

R Cultivator 371

Chapter 371: Returning to Gaze Island

Somewhere in the North,

Within a dense and mist-laden forest, the air was thick with tension and secrecy. Hidden from the outside world, two groups—the Justice Bandits and the Silver Eye Pirates—were relentlessly searching for one elusive woman: Isadora Nightkiss, known across seas and skies as the "Manhunter." Their goal was not her life, but the mysterious Orion Cube Fragments said to be in her possession. Rumors claimed that assembling all fragments of the Orion Cube could awaken an ancient treasure or perhaps unlock a sealed realm. None truly knew the extent of its power, but that didn't stop them from hunting it—or her—like starved beasts.

Among the Justice Bandits, the temporary leader of that small group, had gone alone in search of Isadora.

Suddenly, Masha paused, closing her eyes as a surge of memories and emotions flooded her mind. One of her clones had recently sent her memories and experiences it had gathered. As her lips curled into a slight smirk, she whispered to herself, "Tyler... huh? Interesting fellow."

This Masha—unlike her clone—was the main body is totally different. The version of her that had encountered Tyler was a fabricated persona, a Clone engineered with a slightly warped personality and an exaggerated sense of justice, specifically tailored to blend with the fanatics in her group. But this main Masha is a Warrior who just loves fighting.

She just found Tyler interesting that's all.

What Masha didn't yet know, however, was the greatest twist of all: the very man she had just labeled "interesting" was none other than Phantom Blackwood, the masked figure believed to have slain her brother Mash many years ago.

Two days passed...

Tyler remained on the island to recover. After spending forty-eight hours meditating, refining his internal energy, and absorbing Aura and Prana, his injuries were mostly healed. By the third morning, his strength had returned to nearly seventy percent.

"Seventy percent should be enough," he muttered, rolling his shoulders as he stood up and stretched. The ocean breeze rustled his hair as he looked out at the horizon. "This island's nice, but I don't like being grounded for too long."

Beside him stood Su Fei, her three fox tails gently swaying in the wind, her expression unreadable.

"I assume we're leaving?" she asked.

Tyler nodded. "Yeah. Pack up."

But before he could activate the command to send her back into his pocket dimension, Su Fei spoke up again, her voice unusually soft. "Little Master... let me stay outside a bit longer."

He looked at her, slightly surprised. But then, he shrugged.

"Fine," he said, "You've proven useful. And let's not forget, if you even think of turning on me, I can erase you with a thought."

Su Fei smirked, not insulted but entertained by the warning. "I wouldn't dream of it, Little Master."

Though one of the powerful General of one of the Abyss Hunter Group from Abyss, Su Fei's cultivation had been sealed. Now, within the Boundless World, her energy was reshaped through the Energy Conversion Art, transforming into 4-Star Divine Seeker level. But Tyler had further suppressed her cultivation, limiting her effective strength to that of a 5-Star Grandmaster. This way, she remained powerful enough to assist him, but never strong enough to betray him.

Together, they boarded a sleek flying boat, a small vessel fitted with floating arrays and layered with stealth enchantments. Tyler activated a series of Concealment Charms, covering their spiritual presence and even bending light around the ship's hull.

Their destination? Gaze Island.

Two Days Later – Gaze Island

Tyler arrived at Gaze Island after two days of uneventful flying, his small flying boat descending like a silver feather under the cover of concealment charms. The moment he landed near the docking zone, he noticed his crew's familiar ship anchored safely near the port tower.

Tyler stored his flying boat.

Lily, Mathilda, Mana, Darla, and even the bag lifting gentleman octopus fishman Taka had returned from their shopping spree. The girls had a handful of new robes, accessories, enchanted fans, and strange trinkets Tyler didn't bother asking the price of. They greeted him casually, but all eyes subtly shifted toward the woman standing behind him—Su Fei.

Although Su Fei maintained a calm expression and wore a modest outfit, her beauty, composed presence, and the faint pressure that rolled off her made everyone feel slightly tense.

"Why did you let her out?" Mathilda asked, not even hiding her suspicion.

"Don't worry. She is not dangerous Yet." Tyler replied vaguely.

"Yet, huh?" Lily crossed her arms. "As long as she doesn't cause trouble."

"No promises," Su Fei said with a soft smile, which only made Lily squint harder.

Tyler chuckled and walked over to the deck, where Darla greeted him with a radiant smile and a tall glass in hand.

"I made this for you," she said, handing him a Golden Pomegranate Juice with pride.

The drink sparkled faintly in the moonlight. It contained a chilled blend of sun-kissed pomegranate juice harvested from the high cliffs of Azure Flame Valley, swirled with a dash of sparkling spirit dew—a rare, calming ingredient that enhanced mental clarity and soothed the nerves. To balance its tartness, Darla added a gentle touch of white peach syrup and crowned the concoction with a soft, fluffy cloud of coconut foam, lightly kissed with moonflower nectar.

As Tyler took a sip, the drink shimmered faintly in his hands. A gentle warmth spread through his meridians, clearing away the fatigue from his recent travels. His muscles relaxed. His mind sharpened.

"Perfect," he muttered, and then patted Darla on the head. "You keep spoiling me."

