

R Cultivator 326

Chapter 326: Help request from the Abyss

Two Mathildas stood side by side, both dripping in slime, their expressions oddly synchronized. Their matching grins widened as they stared eagerly at the mimic treasure chest, which had once again settled on the ground, appearing like an ordinary old chest—if one ignored the twitching and slight burping sounds it was making.

Their hair stuck to their faces, their robes clung awkwardly to their bodies, and neither seemed to care in the slightest. If anything, they looked like mischievous twins ready to stir up chaos.

Nearby, only Tyler's head peeked out from the mimic's half-closed mouth. He looked utterly unimpressed.

"Must I really do this?" he asked, voice muffled slightly by the chest's inner slime.

"Yeah," both Mathildas chimed in unison. "You can't tell which of us is the fake, so now it's your turn. That was the bet!"

One of them even added, "If we can't find the imposter by ourselves, it's only fair you suffer with us!"

Tyler sighed, his expression deadpan. "You both have the same perverted energy. And seriously... you're still refusing to clean that slimey goo off yourselves? Disgusting."

"It's not that bad," one Mathilda said, flicking a glob of slime off her shoulder. "Besides, it adds to the experience."

"Yeah," the other chimed, winking. "Slime brings character."

"Whatever. Fine." Tyler grumbled. "But if this thing makes a clone that starts hitting on other men, don't blame me."

Before he could argue more, both Mathildas shoved him from behind, and with a wet squelch, the mimic swallowed Tyler whole.

Everything went dark.

A few moments later, with a loud "PUAAAH!", Tyler was spat back out, landing in a slimy heap next to the mimic. But even before he could get his bearings, another Tyler was already standing up beside him—identical down to the smallest detail.

"Uh..." Tyler blinked at his own face, now staring back at him. "Well... that's just freaky."

Both Mathildas' eyes lit up, their expressions turning mischievous again.

"Hmm... Which one is the real Tyler?" the first Mathilda mused, tapping her chin.

"I don't know," the second replied. "But I do know we now have two Tylers."

Both turned to the Tylers with gleaming eyes.

"How about we have a foursome now?" they said at the same time, giggling devilishly.

Both Tylers' mouths twitched in unison. "Shut up, pervert." they said together.

Astrid, who had been quietly observing the madness from a distance, facepalmed so hard that her palm echoed across the area. "Seriously? Again with this nonsense..."

"Wait, wait, wait," said one of the Tylers, brushing off some slime and inspecting the other version of himself. "This isn't funny anymore. Which one of us is actually me?"

The other Tyler mirrored his movement and said the exact same thing.

The Mathildas clapped in amusement. "This is better than I thought!" one said, grinning.

"I can't tell who's hotter," the other added with a flirtatious smirk.

"You're literally looking at the same person," Astrid said, exasperated.

Tyler sighed, then reached to his waist and patted a familiar copper pot hanging by his waist.

Astrid's eyes lit up.

The mimic can only makes clone, but couldn't copy the Mysterious Copper pot.

Another Tyler didn't even have the Copper Pot.

A sudden pulse of distortion rippled through the surroundings, like reality itself was glitching, tearing at its edges like an old, frayed scroll. The atmosphere crackled with static energy, and the very fabric of space began to twist like a warped mirror.

Everyone turned alert instantly, readying for combat.

A moment later, a holographic figure materialized in midair, flickering in and out of focus like a glitchy projection. The image slowly sharpened, revealing a familiar, disheveled face with wild, spiky hair and mismatched goggles perched on his forehead.

"Adam?" both Tylers exclaimed at once, eyebrows rising in surprise.

The figure blinked, staring straight at them. Then he rubbed his eyes with both hands, clearly baffled.

"Huh... Tyler? Why are you... doubled? Wait, am I still tripping again? " Adam squinted, looking from one Tyler to the other. Then his eyes drifted to the two Mathildas, both still covered in slime.

Then he turned back to Two Tylers "Listen, I don't have much time—this signal's unstable. I need help. I got trapped in an Abyss Floor, some weird sub-layer I wasn't supposed to enter. It's like a collapsing pocket realm."

As he spoke, Adam reached into thin air and pulled out a glowing compass-like artifact that pulsed with strange blue symbols. With a flick of his wrist, he tossed it through the projection, and it materialized physically in front of them. One of the Tylers caught it without missing a beat.

"Wait a second..." the second Tyler frowned, arms crossed. "You already said this."

Adam blinked. "I did? When?"

"About a year and three months ago, if I recall correctly," Tyler replied.

A heavy silence followed.

Adam looked thoughtful. "Huh. That's... interesting." He scratched his head. "So if I already sent you this message back then. That thing must be capable of Time Traveling."

"That thing?" Tyler asked.

"Don't mind it..." He shrugged refused to explain and said , "I am now gonna use that thing to Time Travel and send message to 'past' you. Wow it's a loop. I got this idea, because you informed me, and you informed me because I already send message in the past. We formed a small loop here."

"Again with confusing Talks " both Tylers muttered in sync.

Adam looked at the treasure chest and said "Anyways... I am surprised you guys found a Mimic.... it's from a Magic Civilization."

He then pointed at one of the Mathilda and said, "That one is probably fake..."

There was a flicker of hesitation in her eyes. Just as everyone turned toward her, Adam's projection began to shimmer violently, distorting again.

