

R Cultivator 76

Chapter 76: 76. The Newcomers' Dilemma

"Hmmm..." Tyler was in deep thought while holding the free food. If they were providing free food, why was food listed among the free items? The inconsistency puzzled him.

He ate dinner silently with Silvia, surrounded by others in the same predicament. The gruel, filled with common vegetables and rice, wasn't bad. As he observed the room, he noticed some people praying before eating, their murmured words barely audible over the din.

"...May every bite remind us clear, Of all your wonders, far and near. With every taste, we feel your grace, In each and every sacred place..." they prayed, their devotion clear.

The next day arrived with a tangible sense of excitement. The newbies were waiting in the street, eager to find a job and survive for a month. Tyler held Silvia's tiny hand and stood among the crowd, looking up in awe as people flew on giant paper cranes.

"Are they formation methods or talisman methods?" Tyler became more interested in these things. He decided to look for books that resembled formations.

The crimson-robed figures, disciples of the Crimson Blood Sect, descended gracefully, their paper cranes shrinking and folding neatly into their pockets.

One of the disciples, with an uninterested expression, asked, "Where is Supervisor Han?"

"Hello, Senior Disciples. Sorry I'm late," Supervisor Han said, walking leisurely toward them.

Tyler was shocked to see Supervisor Han in red robes, though the shade was slightly different from the others. It confirmed that Supervisor Han was also an official disciple.

After a brief conversation among themselves, Supervisor Han addressed the crowd, which fell silent. "People who have the strength to mine, raise your hand," he instructed.

Some people raised their hands.

"People who can farm."

"People who can cook, raise your hand."

"People who know how to do math and write."

Supervisor Han continued asking questions about various skills like construction and medicine without noting anything down. His method seemed almost arbitrary but carried an underlying logic.

"People who have some knowledge about plants here," he called out. Tyler was the only one to raise his hand, and everyone looked at him with surprise. Supervisor Han, however, seemed unsurprised.

"You, you, you, and you," Supervisor Han pointed at several people, assigning them to mining. Some others, thinking they could blend into the chosen group, felt a stinging pain on their cheeks and were thrown back by an unseen force.

"You, you, and the one in the green shirt, to the Medical department," he continued, allocating most of the group to various tasks. In the end, only Tyler and Silvia remained unassigned.

"You both will work in my office," Supervisor Han declared, drawing envious looks from the others.

Faces filled with dissatisfaction surrounded them, but no one dared to voice their complaints. After all, they had just seen the consequences of crossing Supervisor Han.

After saying a few more words, Supervisor Han left. One of the disciples from the Medical Hall laughed evilly and said, "Go and use your two free chances to get these medicinal herbs."

The people selected by the Medical Department were dumbfounded, while the others gloated at their misfortune. But soon their expressions turned grim as they were also ordered to do the same. Some were asked for materials, some for ores.

"You two," one of the guys from another department pointed at Tyler and Silvia. It seemed to be a tradition to bully the newbies.

Something slipped from Tyler's hand. "Oh no. I accidentally dropped the token that Supervisor Han gave me," Tyler said loudly, making others dumbfounded. They ignored Tyler since he had Supervisor Han's token and thus had to give Supervisor Han some face and not make things difficult for Tyler and Silvia.

Under the envious gaze, Tyler left with Silvia. Unlike the others, Tyler had only promised Supervisor Han for one free item. He felt lucky. What Tyler didn't know was that everyone would get extorted even more in the following days. Tyler was still using his first free chance under the guise of 'checking the goods.' So he and Silvia could still get three more items.

People who had silently mocked Tyler for wasting his chance couldn't help but regret it now. If they could turn back time, they would have definitely used all of their five free chances on the first day.

Tyler and Silvia stood before Supervisor Han, who handed Tyler a notebook. Supervisor Han didn't pay much attention to Silvia, uncertain if the little girl could be of any help.

"Your task for today is to visit the plantation, count how many people are working there, and bring back some tea leaves," Supervisor Han said. Tyler was baffled. It seemed too easy, right?

"Is that all?" Tyler asked, trying to mask his surprise.

Supervisor Han gave him a stern look. "Yes, that's all. Don't make it more complicated than it needs to be."

Tyler nodded, taking Silvia's hand as they left the office. As they walked toward the plantation, Tyler couldn't help but reflect on their situation. The apparent ease of the task felt like a reprieve, a chance to gather their thoughts and strategize without immediate danger.

The plantation was a sprawling area with rows upon rows of tea bushes. Workers moved methodically, tending to the plants and harvesting the leaves. Tyler also saw some newcomers learning from their seniors.

Tyler silently counted the number of workers and told Silvia, who noted it down. Despite being a little girl, her writing was fast and neat, her handwriting even better than Tyler's.

