

Village Head 121

Chapter 121 Fears

After Grulm's words ended, everyone stepped forward eagerly to choose their weapons. However, Orion was surprised to see that no one picked the large knife or axe, despite their presence among the other weapons. Even the daughter from the village chief's messenger, who went first, followed by Gorg and Ursa, decided to skip the spear, axe, and knife. Instead, they all opted for either a machete or a cutlass.

As Orion watched them, he couldn't help but nod in agreement. After all, Grulm's words had made it clear that they needed weapons that could cut through the tough Vylkr vines without getting too close. Moreover, it was apparent that none of them knew how to wield a spear or whether it would even be useful in this situation. Therefore, choosing a cutlass or machete, which were long enough to provide distance and precision, was a wise decision.

'At least they have enough sense not to prioritize looking cool over fighting for their lives,' Orion thought as he watched his companions pick their weapons. When it was his turn, he confidently walked forward and selected a sleek machete. With his gift, he knew he could deal devastating blows with ease. Therefore, the machete was the best choice for trimming down the Vylkr vines and other obstacles they might encounter.

After everyone had selected a weapon, Mr Tog and the two unfamiliar women gathered the equipment and stowed it away before leaving the room. Within minutes, they returned to their positions. Meanwhile, Grulm cleared his throat and addressed the group. "Although this was not a test," he began, "it's encouraging to see that all of you have a good head on your shoulders." He surveyed the group with a discerning eye and continued, "Now, follow warrior Jean. He will take you to the designated area we have prepared for you." Grulm extended his hand towards Jean, a muscular man with a stern expression. Jean nodded in response and gestured for the group to follow him towards a wooden door. Each member tightly grasped their weapon and fell into line behind him.

As Orion and Ursa marched ahead, he noticed her shivering ever so slightly at the front. Concerned for her comfort, he quickened his pace and caught up to her.

With a gentle smile, Orion reached out his hand and latched it around her ass. But this time, he wasn't content with merely holding her buttocks through the fabric of her tulga. He daringly slid his hand beneath the soft material, feeling the curves of her buttocks as he moulded them with his fingers.

Ursa nearly leapt out of her skin when a hand suddenly slapped her buttocks and held on tight. For a moment, fear gripped her heart, but when she saw that it was Orion, she breathed a sigh of relief and quickly calmed herself down.

"How are you feeling?" Orion asked, his keen senses picking up on the anxiety that had suddenly etched itself onto Ursa's face. Meanwhile, out of the corner of his eye, he could see that the others in the group were also tense, steeling their minds and bodies for what they were about to face.

Meanwhile, as Grim and the rest of the group were preparing to face a Vylkr vine for the first time in their lives, Orion's sudden movement caught their attention. However, they didn't bother to watch what he was doing, too focused on the imminent danger that lay ahead.

Orion's question hung in the air, heavy with anticipation, as Ursa let out a heavy sigh in response. "I never thought I could awaken my inner strength," she confessed, her voice barely above a whisper, "so I am completely unprepared to face a Vylkr vine." Her head drooped down, her knuckles turning white as she tightly grasped her cutlass with her right hand.

Observing her distress, Orion understood her fear and released his hold on her ass. He extended his hand to firmly clasp her hand which held her weapon, a reassuring gesture to let her know that he was there for her. "Don't worry," he reassured her, his voice gentle and steady. "You're not the only one who's afraid. The others are either hiding their fear or trying to suppress it." With a quick glance around, he pointed out the nervous expressions on their group's faces.

Ursa took the opportunity to observe everyone present after Orion's words sank in. From Tala's serious expression to Grim's tightened jaw to Gorg's fidgety hands, Ursa could see that they were all on edge. Unlike her, however, they were actively trying to calm themselves down.

Feeling a sudden urge to control her own fear, Ursa made a decision to calm down her body. Abruptly, she slightly released her grip from her weapon and then turned her head to the side, refocusing her gaze on Orion. Because, unlike the others, Orion looked unbothered, and even seemed as though he was looking forward to it. A thought which made her gaze widen as she stared at his dazed and wondering expression.

Without hesitation, she stretched out her hand and wrapped it around his waist to draw his attention. "How about you?" she asked, her voice tinged with curiosity. "You don't look scared or frightened. In fact, you look as though you are eagerly waiting to face the Vylkr vines."

Orion smiled and turned his head to face her, his eyes alight with anticipation. "Unlike you guys," he said with a nod of his head, "I am honestly looking forward to destroying some Vylkr vines." After all, the Vylkr vines were the best way for him to test out his gift without any worries.

Ursa believed every word that Orion spoke, and she could sense the truth in his voice. She merely nodded her head in agreement and kept quiet as they walked, her hand still wrapped around his waist. Together with warrior Jean leading the way, they ventured straight into the dense forest. At first, they assumed that they were heading towards the farm, but soon they realized that they were taking another route that was completely unfamiliar to them.

Despite the deviation from their expected path, they didn't complain. After all, they weren't informed of their exact destination. For another thirty minutes, they trudged through the forest, adding to the previous thirty-minute trek from the village chief's compound. They had been walking for over an hour when they finally arrived at their mysterious destination.

Chapter 122 The Other Side Of The Forest

The group didn't need any indication to realize that they had arrived at their destination. The man turned around and gave them a stern look. "The Vylkr vines in this area have already been cleared. However, the weaker ones were left behind for a reason - to train all of you," he explained.

As the man spoke, Orion took the opportunity to observe his new surroundings. Everything, from the ground to the lifeless trees, was covered in an ashen black hue. Some of the trees were bent to the side, while others remained upright without a single leaf on their branches.

Orion felt Ursa's hand clench tightly against his waist, so he gently rubbed her waist and thighs to soothe her. "I would have said more, but Warrior Tog and Grulm have already covered everything there is to say..." he trailed off.

The man suddenly frowned and his face twisted into a terrible scowl. His eyes became serious as he pierced them at each one of them. "They're here," he declared.

As soon as the man's words registered with everyone, several loud gulping sounds could be heard emanating from the group.

Suddenly, the man shook his head and moved behind them. He stood at their backs and announced once again, "Prepare yourselves, the Vylkr vines are coming." Still, no one moved as they tightly gripped their cutlasses and machetes. The ashen black earth beneath their feet began to vibrate, causing a wave of fear to wash over them.

