

R Cultivator 291

Chapter 291: Into the Abyss

The Next Day... Back at Camp No. 640

Tyler stood in front of Sandra, the woman in charge of managing personnel within the camp. Her sharp eyes scanned him as she leaned back in her chair.

"You want to join the Abyss Exploration Group?" Sandra asked, raising an eyebrow.

Tyler nodded.

"Well, you already finished a big mission recently. Are you sure you wanna go inside the Abyss?" she questioned.

"I'm not affected by the Abyss' corruption or anything," Tyler replied. "I don't have a death wish either, if that's what you're worried about."

Sandra remained silent, waiting for him to continue. Some people might get affected by Abyss and wanted to dive in. But it seems like Tyler is not affected by anything like that.

"My friends went missing inside the Abyss," Tyler explained, his voice firm. "I have to search for them."

Sandra sighed. "Oh... I see."

"So, can I get permission to enter?" Tyler asked.

"No."

Sandra's immediate rejection caught Tyler off guard.

She quickly elaborated, "Because an Immortal suddenly showed up, the Abyss entrance has become chaotic. A surge of monsters has made it incredibly dangerous, and the higher-ups decided to limit the number of entrants. Every available quota is already filled."

Tyler frowned. "So, there's no way in?"

"Not unless someone gives up their quota, which is unlikely," Sandra said.

Tyler rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Then... can I buy a quota?"

Sandra looked surprised but not entirely dismissive. "You mean you want to buy a spot from another exploration group?"

Tyler nodded. "That's right."

Sandra pondered for a moment before answering. "It's not impossible, but you'd need to find someone willing to sell their slot. Not many people would give up their opportunity to explore the Abyss."

A small smirk formed on Tyler's lips.

"Leave that part to me."

Half a Day Later...

Andrey, a commander from a small Ixalaria country, paced inside his camp. He had managed to secure a quota for his team to explore the Abyss.

If he found something valuable, his country would reward him with fame and wealth. However, he knew the risks.

The Abyss was notoriously deadly—even the strongest warriors only had a 50% chance of survival.

As he weighed his options, a messenger arrived with an offer.

A group was willing to buy his slot for a large sum of money.

Andrey's hesitation vanished the moment he checked his bank account balance. The sheer amount made his head spin.

Turning to his soldiers, he chuckled.

"There are idiots out there willing to pay just to enter the Abyss," he said, shaking his head.

But before anyone could respond, a figure appeared behind them, moving so silently that they hadn't even noticed his approach.

"Can I have that token, please?" a deep voice spoke.

Andrey spun around to see a Grandmaster-ranked warrior standing just a few feet away.

"W-who are you?" Andrey stammered.

"I was sent by those idiots," the Grandmaster said flatly.

Andrey swallowed hard.

After a brief verification process, the Grandmaster took the token and left without another word.

Andrey wiped his forehead.

He had underestimated the buyer.

If even their subordinate was a Grandmaster, the person behind this transaction must be someone extremely powerful.

Or so he thought.

Preparing for Departure

Tyler stood at the camp's exit, saying his goodbyes to several people.

First, there was Human Kyla, the reluctant mercenary.

Then, Brolin, still recovering from his injuries, and Rabbit Kyla, who was helping support him.

"Once this is over, if you want, you can join my crew and travel north," Tyler offered to Human Kyla.

She looked at him for a long moment before nodding.

"I'll think about it," she said simply.

There was no romantic tension between them—just mutual respect.

Tyler had one priority right now.

Find Lily and Astrid.

Tyler's team was composed of: Himself – The leader, Mathilda – The Alchemist, Mana – The Spirit Ghost, residing inside Tyler's body and Seven Grandmasters – Elite mercenaries hired for the mission.

Their destination is Twilight Mire City.

This city was the epicenter of the Abyss Breakout— it was catastrophic event where Abyssal creatures poured into the world, causing widespread destruction. It was also the only place with a giant Abyss passage in the continent, also called as Centre of Abyss Breakout.

Arrival at Twilight Mire City

Upon reaching the city, Tyler and his group immediately felt the uneasy atmosphere.

Twilight Mire City was once a calm city but had now become a battleground. The streets were lined with burned buildings, and the air carried the scent of ashes and blood. Despite this, the city was still teeming with mercenaries, and Immortal Practitioners seeking fortune in the breakout.

Tyler's eyes locked onto the Abyss Spatial Passage at the city's center.

It was a massive vortex, over 2000 meters high, swirling with a deep purplish glow. It was an entrance to another world, a land of darkness, horror, and mystery.

But what unsettled Tyler the most wasn't the size or the color.

It was the feeling.

The feeling that, as he stared into the Abyss... something was staring back at him.

"Huh... 'When you gaze into the Abyss, the Abyss gazes back...'" Tyler muttered, shaking his head.