Silvia tugged on his sleeve and pointed to the side. Tyler looked where she pointed. "Oh, there's a shed over there. Maybe we can get the tea leaves from there."

Tyler led her toward the shed. Inside, they found baskets filled with freshly picked tea leaves. He scooped a generous amount into a smaller basket, making sure they had enough to fulfill their task.

When they returned to Supervisor Han, Tyler handed over the notebook and the basket of tea leaves. Supervisor Han glanced at the notes and nodded approvingly.

"Good job. You completed the task efficiently," he said, then he glanced at the tea leaves and nodded in satisfaction.

"Did you take some for yourselves?" he asked.

Tyler and Silvia shook their heads. Supervisor Han picked up a small bag, put some leaves in it, and handed it to Tyler. "It's okay. Next time, try to get some for yourself too. But do remember, you are not allowed to sell it."

Tyler thanked him and took the bag.

As they left, Tyler felt a mixture of relief and confusion.

"You look confused, Uncle Horny," Silvia said with a teasing grin.

"And you were cute when you kept your mouth shut," Tyler replied, rolling his eyes. They bickered playfully as they walked back to their quarters, their light-hearted banter a welcome distraction from the uncertainty of their situation.

Tyler and Silvia shared the same room, so Tyler took a bath first and left. Despite the day's smoothness, he couldn't shake the feeling that the real challenges were yet to come. The concept of 'survive' here still eluded him.

The next day arrived, and everyone went to work. This time, Tyler's task was to go to the mines and count the workers there. The supervisor of the mines, a gruff but fair man, handed Tyler a few small gems like rocks as a token of appreciation for his diligence. Tyler gave them to Supervisor Han, who examined the gems and handed Tyler some Lydia in return.

There's a shopping street on the Floating Island. Tyler decided to visit it on a holiday.

Tyler thanked him, realizing that the gems were valuable. He felt that the supervisor at the mine was kind-hearted.

Four days have passed since the trial started. Tyler and Silvia's daily life consisted of studying the books in the name of 'checking', taking surveys, and trying to gather more information about the one-month trial.

On the fifth day, everything changed. Tragedy struck without warning.

Tyler and Silvia, who went to the canteen to eat, saw many people with depressed looks.

"What happened?" Tyler asked a man. The man noticed Tyler and said, "Mr. White, something happened in the mines. An iron-eating worm suddenly appeared and attacked the workers. The mine supervisor used some of the newbies as bait and killed the iron-eating worm. Ten people died."

Silvia grabbed Tyler's hand in fright.

Crimson Blood Sect is an unorthodox sect. Tyler remembered those words. Now Tyler felt a little relief. If everything seemed good, that meant something wrong was happening in the dark. But since those things happened in light, he felt a little relieved that an unorthodox sect acts as an unorthodox sect.

"Also, at the Herbs Plantation, many people are getting sick. Some herbs are harmful to people. Many of them used one of their free chances to get treatment and another one to get safety gear," the man said. Almost every newbie knew who White and Black were. They are the luckiest ones in this batch.

"Some people used their remaining chances and chose to leave."

Tyler's eyes widened and he hurriedly asked, "Where are they?"

The man was taken aback by Tyler's question. But he still answered. Tyler thanked him, gave him some Lydia, and left.

He told Silvia to have dinner and pack up his portion and left.

Chapter 77: 77. No Way Out

Tyler quickly ran out. He knew that if people wanted to leave, they had to apply at Supervisor Han's office. Arriving there, he saw more than twenty people gathered, their faces a mixture of fear and determination.

"White. You're here too? Don't tell me you also want to quit?" Supervisor Han asked jokingly, his tone betraying a hint of curiosity.

Tyler shook his head, trying to calm his racing thoughts. "No, I'm not quitting," he replied firmly.

Supervisor Han nodded, a knowing look in his eyes. He had already guessed why Tyler was there. Tyler wasn't interested in quitting; he wanted to see what happened to those who did.

The atmosphere was tense as Supervisor Han addressed the crowd. "For those of you choosing to leave, understand that this decision is final. There's no coming back once you walk out that register area"

A murmur spread through the group. Some people seemed hesitant, while others were resolute. Tyler watched closely as the first few individuals stepped forward, their expressions a mix of relief and trepidation.

"You will be escorted out immediately," he said, signalling to servant disciples standing by. They are wearing green robes.

Tyler noticed the servant disciples' mocking expressions. This wasn't just a simple exit; there was a heavy finality to it. The people handed their badge to the supervisor Han and packed their bags. They swore to themselves they won't come there again.

Tyler's curiosity got the better of him, and he followed at a discreet distance, making sure not to draw attention to himself. As the group neared the gate, he saw the disciples activate a formation, similar to the one he had seen before.

