gleam under the late afternoon sun, its polished hull flashing like a blade drawn against the heavens.

On the ship's expansive deck, standing tall and composed, was Tyler White himself, clad in a crisp white suit that fluttered slightly in the sea breeze. His black-gloved hand rested lightly on the ship's rail, his sharp eyes scanning the endless sea that lay before them.

A small, satisfied smirk tugged at the corner of his lips.

The ship was everything he had envisioned — and more.

Constructed from a blend of the rarest and most mystical materials imaginable: Mutated Aura Cedar, Platinum Buloke, Lightweight Quebracho, Phoenix Sandalwood, and the mythical Dragon Rosewood. Each timber pulsed faintly with dormant life, as if the woods themselves were eager to sail into legend. Rare ores, painstakingly acquired from the perilous Abyss through daring trades with Abyss Hunters, were woven into its very frame.

Every surface, every plank, and every mast had been meticulously engraved with the most advanced arrays known to man. Tyler had personally invited the greatest Array Masters of the Ixalaria Continent to inscribe the ship with defensive wards, propulsion spells, and secret mechanisms known only to him.

This was not just a ship — it was his home now.

It could withstand the bombardment of powerful spells, resist the corrosion of Abyss Energy, and even, if necessary, survive a direct clash with an Immortal. More importantly, it possessed means to escape should a confrontation with such beings prove unavoidable.

Down on the shore, Mana's mouth twitched cutely as she tilted her head.

"Hmm..."

Lily, standing beside her, caught the expression and raised an eyebrow. "You don't like the ship?" she asked, her gaze fixed on the gorgeous blue-hulled vessel descending through the mist.

"Mana likes it! But..." Mana puffed her cheeks, "...it's almost the same size as our old ship?"

Mathilda crossed her arms with a bored look. She was little down, because there are few females in the crew "Hmph. Maybe Tyler just wasted money on decorations."

Lily, however, only smiled knowingly.

"Hehehe... with Tyler's personality?" she said, her voice light. "You think he just built a normal ship?"

Mathilda blinked. "Wait... you mean —?"

Mathilda raised her brows. "Spatial Expansion Arrays?"

Lily nodded and shook her head, "Not that... Remember Tyler has something better than that."

Mana's eyes widened in realization. "Ahhh!"

A shiver of excitement ran through the group. If Tyler had gone beyond Spatial Expansion Array, then the ship's interior could be only that 'thing'.

They quickly understood how the ship interior looks like.

As the four airships aligned perfectly above the private dock, the chains slowly slackened, and the great ship was gently set down onto the water with a massive but controlled splash.

Waves rolled over the shore, soaking the dock workers' boots as they gawked at the ship in awe.

Tyler turned toward his gathered crew. His gaze, firm and burning with a quiet fire, swept over each of them. These were the ones who chose to stay, to face the unknown together.

He raised a hand casually.

"Let's begin," Tyler said simply.

The gangplank descended with a soft thud onto the dock, a bridge between the old world they knew and the new future they would carve.

As they moved closer to the towering ship, the details of its craftsmanship became even more breathtaking. The wood gleamed under the pale light, and the shimmering arrays pulsed faintly across the surface, as if the vessel itself was alive.

Then, an intricate crest carved into the hull caught their eyes — a masterfully detailed image of a White Kun Fish, its graceful form twisting through stylized waves. The Kun, a legendary creature said to traverse the endless skies and seas, seemed almost to move when viewed from different angles.

Beneath the crest, carved in bold, flowing letters that seemed to dance with subtle aura light, was the ship's name:

White Pearl.

The crew stood in silent awe, the name echoing in their hearts. It was a name that carried beauty, strength, and endless dreams — a promise of adventure across the uncharted waters ahead.

Lily smiled softly.

"It suits him," she murmured.

Tyler, standing proudly on the deck above, extended a hand toward them, his voice cutting through the salty breeze.

"Welcome aboard," he said. "This... is where our true journey begins."

The White Pearl, gleaming like a beacon, awaited its first voyage into the unknown.

Chapter 367: Maiden Voyage

Tyler's White Pearl was finally ready for its maiden journey.

His crew had already boarded the ship, excitement and awe lighting up their faces. The moment the gangplank was secured, Lily and the other girls couldn't wait any longer — they dashed inside to explore the new marvel that Tyler had prepared for them.

The interior was far beyond their expectations.

There were countless small cabins lining the corridors, each designed with efficiency and comfort in mind. Every cabin was enhanced with Spatial Expansion Arrays — a luxury rarely seen even on the grandest of noble vessels. Maintaining a single array normally demanded an absurd amount of Prana Stones, but with Copper Pot, Tyler had managed to embed hundreds throughout the ship.