Orion instinctively withdrew his hand from Ursa's waist when he noticed her unconsciously activate her gift. Suddenly, she was floating several meters above him in the air, levitating effortlessly as the wind around her picked pace. But before he could say anything, his attention was caught by a strange phenomenon heading their way. It was a swarm of black roots and vines, with sharp protrusions all over its body. Even without being told, Orion knew that this was the infamous Vylkr vines, known for their deadly and destructive nature.

Initially, the group was frozen in place, their eyes glued to the monstrous Vylkr vine that stood before them. Orion, in particular, was stunned by the sight of their foe, but he quickly regained his composure. Unconsciously, he activated his gift, and arcs of lightning flowed down from his arm, illuminating their gloomy surroundings.

The bolts of fiery blue lightning danced around his machete, each one crackling like a swarm of entangled snakes as they leapt from his arm to his blade and back again.

"Come on, what are you all waiting for?" Warrior Jean bellowed, his impatience showing as he stood behind the rest of the group. But before he could even finish his sentence Thak's daughter charged forward with her weapon aimed at the vines. Grim, on the other hand, transformed into his majestic golden-horned eagle form, clutching his cutlass with his sharp talons. In a flash, he appeared before the Vylkr vines, even before any of the others had a chance to react.

With the speed of a bird of prey, Grim transformed back into his human form, bringing his cutlass down with all his might, hacking against the body of one of the Vylkr vines. The vine split into two pieces, writhing in agony as it slowly died. As he caught his breath, Grim immediately moved on to the next vine, with the village chief's messenger's daughter and Gorg following close behind him.

Orion glanced up, checking on Ursa to make sure she was doing alright. But when he saw her gripping her cutlass tightly with both hands, bracing herself for what was to come, he shook his head and took a deep breath before charging forward.

As he ran, the sound of lightning crackled around his arm, adding to the already tense atmosphere. Within moments, he arrived beside the group, who were struggling to hold their ground against the relentless onslaught of the Vylkr vine.

Without hesitation, Orion swung his machete down with all his might, aiming to strike a powerful blow against their formidable opponent. The sound of metal clashing against the tough vine echoed around them, as Orion's blade bit into the Vylkr's thick skin.

With ease, he slashed through the dreaded Vylkr vine that stood menacingly before him, causing it to burn and drop lifelessly onto the ground. To Orion, this was just another day in the garden, where he had to prune stubborn weeds, no matter how formidable they might be.

But as he looked around, he saw that Grim and Gorg had been pushed back, and the village chief's messenger's daughter had finally unleashed her gift: a bright wave of deep green fire erupted from her palms, engulfing the remaining Vylkr vine in a scorching inferno that reduced it to ash.

However, as the smoke cleared, Orion realized that he was encircled by a swarm of Vylkr vines, their sinuous appendages slithering ever closer to him. With his machete crackling with electricity, he steeled himself for the imminent attack, his gaze ablaze with unyielding resolve.

"Orion!" Ursa's cry of alarm pierced the air as she caught sight of Orion's perilous situation. With a fierce scowl etched on her face, she summoned all her strength to control the strange energy coursing within her and launched herself forward, swooping down to slice through the thicket of Vylkr vines blocking her path before soaring back up into the sky. At first, Ursa thought she could simply whisk Orion away by lifting him up into the air with her, but as more and more Vylkr vines snaked towards her, she began to realize the gravity of the situation. Her initial fear of the deadly vines now seemed all too justified.

ρᾱπδα---nova| com "Orion!" Gorg bellowed, his voice also echoing across the clearing as he caught sight of his former best friend engaged in a deadly dance with the Vylkr vines. Orion's limbs crackled with electricity as he hacked and slashed at the encroaching tendrils with savage intensity, a testament to the power of his gift.

Seething with frustration at being the only one who hasn't yet awakened his gift, Gorg focused his anger on the vines directly in front of him and carved them apart with ruthless aggression.

Chapter 123 Eat It

Suddenly, when the group felt they were on the verge of being overwhelmed, warrior Jean leapt into action, bellowing, "Enough! Retreat now, I'll handle the rest!" Without hesitation, they turned back and ran, all except Orion who remained oblivious to warrior Jean's command. Orion continued to hack and slash at the dense tangle of Vylkr vines, determined to clear them until there were none left.

Watching the boy's reckless bravery left warrior Jean conflicted. While he admired the boy's courage and relentlessness, he couldn't ignore that his brash attitude and carelessness could lead to his downfall as a warrior. This would not only harm the boy but the entire village as well. Nonetheless, warrior Jean couldn't help but feel satisfied by Orion's fearless hacking of the Vylkr vines with his machete.

Still, when warrior Jean looked back and saw that the rest of the group was safely behind him, he strode towards the Vylkr vines, extended his right hand, and activated his gift. In an instant, the air in front of his palm began to swirl and condense, thickening until it became visible to the naked eye. With a few more seconds of concentration, warrior Jean unleashed a powerful ball of air forward, hurling it towards the Vylkr vines with deadly force.

With a thunderous "Boom!", the condensed spherical air landed on the Vylkr vines beside Orion, bursting them apart into shreds that scattered lifelessly around him. But, warrior Jean was not done yet; he conjured several more visible, condensed spheres of air and launched each one forward without hesitation. He continued to do so until the entire area was clear of any shred of the Vylkr vines, which lay lifeless on the ground around them.

By this point, Orion had ceased his attempts to cut down the Vylkr vines around him due to the relentless barrage of air bombs from the warrior, Jean. With tremendous force, warrior Jean's attacks shredded the vines into countless pieces, leaving no place for the remaining Vylkr vines to hide.

Looking around at the aftermath of his explosive attack, warrior Jean let out a satisfied sigh. The area was now eerily peaceful, much like it had been before their arrival, except for the scattered remnants of the Vylkr vines that littered the ground. The rest of the group behind him let out a collective breath of exhaustion, their faces etched with weariness from the intense battle.