The large, intricately carved gate opened slowly, revealing a dense, ominous forest beyond. Tyler's stomach tightened as he realised this wasn't a straightforward departure. Suddenly the vines inside the forest grabbed all the people. It didn't touch the servant disciples. It sucked the blood of all people. It didn't nearly suck them to dry. It didn't kill them.

"What is the meaning of this?" one of the men demanded, his voice trembling with a mix of anger and fear.

"Just fees. We gave you free food and accommodation, right? We are just collecting the debt," replied one of the servant disciples with a smirk.

Leaving wasn't just quitting; it was a near-certain death sentence.

"You people said you would escort us off the island," the man insisted, his desperation growing.

"Yup, we're just sending you off," the servant disciple replied, his smile widening as he activated another formation. The air shimmered, revealing a dense, foreboding forest beyond.

Traumatized by the recent events, the group instinctively tried to step back, but events before happened had sapped their strength, leaving them unable to move due to lack of energy.

"At the other side of the forest, there's a flying boat waiting for you. Now go," the disciple said ruthlessly, kicking them through the formation. They stumbled and fell, the gate closing behind them.

Tyler was dumbfounded. He knew there was no way those people would survive the night in that hostile environment. The servant disciple noticed Tyler watching but chose to ignore him. He is someone under Supervisor Han. In that moment, Tyler understood what being in an unorthodox sect truly meant: cruelty and ruthlessness were part of their daily existence.

Then, the servant disciple reopened the formation, addressing the remaining crowd. "Well, we'll give you another chance. Do you want to continue the trial?"

"Yes, lord. Yes, lord," they nodded vigorously, their eyes wide with desperation. This was their last straw of hope, and they clung to it with everything they had.

The servant disciples grinned, satisfied with their show of dominance, and took the trembling people back to the compound.

Tyler turned away, his mind racing. The brutal reality of their situation was stark and undeniable. Survival here required more than just following orders; it demanded cunning, resilience, and a willingness to adapt to the harshest conditions.

Back in their quarters, Tyler found Silvia waiting for him, her eyes filled with worry. "What happened?" she asked softly.

"Nothing. I now basically understand how things work here." Tyler patted her head and began to eat the food. When eating the food Tyler saw some ingredients that are useful for replenishing blood. He understood why they added these everyday. He took the fish and ate it. Silvia didn't ask anything. As long as Tyler is fine then everything is fine for her.

The next day, Tyler continued his routine. He noticed people pointing at the malnourished individuals and whispering among themselves. When they saw Tyler, they immediately approached him, seeking information on why those people hadn't left.

"It's not that I don't want to tell. I do know a thing or two. If you pay some Lydia or some materials, I can give you a tip," Tyler said, his tone practical. He didn't care what happened to these people. He was in the same situation as them, and his priorities were clear: himself first, then Silvia. Only after securing their safety could he worry about others.

The people around him, desperate for answers, handed over their saved-up vegetables, herbs, gems, and ores. Tyler took their offerings and then explained what had happened. Everyone was dumbfounded.

"So we can't leave?" another one wailed.

"Just survive this month, and you can become a disciple," Tyler said before walking away. Silvia followed closely behind.

****Day 10****

"It's been ten days, huh..." Supervisor Han mumbled. He ordered a servant disciple, "Go and arrange for the next step of the trial."

Tyler, Silvia, and the others were called to a platform. Tyler noticed that many people seemed malnourished, and some were even injured. One had lost a hand, and another looked like she was poisoned, her whole face disfigured.

Supervisor Han arrived and stood before them. He nodded and said, "Congratulations on passing the first ten days. From now on, you don't have to work in these places."

Everyone was delighted, except for Tyler.

"For the next twenty days, you are free to go anywhere on the island. The library is open for all of you. Try to select a department and study it. If you excel in martial arts, medicine-making, or arrays, you will have a higher chance of becoming an official disciple. Otherwise, you will become servant disciples. Now go."

Everyone was excited as they began moving toward the library. Tyler followed, thinking about the new opportunities and challenges ahead.

The outer library didn't have aura techniques but contained basics of all other professions. A huge yellow building appeared before his eyes. Tyler entered with the others and saw a spacious area filled with rows of books. An old man sat at the counter, his presence emitting a dangerous aura.

Not everyone is a genius, Tyler thought. Even though they were allowed to study in the library, many couldn't understand a lot of things. To truly learn, they needed a teacher. It seemed the sect was determined to make most of them servant disciples.

Tyler headed to the array section. He learned that formations were called arrays in this world, and those who mastered them were called Array Masters. Talismans were called charms, made by Rune Masters. There were also many other professions like Potion Masters, Medicine Masters, Fishers, and Cooks—each important for travelling the vast sea.

Tyler picked up an array book. Thanks to the free chance he used to read books, he could identify the materials and understand simple basic arrays.

Silvia picked books about animals and fishes, eager to study them. She was interested in these.

