

R Cultivator 306

Chapter 306: The Silver Honey Heist

After Mathilda left in a dazed state, Tyler and the others resumed their work. The basket full of herbs was a sign of their successful gathering, so they decided to return to the village to store everything. After placing the herbs in Catherine's house and taking a short rest, they set out once again, ready for another day of gathering.

It had been five days since the start of the Gathering Week, with only two days remaining. To maximize their chances of finding rare herbs, they decided to take a different route this time.

They collected some herbs. As they walked through the dense forest, Catherine suddenly gasped and pointed at a tree.

"Wow... Silver Honey!" she exclaimed, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

Tyler followed her gaze and saw a honeycomb glowing with a pure silver sheen, hanging from the thick branches of an old tree. The air around it shimmered faintly, as if charged with energy.

"Silver Honey?" Tyler tilted his head, intrigued.

Gina nodded, her tone filled with reverence. "Yeah, it's made by Silver Bees. The best thing about Silver Honey is that it strengthens the mind. I remember a story about a dumb kid in the village—after eating just a little of this honey, he became a genius. He could memorize anything instantly."

Catherine nodded eagerly. "It's a priceless treasure. If we take even a small amount, it is worthy."

Tyler frowned as he observed the honeycomb. "That's great and all... but how do we get it? Those Silver Bees look dangerous."

The girls exchanged glances before all turning to look at Tyler.

"...No. Absolutely not," Tyler said, stepping back. "I already know what you're thinking, and the answer is no."

Catherine pouted. "But you're the only one strong enough to—"

"Nope."

Gina suddenly leaned close, whispering something in his ear, "If you do this... you can use our other hole tonight."

The other girls turned bright red but nodded in agreement, their eyes filled with a mix of embarrassment and anticipation.

Tyler's eyes widened slightly before he cleared his throat.

"...Alright. Say no more."

Without hesitation, he ran toward the tree, determination burning in his eyes. But before he could even get close, a single Silver Bee zipped through the air and stung his hand.

"Ahh! Damn it!" Tyler yelped, immediately retreating. He examined his hand carefully. "It's not poisoned, right?"

Catherine shook her head, trying to hold back a laugh. "No, but it stings pretty bad, doesn't it?"

She quickly pulled out some leaves from her basket, crushed them into a paste, and gently applied it to Tyler's hand. A cooling sensation spread over his skin, soothing the pain instantly.

Tyler flexed his fingers. "Huh, that works fast."

Catherine smiled. "Now, are you ready to try again?"

Tyler sighed, glancing at the tree again. "Fine... but this time, I'm going in prepared."

Tyler glanced up at the shimmering silver honeycomb hanging from the tree, rubbing his still-stinging hand. The bees buzzed angrily around it, their sharp stingers glistening in the light.

"Is there any herb, powder, or something that can repel these bees?" Tyler asked, hoping for an easy solution.

Catherine hummed in thought before reaching into her pouch and pulling out a small wooden vial. "Well... there are some repellents, but right now, we only have something that does the opposite."

Tyler raised an eyebrow. "Opposite?"

"This one attracts bees." Catherine grinned sheepishly, shaking the vial.

Tyler's expression darkened. "You trying to kill your husband?"

"Who's your husband?!" Catherine blushed furiously, hugging the vial to her chest.

Gina, watching their exchange with amusement, interjected, "How about we bring other people to help?"

"No," Tyler rejected immediately. "If we bring more people, we'll have to divide the honey. Less people, more rewards."

The girls nodded in understanding. Tyler sighed, mentally preparing himself.

"Alright... We're taking a chunk," he finally declared.

"Huh?" The girls tilted their heads in confusion.

A few minutes later, Tyler had wrapped himself in multiple layers of clothing, covering every inch of exposed skin. A basket was strapped over his head like a helmet. His movements were slow and deliberate as he approached the tree.

A few bees started buzzing around him, curious but not aggressive—yet.

Tyler ignored them and carefully raised his knife, slicing off a small chunk of the honeycomb.

The second it hit the ground, the bees went berserk.

"RUN!"

Without hesitation, Tyler yanked the cork from the vial Catherine had given him and poured the bee-attracting liquid onto a cloth. He waved it wildly as he bolted away from the tree, drawing the swarm with him.

Meanwhile, the girls darted forward and grabbed the fallen chunk of honeycomb.

"Alright, Catherine, take it back to your house," Gina instructed. "We'll meet Tyler at the agreed spot."

"Why me?" Catherine pouted, crossing her arms.

"Because it's your house. Besides, don't worry—we won't eat him without you," Gina teased with a mischievous smirk before whispering under her breath, Probably...

Catherine rolled her eyes and hurried back to the village, carrying their prize.

Meanwhile, Tyler sprinted through the forest, the furious bees hot on his trail. His lungs burned, and his legs ached, but he knew stopping wasn't an option.

As planned, he flung the soaked cloth onto a rock, tricking the bees into swarming around it. Without wasting another second, he leaped into a nearby river.

