

R Cultivator 311

Chapter 311: Memories

Catherine returned home and immediately glanced at the jar of Silver Honey. The golden-silver liquid inside gleamed under the dim candlelight, untouched.

She sighed in relief and smiled.

"Ah... I thought you would eat the honey without me." She chuckled and patted Tyler's head. "Haha, aren't you a good boy?"

Tyler simply nodded, his face distant, lost in thought.

Catherine frowned, noticing his unusual silence. "What's wrong? Are you feeling cold?" She reached out, touching his forehead gently.

Tyler shook his head. "No... I just need some fresh air. I'll go for a walk."

Catherine studied him for a moment before nodding. "Alright. Don't be out too long."

As he turned to leave, she caught sight of the copper pot strapped to his waist. Her brows furrowed slightly, but she didn't question it.

"Take left..." Mana said.

Tyler walked briskly through the village, guided by Mana's voice in his mind. The village was quiet, with only a few villagers heading home as the sky darkened.

He stopped before a small house with a wooden sign reading "Fresh Dairy" hanging above the door.

"This is the place?" Tyler whispered.

"Yeah... This is it," Mana's voice responded in his head.

Tyler knocked on the door.

After a few moments, the door creaked open, revealing a middle-aged man with a thick beard and gentle eyes.

"Yes?" the man asked.

Tyler hesitated before speaking. "Xing Zhao?"

The man's face twisted in confusion. "I've been living in this village for years... There's no one by that name here."

Tyler studied his face. There was no sign of deceit.

"But somehow the name seems familiar." The man laughed and continued, "You must be the new outsider. There are some records that some outsiders like you falls into our forbidden land. But no one ever leaves."

Tyler forced a smile. "Right... I was just curious. I heard the name somewhere."

The man shrugged and invited him inside. After some small talk, Tyler exchanged some herbs for a bottle of milk and left.

As he walked away, Mana's voice echoed in his mind.

"He's not lying. He really believes what he said is true. He is one of the Grandmaster who came with us. He is the first one who went to investigate this village and got trapped into its illusion."

Tyler's grip on the bottle of milk tightened. "Then... he really forgot everything?"

"Yes. Just like you."

Tyler stopped in his tracks. "Wait... So everything in the Village is just illusion?"

Mana sighed. "No... some are real. Like you. Not just you. Mathilda... and even Catherine."

Tyler's breath hitched. "Catherine too?"

"You sound happy. You don't want that Chick Catherine to be an illusion huh?" Mana chuckled mischievously. " But Mana wonders if she'll still be happy when she remembers."

Tyler frowned. "What do you mean?"

"Nah, you'll find out soon enough." Mana's voice was playful yet cryptic. "Now let's find a secluded place."

Tyler arrived at an abandoned cowshed at the edge of the village. The wooden structure was old, the roof barely holding together. He slipped inside and shut the entrance behind him.

Taking a deep breath, he pulled the copper pot from his waist and placed it on the ground.

"Good. Now, say the words."

Tyler nodded, his voice steady.

"Big... Grow Big."

The copper pot expanding in size, becoming large.

Mana's voice was firm. "Now take out the Silver Honey."

Tyler reached into the copper pot and retrieved the glimmering jar of honey. The moment he held it, he felt a strange warmth spreading through his fingertips.

Tyler stared in awe. "I still can't believe something Magical can exist."

Mana chuckled. "Of course, it belongs to you. Make sure no one finds about it or even immortals will kill you just to snatch this."

Tyler looked inside the pot. There is another jar of Silver Honey inside.

He took another one out. There is still another one inside. He was shocked when he used this Magical pot for the first time. That's why he was absent-minded when Catherine returned.

"Now... What?"

"Now eat... Eat as much as you can..."

Tyler hesitated.

"Are you sure this will bring back my memories?"

Mana's voice softened. "It's the only way to fight the village's influence. It has Mental Consciousness enhancing ability."

Tyler took a deep breath and dipped his finger into the Silver Honey.

The moment it touched his tongue, he felt that unforgettable sweet again.

The taste was divine—not overwhelmingly sweet, but perfectly balanced, like liquid sunlight.

He began to take handful of honey and started eating it

A few minutes later.

Tyler stared at the Silver Honey, feeling both anticipation and hesitation. The sweetness lingered on his tongue.

"I don't think I can eat any more," he admitted, wiping his mouth.

"Then mix it with the milk and drink it," Mana's voice instructed.

Tyler glanced at the bottle of milk he had gotten from the milkman. He swirled it around, realizing the quantity was far too little to dilute the remaining honey.

"The milk isn't enough," he pointed out.

"Then make some copies," Mana said casually.

