

The Gilded Man With A Thousand Lives 1 Free Bird

The gates of Montserrat Prison clanged open to release a prisoner. A tall man in ordinary clothes walked out, having served his three-year conviction term.

"I can finally be with my family again," Tyler said aloud, shielding his eyes with his hand from the bright noon sun. He didn't turn back to look at the prison facade.

Montserrat was a maximum-security prison, home to the most heinous and dangerous criminals in the world.

But Tyler never belonged to this living hell.

He eyed the uncharacteristic tattoo on his own right bicep, the six-wings, called the Seraphim sigil. It was not a prison souvenir but one given to him by Butch Salvatore, one of the other inmates serving a life sentence.

Butch was an eccentric old man who claimed to be the leader of a mysterious group. Most other inmates considered Butch a deluded old psychopath and avoided him, but Tyler befriended the man and showed him kindness. One day Butch invited him to his practice sessions.

"I suffered a near-fatal attack from my enemies many years back," he told the young man. "It took most of my life energy to heal myself. My life is about to end soon. However, I see

innate talent in you, Tyler. I can teach you to master invincible skills that will aid you in reaching the pinnacle of the world. It won't be an easy or enjoyable path. Will you accept your destiny?"

Tyler was both skeptical and intrigued by Butch's tall claims. In the end, he decided to put them to the test. From that day onwards, he spent his time in prison as Butch Salvatore's disciple.

The old man put him through hell to learn martial arts and abilities. Eventually, Tyler realized Butch's claims were not imaginary.

Just before Tyler's release from prison, Butch imprinted this tattoo on his arm.

"Someone will be waiting for you outside," he instructed in a serious tone. "I don't have anything of material value to give to you right now. However, you are my true legacy; everything I own is yours. There's a place hidden from the maps—Wings Island. You must go there when you're ready. "

Tyler didn't really expect anything else from Butch. But indeed, someone was waiting for him outside the prison.

A tall, athletic woman dressed in rugged leather leaned on a Harley Davidson. Her eagle-green eyes scrutinized him.

"Are you Tyler?" She asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Yes, I am. Butch Salvatore said you'd have gifts for me."

Three years back, Tyler would have been intimidated by such a perfectly sculpted female.

However, the new and improved Tyler had drastically changed. He was tall, lean, and muscular. An air of confidence and indifference surrounded him.

"I'm Britta, Butch's granddaughter," she said, handing him a paper bag. "There are three gifts inside. Handle them carefully. I'll drop you at Sapphire City now."

Tyler nodded and pocketed the bag.

Britta handed him a phone before leaving. "My number is in the phonebook. Call me whenever you need anything. "

Tyler breathed in the city air as he walked down a familiar street. Sapphire City had barely changed, bringing back memories.

Tragic memories.

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Three years ago, Tyler's life was near perfect. He was about to graduate from university and land a cushy job in a top manufacturing firm.

Tyler was going steady with his childhood love and girlfriend, Erica Sinclair. She was one of the most beautiful girls in the city, and the young man felt lucky to have her as a partner.

After Tyler got his joining letter, he purchased an engagement ring with his savings and proposed to Erica. She said yes! Even her parents were ecstatic since the young man's future looked bright.

Tragedy struck soon after. The couple was returning from a romantic date when Trent Cooper, the son of a local billionaire, stopped them at a crossroads.

Trent was a narcissistic, spoiled heir who always had lustful eyes for Erica. The brat used to pursue her relentlessly, showering her with gifts and brandishing his influence. However, the beauty turned him down every time.

Under the influence of liquor, Trent decided to use force to get what he wanted. He hired a few henchmen and attacked the couple.

"If you won't be my girlfriend, I'll take you against your will!" the billionaire brat declared to Erica. While his henchmen pinned down Tyler, Trent dragged the girl into his car and attempted to force himself on her.

Erica screamed at the top of her lungs as he tried to rip off her clothes. Overcome with fury and panic, Tyler mustered all his strength and broke free from the henchmen.

Before Trent could do the unthinkable, he shoved the man off Erica. The brat, already intoxicated with liquor, lost his balance and fell heavily, breaking his arm. Erica escaped during the commotion.

Tyler thought the danger Nad Deen averted, DUC it was merely the Deginning. Trent immediately ordered his henchmen to beat up Tyler. Moreover, the Cooper family had the Chief of Police in their pockets. Tyler was arrested for assault and other false charges.

Nobody believed his story and a corrupt trial judge sentenced him to three years at Montserrat prison.

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Tyler slowly walked up the street he was raised in. As he made the turn towards his ancestral

home, the scene shocked him to the core.

His parents' home looked decrepit and run-down, as if thirty years had passed. Mold and creepers grew on the walls while the boundary itself was crumbling. There were cracks on the facade, and the garden was overgrown with grass and weeds.

Tyler took a moment to process the bizarre scenery. What tragedy had struck the Grants

while he was gone? It had been only three years! The city itself had prospered. but his ancestral home had turned into ruins!

The Grant family had never been billionaires, but Tyler's father owned a mini-mall in the city. He made enough money to keep his family in comfort.

Tyler approached the porch and rang the doorbell. However, the power was out, and the bell

was useless. He knocked on the door. After five minutes, he heard the sound of rolling

'wheels, and someone opened the door.

The figure that emerged from the shabby house was that of a wizened old woman in a

'wheelchair. She had disheveled hair and was dressed in tattered clothes.

"Who is it?" she asked with a pained tremor in her voice.

Tyler's heart did a double-take. The shriveled woman before him was none other than his own mother, Ruth Grant!

She seemed to have aged twenty years and was pinned to a wheelchair! What the hell happened while he was gone?

"Mom, it's me. Tyler. Don't you recognize me?"

"Tyler... Is it really you?" she stammered, raising a trembling hand to touch his bearded face.

"Yes..." He figured his unkempt hair, scraggly beard, and rugged physique made him look quite different from the boyish young man she remembered from three years ago.

Tears of mixed emotion streamed down Ruth's eyes as she pulled her son towards her and hugged him. "Am I dreaming...? I can't believe it... You're finally back..."

"Mom. What happened while I was gone?" Tyler asked with concern. "Why is our home in this dilapidated condition? What happened to your legs? Why do you look so unwell?"