

R Cultivator 301

Chapter 301: Catherine

Catherine had lost both of her parents at a young age. Fortunately, the villagers never tried to take her home, the only thing she had left of her family.

She lived independently, sustaining herself by gathering herbs and making simple medicines, though her knowledge of medicine was still quite basic. More than that, Catherine had a knack for crafting traps—simple yet effective hunting traps that she sold to the villagers. They were easy to install, making hunting much more convenient for others.

Today, however, there was an unusual commotion outside her small home.

A small group of villagers, mostly young women, had gathered in front of her house.

Because of him.

"Oh, is that the outsider?"

"He looks so handsome!"

"Not as handsome as Leon," one girl scoffed, folding her arms.

The girls in the group, however, couldn't take their eyes off Tyler.

He was outside, chopping wood. His strong arms flexed with each swing of the axe, his well-toned, muscular body glistening slightly under the daylight. His half-buttoned shirt did nothing to hide his trained physique.

He was completely unaware of the attention he was getting.

Catherine, on the other hand, was not.

"Stop drooling and get out of here!" she scolded, pushing the group away from her doorstep.

"But I just want to ask him about the outside world!" one of the girls whined.

Catherine rolled her eyes. "He doesn't remember anything."

The group sighed in disappointment.

"Poor guy... Maybe he's my long-lost fiancé," one of the girls joked, sighing dramatically.

That was the last straw.

Catherine grabbed a broom and chased them away.

Tyler watched the retreating villagers with a quiet smile, though there was an undeniable loneliness behind it.

No matter how kind the people here were, no matter how peaceful this village seemed, he knew he didn't belong here.

"Who am I?" Tyler sighed, his thoughts swirling in confusion.

Catherine, noticing his somber expression, decided to cheer him up. "Ahh... We're having monster meat soup for lunch! Do you like it spicy?" she asked with a bright smile.

"I... don't know." Tyler's smile turned bitter.

He truly didn't. He couldn't remember what he liked, what he disliked, or even who he really was.

"Then I'll just make it how I like it," Catherine laughed, patting his chest in a playful manner.

But her hand lingered.

She unconsciously ran her fingers over the firm muscles of his chest, feeling the strength beneath his skin.

Tyler tilted his head in confusion. "Do you like touching people?"

"W-what are you talking about?!" Catherine blushed furiously and jumped back like a startled rabbit.

She grabbed a basket in a hurry. "I-I'm going to buy some meat! You take these woods to the third house and ask them for spices."

Before Tyler could reply, she ran off.

In this village, everything was based on bartering.

Catherine traded the hunting traps she made and the simple medicines she prepared for other goods. Now, with Tyler's help, she had also started bartering firewood.

In the heart of the village, surrounded by sprawling farmlands, stood the largest house—a symbol of wealth and status.

Villagers bustled about, tending to the crops and livestock, their hands busy with work, yet their eyes frequently flickered toward the lavish estate.

Inside, seated in a luxurious chair, was Leon—a man so beautiful that even women would envy his appearance.

His delicate features, soft skin, and ethereal grace made him look more like a celestial maiden than a man. His long, silky hair cascaded over his shoulders, and his deep, enchanting eyes held a dangerous glint beneath his charming smile.

In his lap sat a young village girl, her cheeks flushed as she took a bite of a plump, watery cherry fruit.

Juice trickled down her lips as she leaned forward, pressing her mouth against Leon's in a sensual exchange.

Their tongues tangled, mixing the sweet, sticky cherry juice between them.

Just as their heated moment deepened, a voice interrupted.

"Leon-sama, it looks like that girl, Catherine, brought an outsider boy to her house. They even spent the night together."

The messenger was another village girl, standing nearby, her voice filled with intrigue and gossip.

The girl in Leon's lap gasped in shock, tumbling to the ground as Leon's focus shifted.

But instead of responding immediately, Leon raised his slender hand and extended a single finger toward the girl who had just reported the news.

Understanding his silent command, she eagerly leaned forward, wrapping her lips around his finger, licking it greedily as if savoring the remnants of a divine treat.

A slow, amused smile curved Leon's lips.

"You did well..." he murmured, even his voice like silk.

His expression darkened slightly as he processed about Catherine's news.

