

R Cultivator 376

Chapter 376: A small break in a small Island (2 in 1 Chapter)

After half a month of sailing across unpredictable waters, the White Pearl had finally dropped anchor near a small, lush island. The salty sea breeze carried the scent of tropical flowers and fresh herbs growing wild along the shore. Palm trees danced in the wind while seagulls circled lazily overhead.

Standing on the island's simple wooden dock was an old man with rat-like ears and wiry whiskers, dressed in a patched vest and loose trousers. He eyed the majestic ship with both admiration and caution. Behind him stood a few islanders—young men and women with wolf ears, rabbit tails, and alert eyes. They looked strong, well-fed, and battle-hardened despite their rural surroundings.

"You'd better go around," the old man warned, tapping his walking stick against the dock for emphasis. "These water routes up ahead—dangerous for a merchant ship like yours. Especially a fancy one. Pirates call ships like that 'fat sheep.' Easy prey."

"It is dangerous," Darla agreed with a casual shrug, brushing her silvery hair back and adjusting the scabbard at her hip. "But don't worry. Our ship bites back."

The old man narrowed his eyes slightly, unsure whether to be reassured or more worried.

"Well," he muttered after a moment, "if you're recruiting, we've got some young blood around here who might be interested in leaving the island. Can't promise they're tame, though."

He gestured behind him at the group of young villagers. Some had rabbit ears that twitched nervously. Others bore the sharp eyes and shaggy ears of wolfkin. They all stood tall and proud, weapons slung across their backs or resting at their sides. Judging by their auras, most had reached the Elite level.

"Huh..." Darla placed a hand on her hip. "Our Captain did say we should start recruiting. But there's a catch: anyone who joins our crew has to sign a soul contract."

At her words, the group shifted. A few young women took a cautious step back. One of the wolf-eared men furrowed his brow.

Darla raised a hand in reassurance. "Relax. It's not a slave contract. It just binds your loyalty to the crew and sets some ground rules. Even our slaves live decent lives. Privacy policies, medical care, etc., etc.,."

The old man scratched his chin thoughtfully. After a brief huddle and some murmuring among the villagers, he turned back with a nod. "They'll do it. But I expect you to keep your word, girl."

"I will," Darla said, smiling as she pulled out a parchment glowing faintly with runes. "We'll make it official. You can read these."

These Soul Contracts are high level soul contracts made by Mages from the Starfire Academy.

The rules can be written anytime, but once it is written, it will bind with the contract.

While the young recruits took turns reading the contract, Darla's attention drifted to the island itself. Something about this peaceful place in the middle of pirate-infested waters didn't sit right with her.

"If you folks are so close to danger," she said, folding her arms, "how come your village hasn't been plundered already? I don't see many guards or defensive arrays."

The old man chuckled dryly. "We're under protection. This island belongs to the Circus."

Darla raised an eyebrow. "The Circus?"

He pointed to a tall, weathered flagpole standing at the island's center. Flapping in the wind was a tattered flag bearing the image of a grinning skull wearing a clown hat.

"That's their sigil," the old man said. "They run things from Fun Streak Island, a few days south of here. We pay tribute in the form of fish, pearls, and rare herbs. In return, they make sure no one else messes with us."

Darla tilted her head, studying the flag. "I've heard of the Circus. They're more than pirates, aren't they? Rumors say they run entire islands like amusement parks... but with blood and madness underneath."

"They call themselves entertainers" the old man replied grimly. "And the leaders of Fun Streak Island. Most don't dare cross them. He is mentally ill, no one knows what will he do."

Darla whistled. "So, where exactly is this Fun Streak Island?"

"South-southeast," one of the newly signed recruits answered. A rabbit-eared girl, no older than twenty, stepped forward. "You'll know you're close when the sea starts turning pink at dawn and music plays from the fog. That's the edge of their territory."

"Pink seas and music?" Darla repeated, raising an eyebrow.

"It's enchanted. It's actually an Open Island for Merchants and Pirates. But for Federation and other organisations that hates pirates they are nightmare Arrays."

Darla rubbed her chin thoughtfully. "Sounds like a hard place to sneak in for other organisations."

The old man gave her a look. "You thinking of heading there?"

"Who Knows" Darla said. "It's our Captain's wish."

She looked back toward the White Pearl. Mana is unloading some goods and selling them to the Islanders.

Darla turned back to the recruits. "Pack lightly. We leave in evening. Say your goodbyes if you've got any family left here."

After the new recruits had departed to pack their belongings and say their goodbyes, a calm silence settled over the dock. The soft lapping of waves against the wooden posts filled the air as the scent of brine and blooming island flowers mingled in the breeze.

The old man remained behind, his tired eyes following the young villagers as they disappeared down a winding path toward the village square. Then he turned back to Darla with a thoughtful expression, his long whiskers twitching slightly.

"If you're serious about visiting Fun Streak Island," he said slowly, "you'll need something to show you're not an enemy. The Circus doesn't take kindly to uninvited guests."

He reached into a conch-shaped storage artifact hanging from his belt and carefully pulled out a small, polished wooden box. The box was unassuming—no lock, no carvings—but it pulsed faintly with a magical aura.

Opening it, the old man retrieved a single playing card and handed it to her with both hands.

"This is like a recommendation card. All of them Islands under Fun Streak Island gets one."