Checkpoint at the Abyss Passage

As they approached the passage, a man with fox-like features stepped forward. His golden fur, sharp ears, and fluffy tail indicated he was a Foxkin Beastman.

"Welcome." The fox-man smiled politely before glancing at their group.

"I apologize, but only authorized individuals are allowed to enter the Abyss. This is a strict rule enforced by all major organizations across the continent."

Tyler nodded and tossed a token toward him.

The fox-man caught it and examined it. His expression changed slightly.

"Oh... You're one of the allocated groups." He handed the token back. "My apologies for the inconvenience. Please, follow me."

As they walked, Tyler observed their surroundings.

Many Immortal Practitioners had set up temporary stalls, selling artifacts, potions, and materials recovered from the outer Abyss.

"They used to venture into the outer region of the Abyss and sell their loot here," the fox-man explained. "But now, after the entry restrictions, their numbers have significantly decreased."

Tyler was surprised.

Even with the restrictions, there were still over 100 people actively trading.

This only showed how valuable Abyss-related resources were.

Finally, Tyler's group arrived at the entrance of the spatial passage.

Standing before the swirling void, Tyler's eye twitched.

'How the hell did you cause this mess, Adam?'

He recalled what Adam—the mysterious guy—had mentioned before that He was the one who "accidentally" triggered the Abyss Breakout.

Tyler sighed and shook his head. 'I don't even wanna know how that happened.' He decided not to think about it.

Instead, he turned to his group and pulled out three pictures.

First Picture is Astrid Rosefall – The Half-Angel princess. Second Picture is Lily Gomes – His Vice Captain.

"The mission is simple. Find these two girls and save them." Tyler said.

Then he showed them the Third Picture - A Winged Man.

The last image depicted a man with blonde hair and pure white wings. His shining helmet covered half of his face, leaving only his cold blue eyes visible. He wielded a massive iron mace, giving off an aura of divine arrogance.

Tyler tapped on the third picture and said in a calm, yet menacing tone

"Lastly find this guy and Barbecue his wings."

The Grandmasters smirked and nodded in understanding.

The Descent into the Abyss

Tyler took a deep breath and reached for Mathilda's hand. With his other hand, he grabbed onto one of the Grandmasters.

The rest of the team followed suit, linking hands to ensure they wouldn't get separated upon entry.

This was crucial—the Abyss distorted space, and those who entered without a proper formation could be teleported to different locations.

With one final glance at the world behind him, Tyler stepped forward.

And then—

They dived in.

As soon as they entered, everything changed.

Gravity shifted unnaturally.

Colors faded, turning everything into a mixture of dark blues and purples.

The air felt thicker, almost as if it had a physical presence.

Tyler's vision blurred for a brief moment before adjusting.

'This place... it's worse than I expected.'

The ground beneath them was solid, but cracks emitted a dim red glow, as if the earth itself was bleeding.

Far ahead, towering structures—some resembling twisted castles, others appearing like giant bones—loomed over the abyssal landscape.

Then—

A low growl echoed from the distance.

Tyler's group immediately went on high alert.

A colossal creature, the size of a skyscraper, lumbered in the distance, its footsteps causing the ground to tremble. Its thick, armored hide shimmered under the eerie glow of the Abyss.

Then—

A shadow loomed overhead.

Without warning, an enormous head, the size of a mountain, emerged from the abyssal darkness. Rows of jagged teeth glistened as its massive jaws snapped shut—devouring the skyscraper-sized beast in one bite.

A sickening crunch echoed through the desolate landscape.

The team froze, unable to look away.

The sheer scale of the monstrosity was beyond comprehension.

Their breaths quickened. Their hearts pounded.

Even the seasoned Grandmasters looked shaken.

The Journey into the Abyss had begun.

End of the Volume 4

Chapter 292: Off shoot Tales (The missing parts)

Part 1: Abyss Preparation

This happened before Tyler's team was about to enter the Abyss.

"What if the Abyss is full of Abyss Mist?" Mathilda asked, her voice laced with curiosity.

Tyler raised an eyebrow. "Did you even read about the Abyss?"

"Only about the plants and monsters... which are basically ingredients," Mathilda admitted sheepishly.

Tyler sighed. "Hmmm... Well, when the Abyss Breakout happened, creatures from multiple floors appeared in our world. The ones I was assigned to had plant-type monsters, which means they must have crawled out from a Forest-Type Floor filled with mist. Even though some of the locations where the breakouts occurred also had mist, the concentration was relatively low. This suggests that there are floors in the Abyss where the mist is scarce."

He continued, "Abyss explorers have confirmed this, but we should still be careful. We'll prepare defensive arrays and potions just to be safe."

Tyler then extended his palm toward Mathilda.

She blinked in confusion before smiling mischievously and kissing it.

Tyler chuckled. "Not that."