"That girl has always refused to let me touch her. Yet now, she's letting another man stay in her house?"

His voice was soft, but the underlying venom was unmistakable.

With an elegant swish of his robes, he turned and walked toward the inner chambers of the house.

Inside, Misra, the village chief, waited for him.

A mature woman, voluptuous and alluring, with a knowing smirk playing on her lips.

As soon as Leon entered, her expression turned into a pout.

"You've been playing with all these young girls..." she murmured, her voice carrying a hint of jealousy.

"You don't want me anymore?"

Leon's gaze turned serious.

He stepped forward, pressing his warm palm against her busty breast, squeezing it lightly.

"I want you," he whispered. "And I want all of them. I want everything. But if you don't want me... I can always leave."

He pulled his hand away, watching her reaction carefully.

"No! Don't!" Misra gasped, grabbing his wrist desperately.

She pressed his hand back onto her bare breast, her breath quickening.

Leon smirked.

"Good girl."

He patted her butt, his touch both affectionate and possessive, before stepping away and disappearing into the depths of the house.

"Bring your daughter tonight. Let's play the whole night."

As he walked, his eyes gleamed with an unnerving obsession.

"In few days, I will drug Catherine... and play with her for a night. I wonder if that newcomer already railed her?" His eyes were envy.

A week later, he really did drug Catherine and brought her to his bed.

Chapter 302: Tales about the Outside

Tyler's Growing Curiosity

Tyler had been in the Village of Vale for a week now. It didn't take him long to realize that leaving the village was almost impossible.

The village teachings were strict—the outside world was dangerous. Only hunters were permitted to leave.

According to the village elders, the land beyond was teeming with monsters, creatures that no ordinary human could defeat.

Long ago, their ancestors tried to escape, hoping to find another village, another civilization. But no one had ever made it past the massive riverbed to the east or the gloomy dark horizon to the north.

The Gloomy Dark Horizon was especially terrifying.

It was a land with no sun, no moon, no stars—just endless darkness.

Anyone who entered it came back broken.

Their eyes hollow. Their minds shattered.

They murmured strange things—that everything was an illusion. That nothing was real.

But, strangely enough, after a short time, they would forget everything that had happened and return to normal, as if their journey into the darkness had never occurred.

Catherine explained everything to Tyler one night as they sat outside, gazing at the sky.

The two of them sat in comfortable silence, looking up at the glowing moon.

Tyler stared at it for a long time, a strange unease growing in his chest.

Something felt off.

He furrowed his brows.

"What's wrong?" Catherine noticed his expression and asked.

Tyler didn't look away from the sky.

"Shouldn't there be three moons?"

Catherine blinked in confusion.

And then, she laughed.

"What do you mean? Are you drunk? Are you seeing three moons?"

Tyler rubbed his temples.

"I... don't know."

A deep sense of dissonance settled in his mind.

Something inside him insisted that there should be three moons. But why?

He couldn't remember.

The harder he tried to grasp the thought, the more it slipped away like grains of sand through his fingers.

Tyler let out a deep sigh.

He didn't know why he had that thought—just that it felt right.

"Is there any way to leave the village?" he asked suddenly.

Catherine froze.

Her body stiffened, her cheerful expression disappearing as she slowly turned to him.

"W-Why? You... you want to leave?"

Her voice held a hint of nervousness.

Tyler quickly reassured her.

"I just want to see what's outside."

Catherine sighed in relief.

Her smile returned, and her voice became cheerful again.

"Oh! That's easy! Next week is Gathering Week."

Tyler tilted his head.

"Gathering Week?"

Catherine nodded excitedly.

"According to the village elders, Gathering Week is when the monsters outside are almost nonexistent. It's the safest time for everyone to leave and collect herbs and wood."

Tyler's eyes lit up.

"Then I'm looking forward to it."

Catherine giggled.

"I'll be joining the herb gatherers, though, so we won't be together. You should try joining the woodcutters' group."

Tyler nodded.

The conversation faded into silence.

The two of them sat side by side, looking at the moon again.

It was calming.

Elsewhere in the village, Leon emerged from a maiden's hut, adjusting his fine robes.

A content smirk curled on his lips.

Behind him, a young woman lay asleep, her body still trembling with the aftermath of pleasure.