Darla took it with curiosity. The card was a regular playing card—or so it seemed at first glance. It was the Seven of Diamonds, but the ink shimmered faintly under the sunlight, and the card felt heavier than paper. As she turned it in her fingers, the surface gleamed with runes just beneath the surface.

"This card proves you've been acknowledged by someone who's in neutral or friendly standing with the Circus," the old man explained. "It doesn't make you one of them—but it might stop you from being killed on sight."

He gave her a tired, yet sincere smile. "Still, tread carefully. The Circus are pirates. Dangerous, chaotic, unpredictable."

Darla bowed respectfully. "Thank you..."

Then, slipping the card into her inner coat pocket, she turned and began her walk back to the White Pearl, the wind tugging playfully at her cloak.

"Wow... wow... Look how high our Darla has grown up," Mana said teasingly. She is just watching the crew setting up some temporary stalls in the market to sell things.

"Our little chef is now a full-blown ambassador!"

Darla rolled her eyes with a smirk but didn't bother to respond to the jab.

It was true, though. Darla had naturally taken on the responsibility of being the White Pearl's representative whenever they arrived at foreign ports or islands. No one assigned it, but no one objected it.

"Someone has to handle things with grace," Darla replied with a wink.

She then opened a small box she carried and pulled out several handmade cookbooks— recipe collections written by her and Taka.

The two walked side by side toward the market stalls set up near the docks. Darla gave the books to the crew members to sell it. If people get interested in those recipes, they will automatically buy ingredients from the ship.

Meanwhile, deep inside the ship's pocket dimension—a spacious lab filled with glowing instruments, alchemical equipment, and stacks of scribbled research notes—Tyler stood with arms crossed, staring blankly at a floating screen showing charts of crew activity.

"Why am I getting less screen time lately?" he muttered under his breath, his voice laced with mock frustration.

From across the room, Mathilda, who was hunched over a microscope inspecting a strand of seaweed, paused. "What?" she asked without looking up, adjusting the focus knob.

"I mean..." Tyler walked over and leaned on the table beside her, "I barely get to leave the ship. Even when we dock at interesting islands, I stay in the lab or the captain's quarters. It's like I've been reduced to a background character."

Mathilda finally looked up from her microscope and gave him a half-lidded stare. "Well, no one's stopping you, Captain. You've got legs. Use them."

Tyler sighed. "Yeah, but I'm getting complaints that someone has been using our crew members as lab rats."

"Hehe..." Mathilda laughed nervously, slowly swiveling her chair to turn her back toward him. "That sounds like a wild accusation."

Tyler squinted. "Mathilda."

"Look," she began defensively, still not facing him, "if someone volunteers for experimental potions, or minor mutations in exchange for rare resources, that's their choice."

"Minor mutations?"

"Barely noticeable," she said quickly, waving her hand dismissively. "A third eyebrow here, a glowing fingertip there. Nothing a little illusion spell can't cover. "

Tyler dragged a hand down his face. "Just... please don't explode anyone. Again. Also what's with self exploding potions? How did you even come up with it?"

"That was one time! And they got better! That potion might be useful. It can make all Aura and Prana in an Immortal Practitioner go crazy and Boom"

"I don't see any useful component in this self exploding potions." Tyler shook his head, narrowing his eyes at the faintly glowing liquid in the cup. " What exactly is this tea?"

Without waiting for an answer, he brought it to his lips and took a sip.

Mathilda blinked in horror. "No... That's an aphrodisiac."

Tyler froze mid-gulp. His eyes widened as he slowly lowered the cup. "You what?"

Mathilda let out a nervous chuckle and rubbed the back of her head. "Yeah... I meant to label it."

Tyler stared at the tea cup in his hand like it had betrayed him. "Why the hell would you leave something like this in a regular tea cup?"

"I was going to offer it to Su Fei casually," Mathilda explained, clearly unashamed. "Then lead her down here while she's a little... impressionable. Ahh... that Vixen is all in my mind."

Tyler looked at her like she'd grown a second head. "Mathilda, even if—if—that worked, Su Fei would look for a man to vent. You'd have a better chance turning into a unicorn than turning her preferences."

"I know, I know," Mathilda said with a sigh. "But I added a few drops of my Love Nectar into it. There's a small chance it would bind her attraction to me biologically. You know, make her see me as irresistibly alluring."

Tyler, who had been in the middle of setting the cup down, paused.

There was a brief silence.

Then he slowly raised the cup again and drained it in one long swig.

Mathilda's mouth twitched with a mix of resignation and mischief.

With a sigh, she pushed the equipment aside on the table, the clinking of glass echoing faintly in the lab.

Then, without a word, she lay down on the cleared surface like a lamb awaiting the butcher's blade—dramatic and utterly unbothered.

She removed her panties where it is already drenched with some of her Nectar and threw it. Then she made an inviting gesture with her toes towards Tyler who is already walking towards her with his Knife unsheathed ready to slaughter the 'lamb'.

Chapter 377: Fun Streak Island (1/2)

The waters were calm, the sunlight dancing gently on the surface like a shower of gold.

A luxurious ship, the White Pearl, glided gracefully through the endless ocean, its white sails fluttering softly in the breeze.

Onboard, a rare moment of peace had settled over the crew. Laughter echoed from the deck where the old hands and newly recruited members were engrossed in a fishing competition.

Buckets of fish lined the edges, and loud cheers erupted every time someone hauled in a big catch. Even the more stoic crew members were smiling, the spirit of camaraderie infectious.