The girls soon discovered that each of them had a private room. From the outside, the doors looked simple and ordinary, but stepping through them revealed something magical: each room expanded into a luxurious suite, complete with fine furniture, enchanting lighting, and even small gardens or reading nooks. It felt more like walking into a small villa than a ship's cabin.

However, one particular room caught their attention — a room Tyler had specifically mentioned.

According to him, this room was the reason he couldn't store the White Pearl in a traditional storage device. Curiosity burning, Lily, Mathilda, Mana, Darla, Hawk, and Isha gathered before the mysterious door. Darla reached out and twisted the knob.

At first glance, it was underwhelming — a plain, ordinary cabin, with no spatial fluctuation at all.

Confused but determined, the group stepped inside.

The moment they did, the door shut itself behind them. A dizzying sensation overtook them, and instead of finding themselves in a cramped cabin, they suddenly stood in a vast open world — a full pocket dimension hidden within the ship!

Above them stretched a wide sky with floating islands. Birds of countless colors soared through the clouds. Lush fields rolled into distant hills, and forests whispered with life. Beautiful animals, some even from extinct or rare species, wandered freely. Streams of crystal-clear water flowed through the land, and beyond, quaint buildings peeked out of the forests.

Lily's sharp mind immediately pieced it together — Tyler installed a copy of the pocket dimension in the ship. He also bought many wild animals, beasts and many things to make the environment lively.

"It's a ship..." Darla whispered in amazement, "...with a whole world inside."

They wandered further in awe, taking in the scene.

In the middle of this small world stood several buildings — houses, workshops, storage facilities — all seemingly transported here through miniature versions that expanded upon placement.

"Tyler probably used those miniaturized houses, facilities and transplanted them here," Mathilda muttered, her eyes gleaming as she surveyed the scenery.

However, Mathilda's attention quickly shifted elsewhere. Her gaze locked onto a group of workers tending the fields and buildings — and all of them were beautiful young women. She drooled slightly, her cheeks flushing.

"Control yourself," Darla said flatly, pulling Mathilda by the collar before she could rush over to introduce herself as their 'Big Sister.'

Meanwhile, Hawk quietly made her way toward one of the larger facilities. Inside, a highly guarded vault stood at the heart of the building. Hawk approached, her heart pounding with hope.

The vault doors slid open with a hiss of compressed mana, and from the misty interior, a familiar figure emerged.

"GG...!" Hawk cried out, rushing forward to embrace her.

GG smiled faintly. Though her cheerful demeanor remained, there was a subtle sadness about her. The guilt of her past betrayal weighed heavily on her, but Hawk didn't mind. If Serena, their leader, had forgiven her, Hawk saw no reason to hold grudges.

"I'm so glad you're okay, I mean Tyler didn't even show mercy on you in the bed." Hawk said, squeezing her tightly.

GG blushed in shame, it was her self request to Tyler to 'punish' her in the bed. But before she could respond, a soft shimmer appeared nearby. A projection materialized, revealing another familiar figure — Serena, the digitalized consciousness appeared.

"Huh? Sister Serena!, You can project yourself here too?" Hawk asked, eyes wide with surprise.

"Yes," Serena said with a nod. "I built a localized network within the pocket dimension, linked directly to the ship's systems. I can appear anywhere aboard the White Pearl now."

"That's great! You won't be stuck here like a lonely ghost!" Hawk cheered, visibly relieved.

Serena's smile softened, though a trace of melancholy remained.

"True. But..." she added, "it's sad you're not joining the journey."

"I want to stay behind and help manage the Elite Academy of Magic and Technology," Hawk said with a proud smile. "And Isha is helping oversee some of Tyler's business ventures. Someone has to hold the fort here, right?"

Serena nodded approvingly but quickly said mercilessly, "Still, don't slack off. Who knows? This voyage might take fifty years... maybe even a hundred. Immortals have been searching for Eternity for millennia. If you don't train hard, you'll greet us back with nothing but old bones."

Hawk's mouth twitched at the brutal honesty. Typical Serena — digitalized or not, her tongue hadn't dulled one bit.

Back in the central gardens, Mathilda was already causing trouble.

Having approached the blushing workers — all rescued slaves Tyler had purchased from the devastated zones of the Abyss Breakout — Mathilda wasted no time declaring herself their 'Big Sister.' Some of the girls, still shy and recovering from trauma, blushed even harder under her playful flirting.

"These poor souls..." Darla sighed, pinching the bridge of her nose. "And here I thought Mathilda might behave."

Mathilda, completely unbothered, continued counting heads.