Her lips were slightly parted, her breath uneven, a faint trace of drool at the corner of her mouth.

Leon turned back slightly, his gaze dark and predatory.

"Don't forget..." he murmured.

The woman's half-lidded eyes barely opened, but she was still listening.

"You better drug Catherine during herb gathering."

The smirk on his face deepened.

The maiden let out a small humming noise, her hazy, love-struck gaze full of admiration.

She nodded obediently, before falling back into a peaceful sleep.

Leon chuckled.

Then, with his usual graceful, elegant steps, he left her home, disappearing into the night.



Somewhere deep within the Abyss Floor, a group of mercenaries gathered in a makeshift camp. Their leader, a man clad in golden armor, sat on a massive throne-like rock, surrounded by his most trusted warriors.

Before him, a kneeling man bowed his head in submission.

"Apologies, Leader. We failed to track her. She must have awakened her Angel Bloodline—the curses no longer work on her."

The golden-armored man's expression darkened.

"Tch... Worthless." He waved his hand dismissively. "Then find the other Angel. The one who was trapped in the same Abyss Floor."

The kneeling man nodded swiftly and retreated.

Behind the golden-armored leader lay the colossal skull of a T-Rex, its size dwarfing everything around it.

The beast had fallen weeks ago, its massive frame defeated after a brutal battle.

Yet, its presence still loomed over the camp, a testament to their strength.

The fox-eared woman standing nearby let out a soft chuckle.

"By the way, Leader... have you heard about our client?"

The golden-armored man's brows furrowed in irritation. "What now?"

The towering, eight-foot-tall warrior beside her spoke up.

"He failed to purify the corpse of the Colossal T-Rex we delivered. It contaminated half of his world. Now, his entire planet is waging war against him."

The golden-armored man's expression shifted, then he laughed.

"Hah! What an idiot. Did he really think he could control a beast tainted by the Abyss?"

The fox-eared woman smirked.

"Leader, he's begging for more time to clean up the mess. But..."

She glanced toward the giant warrior, who nodded.

"He promised that if he fails, he'll open a passage to his world for us."

The golden-armored man's eyes widened.

Then, his lips curled into a cruel grin.

"Good. Let's hope he fails." He leaned back, his golden armor gleaming under the Abyssal glow. "A whole world to plunder? Now that's an offer worth waiting for."

As the warriors chuckled, another mercenary stepped forward, holding a scroll.

"Leader, an Immortal from one of the outside worlds has issued a bounty."

The golden-armored man barely glanced at him.

"Not interested. We don't waste time hunting small prey."

The mercenary hesitated.

"But, Leader... the target is only at Gold Core Realm."

The golden-armored man paused.

Gold Core? That's far too weak.

Gold core realm is same as Master Level.

A bounty from an Immortal usually meant something was special about the target.

"Show me."

The mercenary unrolled the scroll, revealing a detailed sketch.

The leader's eyes flicked over it—then narrowed.

A young man with dark hair. A confident smirk.

Beneath the image, the name "Tyler White" was written.

The golden-armored man let out a low hum.

"Interesting... Keep an eye out. If any of our men see him, they are to capture him immediately."

His smile deepened.

"If an Immortal wants him dead, then he must be hiding something valuable or a deep grudge."

Chapter 303: Gina

The morning sun cast its golden glow over the village. Birds chirped softly, and the cool morning breeze carried the scent of damp earth and freshly baked bread.

Tyler was already awake. He had risen early, pocketing some rice cakes before stepping out of the hut.

He had planned to join a woodcutting team, but things hadn't gone as expected.

Most of the woodcutters refused to accept him.

Not because he was unskilled.

Not because he was weak.

But simply because he was an outsider.

And, more than anything, because the women in the village wouldn't stop gossiping about him.

Their jealous husbands and brothers weren't too pleased about it.

Tyler sighed. "Seriously?"

Catherine, who had just finished preparing her basket of herbs, noticed Tyler came back with silent expression.

She frowned. Tyler told her what happened.

"So you're going alone?" she asked, concern evident in her voice.

Tyler shrugged. "Yeah. But it doesn't matter. It's just cutting down some trees outside, right?"

Catherine bit her lip.

She had heard stories about the dangers of the outside.