"Oh..." Mathilda nodded as if she understood, then leaned in and kissed his lips instead.

After a few moments, their lips parted, leaving behind a thin bridge of saliva.

"Thanks," Tyler said with a smirk. "But what I actually meant was... pass me the Aura Pills, Prana Pills, Energy Rejuvenation Pills, and other essentials. Since the Abyss only contains Abyss Qi, we need to stock up."

Mathilda, her face now flushed red, quickly handed over several bottles containing the pills.

Tyler pulled out his copper cauldron and began to replicate them.

Part 2: Exploration Mission

"What is that?" Mana suddenly popped out of Tyler's body, floating beside him.

"Apparently, the organizations give Abyss explorers some side missions. This token generates those missions," Tyler explained, holding up a small jade device. "We should complete at least two or three."

"Oh! Let Mana see those missions!" She snatched the device and began scrolling through the available quests.

"Huh... Saving Lily Gomes and Saving Astrid?" Mana's expression turned serious as she looked at Tyler.

"Yeah," Tyler admitted. "I posted those missions myself. Even though I'll be searching for them personally, having other explorers look for them increases our chances."

Mana nodded in understanding. Tyler only had one day to prepare everything, so he remained fully occupied with crafting supplies, setting up formations, and ensuring his team was well-equipped.

Part 3: Abyss Survival Class

Before heading into the Abyss, Tyler and his group attended a briefing session conducted by one of the Grandmasters he had hired, who had prior experience in Abyss diving.

"If you ever find yourself teleported to a random Abyss floor, the first thing you need to do is determine which floor you're on," the Grandmaster explained.

"How do we figure that out?" Tyler asked.

"Count the moons."

Tyler blinked. "That's it?"

The Grandmaster nodded. "Go to the highest point and use your divine sense to count the number of moons in the sky."

The entire group leaned in, listening intently.

"If there are many moons, like stars in the sky, then it's relatively safe," the Grandmaster continued. "But—"

His expression darkened.

"If the sky has fewer than 100 moons, you should start running."

"If there are less than 50, just pray that it's all a bad dream."

"And if you see fewer than 10 moons..."

The Grandmaster paused, then let out a deep sigh.

"May your soul rest in peace."

The group fell silent.

Tyler exhaled. "Got it. Count the moons first."

The Grandmaster nodded. "There are other things you should know about the Abyss..."

And with that, the survival lesson continued.

After the class, Tyler approached the Grandmaster.

"How exactly are we going to find Lily and Astrid?"

"Don't worry," the Grandmaster reassured him. "We have a Seer and a Curse Master in our group. They will handle it."

Tyler nodded, feeling a bit more at ease.

Part 4: Entering the Abyss

Tyler's team consisted of:

Tyler, Mathilda, Mana (who remained in her Spirit Ghost form inside Tyler's body)

Seven Grandmasters he had hired.

They arrived at Twilight Mire City, where the Abyss Breakout had first occurred.

At the center of the city stood a massive spatial rift—a purplish vortex swirling with endless darkness.

The Abyssal Passage stood over 2,000 meters tall, its eerie presence dominating the skyline.

As Tyler gazed into the abyssal depths, he felt an unnerving sensation—as if something was staring back at him.

He muttered, "Huh... when you gaze into the Abyss, the Abyss gazes back..."

Mathilda leaned against Tyler, letting out a long, exhausted sigh.

"Ugh... after everything we went through, I need a break," she murmured, glancing up at him with a playful glint in her eyes.

Darla, standing nearby, hesitated before nodding. "M-me too..." she admitted, her cheeks tinged pink.

Mana chuckled softly, stepping closer. "Well, Mana also deserve a little time to relax," she said, her voice carrying a teasing lilt.

Three girls undressed themselves.

The mood shifted, the air thick with unspoken emotions. Serena's voice echoed from outside the room. "I'll close the door for you." The soft click of the door signaled their privacy.

Mathilda pulled out a small vial and held it up to Tyler with a devilish smile. "Drink this. Tonight, you're not getting any sleep."

Time passed.

The time passed.

Inside the Room, Tyler is hugging and kissing Darla who is naked and he turned his head and kissed Naked Mathilda. He then turned his head again and kissed Naked Mana who is in her Adult form.

His hands reached their bottom lips and played a little.

The girls had enough teasing and pushed Tyler down, then their smooth hands touched Tyler's part at the same time.

"Me first, "

"I am first."

"Mana first."

Three girls said at the same time.

"how about rock paper scissors?" Mana asked.

Tyler got impatient and held three heads together and said, "Do it together with your mouth."

Again the Time passed

Mana is moaning a lot while getting railed by Tyler from behind.

Mathilda is looking at her connected part with a serious expression sitting in a crouching position. Between her legs suspicious liquid is flowing out. She didn't care about it.

Darla is sleeping tiredly in the side, she couldn't even feel her lower half...