There is also a popular profession that almost everyone uses. It is called Tamer. It is very useful when travelling the sea.

That night, as Tyler and Silvia walked toward the dining area, they saw many people complaining. Tyler caught a man and asked him, "What happened?"

"There will be no free food. We have to pay for our food," the man said bitterly.

A thought struck Tyler. He quickly walked towards Supervisor Han's place, seeing many others already heading there. It seemed like most of them had figured it out.

Everyone used one of their chances to pick food. Supervisor Han issued free food tokens for the next 20 days. Everyone sighed in relief, glad they hadn't used their chances.

People who had already used all their free chances regretted it. They could only wait for tomorrow to go to work to get food, leaving them no time to study at the library.

Another 10 days passed...

Only half of the people stayed. Many of them left because they couldn't even understand anything. They asked some disciples for guidance but they asked for more money. They have no choice but to go to work and make some money.

While Tyler was deeply engrossed in an array book, a group of senior disciples met with Supervisor Han. "We are here for those two people under you called White and Black," one of them said,

Chapter 78: 78. Trouble Brewing

"What's wrong with them?" Supervisor Han asked, his voice carrying a note of genuine curiosity. Despite his supervisory role, Han Fei was an Official Disciple who had been punished and sent to oversee the newcomers. This status made even the other Official Disciples hesitant to show off in front of him.

"Nothing. There's an Old Kunpeng Ruins about to emerge. We're looking for promising candidates to enter it," one of the disciples explained.

"These two haven't even started practising. Especially that White. He looks like someone who practised before and got crippled. His meridians and sea of consciousness are in a mess," Han Fei observed.

"That's why we need him. You don't mind if we use them as cannon fodder, right?"

Han Fei shook his head. "Just choose other people. This guy has good observation and decision-making skills. I've decided to take them under my wing."

The other disciples nodded, not daring to push further, and left.

"Warn White and Black that some Official Disciples are keeping an eye on them," Han Fei instructed one of his aides. He was sure these disciples had ulterior motives, but since he wasn't particularly close to Tyler and Silvia, he could only help them a little by warning them.

Tyler received the news and was confused. "Why would some Official Disciples be keeping an eye on us?"

As he walked toward their quarters, he noticed a crowd forming.

"How dare you steal things from me?" he heard someone shout.

Slap

The loud noise made Tyler frown. He pushed his way through the crowd, and his temper flared when he saw Silvia being slapped.

"What do you think you're doing?" Tyler asked, his tone low but simmering with anger.

"What? This little slu—" The man started, but before he could finish, Tyler's fist connected with his cheek. The force of the blow spun him around and sent him sprawling on the ground.

Tyler stepped on his face, silencing the noisy crowd instantly.

"Now tell me, what happened?" Tyler asked calmly, though his eyes burned with fury.

Everyone gulped. They had only seen Tyler's hand move swiftly, and the man was already on the floor.

Silvia, with tears in her eyes but maintaining her composure, explained, "He accused me of stealing his belongings. But I didn't do it, Tyler. I swear."

Tyler believed her without hesitation. He knew Silvia well enough to trust her word. "So, you accused her without any proof?" he asked, pressing his foot harder on the man's face.

"I—I..." the man stammered, clearly in pain and fear.

Tyler looked around at the crowd. "Did anyone see her take anything?"

No one spoke up. The silence confirmed Tyler's suspicion that the accusation was baseless. He lifted his foot and looked down at the man with disdain. "Don't ever accuse someone without evidence," he said, then stomped his foot down again, making the man wince in pain.

The crowd dispersed quickly, not wanting to get involved further. Tyler knelt beside Silvia, gently touching her cheek where she had been slapped. "Are you okay?"

Silvia nodded, though she was clearly shaken. "I'm okay now, Uncle Horny. Thank you."

Tyler's mouth twitched. He was about to hug her but stopped. Silvia who saw that regretted a little for not controlling her mouth.

Tyler didn't go back to his room. Instead he went to see a disciple who looked malnourished. He whispered something in his ears. The disciple's eyes glowed, after gritting his teeth, he promised Tyler.

Next day, Tyler took Silvia and went to the Library. Everyone is pointing at Tyler and whispering something. Most of them are afraid.

The guy who slapped Silvia was found dead this morning. He ate some sort of poison and Died. No one thought that this was suicide. Tyler nodded at the malnourished guy who was devouring food with a happy expression.

He bribed this guy with some money and food. Looks like he had done the job well.

"Ruthless... This guy was definitely born to be in a Demonic sect," Han Fei laughed when he heard the news.

"Let's wait for the trial to end. After that, we can capture those two," one of the disciples suggested.

The others nodded in agreement and left. One of the men in the group didn't return to his place. Instead, he headed to the newbies' quarters.

"Senior Brother," Tyler greeted, already waiting there.

"Where is the thing?"