Meanwhile, inside the Control and Information Centre—referred to as CIC by the crew—Lily was hard at work, poring over the ship's route logs and navigation systems.

"Wow... I didn't expect this," she muttered to herself, her eyes scanning the data. She tapped a few keys and then turned toward Tyler, who was seated across the room.

"We've been drifting away from our destination. Our destination is in southeast direction. Looks like we're off the original route. According to our new crew members, Fun Streak Island lies in that direction."

Tyler, focused on a glowing holographic display showing images and stats of the mysterious island, nodded without looking up. "That's probably because of the detour we took to avoid that Sea Titan half a month ago."

Lily stretched a little and glanced at another screen—a projection of a towering clown-like figure floating midair above the console. The image was generated by high-grade projection tech, rendering it as if the clown were standing right there in the room.

"I wonder if we'll run into another one of those Titan Beasts again..." she mused.

Tyler finally looked up, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. "Most ships go out of their way to avoid Titan-class sea beasts. Engaging one isn't cost-effective. Sure, a heavily armed vessel might take one down with advanced-grade cannons, but amount of Lydia they burn like paper for those canons—far outweighs the loot they'd get from a Titan carcass."

Lily nodded in agreement, quickly connecting the dots. "Right. But we're different. We have your lucky cheat thingy and we don't need to worry about Prana or Aura Stones. We've got them in excess."

"Exactly. But just because we can afford it doesn't mean we should go around provoking peaceful Titan Beasts," Tyler added with a small grin.

"Aye, aye, Captain," Lily replied with a salute and a smirk.

Tyler returned his attention to his screen, opening a file that had been recently uploaded by some of the newer recruits. A moment later, several pictures appeared—youthful cleavage shots of a few new female crew members in overly 'friendly' poses. His eyes widened, and he quickly slammed the file shut.

"I'll pretend I never saw that, Captain," Lily said flatly as she turned to leave, amusement dancing in her voice.

"It's not what you think. They sent those—" Tyler tried to explain, but she was already gone.

After that, Tyler reopened the files.

Hours passed. The calm was broken.

From the upper decks, the White Pearl's powerful cannons began to shift and lock onto a target. Bright blue runes—part of an intricate network of offensive arrays—flared to life both on the cannons and across the ship's underside. The arrays glowed, drawing massive volumes of water from the sea and condensing it into highly pressurized blasts.

"Fire the Hydro Cannons!" Mana shouted from the observation tower.

With a deep boom, the cannons unleashed torrents of water with incredible force. A nearby pirate ship that had foolishly tried to intercept them was struck squarely on its starboard side. The hull cracked under the pressure, sending splinters of wood and streams of seawater shooting into the air.

"Again!" Mana barked.

The cannons fired once more, shattering the enemy's mast and sending crew members tumbling into the sea.

Seeing defeat was inevitable, several of the pirates pulled out glittering jade charms—Ten Thousand Miles Escape Charms—and crushed them. With a flash of light, they vanished, fleeing into the unknown.

Others weren't so lucky. Dozens were left flailing in the sea, clinging to debris.

A nearby crew member turned to Mana. "Miss Mana, should we capture the survivors?"

Mana watched the struggling pirates for a long moment. Her eyes softened slightly, though her tone remained calm. "No. Leave them. If fate's on their side, they'll survive. Otherwise, the sea will decide."

With that, she vanished in a swirl of mist.

Shortly after, the command crew gathered on the main deck—Tyler, Lily, Mathilda, Mana, and Darla—staring out at the horizon. In the distance, a thick pink fog curled and twisted above the sea like a curtain drawn across the world.

"Looks like we're almost there," Lily said.

Tyler tapped his communicator. "Tuman, activate the defensive arrays."

A deep hum reverberated through the ship as glowing symbols lit up across its surface. A translucent barrier shimmered to life, encasing the White Pearl in a dome of protective energy.

Darla narrowed her eyes at the fog. "That mist... It's not natural. It has traces of illusion magic."

"Expected," Mathilda murmured. "Fun Streak Island is run by a bunch of eccentric pirates. The Circus Crew. Trickery and illusions are their style."

Tyler smiled faintly. "We are just here for trade."

Tyler then glanced at Darla, who stepped forward and produced a small, polished wooden box from the folds of her coat. Then she opened it.

Tyler reached in and took out the card – Seven of Diamonds.

The White Pearl sailed steadily, and without hesitation, the ship passed through it, and the pink fog swallowed them whole.

Instantly, everything changed.

The familiar sounds of wind and water against hull vanished. The only sound that remained was the crew's breath—shallow, quiet, cautious.

They felt like they are inside some sort of Pink Image Filter.

"The sea water..." Su Fei's voice broke the silence, barely above a whisper. "It's turned pink."

"Ahhh! Ghost!" Mana squealed and leapt onto Tyler, wrapping her arms around him in a sudden panic. She hadn't seen Su Fei standing near the railing and had mistaken her sudden voice as something supernatural.

"You're the ghost here!" Tyler grunted and peeled her off. With a quick flick, he tossed her aside.

Mana phased through the ship, then her head just popped out and pouted.

The sky had vanished, the sea was no longer blue, and above the ship, even the sun had disappeared. Everything was soaked in pink.

As the White Pearl glided forward cautiously, strange sights began to emerge.