Darla beamed. "That's my job!"

After enjoying the drink, Tyler issued an order to Tuman, the stoic fishman navigator. "We leave tomorrow morning. Prepare everything."

"Aye, Captain."

Later that evening, Tyler explored the island out of curiosity. Gaze Island was known for being a neutral trading point for merchants, adventurers, and bounty hunters, but it was relatively quiet this time of year. The bustling streets had dimmed, and the taverns echoed with sparse laughter. After wandering a bit and purchasing a few basic supplies, he returned to the ship. Even Tyler found himself a bit... bored.

Su Fei followed behind him like a shadow. She also bought some things. Tyler felt little lazy to pay for every time she started shopping. So Tyler just brought her to the near Bank and created an Account for her. Then he just transferred 100 million Lydia into her account.

The next morning, the ship's engines hummed softly as they powered up. A gentle beam of light descended from the tallest lighthouse on the island, enveloping the ship like a blessing. It quickly carried the ship and guided them back into the sea smoothly.

There is no Undocking fee.

The crew set off early. The Boundless Sea stretched endlessly, a shimmering blend of blues and silvers, illuminated by the light of the three moons. For three days, they didn't spot a single ship or island—only the eternal waves and the occasional flying sea bird.

Su Fei sat on the deck, her legs crossed as she leaned over the railing with a fishing rod in her hands. She was silent, peaceful even, letting the hook sway lazily in the current. A few crew members (male) stole glances at her, unsure whether to approach or leave her be. She didn't seem interested in conversation, only in the serenity of the sea.

In the CIC Room—the ship's Command and Information Center—Tyler sat at the helm, reading through screens, maps, notes, and reports. The enchanted windows gave him a perfect view of the sea outside.

The stillness was broken by Tuman's voice through the crystal comm.

"Captain, we've got something... We were supposed to reach Level 3 Fishery by tonight, but I'm picking up multiple distress signals from the area."

Tyler's eyes narrowed. "What happened?"

"Looks like pirates. The fishery might've been attacked. The signals are weak, but ongoing."

Tyler tapped the table. "Lily, get in here."

A minute later, Lily walked into the CIC room, holding a half-eaten snack. "Let me guess. We've got trouble?"

"We're receiving distress signals from the Level 3 Fishery we were heading to," Tyler explained. "We haven't seen any other islands, and our supplies are already tailored to a fishing port visit."

Lily leaned on the table and stared at the glowing map crystal. "We need fish. We skipped the last two islands because you insisted this fishery had giant prana-infused tuna."

"They did," Tyler said. "Key word being did."

Lily sighed. "If pirates are weak, we clean them up and get our fish. If they're strong... we leave them a 'gift' and run."

Tyler smiled. "I like your optimism."

"I mean if it doesn't work. We can just go Mode - Shadow. It's been while, but we have to make a comeback Debut. I am also curious how Ship's Shadow Mode works." Lily said with a smirk.

Tyler looked thoughtful. "Alright... To the Fishery."

Outside, Su Fei pulled a shimmering fish out of the water with a flick of her wrist. She stared at it for a second, then tossed it into the nearby cooler without a word.

The ship picked up speed.

Chapter 372: Su Fei Seduces Mathilda?

"Wow... that's a lot of fish," Mathilda said, her voice a mix of amusement and awe as she walked down the corridor.

In one arm, she carried a box full of suspicious flasks with handwritten labels like "Vibration Pills," "One Drop Coming," and "Tyler's Yogurt." The bottles sloshed and clinked against each other, emanating strange glows and occasional puffs of vapor. She paused mid-step, blinking in surprise at the sight before her.

Floating in the hallway was a perfect sphere of water. Inside the sphere were dozens of live fish—silver-scaled, gold-finned, and some with tiny magical sparks flickering on their tails. The ball of water drifted behind Su Fei, who stood at its center, holding it in place with a casual flick of her fingers and a subtle breeze of wind magic.

She glanced at Mathilda with mild curiosity.

The moment their eyes met, something clicked.

For a brief second, Mathilda's irises turned a soft pink, and her expression slackened into one of dreamy admiration. Her footsteps slowed. Her grip on the flasks loosened, though she didn't drop them. She stared at Su Fei as the most beautiful being she had ever seen.

Without a word, Mathilda leaned forward.

Su Fei used her Charm Ability.

It had been decades—no, centuries—since she last used her Charm Ability, a power born from her pure and noble Fox bloodline. She had meant only to cast a harmless flicker of it as a joke, to test if the allure still worked after many Decades.

Apparently, it did.

She instinctively stepped back and dismissed the charm ability.

But then something unexpected happened.

Mathilda didn't snap out of it.

Instead, she closed the remaining distance—and kissed her.

Their lips met softly at first, then firmly.

Then Mathilda's tongue pried into Su Fei's mouth.

Su Fei's eyes widened in pure shock. For a moment, her mind went blank. The ball of water behind her lost cohesion and exploded into a splash of fish, drenching the deck and releasing a chaotic flapping of scales and fins across the corridor.

She pulled back, stunned, staring at Mathilda who licked her lips and little bit of Su Fei's saliva that is sticking on her lips with satisfaction.