"I used one of my free chances to get this," Tyler said, handing over a potion.

The man grabbed the potion with excitement but then looked at Tyler with a mocking expression. "You're smart. You sent that guy to the medical hall by beating him up. When I visited him, another guy who came for treatment approached me and told me about the deal. Yes, you're smart. But do you think I'll tell you anything?"

Tyler's face remained calm, though his mind was racing. "I don't expect anything for free. I know how things work here," he replied. "That's why I gave you that potion."

The man's smirk widened. "You think this will make me talk?"

"Senior Brother, you should be at level of one star Novice Warrior, right? Look at the potion carefully," Tyler simply said.

The man took the potion and inspected it closely. Suddenly, the potion bottle exploded with a sharp crack, releasing a thick cloud of gas. The man's eyes widened in shock as he inhaled the fumes, and within seconds, he collapsed, unconscious.

Tyler sighed in relief. "It worked."

He quickly lifted the man and carried him to an abandoned warehouse on the outskirts of the compound. The place was seldom visited, making it the perfect spot for what Tyler had planned. He didn't care about the poison gas because he already took the antidote.

Once inside, Tyler secured the unconscious man to a chair using some vines he specifically picked up to tie a Novice warrior. He knew he had to work fast; the poison wouldn't keep the man out for long.

When the man started to stir, Tyler positioned himself in front of him, arms crossed. "Wake up, Senior Brother," he said coldly.

The man's eyes fluttered open, his gaze groggy and confused. "You... what did you do?" he muttered, his voice weak.

"I had to ensure you'd listen to me," Tyler replied, his tone icy. "Now, you're going to tell me everything you know. And if you don't, I have more of that poison. Next time, it won't just knock you out."

Tyler said and took another flask of potion.

The man struggled against his bindings, but the vines held firm. "Blood-sucking Demonic Vines?"

"Yes, when those vines sucked blood from the newbies who wanted to leave, some of the old vines dropped out. I picked them up. I didn't expect them to be this strong. You're just a 1-star Novice Warrior, right?" Tyler said.

"You think you can threaten me?" the man spat, though his voice lacked conviction.

"I don't need to threaten you," Tyler said calmly. "I just need you to understand that I'm serious. You're in a demonic sect. Cruelty is a given, and I will do what I must to survive."

The man glared at him but eventually seemed to realise the futility of his situation. "Fine," he said, his voice dripping with disdain. "What do you want to know?"

"First, why are the Official Disciples keeping an eye on me and Black?" Tyler demanded.

"There's an Old Kunpeng Ruins about to emerge," the man explained reluctantly. "They need promising candidates to explore it. But most of those candidates are expected to die. They're looking at you two because you show potential but also because you're expendable."

Tyler's eyes narrowed. He just opened the flask, his expression growing colder.

"Ok, ok... I'll tell you the truth. Someone from the outside. I don't know who it is, but they said that a little girl called Black belongs to them and wants her back. They offered a lot. It's difficult to resist," the senior brother said.

"So the target is her," Tyler nodded, his mind racing. Without another word, he turned to leave.

"Hey, untie me," the man shouted.

"The vines will wither when sunlight shines on them. So wait until tomorrow morning. This is why you should learn more from the books," Tyler said, walking away. As he left, he opened the flask and drank the potion. The man realised then that the threat of more poison was a bluff and it was just juice.

Tyler returned to his quarters, deep in thought. He understood now that the same people who had sent Abel to capture Silvia were behind this. But why didn't they come in person? Why always send someone else? Silvia seemed to have many secrets.

Tyler sighed, the weight of their situation pressing heavily on his shoulders. He knew he wasn't strong enough yet. The trial was just the beginning, and he needed to find a way to restore his strength and make money again. Those senior disciples wouldn't give up, and he had to come up with a plan.

Chapter 79: 79. Selection

"Congratulations on passing 20 days," Supervisor Han announced before the crowd. Only half of the people remained; the rest were either still working in the mines, had their blood sucked by the Blood-Devouring Demonic Vines, had fallen sick, or had simply given up. The survivors understood that the only way to make it here was to grab every opportunity they had.

Supervisor Han stood beside a door. Just a door, but Tyler knew better—it wasn't simple.

"The last ten days are very simple," Supervisor Han said. Everyone's face twitched; he said the same thing every time.

"The last trial is, you just have to..." Supervisor Han paused, causing the crowd to hold their breath and listen intently, "register."

"What?"

"Did I hear wrong?"

The crowd became noisy with confusion and disbelief.

"SILENCE!" Supervisor Han shouted, and the chatter ceased immediately.

He took a remote and pressed a button. Then he opened the door, revealing a greenish cliff with visible crags.

"Now go inside and register. Those who finish registering will become official disciples. You have ten days to register. Remember, if you can't register, you can become a Servant Disciple and work harder to become an official disciple," Supervisor Han said, remaining outside the door.