"Dyamn Tyler, He didn't even tell me about buying Girls. There are girls from different races. There must be... what? At least 2,500 girls here!" she said, her eyes gleaming like a child at a candy store.

Then, a sudden thought struck her.

"Wait... are they breeding stock?" she muttered under her breath, scandalized.

Darla smacked the back of her head lightly.

"This is exactly why Captain Tyler didn't tell you," she said sternly.

Suddenly a Screens appeared on the on every building.

"Crew Girls , Come to the deck. We are about to set off." Tyler said.

Lily and others quickly left the pocket dimension.

Hawk and Isha left the Ship before kissing Tyler. Though Isha also shared a kiss with Mathilda who shamelessly asked for one. As for Hawk, she made everyone suprise, she kissed GG before flying away in Hoverboard with Isha. GG was also too shocked and became speechless. Serena just smiled at them. Though Isha also look reclulant she was trained to take care of the buisness. She even studied in an academy just for that.

Hawk and Isha held a Champagne Bottle together.

The champagne bottle smashed against a ship's hull.

The Arrays in the ship began to activate.

The Giant White Pearl began to move.

The Journey Begins.

As the White Pearl gracefully cut through the waters, its journey toward the mysterious North officially began.

Far away from the bustling ports of the Ixalaria Continent, deep in the open sea, an eerie sight unfolded. A lone figure sat cross-legged atop the still waters. Around him, the ocean seemed to have frozen in time. Waves that would have otherwise danced with the wind halted, forming an unnatural calmness in the area. Even the mighty sea monsters lurking beneath and the ferocious sky beasts soaring above dared not approach the man. They sensed an overwhelming danger — a suffocating pressure that blanketed the vast sea for miles.

He was like a god reigning over the waters.

The man wore a simple green robe, its fabric fluttering gently despite the absence of wind. His aura pulsed with restrained power, causing the very fabric of the world around him to tremble. Even seasoned immortal practitioners — individuals who stood at the peak of power — instinctively avoided his presence, choosing to detour rather than risk incurring his wrath.

This man was Feng Feiyan, a terrifying existence just half a step away from reaching the legendary Celestial Immortal realm. His cultivation base was vast and ancient, transcending the comprehension of most mortals and even immortals alike.

Yet he was not here without purpose. His serene posture belied the turbulent killing intent raging within his heart.

Feng Feiyan had crossed the boundary between worlds for one simple reason — to kill Tyler White.

In his mind, the scene replayed over and over — the moment he, an all-powerful immortal, had been stomped into the dirt by a man stripped of cultivation, reduced to the state of a mere mortal. For mortals, it might have been years ago. For an immortal like Feng Feiyan, who lived timelessly, it felt like it had happened only yesterday.

The humiliation festered like an open wound.

Due to the Ban, he decided not to take any chances. He waited patiently, silently, knowing the information that Tyler is preparing for his new journey — setting sail northward.

"Heh... a new journey, is it?" Feng Feiyan's voice broke the silence, rough like gravel against stone. His eyes, closed in meditation, slowly opened, revealing a pair of eyes that glowed faintly with greenish light. "This will be your last journey, Tyler White."

Tyler White's First Trial on the path to the North had already been set in stone.

It's an Immortal.

How would he face such an enemy?

Chapter 368: Tyler vs Immortal

Feng Feiyan's eyes snapped open. The still sea before him rippled ever so slightly as his gaze pierced the horizon.

There — a glint of white clothing cutting through the sky.

A lone figure was flying toward him atop a sword, leaving a faint trail of light in his wake. Feng Feiyan's expression shifted. His pupils narrowed.

He immediately released his Immortal Divine Sense, scanning the entire stretch of sea and sky. His awareness swept across countless kilometers, piercing the depths of the ocean and the clouds above, yet he found no other presence — only the one rapidly approaching.

That figure... he would never forget it.

It was Tyler White.

Tyler had arrived alone to confront the Immortal.

Some time earlier — aboard the White Pearl.

"There's an Immortal waiting for you. What are you going to do? Are we... escaping?" Lily asked, her tone unusually serious. Her expression held no trace of her usual playful demeanor.

Tyler stood on the deck, wind tugging at his coat. He looked out at the endless sea before replying.

"The best way to escape from a problem... is to solve it. Or at least try to solve it," he said quietly, then turned to face her. "I'm going to put a temporary solution in place, at the very least."

He paused, then gave a small, firm nod to her.

"Vice Captain, wait for me at Gaze Island. If anything happens — if there's even a hint of a threat beyond our ability to handle — don't hesitate. Activate the Shadow Mode of the ship."

Lily's brows furrowed. "Got it," she said after a moment.