"Did... did my charm still have an effect?" Su Fei murmured to herself in disbelief, watching Mathilda's gaze filled with lustful obsession.

"Nope," Mathilda said, smiling as she adjusted the flasks in her arm like nothing had happened. "I just wanted to kiss you, darling. When you tried that enticement trick on me, I figured—why not go with the flow? And now, you can't run off to Tyler like those slave girls inside the pocket dimension and complaint that I sexually harassed you."

She leaned closer and whispered in Su Fei's ear, "Come to my room tonight... if you're free."

She then touched Su Fei tails.

Su Fei blinked, at a loss for words.

With that, Mathilda turned on her heel and walked away, her box of questionable alchemical flasks bouncing against her hip as she disappeared down the corridor, humming a tune.

Su Fei stood still, expression unreadable.

"Weirdo," she muttered under her breath. A slight blush crept into her cheeks.

Her gaze dropped to the soaked floor, where dozens of fish flopped in confusion. Some tried to wriggle toward her boot, others blinked glowing eyes as they gasped for water.

With a wave of her hand, a delicate ripple spread through the air. Time reversed. The water droplets suspended midair, rising like raindrops in reverse. The fish, once scattered, gathered themselves and swam backward into the forming orb of water. The puddles vanished, leaving the corridor dry and untouched.

Within seconds, everything had returned to its original state. The sphere of water floated once more, serene and sparkling, filled with lively, blinking fish.

Su Fei stared at it, then looked down the hall where Mathilda had disappeared.

"I've lived centuries, mastered wind and time... and yet, I never seen a pervert like this."

She sighed and resumed walking, the sphere trailing obediently behind her.

Tyler was sent flying across the grassy training ground inside the ship's pocket dimension, a sharp crack echoing in the air. Lily's lightning whip had struck him square in the chest, and his body tumbled before hitting the barrier wall with a dull thud. His face was bruised, and his robes slightly scorched.

Groaning, Tyler sat up and uncorked a bottle of enchanted water, splashing it onto his face. The cool liquid shimmered as it touched his skin, healing his bruises. He spat out a mouthful of blood and looked up with a sigh.

Above them, Serena floated lazily in the air, one leg crossed over the other, as she monitored the sparring match with her signature analytical detachment. "Your cultivation has been suppressed to 1-star Grandmaster Level for training purposes," she noted. "Despite that, you can use both Prana and Aura. Theoretically, you should overpower Lily, who only uses Aura. But the results clearly say otherwise. According to my analysis, you lack structured combat technique and refined magical skill."

Tyler wiped the remaining water from his face and sighed. "Ouch. That was too accurate. Couldn't you sugarcoat it just a little?"

Serena blinked. "Sugarcoating dilutes progress."

He groaned. "Right... Of course."

In truth, she wasn't wrong. Tyler's only structured combat move was the infamous Five Steps of Doom, which involved him channeling Aura into his body, taking five thunderous steps forward, boxing the enemy in with an ice wall, and delivering a final punch empowered with sheer brute force. His other technique was Brain Freeze, an advanced mental attack that bombarded the opponent's mind with the sensation of a thousand icy needles—more of a disruption move than a finishing one.

Beyond that? Nothing. Sure, he could activate Mode: Dragon, gaining scales and boosted physical abilities. But even that came down to relying on sheer force rather than skill.

His weapons, like the Copper Ladle and the Spear of Abyss, were powerful artifacts. But truth be told, Tyler didn't have any formal training with either. He just used one to take the things from far and uses another to attack the enemies from far.

"I mean, c'mon," Tyler muttered, "most of the time, When in trouble, I just spam charms and arrays. I called it Tyler's Secret move - Battle Spendthrift."

Lily chuckled as she plopped down beside him. "At least you're honest about it. But if you're serious about getting better, I can teach you some basic combat techniques. Real ones. No more charm-spamming."

Tyler looked at her, a faint glimmer of hope in his eyes. "You think I have potential?"

She gave him a side glance. "We'll find out soon enough."

Five minutes later...

"Alright... I take that back," Tyler wheezed, flat on his back, arms spread out. "I'm a Grandmaster who specializes in both Prana and Aura, and I still can't fight worth a damn."

Lily smirked. "Now you're just being dramatic."

Even though Tyler was joking, he felt a twinge of frustration. His talents lay elsewhere— Arrays and business. When it came to actual fighting, he preferred to delegate. That's why he had hired those Grandmaster-level bodyguards back during his journey through the Abyss. They were now stationed across continent and various southern islands, protecting his businesses. Their main job was to respond to distress calls, solve problems quietly, and rotate between islands to ensure order.

Meanwhile, Tyler just handled logistics, finances, and the occasional explosive trap or clever negotiation.

As Serena hovered above, she paused for a moment, tilting her head. "Captain. The Level 3 Fishery is within range."

"Oh? Already?" Tyler sat up. "I was half-expecting a pirate ambush before we got there."

Serena nodded slowly. "They did try. One pirate ship approached. It will not be getting a second chance in this life."

Tyler blinked. "Wait, what?"

Outside the pocket dimension, chaos unfolded in the dark sea beneath the soft glow of three moons.