"The woods can be dangerous... Even with your strength, you shouldn't go alone."

Tyler chuckled. "What's the worst that could happen? I trip and fall on a tree?"

"There are chances some beasts might appear." Catherine, however, wasn't convinced. She turned on her heel.

"I'll talk to the villagers! This is ridiculous. They should let you join!"

Just as she was about to leave, Tyler gently grabbed her wrist.

"It's alright, alright. Don't trouble yourself over me."

Catherine froze.

Her cheeks burned as she stared at their hands.

His warm grip made her heart pound.

She quickly turned away, coughing to hide her flustered expression.

"F-Fine! Then I'll ask my herb-gathering team instead!" she said hurriedly, before running off.

Tyler chuckled softly as he watched her go.

At least someone was willing to help.

After a while,

Catherine rushed back to Tyler, her face glowing with excitement.

"I asked my team," she announced cheerfully. "The girls immediately agreed! Well, except for one girl, but since everyone else said yes, there's no need to consider her opinion."

Tyler chuckled, shaking his head. "Yeah, that's how the world works. If everyone has the same opinion and one guy has a different one, even if that guy is right, people will still hate him."

Catherine blinked in confusion, tilting her head. "Huh? Why the sudden philosophical talk?"

"For no reason at all," Tyler replied with a smirk, brushing off the topic.

Catherine pouted but didn't press further. Instead, she linked her hands behind her back and smiled at him. "Well, now that it's settled, you'll be gathering herbs with us. Just don't slack off, okay?"

Tyler smirked. "I would never dream of it."

Meanwhile, Elsewhere in the Village...

In the grandest house in the village, Leon lounged on an ornate chair, his delicate features illuminated by the soft glow of lanterns. A young girl knelt before him, her head bowed in submission.

"I am sorry, Leon-sama," she said hesitantly. "That outsider... he's joining our gathering team as well."

Leon narrowed his enchanting eyes, irritation flickering across his face before quickly vanishing behind his usual graceful demeanor.

"Is that so?" he murmured, gently placing his hand atop the girl's head. He stroked her hair like one would a pet, his fingers lingering against her scalp.

The girl trembled under his touch, a mixture of fear and admiration in her eyes.

"Then, drug them both," Leon commanded smoothly, his voice barely above a whisper.

The girl swallowed hard but nodded obediently. "Understood, Leon-sama."

Leon finally let go of her and leaned back in his chair, watching the flickering candlelight with an amused smile. "Make sure it works. I don't want any interruptions this time."

The girl bowed deeply before scurrying away to carry out his orders.

Leon chuckled, his lips curling with anticipation. "Let's see if you can resist me, Catherine."

There was still one more day before the Gathering Week officially began, and Catherine took it upon herself to ensure Tyler knew all the rules.

"You'll be helping us gather herbs and ensuring our safety," she explained. "The forest is unpredictable, and while it's mostly safe during this time, there's always a risk."

Tyler nodded, taking in her words seriously. "Got it. Protect you and help gather. Sounds simple enough."

Catherine hesitated for a moment before reluctantly introducing him to the rest of her gathering team.

To Tyler's surprise, the entire team was composed of girls—a small group of five, all around Catherine's age. Most of them were eager to welcome him, openly flirting and giggling, which made Catherine visibly irritated.

Only one girl remained distant—Gina. She barely interacted with Tyler, only offering a polite nod during introductions.

Gina was the one tasked with drugging both Catherine and Tyler. Leon's orders were absolute, and she had no choice but to obey. However, as she observed Tyler up close, she found herself in an unexpected dilemma.

He was even more handsome than she had imagined. His relaxed demeanor, confident smirk, and the way he easily fit into their group made her feel uneasy.

'Damn it, why does he have to look like that?' Gina thought to herself. A part of her wanted to flirt with him just like the others, but she knew she couldn't afford to raise Catherine's suspicion. She needed to focus on her mission.

She just had to find the right moment.

After a brief round of introductions, the group finalized their plans for the next day. As they prepared to head home, Gina approached Tyler with a small offering.

"Huh... Gina, thanks for the bread. It is tasty." Tyler smiled as he took another bite of the soft, freshly baked bread she had given him.

Gina returned the smile, keeping up her act. "I'll bring some more tomorrow too."