"Ann.. ahh . What are you... Ah... Looking at it?" Mana asked while breathing and moaning heavily.

"You are a ghost spirit. So I was wondering how you are able to take everything in." Mathilda said.

"Just Like how Mana Normally Eat." Mana said.

Mana then thought of something and grinned as she became transparent, Tyler who was at his limits sprayed out the liquids.

Mathilda face which was closer got drenched by suspicious liquid.

Mana grinned mischievously and disappeared.

In the room, Mathilda whose face drenched with white liquid blinked and looked at the thing before her eyes which is the real culprit.

Tyler, unsatisfied with Mana's sudden prank, held Mathilda's head firmly.

"N- not again... Uuuu..." Mathilda whimpered, unable to speak for a few more minutes.

Turning his head, Tyler noticed Darla, seemingly asleep.

"You're next," he said.

Darla, who had been 'sleeping,' flinched slightly but didn't respond. Instead, she subtly adjusted her posture, spreading her legs just a little—an unspoken invitation.

It was as if she were saying, *"At your mercy."*

Meanwhile, Mathilda, whose head is moving front and back, was starting to regret giving Tyler such a powerful potion. It seemed the effects wouldn't wear off until morning.

Unbeknownst to them, Serena's projection was watching from afar, a hint of envy flickering in her eyes.

She is also holding a Virtual Popcorn.

Chapter 293: Frozen Abyss and the Boiling Lake

Snow was falling heavily. The world was painted in a thick layer of pure white, as if a celestial artist had swept a brush across the land. The icy wind howled through the desolate expanse, carrying with it a chilling bite that could freeze bones.

Above, the sky was a deep shade of purple, an eerie contrast to the snowy ground below. Despite the countless moons scattered across the heavens, their glow was weak. They blinked—yes, blinked—as though they were not celestial bodies but watchful eyes, scanning the world below with unseen intent.

A lone figure clad in a heavy cloak soared across the sky on a hoverboard, cutting through the frigid air like a phantom. The moons' eerie blinking reflection flickered against the glossy fabric of the cloak, but the rider paid no mind. The darkness of the sky seemed endless, a void where no natural light could pierce through.

Yet, the land was not entirely without illumination. Rivers of molten lava, like veins of fire, snaked across the barren terrain, their molten glow casting ominous shadows on the jagged rocks and frozen plains. These rivers of liquid flame provided a strange contrast to the icy tundra, creating a landscape of extremes—burning rivers flowing through frozen ground.

The cloaked figure hovered downward, landing on the rocky edge of a small lava river. The ground sizzled beneath their feet, heat waves distorting the air. At the very edge of the river, where fire met frost, a peculiar plant grew.

A delicate tomato plant, its vines twisting toward the heat, bore fruit that glowed like tiny embers. The contrast was mesmerizing—the fiery red tomatoes swaying against the dark and lifeless terrain.

"Lava Tomato."

A girl's voice echoed softly in the silence, her tone carrying both curiosity and satisfaction.

She moved carefully, taking out a sleek metallic device and placing it around the plant. The device emitted a faint hum as an energy shield materialized, surrounding the Lava Tomato along with its soil. With a small click, the entire encapsulated plant shrank, turning into a glowing orb no larger than a marble.

With a practiced motion, she tapped her wristwatch. A holographic screen flickered to life, scanning the orb. In the blink of an eye, it disappeared, safely stored away in her inventory.

Her eyes gleamed as she spotted another Lava Tomato plant a short distance away. Without hesitation, she repeated the process, her hands swift and efficient. Another plant stored.

She turned toward a third one, her excitement barely contained.

Just as she was about to activate the device again, the magma behind her roared to life.

A massive crocodile, its scales glistening with molten rock, erupted from the lava, its jaws wide open, teeth shimmering with heat.

The girl's reflexes were sharp. She leaped backward just in time, the creature's powerful bite missing her by mere inches. The impact of its jaws slamming shut created a resounding crack, sending tremors through the ground.

As she twisted midair, she flung several potion flasks toward the beast. The glass containers shattered upon contact, releasing a chilling mist that spread rapidly.

The effect was instantaneous. The lava crocodile, once dripping with molten rock, froze solid, encased in ice from snout to tail.

Without wasting a second, she activated her hoverboard and shot into the air, leaving the frozen beast behind.

However, the disturbance had not gone unnoticed.

A much larger crocodile, this one the size of an elephant, surfaced from the river, its glowing eyes locked onto the fleeing figure.

Before it could react, another figure emerged, flying effortlessly alongside the girl. Unlike her, this one needed no hoverboard to stay airborne.

"That was dangerous, Lady Boss," the newcomer remarked, her tone carrying a hint of exasperation.

The girl chuckled, unconcerned. "I have a Grandmaster-level mage sister accompanying me, so it's not that dangerous."