Warrior Jean narrowed his eyes and gestured for Orion to step forward. "Come here," he commanded. Orion deactivated his gift and caught his breath before moving towards the warrior. Warrior Jean fixed him with a piercing gaze and spoke in a stern tone. "Your fight was impressive, but don't let it go to your head. If you are not careful, the consequences of recklessness can be grave." Orion nodded his head in understanding as warrior Jean gestured for him to rejoin the rest of the group.

ῥαῖδα---nova| com Ursa was the first to leap into Orion's arms, her hands clasping tightly around him as she whispered, "You scared me." Orion responded by pulling her closer, his hands wrapped firmly around her waist as she instinctively wrapped her legs around his hips, pressing her body against his. The rest of the group watched on with a newfound admiration for Orion, who had not only shown immense potential with his six-star potential but had also managed to hold his own against the swarm of Vylkr vines.

"He's too good," Grim muttered under his breath, loud enough for Tala to hear and nod her agreement. Despite his recklessness, there was still time for him to learn and grow. Meanwhile, Gorg watched from a distance with a withdrawn expression, keeping his thoughts and emotions hidden behind a stoic facade.

Warrior Jean turned to the group and posed a serious question, "I know that you have all awakened the potential for your inner strength with the black crystal... However, do any of you have any idea how a warrior truly awakens his inner strength?" The group shook their heads, including Orion, who was curious about the answer to this mystery that Mr Tog and Warrior Grulm had kept hidden from them.

Warrior Jean nodded, having expected their response, and then instructed, "All of you should go around and pick up a part of the dead Vylkr vines." At first, the group was puzzled, but they followed his orders and picked up a piece of the dead Vylkr vines, each one grabbing an arm or a foot-long piece. Ursa released her grip around Orion's body and joined the rest of the group, wondering what was about to happen.

Once they had returned to their positions, Warrior Jean didn't hesitate before giving his next instructions. "Eat it," he commanded. The group stared at him, wide-eyed and confused.

Warrior Jean looked at their bewildered faces and chuckled before explaining, "The black crystal only awakens your potential, but it is the Vylkr vines that hold the key to unlocking your inner strength. Eating a piece of the Vylkr vines will help you absorb its energy and awaken your inner strength."

Noticing his piercing gaze, scanning the group for any inquiries, Tala quickly raised her hand and spoke up: "But isn't that dangerous? Wouldn't consuming something like the Vylkr vine harm us?" she asked, her tone tinged with concern.

Warrior Jean, observing the group's reactions, began his explanation: "As you all already know, the Vylkr vines pose a threat on par with our own potential. A one-star Vylkr vine, which you have all faced, can be easily destroyed by a newcomer warrior or a warrior with a three-star potential. A three-star warrior can handle a two or three-star Vylkr vine, but will struggle against a four-star Vylkr vine. However, a warrior with a four-star potential can easily handle a four-star Vylkr vine and those below it. As for a five-star Vylkr vine..." A sly grin spread across Warrior Jean's face. "Well, let's just hope we have enough warriors on hand to handle such a threat if and when it arises."

Tala was on the verge of asking another question when Warrior Jean interjected, "Hold on a moment. Before I address any more of your questions, why don't you eat the vines first?"

Chapter 124 Growth

Although Grim and Ursa were audibly gulping down their salivas, Tala, with hesitation and a disgusted expression etched across her face, slowly brought the Vylkr vine closer to her lips before

taking a cautious bite. In a snap, she tore it in half and began to chew. The sour and bitter taste of the vine contorted her face into a grimace, and she felt like vomiting it out of her mouth. However, Warrior Jean quickly interjected, urging her to continue. He then shifted his gaze to the rest of the group with a look that plainly said, "What are you all waiting for?".

Orion joined in, sinking his teeth into the vine and gritting his teeth against the bitter taste. He watched as Ursa, Grim, and Gorg followed suit, each struggling to chew and swallow the vine due to its repulsive flavour. Despite the unpleasantness, they managed to finish the entire thing.

Just as Orion was about to inquire about the purpose of eating such a foul thing, Tala fell to the ground, clutching her throat with great force as if struggling to breathe. The group looked on in bewilderment until Orion felt a sudden wave of tiny, painful needles spreading throughout his body, with the worst pain located at his throat. The discomfort was too much for him to bear, and he too collapsed to the ground, writhing in agony just like Tala.

Ursa was the next one to give in, and Grim and Gorg followed suit shortly after. Within minutes, all of them were writhing on the ground, convulsing and clutching their throats as if their very lives depended on it.

The scariest thing was that it felt like their lives truly were in danger.

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Three hours later

Despite the lingering burning and itching sensations throughout my throat and body, I summoned enough strength to pry open my eyes and sit up. I couldn't tell how long I had been out, but the sight of the rest of the group still soundly sleeping nearby indicated that it had been quite some time.

"Seems like you're the first one to wake up," I jerked my head towards the source of the voice to see Warrior Jean munching on the Vylkr vine that had knocked us all out with ease. Suddenly, he posed a question to me, "So, who among the three of you possesses a six-star potential?".

Knowing that the results of the evaluation were no secret, considering everyone present must have told at least a couple of people, I calmly cleared my throat and responded, "That would be me."

Warrior Jean's expression shifted from surprise to understanding as he nodded and said, "No wonder you woke up first." But before I could even ask the question I had been dying to know, he cut me off and added, "However, we'll have to wait until the others wake up so that I can explain everything to the group at once."

I let out a sigh of understanding and nodded my head in agreement.

Suddenly, he added, "In the meantime, try to sense the strange energy in your body." Without a word, I nodded and focused on activating my gift. As the strange energy coursed through me, I also sensed a denser, more violent energy, which made me frown in frustration. It was hindering my efforts to activate my gift. I realized that this energy wasn't present before I lost consciousness, and I quickly surmised its source.

As if he could read my thoughts, Warrior Jean immediately explained, "The violent energy that's impeding you from using your gift is what we call the Vylkr energy, which you acquired by consuming the Vylkr vines. The higher the star rating of the Vylkr vine, the more violent the energy, making it difficult for warriors with lower star ratings to consume it. Only those with equal or higher star ratings can easily handle it." He paused, then turned his attention to the village chief's messenger daughter, who was starting to stir awake, and added, "For now, while we wait for the rest of the group to wake up, try activating your gift using both the Vylkr energy and the strange energy in your body, instead of fighting against it."