The cool water engulfed him, soothing his body as he swam effortlessly away from danger.

Huh... I'm a pretty good swimmer, he thought absentmindedly, slicing through the water with surprising ease. Feels natural.

Soon, he arrived at the rendezvous point. The girls were already there, waiting for him.

"It looks like Catherine will take some time to get here," Gina observed, watching Tyler emerge from the water.

She smirked and took a step closer, her voice dropping into a sultry whisper. "You're soaking wet... How about we warm you up with our body heat?"

Back in the village, Catherine had safely stored the honeycomb and was about to leave when she noticed something unusual—many villagers had returned early.

Several were wounded.

A cold sense of dread washed over her. "W-what happened?" she asked, her voice laced with concern.

Mathilda - who is now Leon—who was now once again disguised as a man—stepped forward with a grim expression.

"A Silver Wolf," he said gravely. "A single one appeared, but that was enough. Many villagers were injured, and some..." He trailed off. "Some didn't make it."

Catherine's heart clenched.

"No... My friends are still out there!" she gasped, turning toward the forest in alarm.

Leon placed a firm hand on her shoulder. "Don't worry. We've spread the word and told everyone to return immediately. They'll come back. Also no one is allowed outside anymore."

Leon is 'husband' of Village chief. So they have to obey 'his' words.

Despite his reassurance, Catherine's eyes remained locked on the outside, her heart pounding in fear.

Back in the forest, Tyler was not dripping wet anymore. It was girls who are dripping wet...

Tyler is exploring each and every hole of the girls.

They were near a secluded area. They were leaning against the tree and got explored by Tyler, they tried their best to suppress their moans.

"Catherine is gonna throw tantrums." Gina laughed. As she weakly walked near the river to wash herself.

The other girls are still going at it.

Just as Tyler enjoying each girls who are taking turns, they suddenly heard a howl in distance.

Everyone froze in shock. They hugged Tyler in fear.

"A Beast?" Tyler closed his eyes and tried to listen carefully.

Every instinct in Tyler body screamed that something was wrong.

The girls fell silent, glancing at each other nervously.

"What was that...?" one of them whispered.

Another howl.

This time, it was closer.

Tyler's eyes narrowed. Something's coming.

Tyler's heart pounded as he took cautious steps toward the river, his instincts screaming at him.

"You girls, quickly dress up and stay here," he ordered before moving ahead.

The moment he reached the clearing, his breath caught in his throat.

The naked Gina stood frozen beside the river, her face pale with terror. Just a few feet in front of her was a massive Silver Wolf, easily her height, its fur gleaming under the moonlight. A long scar marred its left eye, a testament to battles fought and survived.

Tyler clenched his fists. A Silver Wolf? Here? It's not winter yet though.

Gina turned her head slightly and caught sight of Tyler. Relief flickered in her eyes, but it was quickly drowned by sheer fear.

She wanted to scream—to call out for help—but her throat tightened, trapping her voice.

Then, in that split second, Gina's gaze met Tyler's.

The Silver Wolf snarled and growled at her.

A icy mist appeared and froze her into ice statue.

It bit her head in one bite and lifted her. Then it shook left and right.

A crunch sound resonated.

Her headless Ice body flew and fell before Tyler's feet.

Chapter 307: Silver Frost Wolf

Tyler locked eyes with the Silver Wolf, his heart pounding in his chest.

He had heard about this creature from Catherine—Frost Silver Wolves, formidable beasts that usually traveled in packs and only appeared during winter. Yet, here was one, alone and out of season.

He swallowed hard. Why is it here now?

His eyes flickered toward the shattered ice statue that had once been Gina. The cheerful girl who had laughed, teased, and flirted with him was gone in an instant, frozen solid before she could even scream.

Tyler's jaw clenched. I couldn't save her...

The wolf's piercing gaze remained locked onto him, its icy breath visible in the cold night air. Tyler slowly took a step back, his muscles coiled like springs, ready to move.

Then, without warning, the wolf lunged.

Its powerful jaws opened wide, and for a brief moment, Tyler saw a shimmering white projection of massive fangs forming in front of its mouth—a terrifying attack that could freeze him solid on impact.

Move!

Tyler twisted on his heels and bolted into the dense forest.

A deafening crack echoed behind him as the wolf landed where he had just stood. The trees around the area shattered instantly, frozen by the wolf's chilling aura. The ground was covered in a thick layer of ice, and as the beast stepped forward, its massive paw crushed what remained of Gina's frozen form into pieces.

Tyler's breath hitched, but he forced himself to focus. He could have taken the straight path back to safety, but he knew the three herb-gathering girls were waiting in that direction. Leading the wolf to them would be a death sentence.

He veered sharply to the left, weaving between trees, hoping to draw it away.

The Frost Silver Wolf skidded to a stop, standing at the fork in the trail. It flicked its ears, sniffing the air. Though the girls weren't visible, Tyler knew it had caught their scent.