Gigantic skeletal remains floated on the water's surface. Some looked like the remnants of massive Titan Beasts—skulls larger than the ship itself, cracked ribs like broken pillars, and spinal columns twisted into pink seaweed-covered knots.

Suddenly, Su Fei's fox ears perked up.

"Something's coming," she whispered, eyes narrowing as she stared into the shifting mist.

All heads turned toward the direction she indicated. A shadow moved—huge, serpentine, and unnaturally quiet. Deep in the pink fog, the outline of a massive body twisted and slithered.

"That's..." Tyler's voice trailed off. "That's a serpent?"

The serpent's silhouette continued to grow until it encircled the ship. Its long, scaly body coiled around the White Pearl with an eerie grace, forming a living wall of muscle and mystery. Then, with a slow and deliberate motion, it raised its head above the deck.

No—heads.

Two massive heads emerged from the mist, their fanged maws dripping with pink sea water. Their glowing pink eyes stared directly at the crew.

"It's a Twin-Headed Sea Serpent," Lily said, her voice calm but tight.

The creature loomed higher than the masts of the White Pearl, and its presence cast a shadow that made the fog feel colder.

The moment stretched. No one moved.

Then the card in Tyler's hand—the Seven of Diamonds—began to glow. The light pulsed like a heartbeat, sending ripples of energy through the air.

The Twin-Headed Sea Serpent paused. Both heads tilted, as if they were sensing the card.

A low rumble escaped its throats—a sound neither aggressive nor friendly.

Then, without warning, the serpent turned.

With a swift motion of its enormous tail, it whipped the pink fog aside, parting it like a curtain.

A narrow path formed—straight and lined with clear, shimmering light. It was like a door had been opened in the fog, revealing the sea beyond.

Tyler narrowed his eyes and nodded. "Tuman," he called into his communication device, "move the ship forward—follow the light."

"Aye, Captain." Tuman quickly replied.

Slowly, cautiously, the White Pearl moved forward. The light path shimmered with every inch they crossed, and the fog around them pulsed as if resisting the intrusion. Behind them, the Twin-Headed Sea Serpent watched in silence.

As the ship neared the edge of the fog, the pink mist began to coil and twist. With a sudden whoosh, the parted fog closed behind the ship. The last thing the crew saw was the serpent diving into the fog again, vanishing like a phantom, swimming through it as though it were water.

Chapter 378: Fun Streak Island (2/2)

Tyler and his crew aboard the White Pearl finally broke free from the oppressive embrace of the Pink Smog—an eerie, ever-shifting array that had wrapped around them like a curse.

The moment the ship pierced through the final veil of mist, the world seemed to exhale.

Wind rushed past the sails once more, the waves beneath them came alive with rhythmic splashes, and the suffocating silence that had clung to their ship vanished as if it had never existed.

The crew let out collective breaths of relief. Then, almost magically, a new sound emerged—faint at first, like a distant music box. The ambient notes, cheerful and whimsical, floated on the breeze and seemed to beckon them forward.

Before them unfolded a sight so surreal it made the entire crew lean over the railing in awe.

Fun Streak Island—true to its name—was unlike anything they had ever seen. The central landmass was a chaotic burst of color, an explosion of hues so vivid it felt as though the world itself had turned into a dreamscape.

Trees of impossible shapes and colors swayed with the wind, their leaves glowing in electric blue, candy pink, and molten gold. Some trees had fruit that looked like gummy candies; others shimmered with iridescent lights, as though housing miniature stars.

The shoreline was no less fantastical. Sand flowed in soft gradients of pastel pinks, baby blues, and lavender, like nature had painted it with cotton candy. Star-shaped seashells lay scattered on the beach, some of them humming quietly, as though alive.

In the skies above, hundreds of hot air balloons drifted lazily through the air—though calling them "balloons" hardly did them justice. Some were shaped like gigantic cats with twinkling eyes, others like spinning cupcakes or upside-down teacups. They bobbed and floated as if gravity was more of a suggestion than a rule here.

The port itself was a swirling hive of activity. Ships of all shapes and origins had anchored along the docks—sleek merchant schooners with golden sails, battered pirate vessels decked in skull flags and streamers, and even floating caravans shaped like animals or carnival rides.

But nothing drew the eye more than the massive castle looming behind the port. It wasn't just grand—it was breathtakingly absurd.

A fantasy palace that looked like it had been stitched together from sugar and dreams. The walls shimmered like they were made of hard candy, the turrets spun slowly in place like carousel towers, and golden bridges arched over moats filled with glittering, rainbow-colored water.

Flags waved from every peak, and fireworks occasionally popped in the sky above, raining down harmless sparkles.

"Wow," Tyler muttered, shading his eyes as he took in the view before him. "Instead of a pirate turf, the island looks more like a..."

He trailed off, struggling to find the right word.

"An amusement park," Lily finished for him, smirking.

"Yeah, that's it..." Tyler nodded slowly.

"And there are merchant ships here too," Mathilda added, scanning the busy port. "Guess I was worried for nothing. I thought we'd be the only merchants showing up to this place."

The White Pearl glided smoothly into the docking zone, drawing curious glances from nearby crews. Tyler chose to anchor a little farther away from the central pier, away from the rowdier traffic.

But the moment they began preparing to disembark, they were swarmed—not aggressively, but with practiced precision. Dozens of locals, clearly part of various portside gangs, gathered in front of them, calling out offers.

"Your ship will be safer with us! Hire our gang for guaranteed protection!"