Tyler blinked before realization struck. "Oh... right."

He used the copper pot again and made some copies of Milk.

With a deep breath, he lifted the jar and drank.

The warm liquid slid down his throat, filling his body with an immediate surge of energy. His heartbeat slowed, and his breathing became steady.

After few minutes of repeating the same process.

A perfect calm settled over his mind.

Then—

The memories returned.

Visions flooded his mind—fragmented yet vivid.

Memories began to surface one after another...

Tyler as a mere mortal in Zi Continent. The countries he used to travel Ligma Country and Sigma Country. Obtaining the Copper Pot. His time at the Frozen Heart Sect. Meeting Mana. His abnormal luck. The World Tournament - Cultivation CC. Stomping an Immortal.

Arriving in a new world. Meeting Silvia. Joining the Crimson Blood Sect. Encounters with Lily. The Phantom Pirates. The girls he had intimate relationship. The Beautiful southern End. The Elite Academy of Magic and Science. Joining at Starfire Academy. The chaos of the Abyss Breakout.

And then—betrayal of Grandmaster Silver, Ayla and Kyla.

"Holy moly... Mana!" Tyler shouted, his voice filled with shock.

"Tada! It's me, Mana!" Her voice rang in his mind, cheerful and teasing. "Looks like you got your memories back."

Tyler took a deep breath, steadying himself. Everything that had been hidden from him was now laid bare. The village, the people, the truth—it all felt disturbingly wrong.

"Crap... This village is so ominous," he muttered, his instincts screaming at him now that his memories had returned.

"Of course it is," Mana replied with a knowing tone. "This Abyss floor is definitely dangerous, but in a different way than you'd expect. It doesn't just threaten your life—it messes with your mind, alters your very sense of reality."

Tyler frowned, gripping the edge of the copper pot in his hands. His heartbeat was steady, yet his thoughts raced. "Now that I've got my memories back... what do I do?"

Mana chuckled. "That's for you to decide. But Mana assume you'll want to bring back the memories of the others, right?"

Tyler nodded without hesitation. "Yeah... I can't leave them like this."

Mana hummed playfully. "So, starting with Catherine?"

Tyler flinched at her teasing tone. "Crap... No. She's the last one. I didn't expect that to happen between us..." His face twitched, remembering the intimate moments they had shared under the illusion of a peaceful village life.

He sighed heavily, rubbing his temples. "I wonder what kind of expression she'll make when she regains her memory..."

A pause.

Then, as if the weight of realization fully settled on him, he murmured her true name under his breath.

"Catherine... No. Astrid."

Chapter 312: Unlocking Her Memories

"Wow... Isn't this Silver Honey that enhances memory power?" Mathilda exclaimed, her voice full of surprise and a hint of excitement. She leaned forward, her eyes sparkling as she examined the shimmering jar Tyler held in his hands.

This is very expensive item.

"Did you bring it for me?" She asked.

Tyler nodded.

Tyler, now inside Mathilda's modest bedroom, watched as she eagerly stared at the jar. They had come to this secluded room after Tyler made a simple request to Village Chief Misra—asking her to leave so they could have some privacy. Misra, though reluctantly, had complied, giving Tyler a resentful look before exiting, clearly irritated by him monopolizing Mathilda. Her glare, however, was not enough to deter Tyler. There were far more important things to handle.

Mathilda's playful grin returned as she studied the honey, the look of curiosity turning into an almost mischievous glint.

"So, are we going to...?" Mathilda raised one eyebrow and made a suggestive gesture with her hands, forming a circle with her thumb and index finger. Her other finger began to move in and out in exaggerated motions, clearly teasing Tyler with her playful manner.

Tyler groaned inwardly, but his face remained calm. "Not now... Drink the honey."

Mathilda tilted her head slightly in confusion but shrugged and took the jar from Tyler's hands. Without further question, she accepted his instructions and poured a small amount of the glowing Silver Honey into the glass Tyler had prepared for her, mixing it with some milk.

She held the glass up to her lips and took a long sip, finishing it all in one go. The liquid, while sweet and refreshing, had an odd energy to it—like it was filling something deep inside her, something beyond just nourishment.

"Now drink as much as you can..." Tyler requested. Mathilda was curious so she obeyed Tyler and drank a lot. She was surprised when Tyler pulled more honey jars from a magical copper pot.

Tyler observed as Mathilda's body relaxed, her eyes slowly closing. She sat back on the bed, leaning against the headboard, as if her entire being was processing the influx of information. It wasn't long before her breath deepened, signaling she had entered an almost meditative state.

Minutes passed, and Tyler simply waited, knowing she would need time for the Silver Honey to work its magic on her mind. Memories, suppressed and hidden, would begin to surface.