No... don't turn that way...

Desperate, he grabbed a nearby rock and hurled it with all his strength. The stone struck the back of the wolf's head with a dull thud.

The beast let out a furious snarl and spun around, its icy blue eyes locking onto Tyler once more.

It worked.

The wolf charged after him, its massive paws pounding against the ground. Tyler pushed himself harder, running at full speed, but he underestimated just how fast the creature was.

The wind howled as the Frost Silver Wolf let out a chilling roar.

The temperature around him plummeted instantly. Trees, rocks—everything in the vicinity was encased in thick ice.

Tyler barely managed to leap forward in time, avoiding the frost creeping up behind him. He could feel slight chill on his back and when he glanced down, he saw part of his clothes frozen stiff.

I can't keep running forever...

Tyler's heart nearly stopped when he saw the three herb-gathering girls standing directly in his path.

No... why are they here?!

"What are you doing here? Run!" he shouted, his voice filled with urgency.

The girls, already trembling from the wolf's terrifying howl, were frozen in place. They had tried to escape the moment they sensed danger but had taken a different path—one that, unfortunately, led them straight to Tyler.

He had led the beast right to them.

Damn it!

"Go to the village!" Tyler ordered. Without waiting for a response, he turned sharply and bolted in the opposite direction, trying to lure the wolf away.

The Frost Silver Wolf, standing a short distance away, watched the girls flee. Its piercing blue eyes flickered between them and Tyler, assessing which prey to chase.

Then, suddenly—

Crash!

A small wooden vial soared through the air, smashing against the wolf's thick fur. A strange liquid splattered across its body.

The wolf growled in irritation, its focus snapping back to Tyler.

It didn't take long before Tyler saw the effects of the vial's contents.

From the nearby trees, dozens—no, hundreds—of Silver Bees swarmed toward the wolf, their buzzing growing into a deafening roar.

Tyler smirked. Perfect.

The Frost Silver Wolf growled and tried to shake them off, but the bees were relentless. They clung to its fur, crawling all over its face, legs, and body.

Then, one particularly aggressive bee plunged its stinger deep into the wolf's injured eye.

Howl!

The wolf howled in agony, snapping its jaws wildly.

A white projection of massive fangs appeared before its mouth, and in an instant, a deadly frost wave erupted.

The attack was devastating.

Countless Silver Bees were frozen mid-air, their bodies turning to ice and shattering as they hit the ground. The surrounding trees were coated in frost, their leaves crystallizing and snapping off in brittle chunks.

But then—

Thud!

Something massive fell from above, landing directly on the wolf's back.

It was the Silver Bees' honeycomb.

The sheer weight of the enormous structure momentarily pinned the beast down, making it snarl in frustration.

Tyler didn't wait to see what would happen next.

He took advantage of the wolf's distraction and sprinted toward the river. This time, he had a plan.

The howling behind him grew louder. He could hear trees cracking and freezing in rapid succession, the wolf howl froze everything.

But Tyler didn't stop.

He focused on nothing but running, his body pushing itself to the limit.

The river was just ahead. If he could make it in time, he might just survive.

Tyler ran as fast as he could, his breath coming in short, ragged gasps. His only goal was to reach the river and swim his way to safety.

His heart pounded as the rushing sound of water grew louder. Finally, the river came into view. Relief washed over him, and without hesitation, he leaped into the cold, rushing current.

The Frost Silver Wolf arrived at the riverbank just seconds later. Tyler turned his head just in time to witness something horrifying.

It's walking on water...

Tyler's blood ran cold.

Wherever the wolf stepped, the water beneath it froze solid, creating a path of ice for it to walk on. It advanced slowly, its piercing blue eyes scanning the river below.

Panic surged through Tyler.

He had hoped the river would be a safe escape, but now it felt like a death trap.

I need to go deeper.

With a powerful kick, he dived further below the surface. The freezing temperatures did nothing to his body, but he didn't notice. He forced himself to keep moving while his body is aching a little.

Above him, the entire surface of the river was freezing over. The wolf moved cautiously, sniffing the air, its ears twitching.

From beneath the frozen river, Tyler could see the creature's shadow gliding above him.

If I stay here, I'll run out of air...

He carefully maneuvered himself, swimming away as quietly as possible. The freezing water made it difficult, but he kept pushing forward.

After what felt like an eternity, the wolf finally turned away.

Tyler was surprised by the fact, he can hold his breath too long. He totally forgot that his body is trained by using Kun Peng Art. He waited a few more seconds before swiftly swimming toward the village's direction.

His limbs ached, but the thought of survival fueled his movements.

Sometime later, near the village.

Tyler's drenched figure emerged from the river, water cascading down his body. He gasped for air, shivering as he stumbled onto the shore.

His gaze darted around, searching for any sign of the Frost Silver Wolf.

But what he saw instead brought a relieved smile to his face.