"No, no, forget them! We're cheaper and better! You'll only get a wooden plank back if you trust those amateurs!"

Their voices overlapped in chaotic competition. Some held up flashy signs, others displayed crude pamphlets boasting exaggerated claims. Still, none of them came too close. It was clear they were used to operating under a set of unspoken rules—no touching, no threatening, only persuasion.

Tyler furrowed his brows, quickly realizing what was happening. "So this is how they run things here..."

"It looks like you can't just leave your ship unattended," Lily observed aloud. "Unless you want to come back and find it stripped clean."

Mathilda raised an eyebrow. "It's like a paid parking scam but with pirates."

Tyler smirked, then glanced over his shoulder at the crew. "No need to worry—we're leaving most of our people on the ship anyway."

Just as he was about to wave the gangs off, a new voice cut through the chatter like a blade.

"Hey! This area belongs to us. We will be guarding any ship that docks here!"

The voice belonged to a short, sturdy woman with messy black hair tied into a rough ponytail. She strode forward with confident steps, and the moment she appeared, the other gangs groaned and scattered. A few muttered under their breath but none dared argue.

"They've got territory lines drawn," Lily muttered under her breath, "Probably a union or alliance system. Each patch of the shore is claimed by a specific gang so they can collect protection fees without clashing."

The woman halted in front of them, hands on hips, surveying the group. "Don't worry," she said with a crooked grin. "Our Darla Gang will take good care of your ship."

At that, Tyler and the others burst into chuckles.

The woman's expression darkened for a moment, her gang members bristling as though they were being mocked. But then Tyler pointed to the ship's cook standing beside him.

"Darla, you didn't tell me you had a gang here," he teased.

The cook laughed and rolled her eyes. "This Sister's name is also Darla. Mine's just a coincidence."

Gang Leader Darla's demeanor immediately softened. "Well, well! That must be fate," she said, eyeing her namesake with amusement before turning to Tyler who seems to be Captain of the ship. "And you are?"

"Tyler White," he said, extending a hand in greeting. "So, Miss Darla, is it really necessary to hire a gang for ship protection?"

Gang Leader Darla shook his hand firmly. "Technically, no. But it's strongly advised. When a local gang is in charge of watching a ship, no one dares mess with it. You get respect—and insurance."

Lily sent a quick voice transmission to Tyler. Translation: 'if you don't pay, the gangs themselves will loot your ship the moment you step away'.

Tyler sighed inwardly. He didn't fear anyone trying to rob White Pearl, especially with the ship's defensive arrays. But still, he had no interest in attracting unnecessary attention or provoking petty disputes.

"How much?" he asked simply.

"Just ten thousand Lydia," she replied.

"That's cheap," Tyler said.

"Per day," she added with a grin.

"Still cheap."

Darla blinked. The gang members exchanged baffled looks. Most merchants or pirates haggled down to the last coin. But Tyler seemed completely unfazed.

Only someone truly rich—or dangerously confident—could say ten thousand Lydia a day was "cheap."

After a moment's thought, Tyler said, "I'll pay thirty thousand. Just make sure no one even gets within a hundred meters of the ship."

Gang Leader Darla's eyebrows shot up. "Thirty? You serious?"

"Consider it a bonus for peace of mind."

"Yes, Boss White!" she replied instantly, practically saluting. The formality of 'Mr. White' was gone, replaced by a deferential title. She had clearly decided that Tyler was someone worth keeping happy.

Tyler smirked. "Also, I'll need a guide while I'm on the island. Someone trustworthy."

"Of course!" Darla turned to one of her subordinates. "Go fetch Alna."

The man gave a nod and jogged off without a word.

"Alna is my daughter," Darla said with pride. "She knows this island like the back of her hand—clever, quick, and, well, she's got a good figure too. Perfect match for someone like you, Boss White."

Tyler nodded calmly. "Sounds good. We'll wait here."

He pretended not to notice the strange looks the girls gave him after Darla's comment about her daughter's figure.

The group relaxed a little as the local gang members began casually spreading out, forming a loose perimeter around the White Pearl. It was clear that, despite their odd appearance and colorful names, they were professionals in their own way.

'Cook' Darla nudged Tyler. "Boss, you really think thirty thousand Lydia is worth it?"

Tyler smiled faintly. "Buying peace is cheaper than dealing with chaos."

Mathilda chuckled. "Captain is always right."

Tyler narrowed his eyes. "Why are you flattering me? What do you want?"

Mathilda pouted with a sad expression. "Am I that untrustworthy?"

"Just say it." Tyler simply said.

"Fine... When you Bang that Alna girl, bring me too." Mathilda said while drooling over.

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Mana appeared above her, knocking her on the head.

"Ouch!"

Laughter followed. As they waited, the island's sounds reached them—cheerful music, the roar of rides, clinking coins, and a carefree rhythm of fun in the air.

Fun Streak Island truly did feel like an amusement park. But underneath the bright colors and playful charm, Tyler and others knew better than to let his guard down.

Chapter 379: Eyes in the Crowd

"Hello, my name is Alna," said a young woman with a warm smile. She wore a medieval-style innkeeper outfit: a white chemise with wide, puffy sleeves under a reddish-brown corset laced at the front, paired with a plain brown skirt that reached her ankles. Her attire gave her a classic charm, and her posture carried the quiet confidence of someone familiar with her surroundings.