The flying woman sighed. "Ahh... I'm definitely going to complain to the Boss about this."

"Ahhh... Big Sis, please don't..." The girl's plea was met with laughter as the two disappeared into the snowy horizon.

Half an hour later, they approached a cave nestled between jagged cliffs. The blizzard had grown fiercer, snow whipping through the air in thick torrents.

"The blizzard is getting worse," the Grandmaster woman noted. "Good thing we made it back quickly."

The girl nodded, stepping off her hoverboard as they neared the entrance.

Further inside, a group of Grandmasters sat in a dome-like array. They were meditating in a circle around a bonfire—not an ordinary fire, but a white flame that burned without smoke, its eerie glow casting elongated shadows on the stone walls.

The Grandmaster woman gave a small wave before joining them, settling into a meditative position.

Two more Grandmasters stood guard at the cave's entrance. As the girl walked past, they didn't even attempt to stop her.

She entered the cave's interior, passing through a shimmering, bubble-like barrier. The moment she crossed the threshold, warmth enveloped her, banishing the biting cold in an instant.

She removed her cloak, revealing her face.

"Welcome back, Mathilda," a voice greeted her.

Mathilda turned to see Mana lounging on a sofa, a playful smirk on her lips.

"Huh... Mana... I'm back," Mathilda said, smiling. "Oh, and I found some Lava Tomatoes."

Mana's eyes lit up. "Ahh, take them out! Quick!" She grabbed a copper pot with both hands, anticipation clear on her face.

Mathilda chuckled and made sure the entrance was securely shut before retrieving a glowing Lava Tomato from her storage.

She placed the fiery fruit into the copper pot.

Then, something strange happened.

Mathilda reached in and took the Lava Tomato out, only to find an identical copy had been left inside the pot.

She stared at it in amazement. "No matter how many times I see this, it's unbelievable."

Mana grinned. "Right? Tyler never has to worry about money with this thing."

Mathilda shook her head, glancing around the cave. Despite being a temporary resting place, it looked more like a comfortable hideout. The furniture was well-arranged, and vibrant flowers bloomed in various corners, filling the air with a fresh scent.

After stepping inside, the two girls momentarily forgot that they were deep within the Abyss.

"We're lucky," Mathilda mused. "To have descended into a harmless floor."

Mana nodded.

Mathilda then picked up a radiant golden-white flower with translucent petals that shimmered like fireflies in the dark.

"I want to experiment with these Luminis Blooms," she said. "Maybe I can make potions out of them."

Mana scoffed. "Don't bother. Alchemists have been trying for centuries after the Abyss Breakout. This flower's only use is purifying Abyss energy in the air. We're lucky to have enough to keep this cave purified."

She gestured toward the copper pot. "Thanks to that thing, we can fill this place with as many flowers as we want."

Mathilda sighed, then asked, "Where's Tyler?"

"He went outside," Mana replied.

"There's a blizzard now," Mathilda pointed out.

Mana shrugged. "The cold never bothers him anyway."

Far away from the cave, nestled between ice-crusting cliffs, lay a lake.

But this was no ordinary lake—it bubbled and churned with scalding heat, a natural hot spring boiling despite the raging blizzard above.

The storm howled, snow and ice pelting the surface, yet the water remained unaffected.

A fish leaped from the depths, only to freeze solid the moment it hit the icy air. It plummeted back into the water, thawing instantly before darting away.

A massive snake, its body thick and sinuous, slithered beneath the surface, its glowing eyes fixed on a target ahead.

A figure swam at unnatural speeds, cutting through the boiling water like a jet.

The snake surged forward, its powerful body undulating as it gave chase.

A translucent chessboard shimmered beneath the water, distorting the serpent's movement.

Tyler sighed. "Ah... even the chess domain isn't working."

He switched techniques, utilizing the Kun Peng Swimming Art, his speed doubling. The heat of the lake did nothing to him.

A shadow passed overhead. A Grandmaster descended, hovering above the water. "Boss, Lady Boss is back."

"Oh," Tyler mused. "I'll return soon. Wait somewhere."

The Grandmaster nodded. "Alright."

As Tyler swam, dragon scales began to emerge across his body, shimmering with an eerie glow.

With his speed amplified, he shot forward, vanishing into the boiling depths.

Tyler suddenly sensed something unusual. He turned around sharply.

The snake that had been slower than him just moments ago was now swimming at an astonishing speed. It surged past Tyler as if fleeing from something far more terrifying.

Tyler, who had already activated his dragon mode in preparation for combat, was momentarily dumbfounded.

Then, he turned back—only to see a massive snake's head, at least eight meters wide, surging toward him with terrifying momentum.

"Huh... A little help here?" Tyler called out, quickly realizing that this was not an opponent he could handle alone.

