

Village Head 131

Chapter 131 Zara, The Village Chieftess

After my words reached her ears, Ayla's head nodded in swift affirmation. "Follow me," she commanded, her tone firm yet laced with urgency, as she pivoted gracefully to take the lead. "We cannot afford to keep the chieftess waiting any longer." I acknowledged her directive with a nod and trailed silently behind, guided by her gestured invitation. As we ventured forth, she guided me into the third hut, but what awaited me beyond the threshold left me utterly astounded.

As I stepped inside, the room sprawled out before me, revealing what I presumed to be the village's living space. Yet, it held far more surprises than I had anticipated. At the room's centre stood a small table, devoid of chairs, indicating that its inhabitants knelt on the floor to partake in its use. While encountering a table in this primitive world was unexpected, it was not what truly astonished me. No, what truly seized my attention were the myriad wooden frames adorning the reddish clay walls, each cradling a captivating abstract painting. The presence of a table hinted at the village chief's wealth and resources, something I could easily surmise. However, the meticulously crafted wooden frames housing these remarkable artworks surpassed my expectations for a village of this nature.

They couldn't possibly have made this themselves!

"Isn't it beautiful?" Ayla's voice broke the silence, carrying a serene tone that contrasted with her usual indifference. "The village chief and chieftess always make it a point to purchase these paintings from the travelling caravan along with other intriguing trinkets," she explained, her finger pointing towards the centre of the room where the table stood proudly. "That object there is called a table," she added, her lips breaking into a smile.

"But I didn't bring you here to showcase these treasures. Let's not keep the chieftess waiting any longer," she said, motioning for me to follow her. We proceeded through one of the two doors in the room, entering a corridor that appeared more spacious than any I had previously encountered. It didn't take long for me to realize that we were entering the home of the village chief, as the corridor boasted various adornments and decorations.

As we continued down the corridor, our footsteps echoing softly, Ayla halted abruptly at a door nestled against the side wall. With a quick flick of her wrist, she knocked on the door, causing a hushed thud to resonate through the hallway.

"Is that you, Ayla?" a voice resonated from beyond the door. Ayla promptly replied, her voice infused with added vigour to ensure her words reached the person inside, "Yes, Chieftess, it's me.

And I've brought the young man." Following a momentary pause, the familiar voice responded, "Very well, you may enter."

Ayla extended her arm, gracefully pulling the door open, and with a subtle gesture, she invited me inside. As I stepped into the room, Ayla closed the door behind us.

"Fortunately, you've decided to join us; otherwise, I might have sent Ayla to your hut to fetch you sooner or later," the village chieftess remarked, a brief chuckle escaping her lips. My gaze drifted toward her as I noticed her reclining on a vibrant, intricately woven mat, with her head resting on the lap of what appeared to be one of her female servants. The chieftess nibbled on a succulent Kalna fruit, offered by the servant, while another servant delicately massaged her legs. Two additional female attendants stood beside them, exuding an air of reverence. "Why are you still standing? Come and take a seat," she beckoned, observing my hesitation. With a nod, I walked forward and settled onto the ground, with my erected penis protruding from my torn tulga, its full length now exposed, concealing only my sack of balls beneath it.

And honestly, if I hadn't adjusted my tulga before sitting down, I would have met the cold, hard ground beneath me, chilling my bare buttocks. Nevertheless, the Village Chieftess immediately noticed my erection and reached out her hand towards it. In a matter of seconds, a shiver coursed through my legs and up my spine, causing my hardened penis to engorge further as a rush of blood surged towards it. Sporting a perplexed expression, she uttered, "When I heard that you had no trouble getting an erection for the kushi demonstration in such a short time, I thought they were merely exaggerating your previous achievements." She paused momentarily, then forcefully pulled down my tulga, freeing my pulsating, veiny penis from its fabric confines, before firmly grasping it and rhythmically pumping it up and down, as if examining its hardness, strength, and veins.

Meanwhile, I struggled to maintain composure, desperately attempting to hold back the impending eruption. The village chieftess, her legs now freed from her servants' laps, focused intently on my growing firm penis, applying firm pressure and skillfully massaging it. Every touch elicited a more powerful throb, a clear indication that release was imminent. But despite my best efforts, I couldn't suppress it entirely. The mounting pressure became unbearable, and against my will, a surge of warm semen stained the tip of my foreskin, as my release unfolded with a slow, yet intense, intensity.