"Alna, huh..." Tyler tilted his head thoughtfully. "I recall meeting another girl named Alna before. First Darla, now Alna. What a coincidence."

Lily rolled her eyes and smirked. "Well, I wouldn't be surprised if every girl we meet from now on shares the same names as the ones you've 'played' with."

"Hello, Miss Alna. My name is Tyler White. You can just call me Tyler," he said, brushing off Lily's remark with a polite smile.

"There's no need for formalities. Just call me Alna," she replied quickly and cheerfully.

With that, Alna began leading the group through the bustling streets of the island. As they walked away from the Port Castle, the view opened up, revealing the entire island in its strange, colorful glory.

Rows of multicolored houses stretched out before them, interspersed with clusters of lush trees and whimsical structures. The buildings didn't follow any standard architectural style—some looked like candy shops from fairy tales, others resembled crooked towers or houses built atop giant mushrooms.

"This place doesn't feel like a pirate turf," Darla murmured. "It's more like..."

"An amusement park," Mana finished for her.

"Didn't we just had this conversation?" Tyler muttered.

As Tyler continued taking in the sights, he suddenly felt a gust of wind rush past him. Instinctively, he stepped back just in time to avoid getting clipped by something strange. A bizarre rollercoaster, shaped like a string of clown-themed carts, zoomed past them—except it wasn't riding on any tracks.

Tyler stared at it, baffled. "What the hell...?"

"That's the Death Ride," Alna said with a shrug. "It never stops. Just loops around the entire island endlessly. No tracks. No maintenance. And nobody's ever seen it being refueled with Prana or Aura Pearls. It just... goes."

"Death Ride," Tyler echoed, watching it disappear in the distance. In one of the carts, he could swear he saw skeletons sitting upright, arms raised in frozen excitement.

"So, what exactly is this island's specialty?" Tyler asked, his curiosity growing with every step.

As they moved deeper into the market area, the atmosphere changed. While there were regular stalls selling food, clothing, weapons, and charms, there were also disturbing sights—slaves, bound in colorful enchanted collars, stood on platforms like merchandise.

Alna sighed. "Just as you see. Slaves are the specialty here. Especially the ones brought in by the Circus Group. They regularly sail north and come back with captives—people taken from islands, ruined ships, even flying cities. And once they're here, well... they're sold."

Lily's eyes narrowed. "Circus Pirates, huh? The Boss of this Island. Are they here now?"

"Yes, they are," Alna answered. "They're at the Tent."

"Tent?" Mathilda tilted her head.

"You'll understand once you see it," Alna replied cryptically.

Soon after, Alna led them to a large shop, its exterior decorated with bright banners and wind chimes that jingled in the breeze. As they approached the entrance, a group of suspicious-looking men walked toward them. Their movements were deliberate, and one of them made a series of subtle hand signs directed at Tyler and the girls.

Tyler and girls immediately tensed, their eyes narrowing in confusion. The group instinctively raised their guard.

Before things could escalate, Alna stepped forward and shouted, "We're not buying it! Get lost!"

The men scowled in frustration but eventually dispersed, muttering curses under their breath.

Once they were safely inside the shop, Tyler turned to Alna. "What was that all about?"

Alna's expression turned serious. "They were trying to sell Immortal Dreams. It's a dangerous drug—highly addictive and potent enough to affect even Grandmaster level Immortal Practitioners. Once

you've tasted it, it's almost impossible to stop. That's why it's banned in most regions in north, but here... well, everything's for sale."

She turned to emphasize her point. "Never try those—"

Before she could finish, her voice was cut off by the sound of haggling just a few feet away.

"How do I even know this stuff's the real deal? You trying to scam me 'cause I'm new here?" came Mathilda's voice. "I'll only pay half."

Tyler turned to see Mathilda, arms crossed, facing the very same shady vendors from earlier. One of them was holding up a shimmering black pipe and a pouch filled with glowing powder.

"Lady Boss, trust me," the man insisted. "Just one puff, and you'll feel like you're floating in dreamland. Master level, Elite level—our regulars include them all! Even a few Grandmasters, I swear!"

Alna's jaw dropped. "Aren't you going to stop her?!"

Tyler just waved a hand lazily. "Oh, leave her be. She's probably not interested in using it. She's just curious about the ingredients... maybe wants to study it."

Alna blinked. "She wants to study illegal drugs?"

"It wouldn't be the first time," Lily muttered under her breath.

Alna thought they were righteous Merchants. But she didn't expect they are also show interest in this stuff. Well she really didn't care. Her mom ordered her to take care of the group.

Meanwhile, Mathilda continued to haggle, poking at the product with a stick and demanding proof of authenticity. The vendors, a little intimidated but also eager to make a sale, tried their best to impress her.

But still Alna rubbed her temples. "I think you guys might be more chaotic than the island itself."

"Probably," Lily said with a chuckle.

Tyler stepped back outside the shop and looked around. The island was alive with noise and color—music from flutes and drums echoed through the streets, the clinking of coins mixed with laughter, and the occasional shout of a hawker offering a "once-in-a-lifetime deal."

Despite the island's darker elements—slavery, drugs, pirate presence—it had a strange, surreal charm to it. Like a circus hiding knives behind its painted smile.

"This place is kind of fun," Tyler remarked, his eyes scanning the vibrant, chaotic streets filled with clashing colors, street performers, and bizarre architecture that looked like it came straight out of a fever dream.