The three herb-gathering girls were approaching the village as well.

They were safe.

They saw him too and waved happily, their faces lighting up with joy.

Tyler raised his hand and waved back.

But then—

His smile froze.

A deep chill ran down his spine.

Behind them, emerging silently from the trees, was the Frost Silver Wolf.

Its icy blue eyes locked onto Tyler's.

It had ignored him earlier.

But now, it had something far more vulnerable in its path.

Tyler's mouth opened to scream a warning—

But it was too late.

The moment the girls turned to look at him, a white frost flashed in the air.

In an instant, the three were frozen solid, their hands still raised in a wave.

Tyler's heart stopped.

His outstretched hand trembled.

The cheerful expressions on their faces were now frozen in ice, forever captured in their final moments.

The Frost Silver Wolf stood behind them, its breath misting in the cold air.

Then, without a sound, it bite the girls.

Shatter

The three girls were shattered in a bite.

Tyler tried to rush toward them, but before he could take a step, 'Leon' grabbed him from behind, locking his arms and dragging him back toward the village.

"Stay back, you fool!" 'Leon' hissed, tightening his grip.

"Everyone, close the village!" Leon shouted.

The villagers sprang into action, hauling massive wooden pillars into place around the village perimeter.

The wolf hesitated, sniffing the air. Then, with one last glance at the village, it turned away and disappeared into the forest.

Chapter 308: How are you.... alive?

Tyler stumbled forward, his feet dragging slightly as he was pulled into the village by Leon. His mind was in turmoil, the events that had just transpired playing on repeat in his head like a broken record.

The Frost Silver Wolf.

The Gina and the three girls frozen solid and got shattered by the wolf.

His breathing was uneven, it's lot to take in. He felt incredibly helpless.

Before he could dwell on it further, something suddenly crashed into him.

It wasn't a harsh impact—rather, it was soft, warm, and filled with a familiar scent that drifted through his senses like a comforting breeze.

Tyler barely had time to register what was happening before arms wrapped around him tightly.

"Tyler!"

He stiffened for a second before recognizing the voice.

"...Catherine?"

Catherine clung to him, burying her face into his chest as she let out a shaky breath. "Thank goodness you're back..."

For the first time since stepping back into the village, Tyler felt relaxing.

Catherine's warmth.

Her trembling arms.

The way her fingers clenched onto his shirt as if she was afraid he'd disappear again.

Tyler exhaled softly and lifted his arms, returning the embrace.

"...Yeah. I'm back."

His voice was quiet, carrying both sadness and relief. He had been on the verge of losing himself due to the events happened but this - this moment - grounded him.

Catherine pressed her lips against his in a gentle, lingering kiss. Tyler instinctively responded, wrapping his arms around her waist as they lost themselves in the moment. Neither of them cared about anything else—only the warmth they shared.

After a while, Catherine pulled away slightly, her blue eyes filled with worry as she studied his face. "You're hurt."

Tyler hadn't even noticed the full extent of his injuries until she said it. Now, as the adrenaline wore off, exhaustion crashed over him like a wave. His body ached, his wounds stung, and the bitter cold still clung to his skin.

"...Yeah," he admitted, forcing a small smile. "But I survived somehow."

Catherine wasn't convinced. She could see through the mask he was putting on.

Before he could protest, she slipped her arm around his waist, helping him stay upright. "Come on," she said softly. "Let's get you home."

Tyler hesitated for a moment, glancing back at the darkening sky. A strange feeling settled in his chest—unease, uncertainty. The village looked the same as before, but something felt different.

Shaking the thought away, he nodded and let Catherine lead him toward the warmth of her home.

Tyler gave her a grateful nod, allowing her to guide him back to her house.

'Leon', who had been silently watching the scene unfold, snorted and turned on his heel, walking away without another word.

Tyler barely paid attention.

Mathilda felt little jealous but she is not sure if she is jealous on Tyler or Catherine.

As Tyler and Catherine moved through the village, neither of them spoke.

It wasn't an uncomfortable silence.

Rather, it was a silence that shared each other warmth.

They simply walked together, step by step, until they reached her house.

Once inside, Catherine gently helped him onto the wooden cot.

Tyler leaned back, sighing. The exhaustion in his bones felt unbearable now that he was finally somewhere safe.

Catherine, on the other hand, wasted no time. She quickly fetched a cloth and a small bowl of water, kneeling beside him as she began tending to his wounds.

Tyler watched her work in silence.

Her brows were furrowed, her lips pressed into a thin line. It was clear she was upset, though whether it was because of his injuries or something else, he wasn't sure.

"Do you feel mentally exhausted? Do you wanna use my body to get rid of the frustration?" Suddenly Catherine asked with a teasing tone.

She took his hand and pressed against her breast. Seeing Tyler's blank look she chuckled and brought his hand inside her dress.

Tyler felt the familiar warmth and softness, but now is not the time for that.

He took his hands back, making Catherine pouted.