Although feeling increasingly intrigued and apprehensive at Warrior Jean's explanation, I decided to give it a try. Disregarding those conflicting emotions, I allowed a wave of curiosity to wash over me, spurring me on to see what would happen if I attempted to merge the two energies - the Vylkr energy and the strange energy coursing through my body - while activating my gift.

παῖδα---nova| com "Crackle!" A surge of intense pleasure swept through my body, from my spine to my head and down to my toes, as my gift suddenly activated. Lightning - brighter and more violent than ever before - burst forth from my arm, surrounding it with arcs of brilliant light that reached all the way to the tips of my fingers. With my eyes wide with astonishment, I stood up and watched as the lightning expanded beyond my arm, shooting towards the ground in a mesmerizing display. The bolts of lightning stretched out in all directions, bouncing off the ground and then surging back towards my arm, creating a breathtaking spectacle.

In less than a minute of being entranced by the mesmerizing view of my gift that seemed to have gone through drastic changes, I was abruptly pulled back to reality by the booming voice of Warrior Jean. "Congratulations!" he declared, "You are now officially a warrior!" He flashed me a broad smile before he went back to snacking on some of the Vylkr vines beside him.

'So this is what it means to be a warrior,' I mused, my mind racing with newfound insight. I further understood why some of their works were kept hidden in secrecy - the power they wielded was not to be taken lightly. As for the Vylkr vine, who in their right mind would dare to consume such a thing? But my thoughts were interrupted as Thak's daughter stirred, her eyes flickering open. Undeterred, I continued to test the intensity of my lightning, stopping only several minutes later because there were some things that I wanted to test in private.

Chapter 125 [Bonus] Growth (2)

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Making a seat on the gritty ashen soil, I noticed the village chief's messenger daughter scanning her surroundings with inquisitive eyes before they landed upon me. Unfortunately for her, warrior Jean was resolute in his refusal to repeat any information he had previously disclosed until the entire group had awakened. Thankfully, although the wait was somewhat tedious, they all eventually roused from their slumber thirty minutes later.

Witnessing the confusion among the group, warrior Jean abandoned his snacks and launched into a detailed explanation, reiterating what he had previously revealed to me and expounding further on some key points, particularly the limitations unique to each warrior.

"Let me break it down for you," Warrior Jean said, taking a deep breath before and began to explain, "A warrior with a three-star potential can safely consume a Vylkr vine with a rating of one, two, or three stars. However, they cannot handle a four-star Vylkr, which makes them weaker compared to a warrior with a four-star potential. That's why a warrior with a lower star potential may find it challenging to handle a Vylkr vine with a higher rating," he concluded wearily from all the explaining he had to do.

"But it's best to know your limit," he continued, with a renewed sense of urgency. "If you ever try to consume a Vylkr vine with a star rating higher than your potential, the village will be there to help pull you out of danger. However, whatever happens, will be your own fault. And if you ever face a Vylkr vine with a rating higher than your potential, don't go alone. The village won't sacrifice warriors to save someone who foolishly put themselves in harm's way when it could have been easily avoided," he warned sternly.

"But if you still choose to ignore my warning, you're on your own, as long as you don't put the village in danger," he finished, his voice laced with a tinge of worry for those who might disregard his advice.

After completing his explanation, warrior Jean sprang to his feet and slammed his left foot into the ground with a resounding "Boom!" and "Crack!" The force of the impact easily penetrated the ashen soil, grabbing not only my attention but that of the others as well.

"I know some of you are already aware of a warrior's unimaginable strength," he said, pulling his leg from the rubble he had created with a grin. "But as you can see, and most of you have probably guessed, the Vylkr energy can activate every bone and muscle in our body, making us stronger than the average villager. However, there is a catch..." He paused, letting his words sink in before continuing. "If you want to harness the full potential of the Vylkr energy and your body's strength, you must train your body. Luckily for all of you, our stronghold serves not only to protect the village, but also as a place to train your body or push it to its limits."

As I listened intently, everything started to make sense. Fiona's impressive, muscular physique was a result of her dedication to training her body to its absolute limit, as she had previously confided in me. It was also becoming clear why every warrior I had met so far had a strong and physically imposing build, even if it wasn't as extreme as Fiona's. The Vylkr energy could activate every bone and muscle in our bodies, but it was up to each warrior to train and push themselves to fully harness their potential.

After the lecture, warrior Jean turned to the rest of the group and began to give instructions on how to combine their energies and activate their gifts.

After mastering the combination of their energies and activating their gifts, Grim transformed into his horned golden eagle form. This time, he was larger than ever with a wingspan of about 5 meters (15 ft) and a length of 2 meters (6 ft). As he took to the sky, his massive wings cast a shadow over us, blocking out the sun.

As I watched the sky, a sudden burst of heat caught my attention. I turned to see Thak's daughter with a wisp of deep green fire burning in her hand, now with a dark shade underneath it. The flames grew brighter and bigger as she flung her hands sideways, and we watched as it stretched forward into the sky, setting the air around us ablaze. The flames came perilously close to touching Grim, who had been hovering in the sky, but he quickly descended to the ground and gave her a disapproving glare.

"Sorry," the village chief's messenger's daughter immediately apologized, "I didn't notice you." Her tone was indifferent yet sincere. I almost clicked my tongue disapprovingly, but before I could, I felt my body slowly ascending into the sky as my legs left the ground.

I didn't have to guess who was behind my sudden lift off the ground when I looked up to see Ursa beaming at me. "I can perfectly control my movements in the air now, and even carry someone with me," she exclaimed, her cheerful tone infectious. With a flick of her wrist, Ursa commanded the winds to lift me higher alongside her. As we soared higher, I couldn't help but enjoy the view beneath us. And as Ursa danced and twirled around me in the air, I couldn't resist sneaking a peek at her pink hole and bare buttocks which looked even more impressive from this angle.

"AARRGHHH!" The sudden and agonizing scream pierced through the air, bringing our actions to an abrupt halt. All eyes turned towards the source of the sound, where we saw Gorg convulsing and vibrating, as if in excruciating pain. Both of his hands were illuminated with an intense, glowing orange light that illuminated the surrounding area.