Then, with a gaze filled with intensity, I observed the village chieftess confidently wipe away my semen with her thumb and index finger, showing no hesitation. Without skipping a beat, she boldly inserted the two fingers into her mouth, her tongue and lips skillfully licking off the sweet residue.

"Interesting," the village chieftess mused, her expression turning thoughtful instead of serious this time. She met my gaze squarely and extended her hand once more to my throbbing member, this time rubbing it softly before releasing her grip. "Do you still feel like there's more to release?" she inquired, her voice laced with curiosity. I nodded in affirmation, providing a confident response. "Yes," I replied, attempting to maintain a nonchalant expression despite the overwhelming sensations coursing through me.

The village Chieftess nodded knowingly, her eyes filled with understanding. "Alright, I understand that it would be difficult to talk or have a conversation with you in this state," she acknowledged. "So, I'll patiently wait for you to finish releasing and soften up your penis so that we can continue with the meeting."

Chapter 132 Ayla, Help Him (R18)

I instinctively raised an eyebrow at her words. Of course, I grasped the meaning behind her words, but executing them posed a dilemma. I certainly wasn't going to jerk or pump my member in front of them. However, contemplating a suitable response wasn't overly challenging, but just as I was about to reply, my attention was diverted by the village chieftess turning her head toward Ayla, who stood at the side. "Assist him, Ayla," she commanded, fixing her gaze upon her trusted servant. "Come closer and lean over so that he can use your vagina." With those words, she settled her leg back on the lap of another female servant who was diligently massaging her feet.

So, I swiftly turned my head backwards to catch Ayla's expression, observing the seriousness and deep understanding that adorned her face. "Alright," she responded, her gaze shifting towards me. She nodded in agreement before turning around, presenting her ample backside to me. With grace, she slowly bent down, raising her tulga with two breathtakingly sculpted cheeks facing me.

"You can use my vagina until you're ready to release." Ayla's voice reached me as she turned her head to the side, maintaining her bent position. "Just be careful when inserting your penis inside me," she added without a hint of hesitation. As her hand extended backwards, she firmly grasped both of her bountiful cheeks, pulling them apart sideways. The wide opening revealed two tantalizing holes, with one seemingly beckoning me, daring me to take the plunge.

Almost instinctively, I turned my head to gaze at the village chieftess the moment she uttered, "Ayla might not be the most attractive, but I trust that she would give her best to handle the job, so you only have to focus on releasing your semen and leave the rest to her." She paused momentarily, taking another bite of the kalna fruit, savouring the flavour before continuing. "Oh, and when you're done, you can withdraw and release it in her hands." Her finger pointed towards one of the female servants standing in proximity. "We certainly wouldn't want a young man's semen to go to waste."

I nodded in understanding and rose to my feet. Observing Ayla, who appeared older than my mother but slightly younger than Grandma Celia or the village chief, it was apparent that her fertility might not be at its peak, making it somewhat reasonable for the village Chieftess to stop me from indulging in wasting my semen by spilling it into Ayla's pink puffy vagina. However, I had no objections since I knew my semen would find its destination one way or another. As such, I turned around to face Ayla's spread cheeks, the anticipation building up within me.

"Please, be careful," Ayla's voice quivered with a touch of hesitation and fear, her gaze flickering towards my now unrestrained, throbbing penis, pointed directly at her.

"Don't worry, I'll be careful," I reassured, taking deliberate steps towards her. As I approached, I tantalizingly brushed my foreskin against her inviting vagina lips. Though she was slightly hairy, it didn't bother me. With a gentle yet determined motion, I gradually eased the other half of my shaft into her warm depths. Simultaneously, I firmly grasped her heavy ample buttocks, playfully dismissing her hands with a wave of mine.

As I firmly gripped her firm protruding butt cheeks and removed her hands, Ayla adjusted her posture, placing her hands on her knees. Eagerly anticipating my complete penetration, she widened her legs, creating a welcoming space for me. Without delay, I proceeded, driven by a mixture of anticipation and desire. With a muffled groan escaping my lips, I relentlessly tore through any obstructions hindering my progress within her inner walls. Finally, I achieved my goal, plunging my entire pulsating shaft into the depths of her mature vagina. The forceful collision of our flesh reverberated throughout the room, as if marking the intensity of our connection. As I began to withdraw slowly, the magnetic pull of her mesmerizing pink folded walls was undeniable, and I was irresistibly drawn back inside with another resounding "Pah—".