Then, as if on cue, Mathilda's eyes snapped open. Her pupils dilated, and her face lit up with realization. The haze in her gaze cleared, replaced by a sharp, knowing look that Tyler recognized all too well. She had reclaimed her memories.

Her lips curved into a sly smile as she threw herself forward and wrapped her arms tightly around Tyler.

"Oh... Looks like you got your memories back," Tyler said, his voice calm, though he was clearly amused by her reaction.

Mathilda's smile softened, but her voice was tinged with anger. "That damn Kyla... She just shoved me into this village. I swear, I'm going to poison her with aphrodisiacs and make sure she ends up in a brothel for the rest of her miserable life!"

Tyler raised a brow. "Alright... we'll take care of those traitors later. First, we need to figure out a way to escape this Abyss floor."

Mathilda took a deep breath, forcing herself to calm down. "Do you have a plan?" she asked, her voice now steady and thoughtful.

Tyler rubbed the back of his neck, feeling a bit uncertain. "I don't know. I really don't have a solid plan. But I'm sure we can find a way. The question is, what happened to you in this village?"

Mathilda's gaze grew distant as she began recounting the strange and unsettling experiences she had endured in the village. "Hmm... After they threw me into this place, I woke up near the Village Chief's house. Misra took care of me for a while. At first, I didn't think much of it. But then... something strange happened." Mathilda's eyes seemed to cloud over as she continued. "I was... attracted to her, unconsciously, almost like it was natural. We grew close. We spent a lot of time together."

Tyler's brow furrowed in confusion. "Grew up together?"

Mathilda shook her head. "No, no. It wasn't real. It was all a fake memory. While Misra was taking care of me, new memories began to merge inside my mind. It was as if I had always been part of this village, like I was born here and had lived here my whole life. The habits I developed, the way I dressed as a man... everything was influenced by the village itself. It's all fabricated."

Tyler's eyes widened in realization. "So, the village has been feeding you false memories? Using them to control your sense of self?"

"Yes," Mathilda said bitterly. "It's more than just lying. It's like they corrupt your mind, forcibly locking away your true memories and replacing them with these random, fabricated ones. It's as if this whole place is... a trap for our minds."

Tyler nodded, his expression darkening. "And no one ever dies here. People just... respawn. Like in a video game. The village has the ability to alter everyone's memories, even the memories of their death. It's as if this place is a never-ending cycle of manipulation."

"So, what's the plan now?" Mathilda asked, her voice steady but with an edge of urgency.

"We need to find the other Grandmasters," Tyler said. "We need to wake them up, get them to remember who they really are. Only then can we figure out a way to escape."

Mathilda's face lit up with a renewed sense of purpose. "Then forget about the honey and milk. I'll refine this into a pill using some herbs. After that, you can make them copies to distribute it to everyone."

Tyler nodded. "Alright, then. I trust you."

As Tyler handed Mathilda the jar of Silver Honey, a mischievous glint appeared in her eyes. She crossed her arms and leaned back with a teasing smirk. "What about Catherine?" she asked, her tone playful but hinting at something else.

Tyler's expression shifted, his face reddening slightly. "She too," he muttered, unable to hide the discomfort in his voice.

Mathilda's grin widened. "Before we bring back her memory, can we have some fun with her first?" She licked her lips, her expression turning perverse.

Tyler let out a deep sigh. "She might hate us when she gets her memories back," he said, a touch of exasperation in his voice. "It's risky, and I don't think it's a good idea."

"Oh, come on!" Mathilda pleaded, her voice filled with mock innocence. "Let's just pretend we don't remember for a little while. Just once! It'll be fun."

Tyler pinched the bridge of his nose. "I don't think it's a good idea"

"But you already did everything with her. I don't think she will act as nothing happened between you two. She is not like other women you slept with ." Mathilda said firmly.

Tyler was silent.

"Let's deepen our bond and bring back her memories. At least she won't leave us." Mathilda's eyes sparkled with amusement, clearly wanted to enjoy Astrid's body. Since she is from Demonic Sect she doesn't care whether it is good or bad. She leaned back on the bed, already lost in her thoughts, planning the next move. It was clear she was enjoying this moment, despite the chaos around them.

"Alright, then," Tyler said, turning to leave. "I'll go and find the other Grandmasters. You handle the pill-making process. We'll meet up again soon."

Mathilda quickly caught him, "Before that... Let's do something else..."

Misra lost her patience and barged in after an hour. She made a dissatisfied face though she joined them.

Both Tyler and Mathilda didn't reveal anything to Misra. There is high chance that Misra is just an Illusion. Same goes with many people in the village.