With a final flash, Adam's hologram blinked out, leaving behind a faint afterimage in the air and the soft humming of residual energy.

A silence fell.

"So... I really was fake all along."

Her voice was quiet, barely a whisper.

She closed her eyes, and a gentle golden glow began to rise from her body, particles dissolving slowly like sunlight breaking through mist.

"Mathilda, noooo—!" one of the Tylers shouted, his voice echoing across the place as he clutched the glowing compass Adam had thrown just moments earlier. Panic flared in his eyes as he saw the fake Mathilda's golden light fade into nothingness.

That light had not only marked the end of a clone—it had marked the loss of something that, for a few strange moments, had felt genuinely real.

"I'm gonna kill him," Tyler muttered darkly, his expression shifting from shock to cold fury. He looked down at the ground, where his trident lay resting, then swiftly snatched it up and activated the strange compass Adam had left behind.

The device pulsed to life with a low hum, pointing him toward a distant direction—presumably leading to Adam’s location. Tyler dashed off, cloak flaring behind him, determination in his every step.

Astrid, still processing everything, blinked and turned to the other Tyler who had remained behind.

The grandmasters who are little further away looked at Tyler who is running away with confusion.

"Don't worry that just my clone..." Tyler shouted.

"Wait... aren't you going to take the trident?" Astrid asked, glancing at the now-empty space where the weapon had been moments ago.

"I've got like a hundreds of them. Let him enjoy his dramatic moment." Tyler send a voice transmission to Astrid.

Astrid couldn't help but roll her eyes with a faint smile. This guy treasure is ridiculously overpowered.

Meanwhile, Mathilda stood off to the side, unusually quiet and looking more confused than usual. Her fingers tapped idly on her slime-covered arms, a faraway look in her eyes.

Tyler noticed it immediately. "Hey," he said, walking over to her, "what's with that look? You're unusually silent. That's not like you."

Mathilda glanced at him, lips parted slightly. "It's... nothing. Just strange, that's all."

Tyler raised a brow. "Strange how?"

"Well," she paused, looking down at her feet, "it's just that... I didn't receive any memories from my clone."

Tyler's expression become unamused "You mean, like how Mana got her clone's memories after it disappeared?"

"Yeah"

"It's because you and your clone were in perfect synchronization. Your perverted brainwaves must've synced up. You both were having same perverted thoughts. You actually got her memories. But since it's same thoughts, you didn't feel it." He said with neutral tone.

"Speaking of which..." Tyler pinched his nose. "Seriously, are you ever going to clean off that mimic slime?"

"Nope!" Mathilda grinned. "It's kind of refreshing."

Astrid winced. "You smell like wet mushrooms."

"Good for the skin!"

"Bad for everyone else's nose."

"Alright I will take it off..." Mathilda surrendered "But first... can you push me into the mimic again? We can at least go for threesome."

"NO"

As the banter continued, Mana asked, "Are we not gonna help Adam?"

"It's alright. We need to find Lily first. That's our priority." Tyler said.

Chapter 327: A Stranger from the Rift.

"Poison Soul Grass, Earth Yin Vine..." Mathilda called out excitedly as she darted from one patch of exotic vegetation to another. Her arms were already full of rare herbs, her eyes gleaming with joy like a child in a candy store.

"Collect those faster, we're leaving soon," Tyler said, standing near the edge of a strange spatial passage that shimmered like a tear in the fabric of reality. The crack wasn't floating in the air but embedded beneath the ground, appearing almost like part of the natural terrain—distorted, yet eerily still.

"Just a few more minutes!" Mathilda shouted back as she spotted a purple cactus with glowing needles and bolted toward it.

Tyler sighed and waited patiently, arms crossed. The others stood nearby, including a Grandmaster stationed behind Mathilda for her protection, keeping a watchful eye on the surroundings.

But then—something strange happened.

Tyler's eyes narrowed as he noticed a shadow leap out of the spatial passage, propelled with surprising force and flung into the sky like a ragdoll.

"What the...?" he muttered, raising his head. "Was that... a person?"

Immediately, four Grandmasters moved in front of Tyler, forming a protective line. Their instincts were swift and precise—within moments, all four had activated their Domains, warping the air around them with their sheer presence.

The falling figure suddenly stopped mid-air, held in place by the power of the Grandmasters. Suspended in a glowing aura, the man hovered a few feet above the ground before being gently lowered down.

A few tense minutes passed.

The unknown man stirred.

His fingers twitched. His eyelids fluttered open. He blinked a few times, dazed and disoriented. His clothes were tattered and dust-covered, and strange symbols were carved into a metallic pendant around his neck.

"Yenga irukan...?" the man mumbled weakly in a foreign tongue, eyes scanning his surroundings in confusion.

Tyler raised an eyebrow. The language was unfamiliar—definitely not local. But it didn't sound ancient either.

"As long as it's not Ancient Script..." Tyler muttered, tapping the interface on his wristwatch and launching a translation app.

The man coughed again, his voice rasping, "Kapathunga... Thanni..."

Tyler glanced down as the AI voice translated in real-time on his watch:

"Help... Water..."

Without hesitation, Tyler raised his hand and gave a subtle signal.

One of the Grandmasters responded instantly. With a snap of his fingers, a splash of cold water surged through the air and drenched the mysterious man.

The man flinched but seemed to revive almost immediately, gasping deeply as if the water had jolted his senses back to reality.