Just as she was about to say something else, Catherine suddenly appeared between them, her presence abrupt and imposing.

"Hurry up, Gina, it's already late!" Catherine said sharply, pushing her away from Tyler.

Gina leaned in slightly and whispered in Catherine's ear, her voice teasing, "Don't worry, I won't steal him from you."

Catherine's face turned red instantly.

Flustered, she shoved Gina even harder, making her stumble forward.

Tyler chuckled at their interaction, oblivious to the underlying tension between the girls. "Well, that was interesting."

As the group dispersed for the night, Gina clenched her fists.

'Tomorrow,' she thought. 'Tomorrow, I'll finish what I was ordered to do.'

Chapter 304: The Week of Herb Gathering

Tyler walked forward, holding his head in frustration. His senses felt off, as if his perception had been dulled.

"Why are you holding your head like that?" Catherine asked, her brows furrowed in concern.

Tyler sighed and pointed ahead. "Do you see that branch over there?"

Catherine followed his gaze. "Yeah?"

"Well... I didn't."

Before she could fully process what he meant—

Bang!

Tyler walked straight into another tree branch, knocking himself back slightly.

Catherine covered her mouth, trying not to laugh. "Oh wow, that herb really dulled your senses, huh?" She patted his back as he rubbed his forehead, looking both annoyed and embarrassed.

The Gathering Week Begins

The much-anticipated Gathering Week had finally arrived. Tyler, Catherine, and their group of six herb-gathering girls set out into the forest, ready to collect valuable plants.

As they left the village, Tyler frowned and scanned the surroundings. Something felt off.

"Isn't there supposed to be a lake here?" he asked, his confusion evident.

Catherine turned to him, puzzled. "What are you talking about? There are no lakes here—just the river over there." She gestured toward the flowing water in the distance.

Tyler narrowed his eyes. He could have sworn there was a lake.

"Are you sure?" he pressed.

"Tyler, your memories are all over the place," Catherine reminded him. "You've been feeling weird ever since you ate that herb. Maybe it's messing with your head?"

Tyler exhaled, deciding to let it go for now.

As they walked deeper into the forest, Catherine continued her lesson.

"Listen, Tyler, next time don't just eat random herbs," she scolded. "We usually test them on small monsters first to make sure they're not poisonous."

Tyler winced at the reprimand. "Got it. No more taste-testing mysterious plants."

Catherine sighed. "I was really worried about you."

He glanced at her, noticing the genuine concern in her expression. He smiled slightly. "I'll be fine, don't worry."

Despite his words, the strange feeling in his gut lingered.

A day passed, they returned to village at night and went back next morning.

"Today , we are going even deeper. There is a chance we might stay in the wild." Catherine said.

Tyler took a deep breath, inhaling the fresh scent of the forest. It was thick with towering trees, their branches stretching far into the sky, forming a dense canopy that filtered the sunlight. The leaves rustled gently in the cool breeze, creating a peaceful, rhythmic sound.

As he walked, he noticed a group of men chopping trees in the distance. Their axes swung in unison, striking the thick trunks with heavy thuds. The sound of cracking wood echoed through the forest as one of the trees finally gave way, crashing to the ground with a loud boom.

"Those are the guys who rejected me." Tyler said, his gaze lingering on the woodcutters.

The Woodcutters are glaring back at Tyler. Their face twitched when they saw Tyler surrounded by Young Girls. They now regretted rejecting him.

Catherine followed his gaze and smiled. "Oh the village woodcutters are arrogant as ever. They're gathering lumber for the upcoming winter."

Tyler nodded in understanding. "Stockpiling wood, huh? Makes sense. Winters must be pretty rough here."

Catherine's face turned a shade pinker as she glanced away.

"Well... it's not just about surviving the cold," she murmured.

Before Tyler could ask what she meant, Gina leaned in close to Catherine and whispered with a mischievous smirk,

"Winter is the time for selecting a mate."

Catherine's entire face went red as she stomped on Gina's foot.

"Shut up, Gina!" she hissed, her voice flustered.

Gina laughed, waving her hands in surrender. "I'm just saying! You and Tyler have been getting along so well lately..."