After enjoying a full triple threat Battle. Tyler left the room, his mind racing with the implications of their situation. They had their memories back, and now they had a way to break the village's hold over them. But with so many unanswered questions, Tyler knew this was just the beginning of a long and difficult escape. He is not sure if they can even escape. One way or another, they had to escape the web of lies that had trapped them—and find a way to get back to real world.

Little did he know, the village had more secrets waiting for them.

After Tyler left, The naked Misra and Naked Mathilda lay entwined in bed, their lips locked in a tender kiss.

Yet, beneath the warmth of their embrace, a deep sadness gnawed at Mathilda. She had come to a painful realization—Misra might not be real. Tyler had told her that Mana couldn't sense a soul within her.

Still, Mathilda didn't let her turmoil show. She pushed the thoughts aside and kissed her again, savoring the moment as if it were their last.

Then, Misra's voice broke the fragile illusion.

"So, you've already figured out the truth?"

Mathilda flinched. A chill ran down her spine as she pulled back slightly.

Half of Misra's face twisted, distorting like the grotesque features of an Abyss monster.

Chapter 313: Prank goes Wrong

"Why are your eyes red?" Tyler asked, his brows furrowing as he looked at Mathilda.

"I'll explain later. But first, I want you to meet someone." Mathilda replied, her voice carrying a hint of urgency.

"If it's that important, why not now?" Tyler questioned, sensing something off about her demeanor.

"Because," Mathilda smirked, crossing her arms, "teasing Catherine before she regains her memories is far more important right now."

Tyler sighed but didn't argue further. They now stood before Catherine's house, the door just inches away. Tyler reached out to open it, but Mathilda, still dressed as a man, stopped him.

"Nuh-uh," she said, shaking her head. "I'll do it alone."

Before Tyler could protest, she slipped inside and shut the door behind her. He let out a breath, deciding to wait. He had a feeling this was going to be entertaining.

Inside, Mathilda barely had time to take in her surroundings before Catherine extended her hand, offering her a glass of juice.

Mathilda blinked, caught off guard.

"Huh?" she muttered.

Catherine tilted her head, confusion flashing across her face. "Leon? Why are you here?" she asked, eyes widening in panic.

Mathilda grinned, quickly slipping into her role. "Hehe... Were you expecting Tyler?" she teased, grabbing the juice and taking a slow sip.

Catherine pursed her lips, fidgeting slightly. Mathilda's grin widened.

"Nice juice," she murmured, but her smirk froze when she saw Catherine suddenly smiling back at her.

"Even though you're an alchemist, you forgot to check the juice," Catherine said calmly. "Mathilda."

Mathilda's eyes widened in shock. "How do you know my—?" She barely managed to finish the sentence before dizziness overtook her. Her legs buckled, and she collapsed forward, only for Catherine to catch her effortlessly.

As her vision blurred, Mathilda managed to glance toward the corner of the room. Her gaze landed on several empty jars of honey stacked neatly to the side. Her thoughts swam sluggishly before realization dawned on her.

"Damn you, Tyler..." she groaned before everything went dark.

Catherine sighed, shifting Mathilda onto the bed.

"Huh... I was trying to knock out Tyler, though," she murmured to herself, brushing Mathilda's hair out of her face.

Just then, the door creaked open. Tyler stepped inside, his gaze sweeping over the room before landing on Mathilda, now unconscious, and the pile of empty jars.

He exhaled through his nose, rubbing his temple.

"Oh... I forgot I hid those," he muttered. "But the house is too small, and you found them and ate them all, didn't you?"

Catherine nodded but kept her gaze down, refusing to meet his eyes. A faint blush dusted her cheeks.

Tyler crossed his arms, studying her for a moment before his lips curled into a smirk.

"So, you got your memories back, huh? Cathe—nope. Astrid."

She flinched at the mention of her real name but nodded again. Silence stretched between them, thick with unspoken words.

Finally, Tyler sighed, his smirk fading. "Alright, then. Mind explaining why you tried to drug me?"

Astrid fidgeted slightly before mumbling, "I... I wasn't ready to face you yet." Her voice was quiet, almost hesitant.

Tyler raised an eyebrow, waiting for her to continue.

"And..." she sighed. "I was curious if you had already regained your memories and were just playing with me." Her eyes flickered toward Mathilda. "But it seems like she was the one who wanted to play."

Tyler chuckled, shaking his head. "Yeah, that sounds about right."

Astrid hesitated and asked with a blush. "So, you remember everything too, don't you?"

Tyler met her gaze, his expression unreadable. Then, he simply nodded.

Astrid blushed furiously and said. "Then don't talk about those things again, what's our next move?"