A pirate vessel—large, rusted, and lined with crude cannons—was desperately attempting to flee. Their ship had activated every magical barrier and emergency sail, but it was too late.

From the bow of the White Pearl, Tyler's flagship, a shimmering array flared to life. Runes pulsed as a magic circle formed, drawing water from the ocean and concentrating it into a high-pressure jet cannon.

With a deafening boom, the stream blasted forward like a liquid spear, slicing through the pirate ship's defenses and splintering the hull like it was made of brittle glass. Within seconds, the ship was in ruins, sinking beneath the waves as most of pirates were torn into pieces.

Back inside the training field, Tyler closed the screen which was displaying what is happening outside, "Damn. Remind me not to piss off my own ship."

There is hint pride in his tone.

Lily just rolled her eyes.

Serena added, "We'll arrive at the fishery in ten minutes. No further threats detected for now."

As the training session wrapped up, Tyler stretched and glanced at the sky, where constellations twinkled. They are not real, but it's fun to watch.

He knew he had a lot to learn and lacks a lot in Combat.

Until then... he'd stick with his secret technique – "Battle Spendthrift."

Chapter 373: Level 3 Fishery

Fisheries are portions of the sea or ocean, varying in size and danger, that serve as natural sources of fish and other sea creatures. These areas are categorized by levels, with each level indicating the strength and rarity of the creatures that inhabit them.

Level 1 fisheries are the most common, typically found in the calmer Southern Seas. They mostly contain Novice-level fish, with only a few rare surprises. Many sects and local clans own and manage these fisheries, as they are a major source of both income and food—especially in the Southern regions where no continent exist. Islanders heavily rely on them to survive.

Level 2 fisheries are a step above. While mostly populated by Novice and Elite-level fish, they offer a slim 1% chance of catching a Master-level creature. These are sought after by slightly more ambitious sects or adventurers.

Level 3 fisheries, however, are a different beast entirely. They contain fishes and sea beasts of all levels, including a rare 1% chance of reeling in a Grandmaster-level creature. These areas are wild, dangerous, and teeming with both opportunity and death.

Since the Boundless World is almost entirely covered in ocean, unlike the landlocked Ixalaria Continent, islanders depend heavily on fisheries for sustenance, resources, and trade. Ownership of a fishery can mean power, and some are controlled by sects, others by federations—or even by pirates.

Floating amidst the chaos of the Level 3 Fishery is a massive boat that spans over three kilometers in length. This massive plank-like vessel has no sails and moves slowly, like a sleeping beast. It bears a colossal dragon symbol across its deck, carved in gold and red. No one dares to interfere with this vessel—not even pirates.

This is a Dragon Boat—the largest floating trading platform in the Northern Seas. It is not just a ship but a moving bazaar, court, and fortress all in one. Backed by powerful factions and deep-pocketed sponsors, the Dragon Boats has become an unspoken law in these waters. Even the most daring pirate crews give it a wide berth.

As the Dragon Boat slowly sails away from the Level 3 Fishery, another vessel enters from the opposite direction—like a nobleman entering a burning slum.

The White Pearl, its hull gleamed under the sea's light, and the faint hum of magical arrays echoed softly as it cut through the air and water.

Naturally, it drew attention.

Not far away, a ship bearing a giant bull skull on its hull floated amid the destruction. This was the Beast Skull Pirates.

One of the crew members squinted at the approaching White Pearl. "Is that a merchant ship? Or some rich idiot's luxury vessel?"

"Shut up," the captain growled, his voice heavy with experience and warning. He stood tall, clad in a black coat adorned with beast claws, his eyes scanning the White Pearl with a mixture of interest and caution. "You think regular ships wander in here? Not during active plundering. Whoever they are, they've got guts—or a death wish."

"Maybe some greedy fool hoping for fish..."

"Maybe. Or maybe they're a wolf in silk robes. Let's wait and see."

The Level 3 Fishery around them was in a state of chaos. Several flying isles were partially submerged or entirely shattered. Debris from broken ships drifted aimlessly. Fires blazed across the surface of the water where spirit oils had leaked and ignited. Cries echoed in the distance—some calling for help, others shouting orders or warnings.

This wasn't just a fishery. It was a battlefield.

Inside the CIC Room—the ship's magically enhanced Control and Information Center—Tyler White stood with his arms crossed, peering through the enchanted crystal window. Magical holograms flickered before him, displaying real-time prana signatures and aura flows around the ship.

He watched the carnage outside with calm eyes.

"Yeah... there's a lot of pirate activity," he said slowly. "But let's not go picking fights. Just take out anyone who dares to make the first move on us."

Tuman nodded and left.

"Serena, status update?" Tyler asked aloud.

Serena projection appeared. "The fishery is unstable. Pirate presence is at 63%. No factional territories detected nearby."

"Yeah... I can see that." Tyler said and saw the battlefield.

"Two pirate ships approaching! Blue Whale Pirates and Reis Pirates," Serena reported sharply.

The White Pearl trembled for a brief second as the ship was bombarded by energy cannon fire from both sides. Fiery explosions lit up the surrounding sea, drawing the attention of nearby pirates who hovered at a distance, eagerly observing the clash.