Tyler held Silvia's hand tightly and walked toward the door. Everyone else followed.

As they passed through the door, they found themselves on a precarious cliff path. The air was thick with humidity, and the greenery around them was lush but foreboding. Tyler's instincts screamed caution. The path ahead was narrow and winding, with dangerous drops on either side.

"We need to be careful," Tyler whispered to Silvia. "Stay close to me."

Silvia nodded, her grip on his hand tightening.

The group moved cautiously along the path, the silence only broken by the occasional sound of loose rocks tumbling down the cliffside. Tyler's eyes scanned the surroundings for any signs of traps or danger.

Suddenly, the whole scenery changed. Tyler and Silvia flinched. The people behind them were confused and alarmed. Why had they suddenly stopped?

Tyler held Silvia's hand and moved backward. The scenery changed back. They moved forward again, and the day became night. They found themselves on the same cliff, but instead of greenish land, it showed a desolate cliff. They couldn't see the bottom, covered in smoke and darkness. A huge chain connected to the other end.

Other people walked near the chain, baffled.

One of the guys tried to step on the chain. He easily stepped on it and walked forward. Suddenly, his speed slowed, and he fell off.

No one understood what had happened. Everyone was afraid now. Some people chose to go back.

Many moved forward. Tyler also took Silvia on his back and walked forward. Tyler was confused because it seemed easier.

He walked towards the centre. He got a little nervous because most people fell here.

Suddenly, Tyler felt a little heavy, like some kind of pressure was pressing against him. But his body could handle it. Still, Tyler put on a heavy expression and walked forward. He didn't want whoever was controlling the pressure to think he had a strong body and increase the pressure. Even though he wasn't sure if there was a person controlling the pressure, Tyler chose to do it out of precaution.

Tyler was one of the few people who chose to cross the chain. He did it while carrying Silvia. The others looked at Tyler, who was already out of sight, and chose to continue the trial.

Tyler suddenly felt the chain become slippery. His leg slipped, and he fell off the chain along with Silvia.

"Oh crap... Is this it?" he thought.

As they plummeted, Tyler instinctively wrapped himself around Silvia to protect her. The darkness enveloped them, and the wind rushed past them as they fell.

Just when Tyler thought they were doomed, they hit something soft. They bounced slightly before coming to a stop on a cushioned surface. Tyler quickly checked Silvia, who seemed unhurt but shaken.

"Are you okay?" Tyler asked, his voice trembling with relief.

Silvia nodded, her eyes wide with fear but otherwise unharmed. "I think so. What happened?"

Tyler looked around. They had landed on a large, soft mat, surrounded by a faint glow that seemed to come from the pillars at the side. The air was cool, and the sound of their breathing echoed softly.

Tyler saw the people who had fallen already as well as those who had successfully crossed the chain. Supervisor Han was already standing among them, nodding in approval.

"Becoming an Immortal Practitioner is not an easy road. If one cowers in the face of danger, then they are doomed to not reach the pinnacle. This test is just a test of courage. As long as you stepped on the chain, you passed. Now use your badge to print your name on the scroll," Supervisor Han explained and pointed at a scroll.

Tyler bit his thumb and used his blood to shade the letters on his badge, then pressed it onto the scroll. For some reason, the name didn't appear backward. He then used his blood again to help Silvia.

As their names appeared on the scroll, it emitted a soft glow, signifying their acceptance.

"You guys just registered your names. There are still many things to register. Go forward," Supervisor Han told them.

Tyler, Silvia, and the others moved forward. They walked into a cave where an old lady sat in the middle. She opened her eyes and said, "One at a time."

One of the girls in the group stepped forward with determination. As she walked inside, the cave suddenly glowed greenish. The old lady didn't even turn back and said, "9th grade mortal, Wood Attribute." A scroll and a feather pen in the air automatically noted it.

One by one, people entered. Silvia went in before Tyler. She was nervous, but Tyler patted her head and encouraged her.

Silvia saw the cave had a giant crystal ball in the centre. She placed her hand on the crystal, which glowed brightly. Silvia saw images of the ocean and forest. Everyone outside the cave only saw sky blue and green colours.

The old lady in the front flinched and then returned to normal, announcing, "5th grade Heaven, Water and Wood Dual Attribute."

Tyler understood that these grades were just spiritual roots levels, similar to Mortal, Earth, and Heaven level spiritual roots.

Tyler walked in next. A big ice glacier image formed, emitting a bright white light before it stopped.

"8th grade Earth, Ice Attribute. Broken. Needs mending," Tyler heard the old lady's voice. He nodded his head. Even though he had used Never Melting Ice to improve his spiritual roots, he never found anything to upgrade it further. But he never cared much about his spiritual roots.