The man let out a few ragged breaths, then slowly sat up, his limbs still shaky but functional. He looked around at the unfamiliar group surrounding him—Tyler, Mathilda, Astrid, and the imposing Grandmasters—all watching him with a mixture of caution and curiosity.

"Thank you..." he said, his voice hoarse but sincere. "You saved my life."

Tyler gave a slight nod. "You're welcome. You alright now?"

The man nodded and slowly got to his feet, still wobbling slightly. He glanced toward the cracked rift behind him with a strange mix of fear and longing.

"My name is Kairon, by the way," he introduced himself with a slight bow.

"I'm Tyler," Tyler replied. "These are my companions. Now..." He looked at the spatial passage warily, "...you want to tell us what exactly you're running from?"

Kairon's expression darkened instantly. "They're called Abyss Hunters."

The atmosphere grew tense.

Tyler narrowed his eyes. "Abyss Hunters?"

"Yes..." Kairon nodded solemnly. "They're not monsters... not exactly. They look human—mostly—but they aren't. They're something far worse. My world... it used to be a flourishing technological civilization. We had advanced cities, sky rails, energy reactors, even dimensional exploration programs."

He paused, taking a breath before continuing.

"Then one day, an Abyss Breakout occurred. Our skies split open. Beings from other realms poured in—beasts, spirits, entities we couldn't even classify. And among them were the Abyss Hunters."

He pulled the collar around his neck slightly forward. Tyler had already noticed it earlier—it wasn't a typical shackle. It had metallic fibers, glowing lines, and strange arcane engravings along the rim.

"I was... just a technician back then," Kairon continued. "My job was mostly in systems diagnostics and advanced encryption. But the Hunters didn't care. They captured hundreds of us—scientists, engineers, warriors, even civilians—and enslaved us."

Tyler leaned forward slightly, his gaze shifting to the collar. "That thing... is it a tracking device?"

"Yes," Kairon nodded grimly. "And more. It's part tech, part mystic artifact. It monitors location, suppresses certain bodily functions, and if you try to remove it—boom." He made a small explosion gesture with his hand.

"But you still escaped..." Mathilda said, clearly impressed.

Kairon gave a faint smile. "I used everything I knew. Studied the collar bit by bit while pretending to cooperate. I managed to disable the tracking system, override the pain inhibitors, and most importantly... deactivate the self-destruct function."

"Clever," Tyler muttered, visibly impressed now.

"I got lucky," Kairon admitted. "They were too busy defibrillating a Phantom City when I slipped away."

"Defibrillating?" Astrid raised an eyebrow.

"It's what they call it... some kind of process they absorbed a whole illusion city with a giant device," Kairon explained.

"There are devices that can counter illusion cities," Tyler mouth twitched he recalled his experience in Village of Vale.

Then he glanced at the rift again. "And the Abyss Hunter might follow you through?"

Kairon nodded. "Possibly. If they realize I made it out. But I blocked the collar's signal."

Tyler looked at Kairon, his eyes narrowing slightly with a glint of cold pragmatism.

"You're too naive," he said flatly.

Kairon blinked in confusion. "Huh?"

Without further explanation, Tyler signaled to one of the Grandmasters.

The Grandmaster stepped forward and gently placed a hand over Kairon's collar. A faint hum resonated in the air, and a series of glowing runes bloomed from the collar like ethereal vines. The shimmering sigils twisted midair before forming a sigil wheel that spun ominously.

Tyler crossed his arms and stared at it. "As expected... a tracking curse."

Kairon's face paled. "A curse? But I thought I disabled everything..."

Tyler glanced at him. "You disabled the tech. But in the Abyss, tech isn't the only threat. Tracking here often relies on curses. That collar may look high-tech, but someone layered a curse into it too."

As if summoned by those very words, a chilling presence surged from the spatial rift.

The air vibrated unnaturally, the spatial crack rippled like a disturbed pool—and then, something emerged.

A blinding figure exploded out of the crack, soaring into the sky before descending like a divine spear.

The being radiated overwhelming power. His body was encased in resplendent golden armor, shaped like the majestic feathers of an ancient eagle. Each metallic plume shimmered, razor-sharp and radiating divine light. But behind his back unfurled a paradox—a pair of wings, torn and corrupted, woven with threads of darkness and abyssal essence.

The juxtaposition was terrifying.

Kairon's eyes widened in pure terror. His voice cracked.

"I-It's him... It's Raptor, the Winged Arbiter."

The Grandmasters instinctively stepped forward, forming a protective formation around Tyler and Astrid. Even without engaging, they could feel the power Raptor exuded—it rivaled, or perhaps even surpassed, that of a Grandmaster.

Hovering in the air, Raptor's red eyes scanned the group with casual disdain. His expression unreadable behind his elegant but monstrous visage.

Tyler tilted his head slightly. "If he's that strong... maybe we should just give the guy up."

His voice was emotionless, like someone weighing options at a market. He turned off his translation app as he said it, ensuring Kairon couldn't hear.

The others glanced at him and nodded subtly. Truthfully, no one was keen to battle a divine-tier enemy just to protect a stranger they'd met minutes ago.

"I don't mind throwing him back," one of the Grandmasters muttered under his breath.

Kairon, oblivious to their conversation, continued staring at Raptor with trembling legs. His hand instinctively reached toward the disabled collar.

Then, Raptor's glowing eyes—once locked on Kairon—shifted.

They slowly turned toward Astrid.