Tyler glanced at Mathilda, still knocked out on the couch. "First, we wake her up. Then, we figure out how to get out of this damn place."

Astrid nodded, but she was little disappointed by his reaction. She knows Tyler is a little Playboy, but still she was expecting something without realizing.

After Mathilda woke up, they shared their stories, piecing together the strange circumstances they found themselves in.

"I was born in this village. My mother and father died when I was young," Astrid began, recounting the false memories implanted in her mind. "I was raised by the village elders, and I don't remember ever leaving this place." She frowned, clearly unsettled by the realization that these memories weren't real.

Mathilda sat cross-legged on the bed, stroking her bottom lip thoughtfully. "Hmm... I wonder why Tyler is the only one with an outsider's story?" she mused.

"Aren't there others who have supposedly fallen into this village? It's in our fake memories," Astrid pointed out.

Tyler leaned back against the wooden wall of the small hut, his arms crossed. "So it's random, then. Some of us are assigned outsider identities, while others are given false lives within the village. I wonder if there are any other real people here, aside from us and the Grandmaster."

A familiar voice echoed in their minds. "Mana can sense souls. If Mana find another real person, Mana will inform you."

Mathilda turned to Tyler. "Oh... it's Mana ... Mana escaped this whole farce because she was inside you when we arrived. That means whatever is messing with people's minds only works on those who are fully here, physically and spiritually."

Tyler nodded. "That makes sense. But we still need a plan. If we don't figure out a way to leave, we'll be stuck here like everyone else."

Astrid sighed. "Even if we know these memories are fake, they still feel real. It's terrifying how easily they take over."

"Which is why we have to move fast," Tyler said. "The longer we stay, the harder it might be to hold onto our real selves."

Mathilda suddenly snapped her fingers. "Wait! The compass to track Lily—it should still be somewhere in the village. If we can find it, we might have a way out."

Astrid raised an eyebrow. "You really think something that belonged to us before we arrived would still be here? Every item we had disappeared when we fell into this place."

Tyler rubbed his chin. "True, except for my copper pot and ladle. Everything else vanished. That means certain items are exempt from whatever force stripped us of our belongings."

Mathilda suddenly looked sheepish. "Well... actually, I might know where our missing items are."

Tyler and Astrid both turned to her in surprise.

"You knew?" Tyler asked, raising an eyebrow.

Mathilda nodded and grew serious. "It's about the person I told you about before. You have to meet her."

Tyler sighed. "If this is so important, why are you dragging it out?"

Mathilda smirked. "Because teasing Catherine was important."

Astrid rolled her eyes. "You really have your priorities straight."

Mathilda laughed. "Fine, fine. No more distractions. Let me take you to her."

The three of them left the hut and made their way through the village. The sun was setting, casting long shadows over the simple wooden houses and dirt paths. Villagers moved about in a dream-like state, their smiles too perfect, their actions too rehearsed. It was eerie knowing that none of them were truly real.

As they approached, Tyler noticed that they are moving towards Village Chief house. "She's inside."

"You mean... The person we should meet is the village chief?" Tyler asked.

Mathilda nodded.

Tyler and Astrid exchanged wary glances before following Mathilda inside.

Tyler now realised he railed somethings that are supposed to look like woman. He wondered if he was just pounding at the air since all of them are just illusion.

Are they really illusion? Because Tyler definitely felt everyone's Heat and Warmth.

As Tyler's mind raced with countless thoughts, he found himself standing before a familiar bedroom. The dim candlelight flickered, casting long shadows across the room.

Lying gracefully on the bed, Misra awaited him, dressed in a sheer, seductive gown that accentuated every curve of her body. Her dark eyes shimmered with an unreadable expression, a mix of longing and something deeper—perhaps sorrow.

"Huh...?" Tyler turned to Mathilda, seeking an explanation.

Mathilda leaned against the doorframe, arms crossed, an amused smirk playing on her lips. "She said she wanted to enjoy one last time before we uncover the truth."

Tyler frowned. The truth—about this village, about Misra—was still uncertain, but he already suspected something was terribly wrong.

Misra met his gaze, her lips curling into a faint smile. "Just for tonight, forget everything else," she whispered.

Mathilda rolled her eyes and added with a teasing chuckle, "Well, it's not like it's your first time..."

Tyler exhaled slowly.

Mathilda already removed her dress.

Misra placed her hands on Mathilda's breast as she bit them.

"Aaann..." Mathilda moaned.

"Are you....?" Tyler wants to ask something. But Misra suddenly disappeared from the bed and appeared naked before Tyler.

"Shhh.. don't talk... Especially before me.. The village is listening everything." She whispered and removed his dress. She guided her hand to his private parts.