Catherine groaned, covering her face with her hands. Tyler, oblivious to the teasing, continued observing the forest, taking in the sights and sounds around him.

Gina, still grinning, stepped back and reached into her pouch. Her fingers wrapped around a small bottle filled with a colorless liquid.

Her heart pounded.

This was it.

She had been waiting for the perfect opportunity to drug them both. If all went according to plan, Catherine and Tyler would be unconscious before they even knew what happened. Then, she would summon Leon-sama to come and claim his prize.

Catherine would be his pet when she wakes up.

She glanced at Tyler, who was still looking around curiously, completely unaware of what she was about to do.

She hesitated for a moment.

But then she clenched her jaw.

No. She had already made her decision. There was no turning back now.

She just needed to do it without getting noticed.

Slowly, she loosened the cork of the bottle, waiting for the right moment to slip it into their drinks.

Gina barely had time to react before another girl approached her. She quickly hid the small bottle in her sleeve, forcing a calm expression onto her face.

"Sister Gina, I found this herb," the girl said, holding up a small green plant.

Gina's eyes widened, but she quickly dismissed it. "That's not important. Where are the roots?" she asked impatiently.

The girl tilted her head, confused but obediently led Gina to the spot where she had pulled the plant. Gina crouched down, using a small tool to carefully dig into the soil. A moment later, she pulled out a potato-shaped black tuber covered in dirt.

"Black Diamond Potatoes!" Catherine gasped in excitement. She immediately began looking around for more, her eyes shining.

Tyler, standing nearby, crossed his arms and asked, "How do you guys name these things?"

Catherine smiled as she continued searching. "Our ancestors left behind many books about plants and survival techniques. It's compulsory to learn them. According to the records, we're trapped inside something, and the only way to see the light is to accept reality. But the ancestors also left behind one more phrase: 'Reality is cruel.'"

Tyler raised an eyebrow at the cryptic statement but didn't question it further.

While Tyler, Catherine, and the others focused on searching for more Black Diamond Potatoes, Gina took the opportunity to put her plan into motion. She subtly pulled out the hidden bottle and quickly poured the colorless liquid into each of their water pouches.

She had to be careful. If Catherine suspected her, the plan would fail. But as long as no one noticed, everything would go as Leon-sama had instructed.

After about an hour of searching, the group successfully collected five Black Diamond Potatoes. Though small, they were considered extremely valuable. According to their ancestors' records, these potatoes were key ingredients for a special potion that allowed people to travel safely through the darkness of the north.

Satisfied with their harvest, the group made their way to a small cave to rest. Tyler helped them block the entrance with a large rock, ensuring no wild beasts could enter.

As they sat together inside, they drank their water, chatting about random topics. No one noticed the subtle change in their bodies until it was too late.

Their eyelids grew heavy.

Catherine was the first to slump forward, her body swaying. "I... feel... sleepy..." she murmured before collapsing.

Tyler frowned, trying to shake off the sudden exhaustion. "Something's... wrong..." But before he could react, his vision darkened, and he, too, collapsed onto the cold ground.

One by one, the others followed, their bodies going limp as the drug took full effect.

Gina remained standing. She smiled.

A few minutes later, the entrance of the cave shifted as the rock blocking it was carefully moved aside. A shadowy figure stepped inside, his presence exuding arrogance and confidence.

Leon.

His grin widened as he saw the unconscious girls sprawled on the cave floor. His eyes lingered on Catherine, her blonde hair falling over her face.

"Well done, my dear Gina," he whispered before pulling her into a slow, lingering kiss.

Gina blushed deeply, feeling her body heat up from his touch. "Anything for Leon-sama," she murmured breathlessly.

Leon chuckled before turning his attention back to the sleeping group. He stepped closer, admiring his work.

But then—

His smile vanished.

His body stiffened as his gaze fell upon one particular person lying among them.

His expression twisted into one of pure confusion.

"T-Tyler White...?" he stuttered.

Gina blinked in confusion. "Leon-sama? Do you know this outsider? I thought this was your first time seeing him."

Leon didn't respond. His eyes remained fixed on Tyler's face.

"He feels familiar." He says.

But he quickly shook his head.

He looked at Catherine. He licked his lips.