Tyler sat on the wooden cot inside Catherine's house, wincing slightly as she dabbed a wet cloth over the bruises on his arm.

He glanced at Catherine for a second.

"What?" Catherine asked when he stared at her like that.

"How can you talk about it after something like that happened?" Tyler asked in confusion.

"Huh... You mean the Silver Wolf. Don't worry it won't come inside the village. Usually, wild beasts don't step inside the village," Catherine explained while tending to his wounds. "But if any do try to come near, we use these Beast-Repelling Pillars to keep them away."

Tyler stared blankly at her, still processing the events that had unfolded. The Frost Silver Wolf had killed four of their companions right before his eyes. He had seen their bodies freeze, their expressions frozen as they turned into statues of ice. Then they were shattered into pieces. And yet, Catherine sat before him, speaking as if nothing had happened.

"Aren't you sad?" Tyler finally asked, his voice quiet, uncertain.

Catherine looked up from his wound with a puzzled expression. "Why would I be?"

His brow furrowed as he silently muttered. "We lost people..."

She blinked at him, then smiled gently. "Oh, you mean because we couldn't gather as much as we wanted? Well, it's a little disappointing, but there's always next time."

Tyler's breath caught. That was not what he meant. He had been expecting grief, sorrow—anything that acknowledged what had happened to Gina and the others. But Catherine's face remained calm, untouched by sadness.

His stomach twisted into knots.

"Oh , are you perhaps sad because you didn't do my other hole?" She blushed and whispered.

She again took his hand and placed on her butt.

"Do it now..." She Whispered and tried to remove his pants.

Before he could say anything else, a sound from outside made him freeze. Voices—cheerful, familiar voices.

Catherine stood up in frustration and walked to the door, opening it to greet the newcomers.

Tyler turned his head toward the entrance, and what he saw made his blood run cold.

Standing outside were four girls.

Gina.

And the other three herb-gathering girls.

The same girls he had watched die.

Tyler's hands clenched into fists as he felt the air around him grow heavy. His mind refused to process what he was seeing. He had seen their frozen corpses shatter into lifeless pieces. And yet, here they stood—smiling, chatting casually with Catherine as if nothing had happened.

His breathing grew shallow.

"What... How are you girls alive?" he blurted out.

The conversation outside halted. All four girls turned their gazes toward him. Their expressions weren't hostile, nor were they particularly warm. Instead, they looked at him with confusion—like they were seeing him for the first time.

Tyler's stomach sank further. He had spent the last few nights with these same girls, sharing laughter, warmth, and even intimacy. But now, the way they looked at him was different. Cold. Distant.

"What are you talking about—?" Catherine began, stepping back inside. But then, something happened.

Her eyes suddenly went blank.

Lifeless.

The same thing happened to the four girls outside.

Then, just as suddenly as it came, the emptiness in their gazes disappeared.

Catherine blinked a few times, shaking her head lightly, before smiling again.

"Ah... These are the herb-gathering girls," she said in a normal tone. "But for some reason, they weren't able to join us this time."

Tyler felt his body stiffen.

The girls outside nodded in agreement, their movements eerily synchronized. They cast fleeting glances at him, but not the way they had before. No playful teasing. No familiarity. Just quiet, reserved curiosity—like he was nothing more than a stranger.

Tyler's heart pounded violently in his chest.

Something was wrong.

Very, very wrong.

His memories felt hazy, like something was slipping through the cracks of his mind. He tried to recall the exact events of the gathering week, but it was as if fog had settled over everything.

He still remembered going into the forest. He remembered doing intimate things with Catherine during gathering. He remembered the caves.

But the others?

Gina's betrayal?

It was slipping. Like sand through his fingers, the memories blurred and twisted.

He still recalled something had happened. But when he tried to grasp the details, his head throbbed painfully, as if his mind refused to let him remember.

Catherine smiled at him again, unaware of his inner turmoil. "I'll go prepare some food. You must be tired."

Tyler watched her disappear into the house, his hands trembling slightly.

He turned his gaze back to the girls outside.

Gina smiled politely before walking away, the others following her lead as if nothing had happened.

Tyler sat there in stunned silence. His eyes also turned lifeless for a second.

Then his eyes turned back normal.

He smiled at the girls , "Come inside..."

The memories of the past few days had been rewritten.

But now, no one remembered. Not Catherine. Not the villagers. Not even Tyler.

He only remembered going to gathering with Catherine, the other girls were completely not in the memory.

He remembered Leon's ambush, Mathilda's secret. But he totally forgot everything happened between him and the four girls.

Chapter 309: Village Chief's Invitation

Tyler walked along the dirt path leading to the farmlands, watching as the villagers wrapped up their work for the season. The golden fields, once lush with crops, were now bare, signaling the arrival of winter. The workers, bundled in thick clothes, gathered their tools and chatted amongst themselves as they made their way back to the village.

Tyler, however, had a different destination. At the center of the farmland stood the largest house in the village—Misra's residence.