Astrid blushed, "Then I- I will wait outside."

"You too.. if you want the truth." Misra said while scanning her body.

Astrid gritted her teeth and removed her dress.

Chapter 314: Misra's POV

I come from a world called Terra. It was once a thriving civilization, but by the time of my birth, it had become a post-apocalyptic wasteland. Unlike this world, Terra had no magic—only science, developed to such an extent that we nearly destroyed our own planet.

I was the founder and CEO of the Misra Corporation, a leading force in scientific advancement. My company pioneered research in genetics, artificial intelligence, and space colonization, all in a desperate bid to save what remained of our home. But one day, something beyond even our most advanced understanding occurred—a great Glitch.

For a brief moment, we saw other worlds overlapping with ours, as if reality itself had fractured. Just for a few seconds, countless creatures and foreign viruses poured into Terra. We had always assumed we were alone, that our universe was the only one in existence. That day shattered our beliefs.

Misra Corporation assembled the best scientific minds to study this anomaly. We worked tirelessly to understand the strange beings and the unfamiliar physics governing them. In the midst of our research, we discovered something extraordinary—a small, shimmering Door. Unlike any natural phenomenon we had ever encountered, this Door seemed to lead to another world.

At first, we only observed, taking readings and running remote experiments. But as always, curiosity got the better of us. We wanted to step through, to see firsthand what lay beyond. That was our mistake.

An accident occurred during one of our experiments. The Door destabilized, and in an instant, several of us were pulled inside. The next thing I knew, I was waking up in this village.

At first, I thought it was a dream, some cruel trick of the mind. But everything felt too real—the dirt beneath my fingers, the wind against my skin, the strange people speaking a language I somehow understood. This was no illusion. It was a new world, and I had no way back.

Days turned into weeks, and I began to accept my new reality. That was when I stumbled upon something unusual—a fruit unlike anything I had ever seen. The moment I consumed it, memories flooded my mind. I remembered everything—Terra, my company, the Glitch, the Door. But that was not all I realized.

I had died. Many times.

This village was not normal. Whenever someone perished here, they did not remain dead. The village revived them, bringing them back as if nothing had happened. But there was a price—a hidden cost that no one knows. Each time a person was brought back, a piece of their soul was taken, absorbed by the village itself. I can feel it only after regaining my memories.

I spent years trying to understand how it worked. I experimented, observed, and tested theories in secret. I found others—outsiders like myself—who had somehow found their way here. Everyone is from completely different worlds. I tried to restore their memories, to help them remember who they truly were.

At first, it seemed possible. Some of them regained fragments of their past. But then something horrifying happened.

Their memories were wiped away—completely erased as if they had never remembered in the first place.

No matter how many times I tried, it always ended the same way. The village did not tolerate its secrets being exposed. If a person remembered their past and spoke of it to another villager—one of those bound by the village's will—the village would react. Their memories would be forcibly erased, leaving them once again trapped in ignorance.

I only managed to escape this fate because I was careful. I never revealed my knowledge to anyone until I was certain they had already regained their memories on their own. That was the only loophole I discovered—the village only interfered when memories were shared.

For the longest time, I thought I was alone in this. That no one else could break free from the village's grasp. But then you people arrived.

I never expected Mathilda, Tyler and Catherine to progress so far without my help. You started remembering everything. You resisted the village's control naturally—something I had never seen before.

Maybe it's you people. Maybe, after all this time, I have finally found the ones who can break free from this prison.

According to the Outsiders, We are trapped in a dimension called the Abyss.

In this village, We never grow old, never change. We remain exactly as we were when we first arrived, trapped in an eternal cycle.

No matter how many years pass, our bodies stay the same. A child remains a child. An elder remains an elder.

But it's not immortality. It is stagnation.

The people here do not question it. They do not worry about the years slipping by. Their memories are refreshed constantly, wiping away any traces of the past. They wake up every day believing they are living normal lives, repeating the same routines without realizing they have done them countless times before.

A never-ending loop. A cycle with no beginning and no end.

The villagers—these children, these elders—they must have fallen into the Abyss when it was devouring their worlds.

I have heard from the other outsiders. They spoke of the Abyss as something beyond comprehension, a realm that connects to multiple dimensions. Some believe it is a void between worlds, swallowing fragments of reality and trapping them in different floors.

My analysis is that This village is not just a place—it is something like a Domain. It feeds on us, on our souls, on our very existence. We are nothing more than fuel for its endless cycle of death and rebirth.

But I believe there is a way out.

The village steals our memories, but it does not destroy them. If we can find a way to retrieve what has been lost, to reclaim the pieces of ourselves that have been taken, we might just be able to break free.