He took the passage to the left and arrived at the place where others were gathered. Silvia jumped up to him and said, "Hehe... Is Heaven Grade good?"

"It's the best," Tyler winked at her. He looked around at all the people. There were more than 200 people, and many unknown faces. Tyler soon understood that there were many people who came for the trial and that the trial didn't happen in just one place. These people were the ones who had passed in other places.

Soon, a group of official disciples entered. "Everyone, submit your badge," one disciple said. Everyone took their badges off and placed them on the table at the front.

The disciples stood in four rows, took a badge, and called out a name. One girl walked toward them nervously.

"Ai, Age 25, Earth Grade 7, Metal Attributes. You are selected." He crushed the badge, and the girl felt something leave her body. But she was too excited and happy, so she went to the side.

Another disciple called another person.

"Tang, Age 30, Mortal Grade 6, Fire Attributes. Too low. Be a servant disciple for a few years, and if you can reach Novice Warrior faster, you can become an official disciple," he said.

"Why? I survived all the trials!" the man asked, aggrieved.

The disciple didn't say anything and took the badge, injecting a little aura. Suddenly, the man groaned in pain, which made others panic.

"There is a curse in the badge," Tyler murmured softly. But all the disciples heard him and looked at him.

"Correct. It is a simple curse. Welcome to the Crimson Blood Sect," the disciple nodded and smiled gently, which made others stutter.

"Don't worry. When you become an official disciple, we will destroy this badge," the disciple said.

"Black, Age 10, 5th grade Heaven, Water and Wood Dual Attribute. Passed." The disciple was a little confused by her name. But the world is vast with different cultures and people, so he didn't dwell on it.

"White, Age 51, 8th grade Earth, Ice Attribute. Broken. Needs mending. Hmmm..." The disciple thought for a second and said, "Become a servant disciple for a few years and find a way to mend your meridians. Then practise for a few years."

Everyone looked at Tyler with pity. Tyler noticed that the disciple was looking at the side. He saw the same disciple he had tied up before sitting there, looking at him mockingly.

Tyler smiled back and looked at the disciple in front, saying, "I refuse."

The disciple shook his head at his stupidity and activated the badge.

But nothing happened.

Chapter 80: 80. Official Disciple

"For normal practitioners, they have to reach Novice Warrior quickly to become an official disciple. Otherwise, they have to work as servants even after reaching the Novice Warrior stage. They also have to make a lot of contributions or go through many trials and challenges to become official disciples," the disciple explained.

He then turned back to Tyler. "White, Age 51, 8th grade Earth, Ice Attribute. Broken. Needs mending. Hmmm..." The disciple thought for a second and said, "Become a servant disciple for a few years and find a way to mend your meridians. Then practice for a few more years."

Everyone looked at Tyler with pity. It made sense because mending his meridians and cultivating would take a lot of time, and Tyler might not be able to become an official disciple quickly.

Tyler noticed that the disciple was looking to the side. He saw the same disciple he had tied up before sitting there, looking at him mockingly.

Tyler understood that he was here for revenge. Analyzing the situation, Tyler smiled back and looked at the disciple in front, saying, "I refuse."

The disciple shook his head at Tyler's perceived stupidity and activated the badge, looking forward to seeing Tyler groan in pain.

But nothing happened.

The disciple activated the badge again. Still, nothing happened.

"Uh... Is that a fake badge?" the man asked.

"No... it's real, which means this guy already figured it out," the disciple said.

Everyone was confused. The man snorted and left.

"Hmph... it's not over," he added, threateningly, before leaving.

"Yeah... Womp Womp," Tyler silently murmured.

"So, White is not your real name," the disciple stated, more as a realization than a question.

"Just as I guessed. The curse activated because we engraved our real names in it. I just wrote my alias out of precaution. After that, I studied the unique wood used for curses and found out that our badges are made of the same wood," Tyler explained. Well the curse won't work if it is just half of the name.

Everyone was baffled. Who had time to study such seemingly useless things? But when they thought about it, these things were not useless.

"Congratulations on becoming an official disciple," the disciple said, breaking the badge.

The only way to control the servant disciples is by using the badge. They are basically like slaves. Since the senior disciple, who wanted to make things difficult for Tyler, has left. He decided to just follow the rules and approve Tyler.

The next few days were a whirlwind of activities and introductions. The selected individuals were taken to new places, and Tyler and Silvia received their new uniforms. They temporarily stayed in allocated rooms. Now everyone was standing on a big platform before a majestic building.

A stern-looking Elder walked out with a scroll. He looked at the people and nodded gently.

"I am Li Chengshan. You can call me Elder Li."

"We greet Elder Li," Tyler shouted. Everyone followed suit. Elder Li noticed Tyler and smiled. Everyone noticed his action and regretted not greeting quickly.