The temperature around them dropped. The moment his gaze settled on her, the air became charged with something unexplainable. Recognition—flashed in Raptor's eyes.

His lips moved, speaking in a strange, distorted language.

"Saya... jumpa... dia."

Tyler furrowed his brows. "What the hell did he just say?"

He reactivated the translation app and repeated the words just raptor said - letting it process the words.

Meanwhile, Raptor drew a weapon from his back—a whip crackling with lightning, its arcs sizzling in the air like serpents of energy. He swung it once, and the ground nearby was vaporized.

One of the Grandmasters narrowed his eyes. "I don't know whether it said Friendly thing or not, but that's definitely a declaration of battle."

All the Grandmasters activated the domain.

The app finished translating just in time.

"I found

Chapter 328: Battle Against Raptor

Raptor's eyes pulsed crimson, and in an instant, a terrifying field of thunder and lightning expanded around him. The very air twisted with energy, sparks dancing like angry fireflies, crackling as bolts of lightning licked the clouds above.

"He's using his domain!" one of the Grandmasters shouted, his voice echoing like a war drum.

In response, the Grandmaster slammed his palm onto the ground—lava burst forth, molten rivers spiraling beneath his feet. A massive dome of radiant heat and flowing magma emerged, clashing violently against the stormy domain of Raptor.

Tyler and the others instinctively backed away, creating distance as the titanic clash of energy crackled in the air.

Another Grandmaster raised both arms to the sky, his domain blooming like a blooming flower of stone. Massive rocks descended from above, each as large as a house, falling like divine meteors aiming to crush the golden-armored invader.

Raptor didn't flinch.

His whip cracked upward, and with one clean motion, he sliced a boulder in half, the impact sending fragments ricocheting in all directions.

Tyler watched in awe. "Is that birdie thingy a Divine Seeker?"

Divine Seeker—the elusive realm above Grandmaster, a realm whispered about even in the most elite cultivation circles.

"No," one of the Grandmasters beside him replied while shielding them. "But he's half a step into that realm."

Tyler raised a brow. "But he seems so powerful."

The Grandmaster didn't reply just nodded—his focus was fully on the battlefield. Beside him, the other two grandmaster stayed close to Mana, Astrid and Mathilda, maintaining their barrier in case Raptor's attack reached them.

The sky had turned into a hellscape of energy.

Hundreds of ball lightnings now orbited Raptor's domain, spinning like chaotic moons. They whizzed and zapped through the air with lethal precision.

Tyler's mouth twitched. "Ball lightning is real? One of the childhood mystery has been solved."

Far off in the distance, a secondary chaos was unfolding.

Abyss Scorpions, monstrous creatures with chitinous shells and venomous stingers, had crawled out from the ground—drawn to the unstable energy, but now completely panicked by the battle.

Some of them turned tail and tried to flee in different direction. Others, in their confused frenzy, charged blindly toward Tyler's group.

"Scorpions incoming!" one of the defending Grandmasters warned.

Before they could even reach the group, the remaining Grandmasters moved.

One raised a hand, conjuring a wall of compressed air that flattened two scorpions mid-charge, their bodies splattering like broken pottery.

Another Grandmaster stepped forward, summoning spikes of condensed light, which pierced the skulls of a trio of the larger scorpions in rapid succession.

Their corpses twitched and melted under the residual energy.

Tyler waved some dust away from his face and said "Get me some chitinous shells."

One of the Grandmaster didn't ask anything and activated his water domain. Some whirlpool appeared below the dead scorpion and absorbed the shells.

Another small whirlpool appeared near that Grandmaster and chitinous shells were spit out.

Meanwhile, the clash between domains intensified. Lava geysers erupted, turning parts of the terrain into scorched craters. Giant falling rocks continued crashing down, but Raptor twisted and dodged them with elegant precision. Every whip-crack from him summoned arcs of chain lightning, grounding themselves in the Grandmasters' domains.

One of the Grandmasters grunted, his domain shielding cracking under the strain. "His whip isn't just lightning—it's abyssal-encoded. It's eroding our spiritual defenses!"

Raptor finally descended to the ground, wings spreading wide. His hybrid aura—divine and abyssal—expanded, twisting the natural energy of the area. Stones cracked. Even the lava began to hiss unnaturally, reacting to his corrupted presence.

Raptor raised a hand, and a ball lightning the size of a boulder condensed above his head, vibrating so intensely that the sound alone made Tyler's teeth ache.

"Evade!" a Grandmaster yelled.

The Grandmasters jumped to the side as the ball lightning struck down like divine judgment. The earth exploded, and a massive crater formed where it landed, smoke billowing from the impact site. Even the Lava got evaporated.

"Keep him grounded!" the Lava Domain Grandmaster shouted. "If he takes to the sky again, we'll lose control of the battlefield!"

"I'll anchor him!" Rock Domain Grandmaster shouted, slamming both hands to the ground.

Instantly, dozens of jagged stone pillars erupted from the earth, spiraling upwards like the fangs of a slumbering beast awakened. They crashed together in a brutal cadence, forming a cage of unbreakable terrain meant to trap the intruder. Dust and debris flew, veiling the battlefield in a haze of trembling earth and sharp stone.

But the air changed.

A sudden pressure descended, heavy and electric. The sky dimmed. A low hum reverberated through the ground—like thunder waiting to roar.