Tyler took out a gleaming flying sword from his storage ring. It shimmered with faint blue runes.

Lily blinked. "Wait—since when do you fly on a sword? You've never used one before."

Tyler chuckled. "Well, I'm about to confront an Immortal. Doing it on a flying sword might look cool."

He gave her a wink, then rose into the air.

"Sometimes style matters," he said with a grin, before shooting off into the sky, his figure quickly shrinking into a distant star.

"Yeah... Dying in Styles." Lily muttered.

Back to the present.

A tense silence hung in the air as Tyler and Feng Feiyan stood across from each other — one floating calmly on a flying sword, the other seated cross-legged on the still ocean, radiating terrifying pressure.

"Tyler White," Feng Feiyan called out, his voice cold as ice.

"Immortal Feng," Tyler replied evenly.

They regarded each other for a long moment. Though separated by a vast gulf in Realms, Tyler's gaze held no fear.

Feng Feiyan narrowed his eyes. "I don't understand. You came here alone. Do you truly think you have something that can help you stand against me?"

Tyler shrugged. "Who knows? Maybe you'll get what you came for. But before that, I'd like to know something." He narrowed his eyes. "Why does the Feng Family want me dead so badly?"

Feng Feiyan was silent for a moment. Then he let out a cold laugh. "Hah... I forgot. You really don't know, do you? Well, I suppose I can tell you a little. You're going to die anyway."

He reclined slightly, as if to show how little he regarded Tyler as a threat. The humiliation he once suffered under Tyler's foot seemed almost distant now — irrelevant in the face of his absolute power.

"Our home — the Feng Grotto Heaven — is a divine world created by my ancestor, the Saint Heavenly Phoenix. We, the Heavenly Feng Family, are his proud descendants."

Feng Feiyan's voice carried pride, anger, and ancient grief.

"Hundreds of thousands of years ago, our world collided with another — we could not stop the convergence. But instead of being destroyed, the two realms merged. The dominant family in that world was the Bai Family. Alongside them stood another house."

He paused, then said slowly, "A lot happened after that. War. Battles. Love. Betrayal. Bloodshed. And eventually... both of those families were erased."

Tyler's eyes sharpened, but he said nothing.

Feng Feiyan's lips curled into a sneer. "The last living descendant of those two lineages is standing in front of me. You, Tyler White. The son of the very people our family destroyed."

Tyler frowned, clearly unsettled. "I didn't even know that. I've lived my whole life not knowing a thing about my birthplace. Why would you kill someone who's ignorant of everything you just said?"

Feng Feiyan's eyes burned. "Because you started cultivating."

He stood now, floating just above the ocean surface, his green robe flowing like a phantom's.

"We stripped your cultivation roots. We thought that would be enough. But you clawed your way back. You rose again. You're a hidden threat. A seed of revenge that should never have taken root."

He raised his hand, and the sea trembled.

"Your father cursed us. Because of that curse, we couldn't lay a finger on you for years. But now that you've cultivated again, and stepped into the cultivation world... the curse has weakened."

He bared his teeth, his voice rising with fury.

"I don't care if killing you triggers the backlash and kills me. I will still do it. I'll erase you and the shame you brought me. I'll wash away the humiliation of being stomped by a mortal."

A storm gathered in the distance, clouds roiling as if nature itself responded to the fury of the Immortal.

Tyler took a deep breath.

"I see... But you don't understand something important," he said calmly, his voice steady even as the sea roared around him. "If you people never targeted me... I would've never known about any of this. You brought this upon yourselves."

Feng Feiyan's expression darkened, his immortal eyes filled with contempt. "Once you reach a certain level of cultivation, you begin to see cause and effect. Karma. Destiny. Your ridiculous luck might have saved you before, but not this time."

He clenched his hand, and the sea trembled.

"This time... I don't plan to cripple you."

The air twisted. Space distorted.

"JUST DIE ALREADY!!"

Feng Feiyan's final shout echoed across the ocean like the roar of an ancient beast. His voice, infused with powerful immortal energy, blasted toward Tyler with a force that shattered the clouds and cracked the surface of the sea. Invisible soundwaves surged forward like a tempest, compressing the air and sending tidal waves crashing in all directions.

The sheer volume of that one phrase formed a sonic tsunami—an invisible, lethal force of nature. Waves hundreds of meters high rose up and curled over, ready to swallow everything in their path. The ocean itself seemed to scream.

And at the heart of it all, Tyler White stood motionless.

The moment the shout reached him, the water waves along with sound waves surged forward.

It reached Tyler.

Tyler's whole body was blown into smithereens.