An arrow whistled through the air and struck the massive snake's head with a resounding impact. Before it could react, three more arrows followed in quick succession, each aiming precisely for its eyes.

However, the snake swiftly closed its eyelids, shielding its vulnerable spots, and then plunged into the depths of the water.

Above, the Grandmaster who had fired the arrows lowered his bow with a sigh.

"Now, shall we head back?" he asked, his tone weary but relieved.

Tyler didn't hesitate. He gave a firm nod. "Absolutely."

They flew away in the blizzard. The snake that chased Tyler, looked at him leaving.

"It's been 2 months since we arrived at Abyss. Any update on our Mission?" As Tyler asked the Grandmaster as they disappeared in the blizzard.

Chapter 294: Tracking with Curse

"It's been two months since we arrived in the Abyss. Any updates on our mission?" Tyler asked as he walked alongside the Grandmaster, the icy wind howling around them.

The Grandmaster, a middle-aged man with a composed expression, nodded. "The only way to track someone in the Abyss is through divination. We have already asked our Divination Master to locate Miss Astrid and Miss Lily."

Tyler raised an eyebrow. "Divination? How exactly does that work?"

The Grandmaster explained, "We use their hair, their used belongings—anything that has their essence attached to it—to pinpoint their location. With that, we can track them within the Abyss."

Tyler frowned. "Using hair and their used items? That sounds more like a curse than divination."

The Grandmaster coughed awkwardly. "Well... it is a curse, technically speaking."

Tyler gave him a blank stare.

Sensing the skepticism, the Grandmaster quickly clarified, "Divination is quite difficult to perform in the Abyss, but curses, on the other hand, are amplified here. Don't worry—the curse we use is harmless. It will only cause a mild sensation, like an itch on the pinky finger. When the curse is applied, we will be able to pinpoint their exact location."

Tyler exhaled, crossing his arms. "So, you're saying the Abyss enhances curses? That sounds... concerning."

The Grandmaster nodded. "Indeed. That's why we use a controlled curse for tracking rather than something harmful. The amplification effect in the Abyss makes our method much more effective than normal divination techniques."

"Alright," Tyler said, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. "As long as there are no side effects, I guess it's fine."

As they arrived at their temporary base, a large cave protected by a formation, the Grandmaster excused himself to join the other Grandmasters, who were meditating in a dome-like array. Tyler, on the other hand, headed toward his private cave, looking forward to a moment of rest.

However, as soon as he stepped inside, he froze in place.

In the middle of the cave, there was a large bathtub filled with steaming hot water, and inside it were two naked beauties—Mathilda and Mana. The water was bubbling slightly due to the presence of several lava tomatoes floating on the surface.

Tyler blinked, trying to process what he was seeing. "W-what are you two doing?" he asked, his voice laced with a mix of surprise and confusion.

Mathilda, lounging comfortably in the tub, smiled at him playfully. "We're making you dinner," she said in a nonchalant tone.

Tyler narrowed his eyes. "Dinner? What kind of dinner requires two people soaking in a bathtub?"

"The kind that you'll love to eat," Mathilda replied, her eyes twinkling mischievously. She opened her legs widely as if were showing the main dish.

Mana leaned forward slightly, her wet hair cascading over her shoulders as she smirked. "It's tomato soup," she said teasingly. "With two maidens as the main ingredients."

As she said, her hand reached Mathilda's part.

"Aan..." Mathilda moaned.

Tyler stared at them, his brain momentarily short-circuiting.

Mathilda tilted her head, while controlling her moans. "So..? Do you want to eat?" she asked, her voice laced with playful provocation.

Tyler's lips twitched, and without missing a beat, he grinned. "Thanks for the food."

And with that, he leaped into the bathtub.

Tyler enjoyed the dinner that night.

The next morning, Tyler slowly woke up, feeling unusually refreshed. As he sat up, he realized he was still inside the large bathtub from last night. The once-boiling water had turned lukewarm, and the scent of lava tomatoes had completely vanished.

Stretching his arms, he looked around and saw Mathilda and Mana standing near the cave entrance, already dressed and prepared to leave.

"We're heading out to check on a frozen lava formation about a hundred miles from here," Mathilda said, adjusting her gloves. "We'll be back soon."

Mana gave him a playful wave. "Try not to get into trouble while we're gone."

Before Tyler could reply, the two of them stepped out of the cave, disappearing into the eerie landscape of the Abyss.

Tyler watched them leave and then turned his attention back to the bathtub. The water was completely gone, along with the remnants of the lava tomatoes. It was as if they had been absorbed into his body.

Frowning, he placed a hand on his chest and took a deep breath. A strange warmth still lingered within him, a sign that something had changed. He also felt his constitution become little stronger.

"Another weird Abyss byproduct..." he muttered. "Maybe the girls already knew about this and were soaking in it on purpose."