He sighed. He hadn't expected an invitation from the village chief, yet he couldn't refuse. Curiosity gnawed at him, particularly about Mathilda. She disguised herself as a man and went by the name "Leon," posing as the husband of the village chief. But something about her—her presence, her mannerisms—felt strikingly familiar.

A young servant girl met him at the entrance and silently led him through the wooden corridors. Tyler frowned when they stopped before a bedroom door.

He hesitated. Why a bedroom?

Before he could ask, the servant girl bowed and left without a word.

Tyler knocked on the door.

"Come in..." a mature, seductive voice purred from within.

Something about that voice sent a shiver down his spine but in different way. Pushing the door open, he stepped inside.

The room was bathed in warm candlelight. A wooden cot, draped with soft fur blankets, stood in the center. Misra, the village chief, lounged gracefully on the bed, her curves accentuated by a loose, silky dress that barely concealed her ample chest. A playful smirk tugged at her lips as she regarded him.

But Tyler's eyes quickly shifted to the figure beside her. A beautiful boy with delicate features sat near Misra. No, not a boy—Mathilda, dressed in men's clothing, her disguise flawless except for the unmistakable gleam in her eyes.

Tyler's heart skipped a beat.

"Thank you for accepting my invitation, outsider," Misra said smoothly. She leaned forward slightly, her voice dripping with intrigue. "Tell me... do you remember anything before arriving in this village?"

Tyler frowned, caught off guard by the question. He opened his mouth but hesitated. Something had been nagging at the back of his mind—fragments of memories, whispers of a past he couldn't grasp.

"I... don't remember," he finally admitted, shaking his head.

Misra studied him carefully, her smirk never wavering. "But you seem to feel a connection with Leon—ah, I mean, Mathilda. You already know the truth, don't you?"

Tyler met Mathilda's gaze. She held her breath, waiting for his response.

"I do." He nodded.

Misra chuckled, her red-painted lips curving into a knowing smile. "Mathilda has been restless ever since you arrived. She couldn't stop thinking about you." Her fingers trailed along Mathilda's shoulder, making the disguised woman stiffen. "It makes me a little jealous, you know."

Mathilda's jaw tightened, but she didn't speak.

Misra leaned forward, lowering her body just enough to reveal more of her ample cleavage. "So, how about this?" she murmured. "The three of us can have a little... personal discussion. Enjoy yourselves as much as you want tonight..." Her smile darkened. "But after this, you must never see Mathilda again."

Tyler's body tensed. The way she spoke—it was both an invitation and a threat.

Slap!

Misra moaned as Mathilda's hand struck her Breast, the sound echoing in the quiet room. The breasts kept bouncing which made Tyler stare at it without blinking.

"Stop teasing him," Mathilda said, scowling.

Misra let out a playful laugh, rubbing the spot where she'd been hit. She turned to Mathilda with a mischievous glint in her eyes and winked.

Tyler remained silent, his mind racing.

Mathilda tilted her head. "You look troubled? Actually it's true, you are on my Mind lately. Just think this as compensation for messing with your Catherine."

"Compensation?" Tyler asked in confusion.

Mathilda slowly removed the threads of Misra. Her mature body fully got exposed in front of Tyler.

Then Mathilda also removed her dress.

Both Mathilda and Misra kissed each other and they rolled on the bed.

Both of their lips separated and turned towards Tyler.

"Are you just gonna stand there?" Mathilda asked with a teasing tone.

Tyler was not sure what is happening. But he decided to turn around and lock the door.

Then

An hour later, Misra was completely knocked out on the bed. But the bed was shaking vigorously.

Mathilda and Tyler was still doing it. They both kissed while being connected. They felt so comfortable like this is not the first time they are doing it.

Misra slowly opened her eyes and muttered, "These two Monsters."

Her whisper was quite but Tyler and Mathilda slowly turned towards her.

"Please don't..." Misra begged.

But it was futile.

"Maids come inside." Misra desperate voice resonated.

The next day, Catherine couldn't shake off the unease creeping up her spine. Tyler hadn't returned the night before, and something about it felt wrong.

Her worry led her straight to the Village Chief's house.

As she approached, she noticed something unusual—there were no servants outside. Normally, the chief's residence was always bustling with activity, filled with the chatter of the female servants who worked there. But today, silence loomed over the house like a heavy fog.

Her steps quickened as she entered.

Inside, the air was thick with an odd scent—one she recognized immediately. A familiar, intoxicating fragrance that made her stomach twist.

Her heart pounded.

That smell...

Her fists clenched, her breath sharp as she followed the faint noises coming from deeper inside the house. The closer she got, the stronger the scent became. It was leading her straight to the bedroom.

She didn't hesitate.

Catherine pushed the door open.

Her eyes widened in shock.

The room looked like a battlefield.