Feng Feiyan blinked. In that critical moment, he felt something—no, he didn't feel something. His divine sense blanked out for a fraction of a second. A breath. A blink. A pause in time.

"Hmph. A trick? Talisman?" He sneered, "Didn't work against an Immor—"

Then he froze.

Pain lanced through his chest. Blood spurted from his mouth. The taste of iron and bitterness filled his throat.

His hands trembled.

"Damn it... The curse..."

It was too late. His cultivation—his painstakingly refined 100,000 years of immortal cultivation—was unraveling. Like silk burned by fire, his essence was falling apart. His dantian was no longer stable. The divine energy within him, once like a raging sun, was now flickering, dimming, shrinking into embers.

His realm shattered.

"Beginner Immortal..." he whispered in horror.

He, who was at Half Celestial Immortal Level was reduced into , Beginner Immortal Realm.

A state he'd surpassed hundreds of thousands of years ago.

It was the curse. The one tied to Tyler White's very existence.

Even though Feng Feiyan had found a way to bypass its full effects for just long enough to act, the backlash still arrived—and it was brutal. The curse had triggered as soon as Tyler's life was truly in danger, and the universe itself had exacted a price.

"Damn that man... and his bloodline...!" Feng Feiyan hissed, wiping the blood from his lips. "Even death... his death... comes with a price..."

But even so, a twisted smile crept across his lips. "Still... the Princess's mission... has been accomplished. Tyler White... is finally dead."

He turned to leave, his flying sword materializing beneath his feet. The once-mighty Immortal, now reduced to a weakened state, knew better than to linger. The sea had changed. He had fallen. Predators would be watching.

"I'll recover," he muttered to himself. "Might take a hundred thousand years... but it's worth it. The last of the Bai Bloodline and that family bloodline is no more."

With that, he disappeared into the clouds.

Silence returned to the ocean.

Chapter 369: Gaze Island

Two days later...

The White Pearl glided gently through the skies, its sails catching the wind as it approached a mysterious floating island. From above, the island looked like an uneven oval, its curves resembling a sleeping beast. But it was the massive hollow in the center that caught everyone's attention—perfectly round, deep, and dark.

From a distance, the entire formation resembled an enormous eye.

And when one aligned their gaze just right—looking at the sun or moon through that central hollow—it truly felt as if a giant, unseen eye was staring back.

Because of this strange optical illusion, the island had long been called Gaze Island.

The White Pearl was immediately intercepted by a scanning beam the moment it approached the vicinity of the floating island. The beam enveloped the ship in shimmering light and lifted it effortlessly toward a designated docking platform hovering near the island's edge. This was the work of the Island Master, who used advanced formations and mana arrays to operate the docking process.

Of course, such service wasn't free.

"Another Ten Thousand Lydia gone," Darla muttered, pouting as she watched the payment transfer automatically through the ship's embedded formation. "This island better be worth it."

But despite their usual excitement over exploring new places, shopping, and sightseeing, the girls didn't rush off the ship as they normally would. Today, they waited.

They were waiting for their captain.

A tense silence settled over the ship, only broken by the occasional breeze and the sound of distant waves below.

Suddenly, a soft beep rang out.

Lily's watch flickered.

She blinked, immediately pressing two fingers to her wrist as she channeled a sliver of divine sense into the artifact. A projection shimmered into view—hazy at first, but quickly sharpening into the unmistakable image of Tyler White, floating in water and looking half-drenched and half-dead.

"Captain!" Lily gasped, eyes widening. "You're alive!"

Her tone was a mix of 'shock' and suppressed relief. She had kept her composure for the past two days, but deep down, she'd been worried sick.

"Tyler..." Mana happily shouted.

"Boss!" Darla shouted joyfully, popping into view beside the projection.

Tyler raised an eyebrow, his image flickering as he floated in what looked like open sea.

"What? You girls were already eager to become widows?" he said dryly, cracking a grin despite his tired appearance.

All three of them blushed at once.

"B-Bah! Who's your wife, huh?" Mana huffed, crossing her arms. "You don't even have the courage to marry us!"

"Hah... What a beautiful sky," Tyler said quickly, glancing upward with exaggerated admiration. It was a clear attempt to dodge the topic.

Lily rolled her eyes, but smiled faintly. "Enough joking. What happened? Where are you right now?"

Tyler exhaled slowly, as if recounting the memory drained him more than the event itself.

"That Feng guy..." he muttered. "He's terrifying. I'm serious—if he sneezed in my direction, I'd be paste on the ocean floor."

He paused before continuing, a shadow flickering across his face.