'Damn! Is she a virgin or a woman over fifty?' I exclaimed inwardly, my thoughts betraying my astonishment. My hands firmly grasped Ayla's generous ass cheeks as I attempted to withdraw my gritty, veiny penis from her tight, narrow walls. With a resounding "plop~~," my scorching member finally emerged from her depths, but inadvertently, I had pulled out entirely, leaving no length inside her. Gasping for breath, I gathered myself before resuming my efforts. Suddenly, the voice of the village chieftess cut through the air, interrupting the moment. "If Ayla's lack of attractiveness is hindering your release, you can use one of my other servants' vaginas so that you can release quickly," she suggested, exhaling deeply as if she had anticipated such a turn of events.

However, I knew that if I were any other villager, I might have readily accepted her proposition. Fortunately, I wasn't that easily swayed. I shook my head in defiance and offered a brief response, "Don't worry, I can achieve release quickly with her." I observed a flicker of surprise in her widened eyes at my words. Without wasting a moment, I firmly grasped Ayla's beautiful protruding ass cheeks once again, preventing her from standing up, and with a sudden and decisive movement, I thrust my fully engorged penis inside her tight pussy in one swift motion.

"Uh~~" Ayla gasped sharply, taken aback by the sudden and forceful action. She quickly sealed her lips shut and resumed her previous bent position. However, I didn't pause to grant her time to compose herself, but rather to sense the overwhelming wetness and saturation of her inner walls. It was as if that single plunge had already unleashed an incredible flood. Without hesitation, I glanced downward to confirm my suspicions, my eyes fixating on the mesmerizing sight before me. Her vagina juices dripped onto the floor, each drop falling slowly like a leaking tap. Some of her vagina juices even cascaded down my tip and trickled onto my balls before finally joining the puddle on the ground.

Chapter 133 [Bonus] Waterfall (R18)

'She's a squirter,' I thought to myself, as I withdrew my shaft, the motion effortlessly executed with less effort due to the way it smoothly and gradually slid out of her cone. 'And an incredibly wet squirter,' I pondered once more, driven by a growing desire. This time, as I thrust back inside, I unleashed an intensified force and ferocity, causing a resounding "PAHH~~~" to reverberate throughout the enclosed room. In response to my passionate actions, Ayla echoed with a fervent and unrestrained "AHHH".

Her mouth hung wide open, while her eyes mirrored a mixture of disbelief and astonishment at the sheer force and depth of my thrusts.

'Incredible,' I thought once again, struggling to maintain an outwardly indifferent expression while relishing the sensations of Ayla's luscious pink hole. I couldn't help but marvel at the sight of her vagina juice cascading towards the ground, a mix of amazement and astonishment swirling within me. It was as if I had turned open the faucet of pleasure, allowing her torrent of desire to flow freely.

As a thick puddle formed around my legs, I seized the chance to assert my dominance over her and intensified my thrusts, relentlessly pounding her with each repetition.

"~~PAH~~ SQUEELCCH~~" The forceful collision of our bodies resonated in the room, punctuated by the unmistakable sound of wetness.

"PAH~~~ SQUELCHHH~~" The rhythm of our union intensified, a symphony of pleasure and satisfaction echoing through the air.

Despite being unable to massage and gently squeeze her large pointed breasts to my liking due to our current situation, I found immense pleasure in the sudden gasps of breath that escaped her lips. These gasps soon transformed into melodic lullabies, filling the room and resonating in my ears, as I delved into the wettest, most inviting hole my engorged tip had ever explored.

"AH~~ PAH~~ SQUELCH~~"

"aAH~~ PAAH~~ SQUELCH~~" I attempted to restrain myself, but how could I possibly suppress the primal synchronization between our bodies? Each thrust, fierce and unyielding, was met with her sweet moans, urging me to delve deeper into the depths of her inner walls.

"Pah~ PAH~~ Pah~ PAH~~ PAH~~~"

"UH~~ Ah~ Ah~ Uhh~~ AuH~~"

And soon, as her breath quickened and the moans she had desperately tried to suppress escaped from her lips, Ayla let out a primal scream that reverberated through the room. It was as if her entire body, from her trembling legs upward, had been jolted by a surge of electricity.