From within the cage, a sharp glint flared, and then a blast exploded outward. A sonic boom erupted from within the prison, followed by a blinding flash of golden light. The stone pillars shattered—half of the cage reduced to rubble in an instant, debris scattering like ash in a storm.

Through the cloud of dust emerged a figure—tall, radiant, and terrifying. And his eyes—twin burning rubies, cold, merciless, unblinking—locked on his prey.

It's the Raptor.

Without warning, he vanished in a flash of lightning.

Before the Grandmasters could react, he was already upon them. A crackle of lightning echoed through the air as a whip that is shining with pure thunder passed through air - snaking like a serpent possessed.

It lashed forward and wrapped around the neck of the Grandmaster who trapped him, jerking him off the ground like a ragdoll.

The whip sparked violently as arcs of lightning surged through it. The Grandmaster's body convulsed midair, bolts of divine energy piercing through his veins, illuminating his skeleton beneath flesh. He screamed—a guttural, harrowing cry—as smoke rose from his body, his robes burning, eyes wide with agony.

Raptor hovered in the air, his Abyss wings spreading behind him. Below him a grandmaster is getting tortured by lightning.

"He's going to die..." Tyler said to the Grandmaster beside him while watching the brutal spectacle unfold from afar.

A moment later, the wind stirred unnaturally. A Grandmaster near Tyler took a deep breath and summoned his domain—a circular veil of rushing gales that shimmered in the air. In a blink, he disappeared, becoming one with the wind itself.

Suddenly, the battlefield howled.

The winds converged violently, coiling around Raptor like a furious tempest. A tornado surged upward, trapping him within its spiral, distorting the air and cutting off visibility. The vortex hissed like a living beast, swallowing the screams, the lightning, and even the light.

But before anyone could claim victory, the air burned.

A tremor followed, not from the sky, but from deep within the earth.

A massive hand of molten lava burst from the ground, erupting through the tornado, its fingers stretching toward the heavens. It slammed into Raptor mid-spin, crashing against his body with raw, elemental force. Flames exploded across his golden armor, cracking the plates and searing his feathers.

Raptor grunted, thrown sideways through the air.

But even before he hit the ground, his wings flared outward, and he caught himself mid-flight—black feathers scattering like cinders. His eyes, glowing red with fury, narrowed as his whip sparked again with unstable lightning.

Yet the strike had done its job. The second elemental hand—this one shaped of gale-force winds—snatched the captured Grandmaster from Raptor's grip, pulling him away from the predator's wrath. The wounded man was dropped gently near the others, his body twitching from the lingering shocks, but alive.

Raptor hovered silently, shoulders rising and falling with measured breath. He was bruised, but not broken. Enraged, but eerily calm. His crimson eyes scanned the group with renewed interest.

"Awak cuba sangkar saya," the golden bird-man said at last, his voice like thunder wrapped in silk. "Saya akan maafkan anda semua, jika anda memberikan saya gadis itu."

"You caged me... I will forgive you all, if you give me the girl." Tyler's watch translated the words with a mechanical chime.

"The girl is probably Astrid," Tyler muttered.

"Why do you say that?" Mathilda asked, frowning.

"Because Kairon said Abyss Hunters are hunting him down. That guy came for him—but then he suddenly noticed us and started attacking." Tyler turned toward Astrid. "Remember you said you saved a perverted Abyss Hunter? Maybe that one is this birdie's superior."

"So... he's a subordinate of that golden-armored man?" Astrid looked up at the winged figure hovering in the sky, her expression tense.

The battle below was locked in a tense stalemate. Smoke drifted from shattered terrain, and elemental energy still pulsed in the air. Neither side had made a decisive move since Raptor's last assault.

"Hmmm... we should end this quickly," Tyler said, scanning the battlefield. "If his companions show up, we're finished."

"Don't jinx it!" Mana snapped from the side, glaring at him.

But just as the words left her mouth, the sky cracked.

A low hum vibrated through the air as a dark spatial rift tore open behind Raptor—like a wound in reality itself. A distorted limb, clawed and shadowy, began crawling out from the breach, followed by another. Something was coming.

Everyone turned toward Tyler at once.

He blinked. "Stop looking at me... it was just coincidence."

Chapter 329: Array vs Winged Arbiter

Suddenly, the strange creature that had been crawling near the spatial crack froze mid-motion. Its antennae twitched, and its head turned sharply toward the battlefield. As if it had sensed the

overwhelming clash of domains and power signatures, it shuddered and then quickly dove back into the rift, vanishing in an instant.

Everyone let out a collective breath of relief.

"Heh... looks like a weak creature after all," Tyler sneered, relaxing a little. "Thank goodness it wasn't something strong that jum—mmm!"

Before he could finish his sentence, Mana clapped her palm over his mouth, eyes wide with urgency.

"Don't jinx us," she warned, glaring at him.

Tyler nodded sheepishly, his lips still pressed against her hand.

Even the Grandmasters chuckled lightly, a brief moment of levity amidst the chaos.

The rumbling skies above crackled again. Lightning twisted violently, and Raptor's roar echoed, shaking the air as the battlefield near the spatial passage raged on.

The pressure from his domain was only growing.

Tyler's expression sharpened. "Let's attack Raptor directly."

"You thought of a plan?" Mathilda asked, eyebrows raised in curiosity.

Tyler nodded, his voice calm but resolute. "Thunder Subduing Array."