"Looks like someone's poking the hornet's nest," a pirate from the distant Beast Skull Pirates muttered with a grin.

From the left and right, the two attacking pirate ships unleashed volleys of cannon fire. But when the smoke cleared, the White Pearl remained unscathed. Not a single scratch marked its sleek surface. Instead, glowing magical symbols shimmered brightly across the hull, revealing a protective array shield that covered the entire ship like a magical dome.

"F@#£!" one of the Blue Whale pirates cursed aloud. "What kind of turtle shell is this?! It's impenetrable!"

"Who the hell sails around with fortress-class shielding in a Level 3 Fishery?" another Reis Pirate growled.

Before their anger could boil over into more attacks, three figures leapt from the deck of the White Pearl.

Lily soared through the air, a smirk playing on her lips, and landed gracefully on the deck of the Blue Whale ship. Mana and Mathilda followed, crashing down with force onto the Reis Pirates' vessel.

"This is robbery!" Lily shouted.

"Hahaha! Robbing pirates isn't robbery. That's just... retribution... redistribution," Meanwhile Mathilda laughed, drawing her spear with a flourish. Her eyes sparkled with mischief as she charged into the fray.

"Mana just wanted to join the fun," Mana added, her voice calm and eerie as bolts of ice formed around her fingertips.

"Huh?" The confused pirates barely had time to react.

Within moments, chaos erupted.

On the Blue Whale ship, Lily moved like a shadow, darting from pirate to pirate. Her whip cracked like lightning, sending shocks through armored opponents. Soon the whole ship broke into two and started sinking.

Meanwhile, on the Reis ship, black smoke began to billow out from the deck as Mathilda hurled bottles filled with colorful liquid. A burst of green smoke filled the air, followed by a deep rumble.

Suddenly, the entire right half of the ship began to melt like wax under the sun. Screams rang out as pirates leapt overboard.

"Tsk... wrong potion," Mathilda muttered, returning to the White Pearl with a frustrated frown. Her cloak was slightly singed, and her braid looked ruffled.

"Well, Mana got their storage bags," Mana said, floating back with a calm smile, holding a small sack that jingled with stolen loot.

Behind them, the entire pirate vessel literally melted into the sea, reduced to liquid by the aftermath of Mathilda's alchemical chaos.

At the same time, Lily reappeared on the White Pearl's deck, flipping through a set of storage rings she had swiped from the other ship. The deck beneath her sparked with residual lightning, a lingering trace of the electric field she'd unleashed.

Everything had happened within minutes. The two pirate ships that dared attack were destroyed with surgical precision. Other pirates who had considered joining the assault immediately abandoned their plans and respectfully steered clear of the White Pearl.

"Where did that distress signal come from?" Tyler asked, stepping into the Control Room—or as he liked to call it, the CIC.

Serena pointed to a glowing island icon on the display. "It's from that island. But..." She paused as a visual projection formed before them, showing the island in question half-submerged in the ocean. Fires raged across its surface. "Looks like we're too late."

Tyler sighed. "Still, see what's going on in this fishery. I want to know why the whole place has turned into a battlefield. And check if there's a giant prana-infused tuna available. I'm in the mood for something rare."

"Got it," Serena said, already issuing commands to the crew.

As the team got to work, the White Pearl's vendors opened their storage decks. Crates of aged wine, exotic dried fruits, and enhanced rations were offered for sale. For desperate travelers and pirates alike, the White Pearl became a floating marketplace.

Tyler watched quietly as negotiations unfolded. Some pirates haggled for food, others bartered stolen items for rum, potions and pills. So long as no one caused trouble, Tyler was more than happy to sell goods—at a premium, of course.

A group of weary travelers approached the dock and pleaded for transport to the next island. Judging from their robes and injuries, they were survivors from some of the destroyed floating islands.

Tyler didn't hesitate. "Let them aboard. We'll drop them off on our way."

Lily returned a short while later, her clothes slightly ruffled from the earlier raid but her expression thoughtful.

"I've got information," she said, walking straight up to Tyler.

"What did you find?"

"The reason this entire Level 3 Fishery is in misery... is because of the Dragon Boat just left," Lily revealed.

Tyler's eyes widened in surprise.

What could have driven the Dragon Boat to attack the fishery? Now he was genuinely curious.

Chapter 374: Dragon Boats

Almost everyone in the Northern Ocean knew what the Dragon Boats were.

From afar, they resembled massive traditional dragon-shaped vessels gliding across the sea—majestic and awe-inspiring. But that wasn't the only reason they were called Dragon Boats.

These ships were the floating cities of the seas, legendary platforms of trading. Each Dragon Boat was under the direct command of one of the Seven Overlords—specifically, the Dragon King, Long Wang. His emblem, a soaring Eastern dragon twisting through clouds, was etched into every timber, sail, and flag on the vessel.

Because of their association with Long Wang, an immortal overlord whose name struck fear and reverence alike, no one dared provoke the Dragon Boats. Pirates, merchants, and adventurers alike respected the unspoken law of the sea: never go against a Dragon Boat.

They were sanctuaries in the unforgiving waters—a neutral ground, a trading post, and sometimes even a last refuge for ships running from danger. Regardless of affiliation, once aboard a Dragon Boat, everyone abided by its rules.