"He's awakening his gift," Ursa exclaimed in surprise, her eyes widening as she gazed in his direction, undoubtedly curious about what his gift might be. However, I couldn't help but furrow my brow at the scene. From what I had gathered, I was certain that awakening one's gift wasn't supposed to be so painful. It was supposed to come as naturally as breathing. At least, that was how I had experienced it when I awakened my own gift.

Chapter 126 [Bonus] Gorg's Accidental Awakening

"Ursa, let's go down," I instructed her, and I watched as she immediately nodded and guided us down to where Gorg was writhing in agony. We approached him with curious frowns, unsure of what to do. That's when Warrior Jean spoke up, "Typically, one's gift awakens naturally over time. However, we can't delay your training because of it, so instead, we'll use the Vylkr energy that he had ingested to hasten the process. Although it may be painful, don't worry. The Vylkr energy that's currently causing him pain will cease when his gift awakens. And with his potential, he'll be able to control it."

He turned to us with a reassuring smile and said, "So, there's no need to worry. We just need to wait and see which gift he awakens."

I was just about to ask him how long the process would take when I noticed a faint orange glow emanating from his hands, becoming more intense. The glow grew brighter and brighter until I was forced to abandon my questions because of what happened next.

Warrior Jean's tulga began to unravel, thread by thread, until he was standing butt-naked in front of us. I didn't need anyone to tell me that this was Gorg's doing, as his own tulga started to unravel too, until he too stood before us, completely naked. The others seemed to sense it was Gorg's gift and immediately jumped backwards, trying not to lose their own tulga. But Grim, without hesitation, transformed into his larger-than-life cockatiel form and took off into the sky.

As for me, I screamed at Ursa, "Take us up!" I ordered, as I watched my own tulga begin to unravel, with threads falling apart from its helm.

Thankfully, Ursa activated her gift just in time and lifted both of us into the air, just as my tulga had unravelled to my upper thighs, leaving half of my penis and foreskin exposed for all to see. However, there was still one unfortunate soul down there on the ground.

I bent my head to look at Thak's daughter, whose name I still couldn't recall. She had given up running as soon as she realized that her clothing was coming undone, thread by thread, until it all fell away from her body and onto the ground, leaving her completely naked in front of us.

Gradually, the orange glow emanating from Gorg's hands subsided, indicating that his gift had finally settled down. We let out a collective sigh of relief as we descended back to the ground, and Grim transformed back into his human form, landing on the ashen black soil with a soft thud.

Grim let out a sigh of relief as he sat down on the ground. "That was too close," he said, wiping the sweat off his forehead. And I couldn't agree more, given what I had learned from my conversations with Grandma Celia and Vivian.

eglesnovel Tulgas, as it turned out, were incredibly expensive. A single tulga could cost up to ten kalna fruits or more, which was a significant amount of wealth. The financial loss of losing one would be something I couldn't currently afford.

Meanwhile, warrior Jean, who had remained motionless until now, spoke up, "You're lucky this happened during your gift awakening, or you would have paid dearly for my tulga." He turned to face us, causing me to crane my neck in the other direction. "That's enough training for today," he continued, as he began to walk ahead of us. "We'll meet at the village chief's compound every day for a month to ensure you're fully capable of taking care of a Vylkr vine before assigning you to a post." He added, "You're all free to go home now."

We listened closely to his words as we trailed behind him. Gorg lingered at the back of the group, clearly embarrassed by his actions. Grim, on the other hand, was just relieved that his tulga wasn't destroyed. Thak's daughter walked beside me and Ursa, still naked, but it didn't bother me. I decided to approach her, as this seemed like the perfect opportunity. Plus, I couldn't bear the thought of staring at a man's buttocks for the entire trek back to the village.

"Seems like you weren't able to make it out of his range on time," I said, gently wrapping my arm around her shoulder and pulling her into my chest, shielding her from the cold afternoon winds that made her shiver and tremble. Thankfully, due to the cultural norms of this world, she balanced the rest of her weight on me and whispered, "Thank you," as we walked forward.

Well, since girls like her were considered more beautiful than girls like Ursa, added to the fact that she had snubbed I and my mother's presence the first day we met, including the way she kept to herself with a mild arrogant expression on her face, seeing her like this was kind of refreshing. And at that moment, I saw an opportunity to introduce myself properly and make sure I left a lasting impression on her.

"This is Ursa," I introduced Ursa, who looked a bit surprised by the sudden introduction. Before I introduced myself, "I am O..."

"Orion," she interrupted me with an indifferent expression, her eyes scanning my face. "you are already very popular in the village, in case you didn't know. Plus, I've already met you once, and even if I forgot your name that time, I can't forget it again."

Although I was well aware of my popularity, I mostly kept to myself, so people only knew my name and not my face. "By the way, what's your name? I'm afraid I've forgotten it since the last time we met," I said, looking at her with genuine interest.

Her expression froze for a moment as she blinked at me, before bursting out into laughter. It was a brief outburst before she responded with a sigh, "Apart from being one of the most beautiful girls within our generation, I am also the daughter of the village chief messenger. So, it's hard for people to forget my name, even if they hear it only once." She looked at me with more interest than before, her eyes sparkling with curiosity.

Chapter 127 Knowing Tala

Initially, I planned to respond, but sensing her desire to speak further, I chose to remain silent and listen.

"But if all the rumours I've heard about you are true," she began, shaking her head slowly from side to side, "I suppose I shouldn't be surprised." With that, she refocused her curious gaze on me.

Earlier, I mentioned my tendency to keep to myself, which meant that the juicy bits of gossip circulating about me rarely reached my ears. So when the opportunity presented itself, I couldn't help but ask, "I'm genuinely curious, what sort of things have you heard about me?"

Perhaps it was because I had piqued her interest, or the way my eyes held hers with unwavering attention, but as soon as I asked her about the rumours, she began to speak eagerly. "Well," she said, her voice laced with intrigue, "Aside from my own observations, it's pretty clear that you don't care about fame or superficial beauty. If you did, you wouldn't have forgotten my name so easily or ignored the whispers behind your back. Moreover, given the company you keep, my judgment is likely correct." She quickly added, "Oh, and by the way, my name is Tala. Don't forget it, or you'll come off as quite impolite."