It wasn't unusual for the Abyss to contain strange, mystical substances. Ever since he had arrived in this forsaken place, he had encountered numerous bizarre materials—some deadly, some beneficial. He decided to set this mystery aside for now.

Shaking his head, he grabbed his waypoint terminal and tried to activate it. He tapped the screen, then pressed a few buttons, but nothing happened.

"As expected, then. How the hell did Adam contact me from within the Abyss, then?" Tyler muttered under his breath.

The only logical answer was that Adam had found a way to bypass the Abyss's interference. If that were true, then finding Adam was now a priority—not only to get some answers but also because he might be able to help track down Lily and Astrid.

With a sigh, Tyler set the device aside and pulled out a collection of materials he had gathered from the previous Abyss floor. His makeshift workspace was cluttered with all sorts of oddities: exotic plants with glowing veins, strange fruits that emitted a faint humming noise, bones from unknown creatures, and several minerals that reacted oddly to heat and pressure.

They had been traveling through the Abyss, jumping from floor to floor using unstable spatial cracks, all in search of Lily and Astrid. Until now, their efforts had been aimless, relying on luck and gut instinct. But today...

A sudden voice interrupted his thoughts.

"Boss... Can I come in?"

Tyler, still lost in thought, replied absentmindedly, "Yeah..."

A moment later, a female Grandmaster entered the cave. She was one of the senior members of their expedition, dressed in the traditional robes of a high-ranking Immortal Practitioner. She took a quick glance around the cave, her gaze briefly lingering on the luxurious interior before settling on Tyler.

Her eyes flickered with something unreadable for a split second, but she quickly regained her composure.

"Boss," she said formally, "we've successfully cursed Miss Lily and Miss Astrid."

Tyler's eyes widened in surprise.

"I- I mean tracked." She said.

He immediately stood up and grabbed the Grandmaster by the shoulders, his grip firm but not aggressive.

"Really?"

Despite being a Grandmaster herself, the woman seemed slightly flustered because something is poking her. She cleared her throat and nodded. "Yes. The others are waiting outside to explain the details."

For a moment, Tyler was stunned. After weeks of searching, they had finally found a lead. A wide grin spread across his face, and his excitement was evident in the way his energy surged.

"Then let's go—" He took a step forward but was abruptly stopped when the Grandmaster held up a hand.

"Wait," she said, her voice turning serious.

Tyler frowned. "What?"

The Grandmaster pointed at him, her expression unamused. "Before you go anywhere... please put on some clothes."

Tyler blinked. Then, for the first time, he became aware of the fact that he was completely naked.

There was a brief silence.

"Ah," Tyler said, finally realizing the situation.

"Also your thing is poking me for too long... Do you want help to calm it down." She asked while looking down.

"Well ... The girls are gone, right?" Tyler asked.

"Yub... That Senior Sister who always accompany lady boss went with them." She nodded.

"Then how are you going to calm it down?" He asked.

She licked her lips and knelt before him.

Soon she made Tyler realise the power of Grandmaster.

Chapter 295: Abyss Hunters (1/2)

Somewhere in a Random Abyss Floor

A dense, oppressive darkness loomed over the land, stretching endlessly in all directions. The air was thick with an eerie silence, only occasionally broken by distant, indistinct sounds.

In the heart of this forsaken landscape, a group of more than 500 individuals—a mix of beastmen, elves, humans, and other races—sat together in small clusters of twos and threes. Their faces were illuminated by a soft glow from the lanterns they carried.

Each lantern housed a single, luminous butterfly, its delicate wings pulsing with a warm, golden radiance. These magical creatures were not only a source of light but also a lifeline, offering warmth in the merciless cold of the Abyss. It has same characteristics of a Luminous flower.

A heavy, unnatural fog rolled through the encampment, swirling in slow, ominous patterns. The land beneath them trembled.

Boom. Boom. Boom.

The tremors grew stronger, sending ripples through the ground. The warriors instinctively reached for their weapons, their eyes darting in every direction.

Something was moving in the darkness.

The footsteps—deep, thunderous—reverberated through the fog. The sheer intensity of each step sent vibrations through their bones.

But they couldn't see anything.

Despite their numbers, despite their sharp senses honed through years of experience, not a single person could lay eyes on whatever was causing the tremors.

Boom. Boom. Boom.

The sound continued, like the beating of a colossal heart.

A sense of dread gripped the group.

One of them, an elf-like being, narrowed her sharp eyes, trying to pierce through the thick darkness. Suddenly, a vague silhouette materialized—a massive figure, its outline barely visible. She caught sight of an enormous jaw, its shape unlike anything she had ever seen before.

Her instincts screamed at her.

Without hesitation, she threw her lantern toward the shape. The glowing butterfly within was flung forward, illuminating a small portion of the fog.

For a brief moment, everything seemed still.

Then, the lantern shattered.