I have spent countless years trying and failing. At first, I fought with everything I had, searching for a way to break free. I tried countless experiments, uncovered countless secrets, and even helped others regain their memories. But in the end, it was all for nothing. The village always won.

So, I gave up.

Perhaps this village is not an illusion at all, but an altered reality. And we are nothing more than remnants, caught in its grasp.

The will to resist slowly faded, replaced by an overwhelming sense of futility. No matter what I did, the village erased everything, leaving me to start over again and again. I stopped fighting. I stopped searching for answers. I resigned myself to this endless cycle, accepting that escape was impossible.

But then, something changed.

One day, I saw a boy drowning in the river. Normally, that wouldn't have been unusual—people died all the time in this village, only to be revived moments later. But this time was different. He didn't disappear. He didn't reset like the others. He wasn't bound by the village's rules.

That boy was you, Tyler.

If it had been before, I would have immediately tried to restore your memories. But by then, I had already given up on resisting. So instead, I simply dragged you to the shore and left you there.

I thought nothing would change. You are just new outsider just like Mathilda and Catherine. Just additional soul feast for the Village. I assumed you would be absorbed into the village just like everyone else.

Then Catherine found you.

That was the moment everything started to shift. First you were called as Outsiders. There are records of outsiders, but they are just records from Fake memories. This is the first time Village just assumed a person identity as an outsider.

Maybe because there is additional soul inside you.

Tyler nodded it was probably Mana influence, because of Mana he has some sort of resistance against Soul attacks.

Misra paused, looking at Tyler and the girls, as if gauging their reactions. A faint smile tugged at the corners of her lips—one filled with something she had long since abandoned. Hope.

And for the first time in years, she allowed herself to believe that maybe, just maybe, this time would be different.

Misra had finished explaining everything she knew about the village and its mysteries. Tyler and the girls sat in stunned silence, the weight of her words sinking in.

If what she said was true, then they weren't just trapped in a strange illusion. This village wasn't just some bizarre prison—it was a living entity, feeding on their very existence. And if they didn't find a way out soon, they would eventually become just another part of it.

But Tyler wasn't one to give up. He had never been the type to simply accept his fate. And now that he knew the truth, he was more determined than ever. He has his Copper Pot and Abnormal luck.

He exchanged glances with Mathilda and Astrid, who both nodded in silent agreement. They weren't going to let this village win.

No matter what it took, they were going to escape.

Chapter 315: Getting the Items back

"So even if we find a way to escape, can you escape?" Tyler asked, his voice calm yet direct.

"Tyler!" Mathilda shot him a sharp look, trying to stop him.

But Misra simply smiled—a hollow, tired smile that did not reach her eyes. "It's alright," she said softly. "I've been asking myself the same question for a long time."

She sighed, tilting her head up as if searching for an answer in the void above. "If escape were possible, would I even want to leave? Or am I just a shadow, an illusion fabricated by lost memories? I don't even know if I am the same Misra who first arrived in this village... or just a ghost of her former self."

Her fingers lightly brushed against her own arm, as if trying to confirm she was still real. "Maybe... I just don't want to exist in this loop anymore."

Mathilda frowned, a deep sadness settling in her eyes.

Misra noticed and reached out, gently patting Mathilda's head. "Don't be sad," she said, forcing a small chuckle. "We still have things to do, don't we? Let's go and retrieve your things, shall we?"

Mathilda nodded slowly, though the sorrow in her expression remained.

"Where are they?" Tyler asked, eager to change the subject and focus on something tangible.

Misra turned toward him, her face becoming serious. "Most of the belongings of outsiders are taken by the village," she explained. "They are usually stored beneath the abandoned well, near the edge of the village."

"I explored every part of the village. I found out that most of the Outsiders things will disappear and appear in that well." Misra said.

Tyler and Mathilda exchanged glances. "Then we just need to go there and get them?"

Misra hesitated.

"But there's a problem," she said at last.

Tyler narrowed his eyes. "What is it?"

Misra took a deep breath. "Let's just hope they haven't been eroded," she said grimly.

"Huh?" Mathilda blinked. "Eroded? What do you mean?"

"I don't know, but there is a grey mist inside the deep well." Misra explained. "Everything here is trapped in a cycle, including the objects that belong to outsiders. But the village doesn't want high end technology. That's why those things that are high level technology erode faster."

Tyler crossed his arms. "You're saying that if our belongings have been here too long, they might have disintegrated?"

Misra nodded. "Not disintegrated exactly. More like... absorbed by the village itself or the mist itself. I don't know for sure."