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Although her words didn't strike a nerve with me, I could tell that they had an impact on someone nearby, prompting them to give us some space.

Reacting quickly, I wrapped my arm around her waist and gave her a stern look, before refocusing my gaze back on Tala. Her poise and mannerisms suggested that I had made the right choice in not approaching her before, as she would have likely assumed I was drawn to her solely for her stunning looks and her father's position of power, which would have been a foolish move.

Despite the slight tension in the air, I nodded in agreement and spoke, "Well, I am sure that I won't forget it this time around." With that, I began to ask her some simple questions related to our generation and about herself. She answered thoughtfully, all while resting her naked body on my chest, while my exposed foreskin slightly grazed her skin as we walked forward.

Our conversation was brief, lasting only ten minutes, before I felt compelled to let my fingers do the talking as we silently continued forward. With a soft touch, I wrapped my hand around her waist, relishing in the sensation of her warmth against my skin. As we walked, I trailed my fingers along the curve of her hips, indulging in the thrill of the moment. Without hesitation, I explored further, my fingertips delicately tracing the soft skin of her inner thigh.

As I looked down, I caught her stealing a glance at my hand resting on her thigh. Meeting my gaze, she held my stare for a moment before returning her focus to the path ahead. Her indifference which was long anticipated only fueled my desire to keep exploring, and I relished in the sensation of her pussy lips against my fingers as we continued our trek in silence.

Her pace began to slow down as my touch grew more intense, and with a sudden halt, she gasped as my index finger finally penetrated her inner walls. Looking down at my hand, a deep frown etched across her face as she turned to me and demanded to know, "What are you doing?".

I was already ready with a witty response when suddenly Ursa chimed in, breaking the tension in the air. "Don't worry," she said with a smile, 'that's just how he behaves. He likes to stay silent while he grabs someone's buttocks or strokes their vagina.' She pointed to her own backside, adding, "Look, he's even moulding mine right now."

I smiled internally at her words before continuing to indulge in the sweet sensation of Ursa's growing buttocks. I used my other hand to mould her ass cheeks while Tala turned to look behind us, confirming what my hands were doing. She then rested her body back against mine.

Tala suddenly posed a question to Ursa, "Does he do this all the time?" I watched as Ursa nodded eagerly, a bright smile on her face. 'Yes,' she replied, "Although it may feel uncomfortable at first, I can guarantee that you will eventually start to enjoy it."

My internal smile widened as I observed Ursa becoming more comfortable conversing with Tala. This was part of the reason why I introduced Ursa in the first place - to help her become more at ease around new people. Another reason was so that I could focus on deepening my relationship with Tala, without the pressure of entertaining her all the time.

Finally, with my undivided attention focused on her pink hole, I plunged another finger into her pussy, relishing in the feeling of her inner walls gripping my fingers. The first finger went even deeper, stirring her from a weird yet satisfying angle that made her moan in pleasure.

"But even if... ahh!" Tala suddenly gasped out loud, her legs clenching tightly around my hand, trapping it between her inner thighs as she struggled to catch her breath. The sensation of her grip on me was electrifying, causing my penis to suddenly harden and peek out of my tulga.

"You see..." Ursa suddenly said, a cheeky smile spreading across her face. She seemed clearly pleased that I had managed to bring Tala pleasure with just a few strokes of my hand on her vagina - something that Ursa herself was intimately familiar with.

"How does it feel, Tala?" Ursa continued, her voice laced with patience as she waited for Tala's response. "After a while, it feels amazing, doesn't it?"

Nonetheless, after some exploration, I finally found the most effective spot inside Tala's fleshy walls. I settled my fingers into the perfect position and began to stroke that area, plunging my fingers in and out as Tala attempted to reply.

"Mnh~~ Yes, you're right..." Tala furrowed her brows together and added, "The discomfort... uhh~~"

In a matter of minutes, I could feel Tala's vagina beginning to get wet as our walking speed drastically decreased. Gorg overtook us, but he seemed more lost in his thoughts than embarrassed as his eyes swept past all three of us, with a nonchalant gaze at my actions before he went to the front.

Chapter 128 Knowing Tala (2)

To be honest, I didn't give a damn about what was going on in Gorg's head. All I could focus on was the pleasure coursing through Tala's body as I plunged my fingers in and out of her wet, pink folds. Her legs shook violently beneath her, threatening to give out at any moment, but I was quick to catch her before she could collapse onto the ground.

As I held her up, Tala's legs instinctively wrapped around my left leg, as if begging for more of my touch. And who was I to deny her that pleasure? I continued to work my fingers inside her narrow, fleshy insides, revelling in the way her body responded to my every move.

"~~MmHh~~" Tala moaned and whimpered with each stroke, her fingers clenching hard onto my back as she rode the waves of pleasure crashing over her. I knew that I was taking her to the brink, and I needed to in order for my plan to work.

Also, I watched from the corner of my eyes as Ursa observed the whole ordeal with a sly smile on her face. Though she didn't receive any response, I could tell that she was enjoying seeing me treat Tala just as I had treated her. "Ah~~ Uh~~ I... ahhh~~" Meanwhile, Tala continued to try and respond, but her words were punctuated by slow, low gasps that provided me with feedback on how much pleasure she was experiencing as I explored different areas of her soaked pussy.

She then instinctively wrapped her arms around my neck and shoulders and began to moan against my neck, trying to cling tightly to my body. I continued to plunge my fingers inside her, twisting and twirling, feeling her vagina becoming even more soaked, a sign that she was close to climax. Suddenly, the voice of Warrior Jean interrupted us, "You all can keep going, I need to go to the farm and get a new tulga." His words brought Tala and me back to reality, and we looked ahead to see that we had already reached the edge of the forest.

Warrior Jean swept his eyes around all of us before fixing them on Tala. "Since your tulga was also destroyed in the incident, you can follow me to the farm and get a new one." His words were confident, but I could tell there was a hint of concern in his voice.