"Isn't it?" Alna replied with a wry smile. "At least they don't fight openly in the market or on the streets. That's the unspoken rule around here. But if the Circus Group spots us doing anything even slightly suspicious... well, it won't matter who's in the wrong. They'll take everyone involved straight to the Tent."

"The Tent?" Mana echoed, raising an eyebrow. "What happens in the Tent?"

Alna's face went pale. She lowered her voice and leaned in closer. "Two things. Game Arena... and the Time Pass Room."

Tyler and the others exchanged confused glances.

"That doesn't sound so bad," Mathilda said, folding her arms.

Alna shook her head quickly. "Those names are just sugarcoated. It's a 'Game Arena' only for the spectators—mostly tourists and twisted nobles looking for entertainment. For the people taken inside? It's a death trap. And the 'Time Pass Room'? It's a nightmare. A place where Circus members pass time in their own twisted ways using... captives."

The group went silent. Even Darla, who usually had a snarky retort, simply clenched her jaw.

Alna continued, her voice trembling slightly. "My mother used to tell me stories about the Tent. She warned me never to attract the Circus Group's attention. If someone survives both rooms, it's nothing short of a miracle."

The ominous warning hung in the air, dampening the earlier cheerfulness. After a few quiet moments, Tyler clapped his hands lightly. "Alright. Let's not dwell on that. We'll visit the Tent later—when we're ready. For now, let's explore the island."

They left the shop, having bought a few rare items—alchemical herbs, strange coins from sunken ruins, and even a glowing, ever-Thunder pearl that caught Lily's interest. Mathilda rejoined the group soon after, carrying a suspiciously bulging bag with an innocent grin. She quickly tucked it away into her storage ring.

"Don't ask, ok?" she said before anyone could question her.

As they moved through the marketplace, they passed booths filled with exotic pets, fortune tellers reading fate through smoke, and weapon stalls selling enchanted blades with names like Soul Bleeder and Whisper Fang. The air was thick with spices, incense, and the distant laughter of mechanical clowns spinning in circles.

But what they didn't notice—at least not yet—was the growing attention they were attracting.

A group of men stood casually near a food stall, seemingly uninterested in anything. But on closer inspection, their bare arms bore the mark of a painted clown face.

They watched Tyler's group carefully, their eyes lingering on Lily's confident stride, Mathilda's energy, Mana's calm aura, and Darla's composed presence. These weren't ordinary tourists, that much was clear.

The group had yet to realize that trouble was quietly brewing around them.

Chapter 380: 380. The Calm before the Tent

Night draped the island in silence.

A dim lantern flickered outside the wooden walls of the inn, casting soft golden hues through the window slats. Inside, the room was filled with the gentle rhythm of breathing and the muffled rustle of sheets stirred by the breeze.

Tyler White, completely naked, lay in a wide bed, sound asleep. On his side was Naked Alna, her face flushed, her chest rising and falling peacefully as she nestled into Tyler's arm. On the other side of Alna, Mathilda lay sprawled with her leg draped over Alna's thigh, her usual playful smirk absent in the tranquility of slumber.

Alna is basically got sandwiched by Both Tyler and Mathilda.

The room smelled faintly of lavender soap, wine, and sweat—an aftermath of indulgent intimacy.

For a man like Tyler—handsome, confident, and radiating a calm but dangerous charm—drawing a girl like Alna into his bed hadn't been difficult. One evening of clever words, lingering touches, and suggestive glances had been more than enough.

Alna was also not unwilling. She was also succumbed easily.

Mathilda, ever the wildcard, had decided to join in "for fun," claiming she wanted to taste the Guide Girl and didn't want Tyler to have too much fun without her.

Whatever their reasons, none of them seemed to regret the choice now.

Outside, however, the stillness held a hidden tension.

In the alley behind the inn, shadows shifted.

A group of four figures, dressed in patchy cloaks and decorated with vibrant but sinister face paint, lingered under the dim light. They all bore identical tattoos on their arms: a grinning clown mask, etched with wild lines and smeared ink.

They spoke in hushed voices, eyes darting toward the inn's windows.

"Should we do it now?" one of them whispered, a dagger glinting under his sleeve.

Another scoffed. "You forget our mission?"

The first man sighed and looked to his other teammates.

Their leader, a tall man with rings piercing his lips and a wide-brimmed hat, crossed his arms and answered in a gravelly voice. "The Ringmaster gave a direct order. We're to locate and retrieve the mini tarantula that escaped the Colorful Forest. The damn thing's not supposed to leave the forest perimeter. If it's still loose in town, it'll draw too much attention."

"What about the girls?" another asked, licking his lips. "Dr. Juggler said he wanted those merchant girls."

"We handle the Ringmaster's orders first," the leader growled. "Dr. Juggler can play with his toys later. Priorities."

With that, the group dispersed into the shadows, disappearing into the night in search of the escaped creature.

The inn remained silent.

Back in the room, the soft creak of the wooden floor signaled a quiet stirring.

Mana phased out from Tyler's chest, yawning as she materialized mid-air before floating gently down to the floor. She rubbed her eyes, blinking away the remnants of sleep.

"Hm?" she mumbled as she turned her head.

Then she froze.

Her eyes widened slightly at the sight before her—Tyler, naked and sleeping with two naked women. Alna had her head resting on Tyler's chest, a satisfied smile on her lips, while Mathilda looked like she was drooling in her sleep, still hugging Alna like a giant pillow.