"Some pirates tried to attack one of the Dragon Boats," Lily reported, standing in the command room aboard the White Pearl. "The head of this fishery was apparently involved in the conspiracy. That's why the Dragon Boat that just left annihilated him—and every pirate foolish enough to support the attack. Now that the authority is gone, other pirates saw an opportunity and started looting what's left."

Tyler's eyes narrowed.

"There are really people out there who'd dare to do something so stupid?" he muttered, swirling the wine in his hand. "The Dragon King is an Immortal. Even if the Seven Overlords aren't in their territories, you don't just pick a fight with a immortal's property."

He pointed the bottle toward Lily. "Pour me a glass."

Lily wordlessly took the bottle, uncorked it, and poured the shimmering silver wine into a delicate glass.

"Yeah," she said quietly, "Who in their right mind would provoke an Immortal as a mere mortal?"

She placed it on the table where the surface reflected Tyler's face, warped slightly by the gentle ripples.

Tyler raised an eyebrow, tapping the glass with his finger.

"Alright," he said casually, "Since this fishery's been abandoned... why don't we take it?"

Lily nearly choked.

"Are you insane?" she blurted. "This place was just attacked by a Dragon Boat. It's basically their spoils now. Touching it might be seen as disrespect."

"Huh," Tyler shrugged. "But they left without claiming it. No personnel, no arrangements, no guards—it's as if they don't care. Maybe they've written it off as collateral damage or a minor site not worth their attention."

He stood and walked toward the observation deck, looking out over the battered fishery. Several pirate ships still lingered, scavenging what they could, their sails torn and hulls scorched. The air smelled of smoke, salt, and desperation.

"Let's do this the official way. Find the surviving members of the previous fishery head's family and offer to buy the place from them. We could take it by force, sure—but making it legal gives us leverage and legitimacy."

Lily stared at him, still stunned. "You really plan to rob the whole place?"

"Not robbing," Tyler corrected. "Claim it. Control it. Manage it. Fisheries are the backbone of survival on the sea, especially for islands. If we control a Level 3 Fishery, we gain steady income, resources, and presence. That's power."

He turned his gaze to the chaos below.

"Oh, and one more thing—drive off those scavengers. This place is under new management."

The Next Day

Across the waves, a battered pirate ship limped away from the fishery, its tattered sails barely holding in the wind.

There are many pirate ships are also fleeing away.

"Damn it!" the captain of the Beast Skull Pirates growled, clutching the wooden rail as seawater sprayed over the deck. "Where the hell did those sons of riches come from?! How many Aura and Prana stones are they burning on those Energy Cannons?!"

Half their ship's figurehead—a massive beast skull—had been melted into a blackened stub. Several decks were smoldering, and their crew was in shambles. They hadn't even gotten close before they were blasted back by relentless volleys of energy.

Behind them, the once-chaotic Level 3 Fishery now looked surprisingly quiet. Smoke still rose from some wrecks, but the looting had stopped. Most pirates had already fled or were sunk trying to test their luck against the White Pearl.

The captain gritted his teeth. "Who are they?"

"They looked like merchants," said the vice-captain, who was nursing a bloodied stump where his left arm used to be. "From the southern seas, maybe. But that ship... it's something else."

The captain spit overboard. "Tch. Looks like a new power's trying to rise in the north."

He turned and barked to his remaining crew, "What are you all gawking at? Set course for Fun Streak Island! Move it!"

Back on the White Pearl, Tyler leaned on the polished wooden rail, gazing out at the receding silhouettes of pirate ships shrinking into the misty horizon. The ocean breeze swept his long coat behind him, and he lifted a glass of silver wine to his lips, the cool liquid swirling like quicksilver.

Behind him, Lily stepped onto the deck, her boots clicking against the planks. Her eyes narrowed as she saw the glint of the wine in his hand. "You're just drinking that to look cool, aren't you?"

Tyler smirked, tilting the glass toward her before taking another sip. "Yeah... Tastes average. And honestly, it looks too much like mercury for my liking."

He lowered the glass and turned his attention back to the sea. "What about the rest of the pirates?"

Lily leaned beside him, arms crossed. "The ones looking for blood ran off. We sank four more of their ships. A few are still hanging around, but they're just trying to trade now."

"Good," Tyler nodded. "Send a few people to those sinking islands nearby. See if we can make them float again using buoyancy arrays. Once that's done, build a trading center on top and rename this place... something simple. Call it White Fishery 001 or whatever. The locals who want to stay can work under us. Those who don't just let them leave... As for man power..." He paused, tapping the glass against the railing. "Buy some slaves from the pirates. Have them maintain the fishery instead."

"But to run a proper fishery," a voice chimed in suddenly, "you'll need at least one Grandmaster on site."

Mana appeared out of thin air beside them.

Tyler didn't flinch. He was used to her habit of appearing without warning. "Yeah, I know. I've already contacted one. He's under our command. Should arrive as soon as we finish building a portable waypoint unit."

"And the slaves?" Lily asked.

"We'll need more," Tyler said bluntly. "Preferably Grandmaster-level slaves if we can find them. If I buy many Islands in the north, I want someone to take care of."