Mathilda's eyes widened with urgency. "Then we need to hurry!" she exclaimed, stepping forward as if ready to sprint.

"Yes," Tyler agreed, his expression turning serious. "We need to get to the well before the village takes everything."

He looked at Misra as if he was blaming her "If only we hadn't wasted so much time yesterday."

Misra let out a small chuckle, "But who was enjoying the most."

She teased him and continued, "It wouldn't have made much difference," she said with a shrug. "The mist is too dense at night. Even if we had tried, we would have corroded as well."

She paused, then added, almost nonchalantly, "I even died once because of it."

Tyler narrowed his eyes. "You lose memories when you die, don't you?"

Misra nodded, her expression unreadable. "Yeah."

"Then how do you still remember everything?" Mathilda asked, frowning in confusion.

"I stored those fruits somewhere where I will eat it eventually and get my memories back. It has same properties of Silver Honey." She replied.

The four of them wasted no time. Stepping out of the house, they found the village as tranquil as ever, its eerie normalcy standing in stark contrast to the grim truth Misra had revealed. Children laughed and played, elders sat by their doors, and merchants called out for customers—yet none of them were truly alive.

For Tyler and the others, the village felt real, almost too real. That made it all the more unsettling.

"If we really find a way to stop this village, everything might disappear..." Tyler muttered under his breath, though he didn't say it loudly. He didn't know whether he wanted Mathilda or the others to hear his doubts.

They reached the well quickly. From the outside, it looked like any ordinary well, worn from time, with moss creeping along its sides and a wooden bucket hanging from a rusty pulley.

Tyler peered over the edge. "Now what?"

"Now we jump," Misra said simply.

Before he could even react, Misra leaped into the well.

Mathilda hesitated for a moment but then followed suit, vanishing into the darkness.

Tyler sighed. "This is insane."

But he jumped anyway.

A few seconds later, they landed on solid ground, dropping into a cavernous space beneath the village. The air here was thick, heavy with a dark mist that swirled ominously around them.

Tyler's eyes widened. "Ahh... Abyss Mist..." he muttered, recognizing the strange, ethereal fog. "No wonder the items get corroded down here. Thankfully, ours are coated with Anti-Abyss Coating. At least they won't corrode too fast... Probably."

The girls stood there, frozen in shock. As the mist shifted, the cavern they were in seemed to stretch endlessly into the void. Towering piles of objects—weapons, broken artifacts, —were scattered like a graveyard of forgotten history.

Misra stepped forward and gestured toward the scene before them. "Many storage treasures got corroded and destroyed, leaving behind only the things inside them. The village stores all of them down here which isn't needed. This place is where it all ends up."

Tyler scanned the mountain of abandoned relics. Who knew how many outsiders had fallen victim to this village over the centuries?

"Well... I hope mine isn't destroyed," he muttered before turning to his companion. "Mana."

In response to his call, a shadowy figure emerged from Tyler, slipping seamlessly into the mist and vanishing into the sea of discarded items.

Minutes passed. Then, suddenly, Mana reappeared, carrying a sleek metallic watch and—most surprisingly—a trident.

Tyler reached for the weapon but hesitated when he saw its altered appearance.

"Hahh..." He let out a breath of surprise. The trident had once gleamed with radiance, but now it had turned completely black, its surface pulsing with an ominous Abyssal energy.

"Alright... Did this thing mutate or something?" Tyler frowned, examining it more closely. The weapon felt heavier, yet at the same time, it seemed to hum with newfound power.

Mana crossed her arms. "It absorbed the Abyss Mist. Weapons left here for too long can become... tainted. But it's still yours, just changed."

Tyler wasn't sure how to feel about that.

Pushing the thought aside, he turned his attention to the watch Mana had retrieved. His fingers brushed over its surface before he pressed a small button. The device flickered to life, displaying a holographic interface.

His Portable Waypoint Terminal.

"Still working, huh?" he mused. Though pretty much useless in the Abyss, it had one crucial feature—an in-built storage system.

He quickly checked its contents and smirked. "Well, at least I didn't lose everything. There's more stuff in here than in that entire pile of junk."

Misra watched him curiously. "You are rich in your world?"

Tyler shrugged. "sort of "

Mana then handed him another item—a small, ornate compass.

Tyler's eyes lit up the moment he saw it. He immediately recognized what it was.

"This is...?"

Mana nodded. "Yes. That's the one."

Tyler felt a familiar pulse of energy as he held the compass. It was no ordinary navigation tool. It's

"The compass that leads us to Lily Gomes," he murmured.

Mathilda stepped closer, eyeing the object with curiosity. "And that means...?"

Tyler's lips curled into a grin. "Which also means it can lead us to the pathway to another floor."