"My plot armour is something else." Tyler said, a hint of lingering fear in his voice. He knew he was incredibly lucky—Feng Feiyan hadn't tried to kill him during their first encounter, and even more fortunate that he had been unable to attack during the Abyss Breakout.

"I was lucky. When he attacked, I used a Perception Distort Charm at the very last second. It only worked for a moment, but that was all I needed. I swapped myself with a clone I made using my copper pot. Then I activated my Phantom Mask and used every concealment charm I had—some worked for only a second or two against an Immortal, but I stacked them and kept swimming further into the sea."

Tyler's eyes darkened.

"I dodged the attack... but the aftermath still hit me. My clone was destroyed instantly, and even though I escaped the brunt, the shockwaves nearly tore off my limbs. I've been floating in this cursed sea ever since, alone and using my divine sense every few seconds to activate more concealment charms. Sea beasts... energy storms... and that Feng guy's lingering presence. It's been hell."

He paused again, letting his words sink in.

"But I think Feng Feiyan left once he confirmed I was 'dead'. He probably didn't want to linger with his cultivation injured."

Lily's brows furrowed. "What about your injuries? Are you okay?"

Tyler gave a weak smile. "The Kun Peng Art saved me. One of its abilities allows me to heal using water. Since I've been soaking in the sea for two days straight, my wounds are mostly healed. But I'm still too weak to move properly."

There was a moment of silence on the call.

"Do you want me to pick you up?" Lily asked, already preparing her Waypoint Terminal.

"No. Don't," Tyler said quickly, shaking his head. "I'm not entirely sure Feng Feiyan is gone. He's tricky. Let's play it safe. Give me a few more days, maybe a month at most. I'll make my way back to you."

The projection flickered, his expression softening slightly.

"You girls should enjoy Gaze Island while you're there. I've heard there are some historical ruins and ancient relics as sightseeing."

Lily gave him a look, but nodded. "Alright. Just don't go dying for real next time."

Tyler chuckled. "I'll try my best."

After a bit more light conversation—and a few more sarcastic remarks about becoming widows—the projection faded.

Lily stared at her now-dim watch for a moment, exhaling slowly.

"He's alive..." she murmured, finally letting the tension go.

Darla leaned against the railing, stretching her arms. "So... now what?"

"Where's that pervert?" Lily asked suddenly, glancing around.

"Huh? You mean Mathilda?" Mana blinked. "She's playing with a girl in the pocket dimension. She muttering something like If Tyler met with accident. Then these Girls are all mine."

"Again?" Lily narrowed her eyes. "Let's go drag her out."

"Let's," Darla agreed with a grin.

And with that, the girls left the deck, their steps lightened with renewed energy. Their captain was alive. That was all that mattered—for now.

Meanwhile, Tyler was still floating alone in the vast, open sea. Thanks to the high-grade concealment charms layered around him, he remained undetected by sea beasts, pirates, or passing cultivators. The ocean waves cradled him like a tired traveler, and for once, silence wasn't a burden—it was a blessing.

It took another two days for Tyler to fully recover. The Kun Peng Art's passive healing ability allowed him to draw vitality from the surrounding water, accelerating his recovery, but not without a price. His body still ached, and his movement was sluggish, like someone who'd just escaped death. Well, he technically had.

During these two days, he received a couple of unexpected calls through his divine communicator crystal.

The first one came from Kyla. Or rather, both Kylas.

There were two Kylas in Tyler's complicated life—Human Kyla and Rabbit Kyla. Somehow, both had called at the same time, which resulted in a somewhat chaotic conversation.

Human Kyla was visibly upset that Tyler had left without a word. She scolded him like a nagging wife who found her husband sneaking off to a brothel in the middle of the night. Her words were sharp, but beneath them, Tyler could hear the concern.

On the other side, Rabbit Kyla was as unpredictable as ever. Though she had already married Brolin, she still talked to Tyler like they were lifelong lovers separated by cruel fate.

In the end, he promised both a passionate reunion. Whether that would be simultaneous or separate, he didn't dare clarify.

After ending the call and breathing a sigh of relief, another message pinged into his communicator. This one carried a far heavier weight.

It was Ellen—the third-ranking powerhouse of Starfire Academy, after the Principal and Vice Principal. More importantly, she was the mother of Elowen, the witch in the south who helped Tyler once.

Ellen's expression was calm, but her tone carried subtle displeasure.

"You didn't even tell me after what we shared," she replied. "After you made me pregnant, you disappeared."

Tyler's heart skipped a beat, and despite his ability to breathe underwater, he choked on a gulp of ocean water. He coughed violently, nearly losing control of his concealment charms.

"W-What!?"

Ellen chuckled softly. "Relax. I'm joking..."