Mana's lips curled into a faint smile. "Actually... Mana knows a place."

Both Tyler and Lily turned to her with interest.

"It's a strange island," Mana said. "Run by a lunatic dressed like a clown. They call it Fun Streak Island."

"Fun Streak Island sounds like a fun place," Tyler remarked, a hint of amusement in his voice.

"Mana has only heard about it from her father," Mana replied calmly. "He warned it's not a place for children and never took Mana there."

Tyler coughed awkwardly, scratching the back of his neck. "Well then... we'll set sail for Fun Streak Island in a few days."

Far away, hidden among reefs and illusions, stood an island unlike any other. The trees were unnaturally vibrant—painted in shades of yellow, blue, and orange, their leaves shimmering like carnival confetti. Colorful flags flapped in the salty breeze, and in the center of the island, a towering circus-like mansion loomed with a red-and-white striped roof.

Laughter echoed from within the mansion.

But it wasn't the kind that brought joy.

Inside one of its vast, dimly lit chambers, a twisted mockery of merriment unfolded. The room was lit by flickering bulbs, their yellow light casting eerie shadows on the striped walls. In the center, a large merry-go-round creaked as it spun, its wooden horses chipped and bloodstained.

Strapped to the horses were a dozen individuals—humans, elves, beastmen, and merfolk. Their faces were painted like clowns, eyes wide with terror, mouths gagged with rags soaked in saltwater. Chains bound their limbs, forcing them upright as the carousel spun endlessly in the dark.

The laughter had stopped.

Silence fell like a noose.

Heavy footsteps echoed through the corridor outside. The prisoners stiffened. The sound grew louder, closer, until a sudden burst of light poured in from the doorway.

The silhouette of a man appeared in the doorway.

All of them trembled at his sight.

"So shall we begin our requiem? HAHAAHAHAHA "

Author Here:

Kid: Mom, can we get Joker?

Mom: We have Joker at home.

Joker at home:

Chapter 375: Life Potion

The silhouette of a man appeared in the doorway.

"So shall we begin our requiem? HAAHAHAHAHAHA"

He was tall and rail-thin, dressed in a garish multicolored suit with oversized shoes and white gloves. His face was caked in paint—blue tears beneath crimson eyes, and a bright red smile stretched from ear to ear, painted so thick it cracked when he grinned.

He stepped into the room, arms outstretched.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" he exclaimed, spinning on one heel. "Welcome once again... to Fun Streak Island! Where your smiles are my delight!"

He snapped his fingers.

A group of masked assistants, dressed in checkered uniforms, rolled in metal carts covered with red cloths. One by one, the cloths were pulled off—revealing rows of syringes, branding irons, and some weird strange tools.

They moved the Captives on a wooden Horse device.

The captives squirmed in terror.

"Now now, don't look so glum!" the clown said, walking between the bound prisoners. "You're about to become stars in my next performance."

He paused before a tall elf woman with golden hair matted by blood and grime. His painted grin widened.

"You... I think you'll be my Plaything Today."

Suddenly, a whistle blew from above.

One of the assistants ran up to the clown and whispered something in his ear.

The clown nodded and shoo-ed him away impatiently.

He turned towards the elf whose legs are spread naked in the wooden horse.

"HAHAHAHA..." Seeing her like that the clown laughed.

He decided to bring her back to his bedroom and have some fun.

Suddenly the Clown felt intense pain in his head, he saw a scene of the Naked Elf Girl who got violated by him is trying to strangle him to death in the bedroom.

"Tsk Tsk.... You can't... That's wrong..." The Clown who just saw the vision said to the Elf Girl.

The Elf Girl was confused, but she was quickly stabbed by a knife in her neck. Even till her death, she doesn't understand why the Clown killed her.

"HA... HA... This ability to see future is annoying." The Clown scratched his head and then he left.

The White Pearl sailed smoothly through the wide expanse of the ocean, its sleek hull gliding across the glimmering waves.

The sun cast a warm golden hue on the deck, and a group of dolphin-like creatures swam playfully ahead of the ship, dancing in and out of the water as if escorting them toward their destination.

Su Fei sat near the edge of the deck, legs folded neatly beneath her, gazing quietly at the tranquil sea. The breeze ruffled her snowy-white hair, and her three fox tails swayed lazily behind her.

The peaceful atmosphere was only interrupted when she suddenly shuddered. Her tails stiffened with instinctual alarm.

She turned her head sharply—there, a short distance away, stood Mathilda beside Tyler, waving with a mischievous smile. The sight was enough.

Without hesitation, Su Fei turned her head and leapt gracefully into the ocean.

"You just made a poor fox dive into the sea to unalive herself because of your Pervertedness," Tyler said flatly, looking at Mathilda.

"Tsk. Like hell this ocean could kill her," Mathilda scoffed, rolling her eyes. "Anyway, when are you going to eat her?"

"You're a pervert," Tyler muttered.

"As if you aren't," Mathilda shot back, crossing her arms, "So when are you going to..."

Mathilda made an 'O' in her right hand and inserted her left hand index finger in that 'O'.

"...Soon," Tyler finally replied, after a moment of silent.