Mana's expression twitched.

She blinked again, her eyes narrowed into thin lines of mild judgment. "Tch. Perverts," she muttered under her breath.

"Hmph... They didn't even invite me. Next time, I should not cut my perception of outside world." She muttered to herself.

She didn't comment further. Instead, she casually phased through the wall and exited the room as if nothing had happened, leaving the trio undisturbed.

Moments later, morning light began to filter through the shutters.

Tyler slowly opened his eyes. While it was true that Grandmasters no longer needed sleep to replenish energy like mortals, last night had been full of intimacy and the exchange of different postures and funs. Besides, many Immortal Practitioners still enjoyed sleep—it was a lingering habit from their mortal days, a comfort that followed them through the ages.

Then he felt soft weights pressing into both sides of his body. He turned his head and smiled at the view.

"Morning already?" he muttered, his voice raspy.

Alna responded with a soft hum, snuggling closer. Mathilda just let out a snort and pulled the sheets tighter around her.



A few hours later, Alna led Tyler and the others toward the most infamous structure on the island.

Fun Streak Island was shaped like a twin-clover, two massive leaf-shaped landmasses connected at their stems. The southern clover leaf was lively and bright—a bustling district filled with shops, street performers, music, and strange food carts selling floating pastries and smoking drinks. The northern clover leaf, however, has the Colourfull Forest. At the very center of it all stood a singular, monstrous structure: The Tent.

Tyler and the girls followed Alna through the winding streets, their pace casual but eyes alert. Above them, colorful streamers danced in the wind, suspended from invisible enchantments. The road ahead curved gently toward a platform—an open plaza where dozens of floating aerostats waited for passengers.

These weren't ordinary hot air balloons.

Each aerostat was a strange contraption made of levitating arrays and magical ropes, with baskets designed to mimic carriages or even miniature boats. Above the baskets floated enormous, whimsical balloons—some shaped like animal heads, some like spinning tops, and others as simple as colorful spheres.

Tyler glanced around and pointed to one covered in hundreds of tiny, multicolored balloons tied tightly around the basket, making it look like a flying bouquet. "That one. Let's go with the most ridiculous-looking one," he said with a grin.

The aerostat creaked slightly under their weight, then settled. An array glowed faintly beneath their feet—a control sigil that responded to divine sense. Alna channeled a sliver of her power into the array, and the balloon gently lifted off the ground, rising smoothly into the air like a soap bubble catching the breeze.

The city unfolded beneath them like a painting in motion. Colorful rooftops, enchanted fountains, floating performers juggling fire, merchants shouting over enchanted loudspeakers—it was a chaotic but enchanting panorama.

"There it is," Alna said quietly, nodding toward the north.

The moment their balloon crested over the dividing waters between the two clover leaves, the atmosphere changed. The sky here seemed just a shade darker. But everything is still colourfull. The buildings fewer. Trees grew taller, with trunks twisted unnaturally, branches arching like skeletal fingers. And in the middle of it all... rose The Tent.

To the untrained eye, it was beautiful.

The Tent was enormous—easily as wide as a castle and taller than most towers. Its fabric shimmered under the dying sunlight, a mesmerizing mix of crimson, gold, violet, and deep blue. The stripes swirled toward a pointed peak topped with a spire, and dozens of flags danced from its ridges. Jesters, animals, balloons, smiling faces—all sewn or enchanted into motion on the flags, drawing the eyes of curious travelers.

On the Top of all those, Flapping in the wind was a flag bearing the image of a grinning skull wearing a clown hat.

The entrance to the Tent was a grand archway in the shape of a laughing clown's mouth. Two towering statues of jesters stood on either side, arms spread as if to welcome all guests. Their faces were locked in perpetual mirth, but something about the exaggerated smiles and wide, empty eyes sent a chill through Tyler.

"Now that's... unsettling," Mana murmured, gripping the edge of the basket.

Above the entrance, a massive banner waved in the breeze. It depicted a clown skull—grinning ear to ear—wearing a polka-dotted jester hat. Its hollow eyes seemed to follow them as they approached.

"No wonder it's just called The Tent," Tyler muttered. "It really is a tent... but the size of a damned fortress."

Alna's expression had shifted. She looked nervous now, and her voice was lower when she responded. "We're allowed in, but only on the lower floor. The main areas are open to the public during daylight hours. Shops, illusion shows, beast tamers, that sort of thing."

"And the upper levels?" Tyler asked.

Alna hesitated, then answered, "Restricted. For performers and Circus Group members only. Also Audiences only when they allow it."

Tyler narrowed his eyes but didn't press. "Well, let's at least see what's open."

With a gentle nudge of divine sense, Alna guided the balloon downward. The air grew colder as they descended toward the base of the Tent. From here, they could see more details—like the fact that the fabric of the Tent wasn't made from cloth at all. It was some kind of organic material, pulsing faintly with light. Magical arrays were stitched into its seams, glowing periodically in different patterns, as if alive.

The plaza outside the Tent bustled with activity. Street performers juggled flaming torches while riding unicycles. Musicians played odd, whimsical instruments that gave off sounds like laughter and weeping.

These people are actually forced to do it. They don't even have control of their bodies.

The basket touched the ground with a soft bump, and Tyler stepped off first, scanning the area.

"Stay close," he said to the others.

They stepped through the giant mouth of the clown entrance.