Ellen laughed and clarified that she was only teasing, though a hint of disappointment lingered in her voice. To celebrate his graduation, she had "gifted" herself to him for a night. With her eccentric sense of humor, she even took a picture afterward and sent it to her daughter, Elowen.

What made it even weirder was Elowen's casual reply—she said she was busy at the moment but suggested that the three of them should meet in a few years and have threesome together.

Tyler was mildly tempted, but his current schedule left no room for such distractions.

After a bit more casual talk, the call ended.

"Hmm.. That's Two Threesome booked.... " Tyler Muttered.

Days continued to pass.

Tyler had underestimated his injuries. Though most of the surface wounds had healed, the deeper damage to his bones and meridians lingered. He could barely lift his limbs without strain, and attempting to activate complex techniques was like trying to breathe through a straw.

Still, the sea didn't abandon him. The waves gently carried him along their current until he eventually drifted onto the shore of a small, unnamed island.

The golden sands were warm under his weakened body. He lay there, half-buried in sand, gazing at the sky. Clouds drifted above lazily, unaware of the chaos in the world below. For a moment, he let himself relax.

But that peace didn't last long.

He sensed someone approaching—light footsteps, not too fast, but confident. Feminine.

Rather than panic, he closed his eyes and pretended to be unconscious. Maybe, just maybe, whoever it was would mistake him for dead and leave him alone.

"Wow... I found a husband!" a cheerful, slightly flirtatious voice exclaimed.

Tyler internally groaned. Why do I always attract the weird ones?

Chapter 370: Masha.

The girl standing at the edge of the shoreline looked thin, almost fragile. Her skin was pale, her build delicate, and she wore a simple dress made from coarse fabric, likely woven by hand. She had the appearance of a village maiden—someone who had grown up far away from bustling cities or grand sects. But there was something in her eyes, a playful glint, a mischievous spark that said she was anything but ordinary.

Tyler lay on his back, body aching and barely able to move. He had drifted to this island after being injured during the Abyss Breakout and had only now regained enough strength to open one eye. He blinked against the sunlight and saw the girl looming over him with her hands on her hips and a wide grin spreading across her face. She looked at him like he was a rare treasure that had washed ashore just for her.

"You're alive. Good," she said cheerfully. "I prefer my husbands breathing."

Tyler's eye twitched. "Wait... what?"

The girl tilted her head, still smiling. "You washed up on my island," she stated plainly, as though reciting an ancient law. "That makes you my property. And I've decided—I need a husband."

Tyler let out a long, defeated sigh and turned his gaze back to the sky. "Why me...?" he muttered under his breath, questioning the heavens for what felt like the thousandth time since this journey began.

Admittedly, the girl wasn't bad-looking. She had a youthful charm, and her energy was infectious. But Tyler had absolutely no intention of getting married—especially not while he was half-dead and stranded on a mysterious island.

Still lying on the ground, he subtly activated his divine sense and activated the bead in his pocket.

In the next moment, a shimmer of light pulsed in the air, and a woman appeared beside him, her long silver hair fluttering like silk in the ocean breeze. Three elegant fox tails swayed behind her, catching the wind. Around her neck, a high-tech collar flickered faintly with light, a reminder of her peculiar circumstances.

It was Su Fei.

The island girl blinked, clearly surprised by the sudden appearance, but to her credit, she didn't flinch or panic.

Su Fei looked down at Tyler, who was still sprawled pathetically on the sand. "What are you staring at?" she said in a calm, slightly irritated voice.

"Pick me up," Tyler ordered weakly.

Su Fei sighed, knelt down, and lifted him in a princess carry. Despite everything, even Tyler's thick skin couldn't stop the faint blush that crept across his face. His head rested near her chest, and her warm, soft fragrance filled his senses. He shamelessly took in a deep breath, savoring it.

"Little Master... behave yourself," Su Fei said, voice sultry but teasing.

"I need Aura. Just inject me with some," Tyler muttered, trying to refocus.

Rolling her eyes, Su Fei placed a finger against his chest and transmitted a wave of gentle Aura into his meridians. Tyler's body trembled slightly as the energy revitalized him. He could stand now—barely—but it was clear he still had a long way to go before he'd fully recover.

"I have dignity, you know. I don't want to be carried around like a princess," Tyler mumbled, stepping down from Su Fei's arms.

Then he turned toward the strange island girl, who was still watching them with amusement.

Before Tyler could speak, Su Fei narrowed her eyes and said coldly, "This girl is suspicious. Her soul is incomplete."

The girl's smile didn't falter, but her body stiffened slightly. Su Fei's gaze was piercing.