Standing silently behind them was a young man—one of the survivors from the attack at Level 3 Fishery. He had been taken aboard the White Pearl and had barely spoken a word since. But from the moment he had seen Mathilda, his heart had been pierced by love—or perhaps foolish infatuation. Either way, it didn't go unnoticed.

After he boarded the ship, With a sly glint in her eyes, Mathilda approached him and asked him to be her volunteer.

Poor young man blinked, then nodded eagerly. He is now Lab Rat for Mathilda.

Mathilda handed the young man a potion. Tyler accepted it first to examine it—and his eyes widened as a wave of vibrant energy pulsed from the vial.

The potion shimmered in a gorgeous greenish-white hue, patterns like veins weaving through it like leaf blades. It was unlike anything he'd seen.

"The Venation looks Gorgeous." Tyler said.

"This was created using the Life Orbs we recovered from the Labyrinth," Mathilda explained proudly. "Let's just call it a Life Potion."

"What does it do?" Tyler asked.

"Well... for starters, it grants a hundred years of lifespan with a single dose. Though the effects lessen with each additional use, the first time is... quite miraculous."

She nodded at the young man, who, without hesitation, pulled out a dagger and sliced one of his finger.

Mathilda handed him the potion. He drank it in one gulp. His body immediately reacted—his skin glowed faintly, sweat poured out, and black impurities oozed from his pores. His injuries vanished.

But most strikingly, the severed finger began to regrow, layer by layer, until it was fully restored.

Tyler's eyes widened in amazement. "It really is a Life Potion... Can it heal internal damage too?"

"Yes, but depending on the level of the Immortal Practitioner, stronger doses may be needed," Mathilda replied.

"What about overdosing?" Tyler asked, curious.

"Hm... not much to worry about. But there's a small risk—around one percent—of abnormal tissue growth or tumors. Still, any competent Immortal Practitioner can just burn it away and heal themselves," she said with a casual shrug.

Tyler nodded in understanding.

"Alright, let's talk price. A million Lydia per vial," he suggested.

Mathilda wrinkled her nose. "Too low. This thing gives people an extra century of life. It's exclusive to us. Minimum—five million Lydia."

"Fine," Tyler agreed. "You get 25% of the profit. The White Merchant Group takes 75%."

Mathilda beamed. "Aye aye, Captain!"

As she turned to leave, she shot the young man a wink. "Here. Take another vial. Go test it somewhere private. See if that other thing grows back after getting chopped."

The young man blushed, clutched the potion, and scurried away like a puppy chasing a dream.

Tyler watched with a flat expression. "You really enjoy toying with people, huh?"

Mathilda tossed her hair and smirked. "Oh? Is someone jealous just because I winked at another man?"

Before she could blink again, Tyler grabbed her wrist and pulled her close.

"Oh?" she teased, voice sultry. "Is Captain getting possessive now?"

But Tyler didn't say anything. He dragged her off toward his room, and Mathilda let him, grinning like a fox who had just stolen a chicken.

After they left, Su Fei's head slowly appeared from the Deck.

"Soon .. huh?" She Muttered.

"Where's the Captain?" Lily asked, glancing around the deck with a slight frown.

Mana appeared out of thin air, floating gracefully beside her. "Mana can feel that Tyler is currently engaged in a fierce battle... most likely in his room, wrestling with some vixens."

Lily's expression twitched. "Typical. I wonder which Vixen is now."

At that moment, Su Fei walked past them, her expression as cold and composed as ever. Her three fluffy tails swayed behind her.

She paused a little and looked at Mana and Lily.

Mana turned to her and quickly clarified, "Not you."

Su Fei simply tossed them a dismissive glance and continued walking. She just paused because she heard Vixens and thought they were gossiping about her.

Lily sighed. "Anyway, there's something serious up ahead. We've spotted a Titan about a hundred miles from our current course. I've already ordered the ship to take a detour to avoid conflict."

Mana tilted her head thoughtfully. "Well, since you're the vice-captain, you decide. Mana supports you."

Lily smirked slightly at the rare display of support. "Of course I do. I don't need that lazy pervert to approve my decisions."

"Still," Mana added, crossing her arms, "Mana thinks we should inform the pervert Captain."

Lily scoffed and waved her hand. "Fine. Tell him yourself. I've got better things to do."

"Mana is going to his room anyway. Doesn't Lily want to come too?" she asked innocently, floating a little closer.

Lily stopped in her tracks and turned back sharply, her face heating up just a little. "Hmph! I have my pride. If he wants my first time, he better come crawling to me."

With a dramatic toss of her hair, she turned and stormed off, her boots echoing on the wooden deck.

She vanished in a blink, leaving behind only a faint shimmer of Prana particles.

The wind picked up slightly as the White Pearl shifted its course, the sails adjusting in perfect sync with the commands given by the vice-captain. The crew moved with practiced ease, trusting Lily's command without question.

Below deck, the atmosphere was starkly different from the calm above. The door to Tyler's room creaked slightly, and muffled voices—along with the occasional thud—could be heard from within.

But for now, no one dared disturb the Captain's "battle."

Soon Mana joined the battle, the Battle continued fiercely.