Bodies of women—village servants, dressed in their baby suit—lay sprawled across the floor, unconscious. Some were draped over furniture, others collapsed against the walls, their breathing shallow but steady. It was as if they had all been taken down in some sort of bizarre fight.

Instead of blood, there is white liquid is leaking out from almost every holes from their body.

And at the very center of it all...

Tyler.

Fast asleep.

He lay peacefully in the middle of the bed, completely oblivious to the chaos around him. His chest rose and fell in steady rhythm, a slight frown on his face as if he were having a particularly deep dream.

He is hugging Mathilda and sleeping peacefully.

Catherine's fingers twitched at her sides.

A storm of emotions surged through her—relief that he was unharmed, confusion at what exactly had happened here, and then... pure, simmering rage.

"Tyler." Her voice was sharp, laced with disbelief.

He didn't stir.

Her eyebrow twitched.

She marched to the bed, grabbed a pillow, and slammed it down on his face.

"WAKE UP!"

Tyler jolted upright, eyes wide, gasping for breath. His gaze darted around, momentarily disoriented.
"What—? What's happening?"

Catherine crossed her arms, glaring daggers at him. "That's what I want to know!"

Tyler blinked, his mind still catching up. He rubbed his eyes, took in the unconscious women scattered across the room, and groaned. "Oh... right."

Catherine's foot tapped dangerously against the floor. "Start talking."

Tyler sighed, raking a hand through his messy hair. "I... I think I was drugged?"

Catherine pinched the bridge of her nose. "You think?"

Tyler looked around again, then let out another groan, flopping back onto the bed.

"what Drug? Drug for preventing pregnancy? I will give them later..." Mathilda also slowly opened her eyes and muttered.

Chapter 310: 310. A Familiar Voice

Tyler sat comfortably in Catherine's house, his fingers idly tracing the wooden surface of the table. It had been a strange couple of days, and Catherine, to his relief, hadn't pressed him for details about what had happened at the Village Chief's house.

A day had passed, and today, something much more important occupied his mind—the jar of Silver Honey he had obtained from the Silver Honey Bees.

With a sense of anticipation, he carefully pried open the jar. The thick, silver-colored honey gleamed under the light, its consistency smooth and rich. A sweet, intoxicating aroma wafted into the air, immediately making his mouth water.

Catherine, who was sitting beside him, had her own wooden spoon ready. She had been just as curious about the honey as he was.

Tyler dipped his spoon into the shimmering substance, scooping out a small amount. Catherine did the same.

They exchanged a brief glance before placing the honey into their mouths.

The moment the honey touched his tongue, Tyler's eyes fluttered shut. It was unlike anything he had ever tasted. It wasn't just sweet—it was the perfect kind of sweetness. Not overwhelming, not cloying, but utterly natural and pure. It carried subtle floral undertones, a hint of something earthy and warm.

Beside him, Catherine let out a small, satisfied hum.

The sensation wasn't just limited to taste—it spread through his entire being. His mind, which had been clouded with exhaustion, suddenly felt clear. It was as if every heavy thought had been washed away, leaving behind a refreshing sharpness. His limbs felt lighter, his body more awake and energized.

It was revitalizing.

Tyler opened his eyes, blinking in mild astonishment. "This... this is incredible."

Catherine nodded slowly, still savoring the taste. "I feel like my entire body just woke up. And my mind feel lightened."

Tyler stretched his fingers, flexing them as if testing his newfound energy. "It's like... a full-body refresh. I feel more alive than ever."

Catherine giggled, setting down her spoon. "If we sold this, We could even buy a house."

Tyler immediately frowned, shaking his head. "No way. We're keeping it."

Catherine tilted her head at him. "You don't even want to sell a little? This stuff could change our lives."

Tyler crossed his arms. "And if we sell it, people are going to come after us for more. It's not something we can just trade freely. This kind of thing... it's best if we keep it for ourselves."

Catherine sighed but smiled. "You're right. It is too good to share. And honestly... I'd rather have it for us."

Tyler smirked. "See? You do agree with me."

Catherine rolled her eyes but then gasped slightly. "Ah! I almost forgot! I have to deliver some herbs to old man Wilfred's house. I promised I'd bring them today."

She quickly stood up, dusting off her skirt.

Tyler watched her, amused. "In a hurry, huh?"

Catherine leaned down and pressed a quick kiss to his lips. "Don't eat without me, okay?"

Tyler chuckled and nodded. "I won't."

Satisfied, Catherine grabbed a small bag of herbs and rushed out the door.

The moment she left, silence filled the house.

Tyler glanced at the jar of Silver Honey.

His fingers twitched.

She did say not to eat without her...

But technically, she wasn't here right now.

A slow, mischievous grin spread across his lips.

He grabbed the spoon, scooped up a generous amount of the honey, and placed it in his mouth.

The instant it hit his tongue, a wave of sheer bliss overtook him.

His body shuddered slightly as he leaned back against the chair, his breath hitching.

A deep, satisfied moan escaped his lips before he could stop himself.

"Oh... gods..."