The words instantly caught the attention of everyone nearby.

One of the Grandmasters turned toward him. "Do we even have enough materials for something of that level?"

Tyler just smiled.

Without another word, he reached into his storage ring and began pulling out a cascade of rare materials—Black Jade Conductors, Silvertrace Inks, Lightning-Absorbent Stones, and Auric Threads refined for spiritual conductivity.

Even the Grandmasters couldn't hide their surprise at the sheer quality of the array components.

"You were carrying all that...?" Grandmaster asked in astonishment. These are all rare materials even in their world. But Tyler pulled out multiple materials in one go.

"You never know when a bird-shaped thunder demon might show up," Tyler said with a half-smile, arranging the components swiftly.

With practiced precision, he began to sketch a formation on the ground using a metallic chalk that glowed faintly with runic patterns. Every movement was efficient, almost like a dance—his fingers drawing lines in the air that settled onto the ground, forming the basic framework of the array.

"Is this array?" Looking at the small device, Mana asked.

"Nah... It's just mini version. We have to cover up the whole battlefield." Tyler said.

"I do have slight knowledge in Arrays. This is not just a Thunder Subduing Array," one Grandmaster whispered, observing closely.

"That's right. I am weaving in a Spirit-Locking Seal and Abyssal Interference Lines." Tyler said without looking up. "If Raptor's power source has both divine and abyssal signatures, we'll need to scramble its resonance."

Mathilda leaned closer, watching in fascination as Tyler added the Final Conductor Node, embedding a lightning-reflective core crystal at the center. It shimmered with energy, ready to absorb and redirect incoming attacks.

"Now I will give materials. Also try to carve these ruins across the battlefield." Tyler said.

"Understood," the Grandmasters responded.

Without delay, two of them rushed into the battlefield.

Lava surged like a tidal wave, while rock pillars rained down once again—this time more aggressively, aiming to restrict Raptor's aerial movement.

One of the Grandmaster activated his river domain. A surge of river flowed in the battlefield even the Lava couldn't evaporate it. It is moving in different patterns. The grandmaster used his domain power to draw the runes for array.

Above The battle escalated.

Raptor spun midair and unleashed a barrage of crackling thunder whips, each one lashing out in multiple directions. One whip tore through a rock pillar like paper, but a moment later, a geyser of molten fire exploded beneath him, singeing his wings.

He roared in frustration, only to be caught off guard by a volley of spirit chains, hurled by the Light Domain Grandmaster. The chains latched onto his limbs briefly, disrupting his rhythm.

"Now!" a Grandmaster yelled.

Giant Stones appeared like rain and poured on the Raptor.

"Now let's use this mini version as a remote controller." Tyler muttered.

Then Tyler took out his copper Ladle and swiped it on the materials. Then he swiped his ladle towards the battlefield they were placed in particular places. He doesn't even stepped inside the battlefield.

"Now it's time..."

Tyler slammed his hand onto the center of the Mini Array. The Giant Thunder Subduing Array in the battlefield flared to life, illuminating the with runes dancing across the ground and air.

A massive sphere of runic light expanded outward, forming a dome around Raptor's domain. The ball lightnings in the sky flickered and began to spiral toward the array's core, sucked in by the spiritual vacuum it created.

"huh?!" Raptor growled, his wings faltering mid-flap.

"Just Lightning Rod but cultivation version." Tyler muttered, watching the formation feed off Raptor's power like a leech. Whenever Raptor uses Lightning the Formation absorbed it.

Crackles of spiritual lightning zipped through the array's conduits, redirecting bolts into self-contained nodes that began to build explosive charge. Every second the array was active, it grew more unstable—for Raptor.

The creature flailed, trying to break free, but every movement only fed more power into the trap.

"His lightning is going berserk!" Mathilda shouted.

"We overloaded the spiritual polarity. His own domain is counteracting his movements," Tyler explained.

On cue, a shockwave burst from the core, sending Raptor crashing into the ground.

The Grandmasters didn't miss the chance.

All three activated their ultimate techniques—Lava Hell Spiral, Meteor Cage, and Spirit Shackle Binding. Raptor was pinned down by molten spirals, crushed by falling boulders, and restrained by glowing chains infused with Divine Qi.

"He's weakening!" one Grandmaster confirmed.

Yet, even in defeat, Raptor's red eyes glowed ominously. He uttered something in the unknown Abyssal tongue, and his armor began to crack. Black smoke oozed from the crevices, spreading like a plague through the air.

Tyler frowned. "That's not a retreat tactic... that's a failsafe."

"Step back!" one Grandmaster shouted. "He's invoking a Self-Purge Abyss Burst!"

The spiritual energy in the area churned violently as Raptor's body combusted in a blinding flash of abyssal light—a last-resort explosion meant to take his enemies down with him.

Tyler and the others were pulled back by the defensive Grandmasters just in time as the shockwave rippled through the valley, leaving scorched earth and flickering arcs of residual energy.

When the smoke cleared, all that remained was the armour that Raptor was wearing.

"Is he dead...?" Mathilda asked.

"No," Tyler said slowly, eyes narrowing.

The Grandmasters nodded grimly.

A figure escaped swiftly - sneaked back into the Abyss Rift.

Looking at the Figure Tyler mouth twitched.

"He will probably bring his companions next time." Tyler muttered.

"Don't Jinx it..." Mana muttered.