"Gina undress yourself." He ordered her. Gina quickly undressed herself without hesitation. Looking at her young body Leon nodded with satisfaction. Then he turned towards Unconscious Catherine.

Leon hands grabbed Catherine's dress and tore it, revealing her milky breast. Even Gina blushed looking at her.

His hand extended to her breast ...

Chapter 305: Leon is...

Sound of moaning resonated.

"Aaan... Please don't...."

"You have very lovable breast... I can grope this all day."

"Please... Leon sama , stop..." Sound of Catherine begging resonated in the cave.

"Wow, your hole is wet already."

Tyler slowly opened his eyes, his vision still blurry.

"Please don't look... Please don't look..." Catherine's voice trembled with desperation, but her plea wasn't directed at Leon—it was meant for Tyler.

"Huh...?" Tyler's mind was sluggish, still fogged by whatever had knocked him out. As his vision cleared, he finally noticed what is happening.

Catherine was stripped naked and Leon was hugging her from behind naked while his hands are playing on her breast and other private parts.

But Tyler didn't focus on Catherine or the other girls. Instead, his gaze locked onto Leon.

For a moment, he was utterly confused. His lips parted slightly as he whispered, "M-Mathilda?"

Leon—no, Mathilda—froze. A flicker of shock flashed across her face before she quickly masked it. "H-How do you know that name?" she demanded.

Tyler studied her features. There was something undeniably familiar about her. His eyes narrowed slightly as he took in her delicate, almost androgynous beauty. "You look familiar," he admitted. Then, his gaze flickered to Catherine. "It's just... she also feels a little familiar, but the feeling is much stronger with you."

Mathilda's heart pounded. The way Tyler was looking at her stirred something deep within her, something she didn't quite understand. To mask her own unease, she scoffed and stepped closer, pushing Catherine aside.

"The words 'You look familiar'—" she mimicked his voice mockingly, "—that's exactly how boys start conversations when they're interested in a girl."

Her words were meant to sound teasing, confident, even dismissive. But inside, her mind was in chaos. 'But why am I feeling the same? Why does he feel so familiar to me too?'

She folded her arms and smirked, masking the nervous energy bubbling beneath her composed exterior. "But sadly," she continued, her voice dripping with playful arrogance, "I'm only attracted to girls."

Yet, even as she said it, her mind betrayed her. 'Then why am I suddenly attracted to you?'

Mathilda leaned in close to Tyler, her smirk widening as she ran a finger along his jawline, as if testing his reaction. Her voice was smooth, playful, yet held an undeniable dominance.

"I dress up as a man for fun," she said, stepping back and twirling dramatically. "I love playing with girls. They're soft, beautiful, and easily controlled. But men?" She scoffed, flicking her wrist as if dismissing the entire concept. "I've never been interested in them. Not even once."

She turned her gaze toward Gina, who had been standing quietly, watching the exchange with uncertainty. Mathilda's smirk deepened.

"Hey, Gina," she purred, crossing her arms. "You've been eyeing him, haven't you?"

Gina stiffened, eyes darting between Mathilda and Tyler. "Ah... N-No... Leon-sama, I—"

"No need to lie to me." Mathilda cut her off with a chuckle, her expression both amused and cruel. She stepped closer to Gina and lifted her chin with a single finger, forcing her to meet her gaze. "I know you've been interested in him. You don't have to deny it."

Gina swallowed hard, unsure of what to say.

Mathilda turned back to Tyler, her voice dripping with mockery. "Well then, why don't you two have some fun? Go ahead, Gina. He's all yours." She clapped her hands together, as if setting the stage for entertainment.

Tyler's eyes narrowed. "You're joking, right?"

Mathilda tilted her head. "Not at all. In fact..." She leaned in closer, her voice dropping into a seductive whisper, "if you give me a good show to watch, I might even let Catherine go."

Catherine, who had been quiet the entire time, gasped. "Leon—No, Mathilda! Stop this! You—"

Mathilda silenced her with a glance, then turned her attention back to Tyler and Gina.

"Well?" she asked, crossing her arms with an expectant smirk. "What's it going to be?"

Gina who is already naked walked before Tyler.

"I Apologize." Gina said. Then she began to kiss him.

To be fair, Tyler was already little simulated when he saw naked Catherine and Mathilda.