This was divine.

Every nerve in his body tingled with pleasure, his muscles relaxed, and for a moment, it felt like he was floating.

Catherine arrived at Wilfred's house, where the old man sat outside playing with his granddaughter. The little girl giggled as she ran in circles, her tiny feet kicking up small clouds of dust.

Wilfred looked up, surprised to see Catherine standing there with the bag of herbs in hand. His wrinkled face broke into a teasing grin.

"You usually forget about my orders, girl. What's gotten into you today?" He let out a hearty chuckle. "Could it be that now that you've got yourself a man, you've suddenly become diligent?"

Catherine's face turned red instantly. "I—I just happened to remember, that's all," she stammered, avoiding his amused gaze.

Wilfred laughed louder, but Catherine quickly realized why she had remembered so clearly. It was the Silver Honey.

It wasn't just refreshing—it had enhanced her mind. No wonder the memory had surfaced so naturally.

She decided not to explain, simply smiling as she crouched down to play with Wilfred's granddaughter for a few minutes before handing him the herbs.

After chatting for a short while, she bid them farewell and started heading home.

Meanwhile, at Catherine's house...

Tyler, still savoring the lingering taste of Silver Honey on his tongue, leaned back in his chair, his mind sharper than ever. The clarity was overwhelming, yet exhilarating.

But then—something happened.

A flood of memories crashed into his mind, raw and vivid.

Scenes of the past, erased from his consciousness, suddenly resurfaced.

He saw himself, Catherine, Gina, and three other herb-gathering girls in the forest, laughing, talking, growing closer. They had been more than friends, sharing intimate moments during their journeys into the wilderness.

Then came the attack.

A monstrous Silver Winter Wolf, its icy breath chilling the air, had ambushed them.

The memory shook him to his core as he relived the terror. He saw Gina and the other three girls perish in front of him, they turned into ice Statues and shattered into pieces.

Then, just as suddenly, the memory shifted.

He saw himself waking up in the village, disoriented, confused.

Something was wrong.

Catherine , the villagers acted as if they had always been there. As if nothing had happened.

And worse—Tyler realized that their memories, including his - had been altered.

He saw Gina and the other three girls alive again. But he acted like nothing happened.

His eyes shot open, his body covered in sweat. He wasn't in his chair anymore—he had collapsed onto the floor.

His breathing was ragged, his heart hammering in his chest.

He glanced at the jar of Silver Honey, now half-empty.

"Oh no..." he muttered, realization dawning on him. Catherine is going to kill me.

As if that wasn't enough to panic over, a voice suddenly echoed in his mind.

"Don't worry. She won't. We can fill it back up."

Tyler stiffened, his eyes darting around the room.

"Who's there?" he demanded, his voice sharp.

Silence.

Then—

"Shh... don't shout. Talk inside your mind, okay?"

The voice resonated directly in his head.

"If it realizes that you restored some memories, it will try to erase them again."

Tyler's breath hitched.

"It?" he asked hesitantly, his thoughts now directed inward.

"The village," the voice replied.

A chill ran down Tyler's spine.

The village itself?

He struggled to make sense of it. How could an entire village manipulate memories? How could it make people forget their past and replace it with false truths?

And more importantly—

Why?

His fists clenched as he whispered in his mind, "Who are you? Where are you?"

The voice giggled.

"Mana's name is Mana..."

A pause.

"Mana is inside you."

Tyler froze.

His eyes widened, and—

He immediately slapped his hands over his backside.

"Wait—inside me?! What the hell—"

The voice giggled harder.

"Huh? Stop touching your butt... Not that inside..."

Tyler groaned, his face burning.

Whoever—or whatever—this Mana was, they clearly had a sense of humor.

But despite the ridiculous exchange, he couldn't ignore the bigger picture.

Something was seriously wrong with this village.

And if Mana was telling the truth, then the danger was far greater than he could have ever imagined.

Tyler took a deep breath, his mind still racing from the revelations Mana had just dropped on him.

A village that could erase memories? A mysterious voice inside his head claiming to know the truth?

And now... he had to refill the Silver Honey?

He wiped the sweat from his forehead and tried to focus.

"First, let's fill up the honey again," Mana's voice chimed in his mind, sounding completely at ease.

Tyler blinked. "Huh? How?"

"It's simple," Mana said with a teasing lilt. "Take out your copper pot and your copper ladle."

Tyler frowned. "What does that have to do with honey?"

"Just trust Mana~" the voice sang. "And hurry before Catherine comes back and catches you red-handed."

Tyler's stomach twisted. Right. If Catherine saw the half-empty jar, she'd probably wring his neck.

Without wasting more time, he scrambled to the storage box in the corner of the room and dug through the items. It didn't take long before he pulled out the copper pot—one that belongs to him. Then, he found the copper ladle resting beside it.

"Okay, I got them. Now what?"

"Simple... Pour the white liquid in the hole..."

"huh?"

"huh?"