Tyler looked at his compass it is pointing towards the Abyss Rift that Raptor left.

"We have to find Lily faster and get the hell out of here," Tyler said, his eyes scanning the battlefield one last time. The air was still charged with the remnants of the earlier clash, the acrid scent of ozone lingering thick in the atmosphere.

He turned to Kairon, activating the translation app again. "What are you going to do now?"

Kairon bowed low, his expression solemn. "Thank you for saving me. Truly. I owe you my life." He straightened and continued, "I'm leaving the Abyss... I don't care which planet I land on. Mine is already dead."

There was a pause. Even the Grandmasters exchanged quiet glances, sensing the weight behind his words.

"Well," Tyler said, fishing into his storage pouch, "This compass can lead you to near by Abyss Rift that is connected to another world. Try your luck."

He handed Kairon a small, metallic compass etched with glowing runes. "This will guide you toward another world's spatial signature. If you're lucky, you'll make it out."

"And take these too," Tyler added, tossing him some Weapons and a few Prana Stones to charge it. "You'll need them if anything else tries to eat you along the way."

Kairon's voice cracked slightly. "... I don't know how to repay you."

"Try not to die" Tyler said casually, already turning away. "We might never seen again."

Kairon clutched the compass tightly. "I won't forget this kindness."

Without another word, he turned and disappeared into the shadows, heading in the direction opposite the rift, toward whatever future awaited him.

Tyler turned back toward the swirling spatial rift, its edges still sparking faintly with residual energy.

"Do you think he can survive?" Mathilda asked Curiously.

"It's nonofa...." Tyler said.

"Nonofa what?" Mathilda was confused.

"None of our business." Tyler smirked.

Mathilda tapped him lightly like giving a beating.

"Alright," he said with a breath, "let's go."

The others nodded. Mathilda, Mana, Astrid and the remaining Grandmasters gathered behind him. No one spoke further—there was no need. The sooner they reunited with Lily and left this cursed realm behind, the better.

One by one, they leapt into the rift, their figures vanishing into the shimmering portal as the last echoes of the battle faded from the abyssal valley.

Behind them, the remnants of the shattered domain smoldered, and the wind howled through the hollow landscape.

Chapter 330: 330. Encounter with Abyss Hunters

Some small snakes slithered across the surface of a vast, dark lake. The lake itself stretched endlessly, as large as a sea, its black waters hiding countless unknown monsters beneath the surface. Occasional ripples hinted at predatory creatures shifting below—some sharp-finned, others long and serpentine. The air above was misty, filled with the faint scent of minerals, rot, and wet decay.

Yet, amidst that eerie stillness, a strange procession was underway.

In the heart of the lake, a series of wooden planks, fastened together in a long formation, floated like a funeral raft. Upon them rested a massive, snake-like creature—its body easily spanning over a hundred meters, its scales shimmering with an ethereal blue light that glowed even in the oppressive darkness. Despite its majestic appearance, the beast was long dead. One of its enormous golden eyes was pierced through by a massive black spear, the wound still emanating faint traces of abyssal energy.

Around the corpse, dozens of slaves labored silently. Each of them had a strange lamp hanging from their necks, but instead of candles, glowing luminous butterflies flapped their wings within the glass casings, radiating soft light. The butterflies pulsed gently, making sure the Abyss Energy won't corrode them.

As the floating platform slowly moved across the lake, many of the native monsters fled in fear. Even dead, the aura of the serpent dragon instilled instinctual dread in lesser creatures.

Far away from the center of the lake stood a small island—roughly a hundred and fifty meters in diameter. It was barren, desolate, nothing but cracked stone and dust. At its center stood a large, weathered rock, shattered in many places, bearing signs of having been struck repeatedly by immense force. This was no ordinary island—it was a scar on the land, a remnant of some ancient battle or unknown ritual.

Above the island, a spatial crack shimmered into existence—unstable, jagged, rippling like torn fabric. One by one, figures fell through, descending from the rift like shooting stars.

Tyler and his group had arrived.

As they landed, the ground trembled beneath them, another crater forming on top of the many that already marred the island. The sound of impact echoed across the lake, briefly disturbing the surrounding silence.

"Scan the moons," Tyler commanded without hesitation.

One of the Grandmasters nodded, soaring into the sky. His Divine Sense spread far and wide, piercing the heavy fog above. A few moments later, he returned, his expression serious.

"There are countless moons," he reported.

Tyler let out a breath of relief. "Good... That means we're not on the deepest floor."

The others also relaxed slightly at his words.

Tyler took out a compass from his robes—an intricate artifact with multiple rotating rings and glowing runes. The needle kept wobbling back and forth, unable to settle. Still, Tyler picked a direction and began walking.

But then, his steps halted. His eyes narrowed.

"...Huh?"

His blood surged—an uncontrollable resonance that made his skin tingle and his veins pulse.

"Something's over there," he muttered, pointing toward a distant stretch of the lake's edge.

"I can't sense anything," one of the Grandmasters frowned, scanning the area.

"I don't know what it is, but my blood is... boiling. It's like there's a powerful opportunity waiting," Tyler said, his tone more serious now.

"Should I go take a look?" asked another Grandmaster, the one who wielded a Lava Domain.

"That might be dangerous," Tyler said cautiously.

"I'll just scout and come right back. Don't worry," the Grandmaster insisted, already preparing his flight talisman.

"Alright, we'll wait here on the island," Tyler agreed after a moment.