Now the scent of Gina and her body heat, her warm lips. Everything attacked him at once. He decided to enjoy it.

Soon Tyler removed his dress. Gina face turned full red. Catherine and even Mathilda too.

Couple of minutes later, inside the cave. Gina is moaning aloud in pleasure. Catherine, Mathilda and other herb gathering girls are sitting in circles and watching them with bright red face.

"My turn now...." Catherine suddenly shouted pushed Gina away.

"I am the one who found him. He is my mate..." She kissed him fiercely, but it was clumsy.

Tyler was shocked by her sudden act. But he enjoyed her warm lips. His hand explored her body.

After an hour, Catherine happily lay on the ground, her face flushed with satisfaction.

"Huh... Me too..." one of the gathering girls mumbled, raising her hand.

The others quickly followed, their hands shooting up as well.

Tyler sighed, shaking his head with a wry smile before dragging all three of them together.

"Monster... " Mathilda watched the scene, she was terrified by Tyler's Stamina. She felt little frustrated as well as horny. She felt like she got cuckolded.

After Tyler was done dealing with everyone, he looked around, scanning the area. All the girls are laying on the ground with satisfied expression on their face.

Mathilda was already gone.

A strange feeling settled in his chest—something between frustration and disappointment. He hadn't expected her to leave so quickly.

He felt a little lost.

The Next Day

Morning arrived, bringing with it the soft golden glow of dawn. The crisp air carried the scent of fresh earth and morning dew as the group prepared for another day of gathering herbs. However, something was different.

The girls moved sluggishly, their steps slightly unsteady. Their faces were bright red, and an air of awkwardness lingered between them. They avoided each other's gazes, their expressions flustered.

Even Catherine, who was usually the most talkative, kept her head down, busying herself with adjusting the strap of her basket unnecessarily. Gina, who always carried herself with confidence, fidgeted with the hem of her dress. The others exchanged fleeting glances before quickly looking away, their cheeks burning.

Then, as if on cue, Tyler walked out of the cave, stretching his arms lazily. He looked at the group and grinned.

At that moment, the girls instinctively turned their faces away, their blush deepening.

Tyler chuckled, shaking his head. Just last night, they had been like wild animals, passionate and uninhibited. Yet now, in the daylight, they were acting like shy, innocent maidens who had never done anything improper.

The contrast was too amusing.

"Well, well... What happened to all that confidence from last night?" he teased playfully.

The girls collectively gasped, and Catherine quickly picked up a small rock and threw it at him.

"Shut up!" she hissed, her face completely red.

Gina covered her face with her hands, mumbling something incoherent, while the others busied themselves with gathering herbs, pretending not to hear him.

Tyler just laughed and walked forward, enjoying their reactions.

"Let's gather faster so we can continue the same thing tonight," Tyler said with a smirk.

He barely had time to react before a flurry of small rocks flew at him. Catherine, Gina, and the others all glared at him, their faces red with embarrassment.

"Shut up, you pervert!" Catherine hissed, aiming another rock at his head.

Catherine covered her face with her hands, mumbling under her breath, while the rest quickly busied themselves, pretending not to hear him.

Far away, hidden behind the trees, Mathilda bit her nails in frustration. Her eyes burned with jealousy as she watched the group interact.

"Tsk... look at their faces," she muttered. "Like newlyweds..." She clenched her fists, her expression darkening. "I will definitely..." Her voice trailed off, and she disappeared into the forest.

The day's gathering didn't go as planned. The girls were distracted, stealing glances at Tyler when they thought he wasn't looking. Their minds were clearly elsewhere, making their work sloppy.

While others were looking for herbs, Gina would sneak away and drag Tyler to a bush. Then she will walk out with sloppy steps.

The other girls also noticed this and took turn.

Despite this, they managed to gather enough herbs before nightfall and found a small cave to camp in.

As soon as Tyler closed the entrance, the atmosphere changed instantly.

The girls, who had been shy and reserved throughout the day, suddenly turned into wild animals.

With mischievous grins and hungry eyes, they pounced on Tyler like a pack of wolves claiming their prey.

This time, the cave remained tightly shut until the next afternoon.

The cave suddenly opened,

"You animals it's already been half a day."

Mathilda shouted at them.

A thick white liquid shot at her face.