Tyler raised a brow and immediately took a step back—right into Su Fei's arms again, shamelessly throwing himself into the princess carry position once more.

The girl chuckled. "Relax. I'm not possessed or cursed," she said with a grin. "I'm just a clone. My main body separated a fragment of its soul and embedded it into this one. That's how I can be here."

Su Fei remained silent, clearly analyzing her deeper.

"I'm just surprised this big sister noticed at a glance," the girl added, nodding with respect. "Even a Beginner Immortal would have trouble detecting that."

Tyler remained cautious. "Who are you, exactly?"

"Name's Masha," she replied, tapping her chest with one finger. "I'm on a mission, though I can't say more than that. And as for the husband thing... I was joking. Mostly." She winked. "You're cute when you panic."

Tyler sighed again. Of course he had to wash up on an island with a crazy woman.

"I'm Tyler," he said, keeping his answer brief. "I was attacked by a sea monster and ended up drifting here."

Masha nodded. "Well, it's a good thing you did. Not many people come to this island. Most sea creatures avoid it."

Tyler narrowed his eyes. "Why?"

Masha smiled, but this time, there was a hint of something darker behind her gaze. "Because this place isn't exactly... normal. But don't worry. You've got me here, and I don't bite."

She paused and said, "We are in a normal island."

Tyler was confused, "Huh?"

"Yeah... there's nothing on this island," Masha said, letting out a light laugh. Her eyes sparkled with mischief, clearly enjoying herself. "I was joking again. Haha..."

Tyler groaned and rubbed his temples. "I really think this entire conversation is a waste of time."

"There's nothing here," Masha repeated, this time with a smirk, "because I already took everything."

Su Fei narrowed her eyes and activated her divine sense, scanning the island thoroughly. After a few seconds, she nodded slightly.

"She's right," Su Fei said. "There really is nothing left. No life, no energy signatures, no artifacts... But it seems like there used to be a village here."

She paused, her tone neutral. "And it looks like everyone vanished at once."

Tyler raised an eyebrow. "Vanished, or were wiped out?"

"Wiped out," Su Fei confirmed calmly.

Masha clapped her hands. "Wow, big sister is sharp! That's right—I killed everyone in the village." She tilted her head playfully. "So? Are you going to avenge them?"

"Nah," Tyler answered before Su Fei could speak. He then walked out of Su Fei's arm.

Masha blinked in surprise.

Avenge them? This girl clearly had no idea who Su Fei was. If Masha knew how many minor worlds Su Fei had looted or how many lives she had ended without batting an eye, she wouldn't even bother asking. A single nameless village wasn't even worth a second thought.

"If they were people I knew, maybe I'd consider it," Tyler added with a shrug. "But why should I care about strangers? Especially when I don't know what happened here."

Masha frowned. "At least pretend to have a sense of justice."

Tyler crossed his arms. "Justice, huh? So, just because someone strong hurt someone weak, I should rush in and act like a hero?"

He scoffed. "This world is full of injustice. Right now, as we speak, people are being robbed, enslaved, and killed across the world. Do you expect me to fight every battle?"

He paused, his voice softening for a moment. "If I can help, I will. I'm not heartless. But I also know my limits, and I know not to jump into every mess without knowing the full story."

Tyler also recalled how he avenged the little girl from the shop. She turned into Ghost Spirit, right? He should check her later.

Masha grinned again. "You're interesting. How about it? Are you interested in joining the Justice Bandits?"

Tyler's brow twitched. "You're one of them? And yet you killed an entire village? Where is Justice here?"

"Oh... those villagers were evil," Masha said, her tone turning serious. "The women were brainwashed from a young age, used solely for entertainment and breeding. They were never allowed to leave. It's been going on for over fifty years."

"That's why you wiped them out?" Tyler asked.

Masha nodded. "Justice, in its own way."

"And the women?" he continued.

"I gave them a painless death—a chance to reincarnate free from suffering. Sometimes, mercy lies in release. Death can be justice too."

There was no smugness in her voice now, only cold resolve. Her words carried weight, as if she had seen too much to believe in black and white morality.

Tyler could tell she wasn't lying—her eyes reflected no pain not pride. It's just the way of her thinking or it's just how she was raised. Well he really didn't care.

Just then, the charm around her neck flickered with a pulse of light.

She glanced at it and sighed. "Looks like my time's up."

Turning to Tyler, she smiled faintly. "We'll meet again, Tyler."

Without another word, she summoned a small flying boat, leaped aboard, and soared into the sky, leaving only a faint trail of wind in her wake.

Tyler watched her disappear over the horizon, thoughts swirling in his mind. Justice, huh? This world really didn't follow any script. And neither did the people in it.