The elf froze, her breath catching in her throat.

These lanterns weren't ordinary objects; they were crafted using special materials resistant to extreme force, enchanted to withstand the hostile environment of the Abyss.

And yet... it had broken effortlessly.

The butterfly, now freed from its glass prison, fluttered upward. It glowed brightly, its golden light pushing against the consuming darkness.

The elf followed its path, her gaze drifting higher and higher.

And that's when she saw it.

A colossal eye—so large that it took her a moment to fully comprehend its sheer size—hovered in the air, staring directly at her.

It was thousands of meters high above them, its monstrous pupil expanding and contracting as if analyzing its prey.

Her breath hitched.

Then, just as quickly as it had appeared, the butterfly was swallowed by the shadows, its light snuffed out.

The camp was plunged back into darkness.

Boom. Boom. Boom.

The footsteps resumed.

The elf spun around, her heartbeat hammering in her chest. Panic surged through her veins.

She opened her mouth to scream—to warn the others—but the words never left her lips.

Because they were gone.

Her companions were missing.

The hundreds of warriors who had been standing beside her mere moments ago had vanished without a trace.

Her breathing became ragged. She turned wildly, searching for them, but all she saw was the endless darkness.

Then, she heard it.

A deep, inhuman breath, so immense that she could feel the air being sucked inward. It was as if the very atmosphere around her was being pulled into a void.

A wall of spikes emerged in front of her, massive and sharp, blocking her escape route. The elf instinctively backed away, her mind racing.

The footsteps had stopped.

She could no longer hear the creature moving, but she knew it was still there.

She had no choice.

Without hesitation, she climbed the spikes, ignoring the sharp edges scraping against her hands. The structure was massive—each spike as tall as an average house. She pulled herself up, using every ounce of strength to reach the top.

Then, she jumped.

She landed inside what she thought was another area of solid ground. The surface was warm and soft, almost welcoming. The elf took a deep breath, trying to steady herself.

Then, she took a step forward.

Her foot sank slightly, and a sickening realization dawned upon her.

The ground wasn't solid.

It was flesh.

A sticky, warm substance clung to her boots. A musky, suffocating scent filled her nostrils.

Her heartbeat pounded as she finally understood where she was.

The spikes weren't obstacles—they were teeth.

She was inside the creature's mouth.

She whipped her head around, eyes widening in sheer terror.

The spikes trembled.

From above, more spikes—or rather, more teeth—began descending, lowering ever so slowly.

The walls around her tightened.

Panic set in.

The elf sprinted forward, desperate to find an exit, but there was none. The space was closing in, the monstrous jaws sealing shut.

She clawed at the walls, screaming for help, but there was no one left to hear her.

And then—

Silence.

The Monster swallowed her whole.

Outside, the fog swirled as if nothing had happened. The lanterns lay scattered across the ground, their butterflies long gone.

The darkness remained. The footsteps sound resonated again.

Somewhere in the Fog

A heavy silence blanketed the area, broken only by the distant sound of faint footsteps echoing through the thick, suffocating mist.

A beastman with the lower half of a horse and four powerful legs stood still, his sharp ears twitching as he scanned his surroundings. His breath came in short, tense bursts.

Something didn't feel right.

The fog was unnatural—dense, shifting, almost alive. It seemed to move with a will of its own, hiding the unknown horrors lurking within.

Then—

A hand touched his back.

"Ahhh!"

The beastman swung his massive axe, his instincts kicking in. His heart pounded in his chest as his weapon cut through the air.

"Wait! It's us! It's us!"

The familiar voices snapped him out of his panic. He turned to see two humans, both breathing heavily, their faces pale from fear.

He exhaled sharply. "Idiots! What the hell are you doing creeping up on me like that?!"

The men hesitated, glancing at each other before one spoke.

"The elf who was with us... she disappeared—along with her lantern. We can't find her anywhere."

The beastman's expression darkened. "Damn it. My companions are missing too. I can't find them either."

Their conversation was cut short by another sound—one that sent a chill down their spines.

Footsteps.

Deep, heavy booms, vibrating through the ground. Something enormous was moving through the fog.

Then—

"Attack that thing!"

A loud voice cut through the tension.

Instantly, dozens of spells and projectiles shot out, illuminating the thick mist. The sudden burst of light finally revealed the lurking terror before them.

A massive, mountain-sized creature stood in their path.

It was a Tyrannosaurus Rex—but unlike any they had ever seen before.

Its body was covered in spiked, armored scales, glowing faintly with an eerie, otherworldly light. Its jaws stretched unnaturally wide, revealing rows of teeth as long as greatswords.

Then, it roared.

The deafening sound tore through the battlefield like a storm, sending shockwaves in one direction.

In an instant, hundreds of warriors—beastmen, elves, humans—were shattered into pieces, their bodies exploding into a fine mist of blood and flesh.