At first, he seemed confused by the way Tala clung to my body, but he quickly dismissed it and waited for her response. However, I noticed a flicker of annoyance in Tala's eyes at Warrior Jean's sudden interruption. Despite this, she took a deep breath before responding, "Don't worry, Warrior Jean. My father is currently at the village chief's compound with a healer and an extra tulga just in case anything happens to me." She shook her head, "So I will change when I get there."

Warrior Jean let out an audible sound of annoyance, clicking his tongue as he responded, "Good for you," before letting out a sigh of frustration. "Well, I'll see you all tomorrow," he added before turning and disappearing into the forest, heading towards the farm.

"See you all tomorrow," Grim announced with a mischievous glint in his eye. "I can't wait to scare my brother with my new form. His face will be priceless!" he exclaimed before transforming into his cockatiel bird form and taking off into the sky, presumably heading home.

Suddenly, Tala's grip tightened around my hand, forcefully tugging me back towards her dripping wetness. "Please, don't stop now. I felt something... I was so close," she pleaded, her eyes locked onto mine as she continued to guide my hand towards her heated pussy.

As I felt the wetness on my fingers, an idea flashed through my mind. I decided to pull my hand back from her grip, leaving her gasping for more. "My fingers are already tired from the fight. How about I satisfy you tomorrow morning before we meet Warrior Jean?" I suggested, hoping to leave her craving for more and wanting to be with me even more.

Tala's face contorted into a frown as she bit her bottom lip, seemingly deep in thought. After a moment, she abruptly nodded her head in agreement and replied, "Fine. But I expect to see you at the village chief's compound early tomorrow. Don't keep me waiting." She shook her head and muttered under her breath before turning on her heel and walking away, her bare hips swaying with each step.

"Are you not planning on joining us? After all, we're all headed in the same direction," I said, arching my eyebrow inquisitively. To my surprise, the girl possessed even more personality than I had anticipated.

"Don't worry, you guys will only slow me down," she said confidently, flashing a smirk before she burst into a sprint. As she ran, a spark of vibrant, deep green flame ignited under her feet, propelling her into the air with a graceful leap. As she descended back to the ground, the flames erupted with renewed intensity, thrusting her forward as she stretched her legs, almost as though she was sprinting in mid-air. With each step, the flames intensified, pushing her higher and higher with incredible speed and agility.

Immediately soon after, Ursa's lips curled into a frown as she watched Tala disappear into the distance. "Don't keep me waiting!" she mimicked, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "Hmph, who does she think she is? Ordering you to stroke her insides without even trying to negotiate or offer anything in return," she muttered, her eyes fixed on the spot where Tala had disappeared into the distance. Her tone was filled with disdain and annoyance, clearly not impressed by Tala's boldness.

Instantly, I grabbed Ursa's hips and pulled her closer to me, squeezing her ass cheeks and pulling them upwards with force. "Don't pretend like you weren't enjoying teasing her while I was stroking her insides," I scolded her. Ursa winced a little at my grip but allowed me to do as I pleased with her backside. "Humph! Don't act like you didn't hear what she said..."

Suddenly, a clear cough interrupted Ursa's words, and we turned our heads to see Gorg standing there with a solemn expression. "Can I speak with you, Orion?" he asked, his face falling as he glanced at Ursa. "Alone."

Chapter 129 A Much Needed Apology

However, I shook my head and responded, "I am heading to the village chief's compound to ask about my gift, so I can't wait here much longer."

"Please..." He suddenly added, his eyes wide and desperate, his voice laced with desperation as saliva went down his throat.

Suddenly, the winds around me picked up and I looked upwards to see Ursa rising into the sky with a smile towards me. "I'll give you guys some space. Besides, I don't think I can trek home today after that intense fight," she said, looking at us both with a calm expression on her face. She then flicked her hand forward, and shot forward with incredible speed, leaving behind a gust of wind that stung my eyes and ruffled my hair.

"Great," I muttered under my breath in disappointment. I had planned to escort Ursa home after visiting the village chief, but now it seemed like that plan was in jeopardy. Nevertheless, since Gorg wanted to talk to me privately, I hoped that it would be worth the delay. I looked up at him and asked, "What is it that you want to talk about?". He gestured for us to continue walking forward before responding, "It's about the truth concerning your incident that I told you last time." We walked shoulder to shoulder, and he continued, "You see, I decided to tell my parents everything, and they confronted my sister about it." He let out a tired sigh. "Although they were angry with me too, they couldn't report the matter to the village chief and risk her getting severely punished. So they decided to punish her themselves with me too."

As I listened to him speak, I couldn't help but nod my head in understanding, since this was a good way of showing his sincerity to the former Orion who had passed away. However, despite his efforts, I knew deep down that my indifference was palpable. As long as he stayed out of my affairs, I couldn't care less about his.

"I think it's good that you are taking responsibility for your actions," I said flatly, trying to mask my lack of interest. "But I can't help but wonder, why are you telling me all this?"

A sense of defeat seemed to wash over him as his shoulders slumped and he responded with a deflated tone. "It's because my mother and father want to visit your family and offer an apology," he explained. "Once they learned the truth of what happened, their guilt became even more worst and they want to make things right."

Turning to face me, he continued, "They've asked me to inform you that they'll be coming to your hut by the end of the week."

After I listened to Gorg's words, I couldn't help but be impressed by his family's willingness to resolve the issue and prevent any unnecessary conflicts. After all, I had half-expected them to brush the matter under the rug and pretend as though nothing had ever happened. But to my surprise, they were taking a proactive approach to the situation.

However, there were still so many people who were unaware of what had really happened, including my own family, especially my mother. I knew all too well how hot-headed she could be, and just the thought of telling her the truth made my head ache.

So, despite his eagerness for a response, I paused before speaking. "Although I have already put everything behind me and do not hold anyone else responsible but myself," I began. He attempted to interrupt, but I quickly cut him off and continued, "That doesn't mean my family, especially my mother, will feel the same way when I inform her of the reason for your visit."

Gorg let out a loud, exasperated sigh before he spoke. "My mother anticipated that, which is why she's preparing some gifts for your family as a peace offering," he explained. "My sister and I will be covering most of the expenses, considering the situation could have taken a turn for the worse and resulted in you losing your life."