"Good. Promising disciples. Well, you might have seen some cruelty during the trial. But those are just for the servant disciples. In this sect—no, in this world—strength, knowledge, and wealth are what matter. Without wealth, you won't be able to get knowledge and resources to gain strength. Without knowledge, you won't be able to make wealth. And without strength, you won't be able to protect your wealth."

Elder Li began to explain everything.

Being an official disciple means you are working for the sect. You will be allocated different jobs and will get paid for doing those jobs. Only official disciples are allowed to enter our vast library. Official disciples are also allowed to learn anything here. For some advanced courses, one must join a faction, pay for it, or get recommendations and other qualifications.

The allocated jobs are mostly supervising, accepting disciples, patrolling, farming, and fishing. There are many fisheries under sect control. There are also many shops on the 18 islands that belong to the sect. If any disciple wants to open a shop, they can apply for funds from the sect.

"I also see some children in this group. They will receive education and food. They don't have to work, for now," Elder Li explained, looking at Silvia and other kids in the group.

"Now, to survive in the sect, remember these rules. First of all, no killing within the sect. If someone is found dead, the Law Enforcement Department will investigate until they find the culprit. Yes, we are unorthodox, but we still have rules. Even an Elder who killed a disciple still got locked in the Isle of Blood."

The mention of the Isle of Blood sent a shiver through the crowd. It was known to be one of the harshest prisons. Tyler doesn't understand but even people outside the sect heard about it.

Elder Li continued, "Secondly, respect your senior disciples and your superiors. While competition is encouraged, it must be conducted honourably. Any acts of sabotage or treachery will be dealt with severely. So try not to get caught."

Tyler's jaw almost dropped. He understood that as long as one did perfectly without any evidence they won't care about it

Elder Li paused to let his words sink in. The crowd was silent, absorbing the gravity of the rules.

"Thirdly, make contributions to the sect. Whether through completing tasks, participating in missions, or developing new techniques, your contributions will determine your standing and rewards within the sect. The more you contribute, the more privileges you earn."

Elder Li then went over the benefits of being an official disciple: access to the library, advanced training, and opportunities to participate in high-stakes missions that could bring great rewards. Their contributions will be recorded for future assessments too.

"Finally, always strive for excellence. The path of Immortal is long and arduous, but with perseverance and dedication, you can achieve greatness. The sect provides the tools and resources, but it is up to you

to make the most of them. Also remember to go out. You will never achieve anything while sitting in the same place."

Tyler and Silvia listened intently, understanding the significance of Elder Li's words. The rules were strict, but they provided a framework for success and survival in the sect.

After the orientation, the disciples were given a tour of the facilities, including the library, training grounds, and various resource centres. Silvia and others were amazed by the sheer scale and richness of the sect's offerings. They felt a mix of excitement and determination to make the most of these opportunities. Tyler still felt Frozen Heart Sect seems better than this.



Silvia didn't stay in her room; she came to Tyler's room with many letters. Tyler also received some letters.

Tyler's letters were job offers. His evaluation in the trial highlighted his intelligence, cunning nature, knowledge of arrays, and proficiency in management. He was invited by the Medicine Hall, some fisheries, and other jobs.

Tyler kept those aside and looked at Silvia's letters. They were offered for studying, with some from factions asking her to join them. Tyler looked at those letters first.

****Pleasure Hall.****

Tyler's mouth twitched. Pleasure Hall consisted entirely of girls and was very popular among men. As the name suggested, it was a hall where services provided pleasure.

The girls there were proficient in those things. Tyler set that letter aside, not wanting Silvia to join them. They would definitely train her for those purposes.

Tyler looked at the other letters. He ignored the faction invitations and focused on education-related offers. Since Silvia was interested in Beast Taming, he selected the Beast Trainer class. Actually, Beast Trainer was itself a highly demanded job.

Unless they were beast tamers, every Immortal Practitioner who reached the Elite Warrior level could have one soul beast, and people always consulted a Beast Trainer for guidance and other related matters. Tyler was glad because Abel never had a chance to acquire a soul beast.

What Tyler didn't know was that Abel was too poor to have a soul beast. Keeping a soul beast required a lot of money.

Tyler also chose some basic alchemy, cooking, and herb classes for Silvia. He adjusted the day and time and wrote applications for Silvia, following the Frozen Heart Sect method and choosing basic classes.

Just like in the Frozen Heart Sect, the cultivation class was compulsory for all, even for Tyler. Here it was called Warrior Training Class.

After checking everything, Tyler nodded. Silvia didn't complain; she was more excited to study more. Tyler also looked at the sect's angel investment plans to see if he could get funds. He wanted to start a business and make money.

He looked at his copper pot and sighed. Silvia noticed it again. She wasn't sure why, but there was definitely something about this copper pot. Her curiosity piqued. In the future, she would try to check it when Uncle Horny was not around.

Uncle Horny wouldn't get mad, right?