As the Grandmaster took off, another one scoffed. "Why is he so eager? Reckless idiot."

Tyler just shrugged. "Let him be. He's strong. He'll manage."

Meanwhile, the Lava Domain Grandmaster flew swiftly through the mist, a smug grin forming on his face. As he soared, he quietly activated a Concealment Talisman, veiling his aura.

"Heh... I didn't expect to sense a dragon presence in the Abyss," he thought to himself. "It resonated with my Lava Dragon Bloodline. That means there's either a real dragon or some dragon-related treasure down there... How fortunate."

His eyes gleamed. "Tyler must have a dragon bloodline too, if he sensed it. But I didn't feel anything from him. Must have some kind of hidden method."

His thoughts were interrupted as he approached the lake's edge. Then, he froze mid-air.

His eyes widened at the sight before him.

Floating on wooden planks was a massive dragon corpse. Its sheer size and the faint draconic aura it emitted made his blood roar in excitement. He gulped, overwhelmed by the desire to claim it.

"But... to kill such a beast... and drag it across the lake with so many slaves..." he muttered, eyes narrowing, "Whoever did this must be no ordinary group. An Abyss Hunter faction, most likely."

He hesitated, calculating. "If I bring Tyler and the other Grandmasters, we might stand a chance to—"

His thoughts were abruptly cut short.

A massive shadow rose silently from the water behind him. Before he could react, an 8 foot Giant man swung his fist at him, his clenched fist slamming directly into the Grandmaster's chest like a boulder.

The Grandmaster was hurled through the air like a broken doll.

He tried to stabilize midair, coughing blood, but the giant vanished in a blur and reappeared above him—its body crashing down with a thunderous body slam.

A wave exploded outward, creating small tsunamis across the lake. Water surged in all directions, crashing onto distant shores.

The Grandmaster roared in pain and fury, activating his Lava Domain instantly. Lava gushed from beneath the water, illuminating the surroundings with fiery orange light. He leapt upward, trying to escape.

A massive hand, webbed and clawed, reached from the water and grabbed his leg mid-air. The moment it did, his domain cracked like fragile glass, shattering with a loud shriek.

"No—!"

The giant seized him with both hands and delivered a brutal headbutt.

Boom!

The Grandmaster's head cracked violently, blood spurting out on impact.

"This is our prey. No one's stealing it," the giant growled.

He slammed his head forward again—this time, with such force that the Grandmaster's skull bursted like a watermelon.

A soul flew away from Grandmaster's body. It's his Nascent soul. But the giant easily grabbed it and crushed it.

The Grandmaster was dead.

"What are you doing? The thief is right here!" A seductive fox lady flew toward the giant, casually holding the corpse of a humanoid wolf in her hand.

The giant scratched his head in confusion and glanced at the headless body he was still holding. "Then... who's this?"

"How should I know? Ask the headless corpse yourself." She rolled her eyes. "Stop killing people at random—we need more slaves, not fewer."

She tossed the corpse she was holding aside as if she hadn't just killed someone herself.

The giant looked down at the headless body in his grasp and muttered, "So... who are you, then?"

Back on the island—more precisely, beneath the island—lay a massive concealed space hidden from the surface world. A translucent dome-like barrier encompassed the area, forming a giant bubble under the rocky terrain. The interior was laced with powerful concealment arrays, ancient runes glowing faintly along the edges of the dome.

Within the protective bubble, Tyler and his group waited patiently. The concealment array was so potent that even those beneath the Immortal Realm wouldn't be able to detect a trace of their presence.

"I mean... if he provoked some powerful existence, just being careful." Tyler said, arms folded across his chest.

The others nodded in agreement. In Abyss, it wasn't uncommon to encounter bizarre or dangerous entities that defied logic—or reason.

"Hmm... he's taking too much time," one of the grandmasters muttered, casting a glance toward the barrier edge, where an exit portal shimmered faintly. His brows furrowed. "It shouldn't have taken this long."

"Should we send another scout?" Tyler asked.

All heads turned toward him briefly before shaking in unison.

Tyler sighed. "Alright, then we should—"

He paused abruptly, his voice cutting off mid-sentence. His expression darkened as his head snapped to one side, eyes narrowing.

"Someone's coming," he said in a low voice.

The group tensed immediately.

The grandmasters exchanged glances, startled at first—then serious. They quickly retracted their divine sense and went completely still, masking their presence even further. No one spoke. The air in the bubble turned heavier, filled with anticipation and wariness.

How did he sense it before us? one grandmaster thought silently, slightly impressed despite the situation. Tyler was only at the Master level, yet his senses were keen—sharper than even those of cultivators many realms above him.

A moment later, a faint fluctuation rippled above the island's surface.

Outside the bubble, a figure streaked across the sky—elegant, fast, and graceful. It was a fox woman, her long tails flowing behind her like trails of ethereal mist. Her eyes gleamed as she scanned the area, hovering mid-air and sweeping her gaze across the island.

Her presence was overwhelming, oppressive even at a distance.

"Divine Seeker Realm..." one of the grandmasters whispered, voice barely audible.

"Definitely," another muttered, his expression grave. "That aura... she's not someone we want to mess with."

The fox woman lingered in the air for a moment longer, seemingly sensing something faint—but ultimately, she turned away, her elegant figure soaring into the distance like a phantom in the wind.

Everyone inside the bubble released a collective breath.