Gorg's words left me lost in thought, a pensive expression clouding my face. My gut told me that he was speaking the truth - there was no need for him to lie, unless he was looking to stir up more trouble. Also, I saw no reason to reject their apology, especially if they were bringing gifts as a gesture of sincerity.

"Okay, I'll consider it," I said, "but you need to understand that there's a high chance that things may not go as planned, and the situation might even worsen."

Gorg's face drained of colour, and he swallowed hard before responding with feigned confidence, "We understand, and we're prepared to face the consequences."

I would have given him a quick once-over if it weren't for the fact he was standing there completely naked. Instead, I settled for nodding in response and saying, "I'll let you know how everything turns out."

With that out of the way, I couldn't help but feel a twinge of curiosity about the gift he had awakened. "Anyway," I said, my voice laced with curiosity, "what kind of gift did you awaken?" I still wasn't entirely sure what his gift was capable of, other than stripping our tulgas of their threads.

Gorg suddenly spoke up with more energy than before. "I'm not sure, but I think my gift has something to do with making threads and fabrics," he said.

"Threads and fabrics," I repeated, raising an eyebrow in curiosity.

Gorg nodded eagerly. "Yeah, I feel like I can control the tulga you're wearing. Which means that my gift should be related to making or controlling fabrics, but I'm not certain. I'll conduct some tests today and tell you what I discover tomorrow."

"Alright," I replied, intrigued by the possibilities of his gift.

But before I could ask him any more questions, Gorg turned the conversation back to me. He asked what I had been up to since regaining my memories and delved into various other topics. I answered his questions as best I could, but left out certain details—especially those about my recent sexual adventures, which I preferred to keep to myself.

Chapter 130 Planning Ahead

After several minutes had gone by, Gorg and I finally reached a point where we had to part ways. He disappeared down a path that led to his home, while I continued to trek alone towards the village chief's compound.

Thankfully, I was walking alone, which allowed me to pick up the pace, and I arrived at my destination within twenty minutes. As I approached the gates of the compound, I spotted Tala wearing a brand new tulga that was strikingly similar to the one she had worn before, walking out with Thak and another unknown woman. Thak and Tala exchanged smiles and nods as they passed by me, and I returned the gesture before stopping beside the gate to speak with the guards.

"I want to speak with the village chief about the gift for my awakening ceremony," I informed them, explaining the purpose of my visit. The guards nodded in understanding, and one of them gestured for me to follow her. She led me through the compound and into the same hut where the village chief had previously led me. We passed through the same door and narrow corridors until we finally arrived at a door.

"Knock! Knock!!"

With a gentle knock, the guard signalled her presence at the door. From inside, "Come in!" a muffled voice granted permission to enter, prompting the guard to open the door and gesture me inside. I wasted no time and stepped in without hesitation as the guard closed the door and returned to her post at the entrance gate.

As I gazed upon the stunning interior of the Village Chief's hut once more, my eyes landed on his retinue of guards and servants, each standing at attention and ready to carry out his commands. The Village Chief himself sat before me, a broad smile gracing his face as he gestured for me to take a seat on the woven mat across from him. Without delay, I settled in and watched as he leaned forward, his eyes alight with curiosity.

"So what brings you here?" he asked, his voice smooth and inviting.

I took a deep breath before responding. "It's about the gift for the awakening ceremony," I said simply, remembering Fiona's advice to speak with the Village Chief directly.

The expression on the Village Chief's face shifted to a thoughtful one as he considered my words.

"Your awakening during the evaluation was truly remarkable, not only because you achieved a six-star potential, but also because you scored the highest points," he suddenly said with a nod of appreciation. "So, what gift would you like? You may ask for anything, as long as it's not too extravagant."

As I listened to the Village Chief's words, I cleared my throat and responded, "I haven't decided on the gift I would like to ask for yet. That's why I came to ask if I could keep it for now, in case I come up with something later."

The Village Chief nodded understandingly before he spoke again. "No problem. You can come to see me whenever you are ready. For now, focus on your training because I expect great results from this year's warriors, especially from you."

"Of course, Chief, I won't let you or the village down," I replied with the most honest expression I could muster.

The Village Chief's smile broadened, and he let out a hearty laugh. "That's what I like to hear," he said before waving his hands dismissively. "You can go now and rest up for tomorrow's training. You'll need all your energy," he added, nodding towards one of the guards standing in the corner. "He'll show you the way out."

With a nod, I rose to my feet and followed the guard towards the door. Just as I was about to leave, the Village Chief's voice called out from behind me. "Oh, and one more thing. My wife may already know that you're here, so if you happen to run into her, just tell her you're tired and need to rest for tomorrow's training. Unless, of course, you don't mind chatting with her all day."

I didn't need to respond, so I simply nodded my head in his direction as a way of thanking him before following the guard out of the hut towards the wooden entrance door. As the village chief had warned me, the moment I stepped out of the hut, a very familiar womanly figure entered my line of vision. It was the Village Chieftess's personal servant, and her gaze immediately fell upon me.

With a stern voice and commanding presence, the woman dismissed the guard by saying, "I will take it from here." The guard obediently nodded in agreement before turning and walking back into the hut. I found myself alone with the alluring older woman. As our eyes met, I couldn't help but

return her gaze. I presumed she must be Ayla, the personal servant to the Village chieftess, and recalled that her tulga was much shorter than Fiona's, barely covering her protruding fleshy ass cheeks and upper thighs, revealing her long, shapely legs. Her ample breasts threatened to spill out from her top, tempting my wandering eyes to linger longer than they should, and confirming that it was her.

Nonetheless, her mere gaze was enough to reignite my passion, revitalizing my penis and causing the fabric of my tulga to strain against the bulge that was rapidly growing beneath it. It threatened to burst free, yearning to explore the tempting curves of the mature woman before me.

Ayla stared at me indifferently and asked, "The village chieftess has requested your presence and wants to know if you're available to meet her, since you're already here." Without hesitation, I replied, "Sure, I'm a bit tired, but I still have some free time today to meet the Chieftess" Although the village Chief had given me a heads-up beforehand, I saw no reason to pass up the chance to make another powerful connection. My plans for the future were still in motion, and adding the chieftess to my network could only benefit me in the long run.