"~~AHHHHHHHH~~" Her mouth stretched wide open, and droplets of spit and saliva were propelled into the air, as if this experience was unlike anything she had ever encountered before in her life.

Immediately after her scream subsided, it felt as though my leg had been submerged in a small pool. I glanced down, only to witness Ayla's juices cascading onto the floor with astonishing speed. The extent of her arousal reached even the vicinity of the village chieftess, narrowly missing her as she was swiftly pulled back in time to avoid the deluge of Ayla's liquid carnality.

"This..." My attention snapped back to my throbbing shaft, still deeply embedded within Ayla's matured vagina, now feeling like a force against a dam, on the verge of breaking through. Before I could even formulate a coherent thought, intense bursts of thick liquid erupted from her inner walls, colliding against my waist before streaming down my legs, mingling with the pooled fluids on the floor.

Again and again, sharp bursts of thick liquid erupted from Ayla's engulfing depths, each one surprised me with its force and direction. I swiftly grasped the situation, realizing that Ayla was experiencing a powerful release. Reacting quickly, I withdrew my shaft from its plunged sanctuary and witnessed her once-dribbling tap transform into a fully opened fountain, shooting its contents against my chest and face.

"Wonderful..." The word slipped from my lips in awe as I hastily wiped off the thick, intoxicating liquid from my face with my palm. My tongue darted out to taste the remnants, savouring the delicious nectar that lingered.

Meanwhile, Ayla, unable to remain standing on her own two legs, resorted to dropping her hands to the ground for support. Her outstretched palm collided with the reddish moulded clay floor as her buttocks remained suspended in the same position. Every droplet of her escaped pussy juice landed on my face, gradually trickling down to my chest. The result: every inch of my body that faced her was drenched in her luscious juices.

After a while, Ayla's fervent flow of juices began to subside, morphing into sporadic eruptions resembling a spritz from a nozzle. Each burst elicited a breathless "~AHHUU~" from her lips, as if she were relishing the last remnants of pleasure. Eventually, her upper body succumbed to exhaustion, collapsing onto the ground. With a hurried motion, she propped herself up using both elbows and hands, desperately attempting to catch her breath.

Without a shadow of a doubt, this was the most unbelievable scene I had ever witnessed since the day I first graced this world and my awakening. Suddenly, the voice of the Village Chieftess resonated, snapping me out of my reverie. There was an unusual amount of concern in her tone as she asked, "Are you okay, Ayla?"

I tore my gaze away from the Village Chieftess and refocused on Ayla just in time to witness her nodding vigorously, attempting to regain her composure. "Haaa... Haaa... I'm Haaaaa... okay, Chieftess," Ayla managed to reply, her legs still immersed in the puddles of her own essence. She spoke suddenly, her voice tinged with urgency as her words struggled to align with her ragged breaths, "I am sorry for the mess, Chieftess. I promise to take..."

But she was instantly cut off by the calm words of the Village Chieftess. "It's okay. I saw what happened, and considering who you are, I can't really blame you," she stated, her gaze shifting from Ayla to fixate on me. "Though unexpected, I am truly amazed by what you have demonstrated. It aligns with what Fiona and the other teachers have shared with me," she paused, her eyes momentarily drifting down to my throbbing member, pulsating like a wild beast. "Furthermore, it seems you haven't released yet."

Chapter 134 Ayla's Perseverance (R18)

In a peculiar twist of events, despite not having released yet and the draining toll of today's intense battle, an inexplicable surge of energy coursed through my veins, igniting a fervour within me to indulge in another exhilarating round.

With a subtle shake of my head, I crafted a response that carried a touch of deception. "I sensed something building up inside me just before she experienced her release," I replied, weaving a partial falsehood. The truth was, I was aware of the village chieftess's intentions to provide me with a servant until I could cum. But, I couldn't possibly deny the undeniable allure of a woman like Ayla standing before me. There was simply no way I could resist continuing until I had thoroughly satisfied my desires.

"If that is indeed the situation," the village chieftess acknowledged, confirming my understanding. "Considering Ayla's inability to continue, you may proceed with one of my servants," she proposed, reiterating her previous offer. Her words were filled with a blend of curiosity and anticipation, suggesting her eagerness to witness my interaction with another woman.

However... "Did she say she can't continue?" I inquired, shifting my gaze from the now intrigued village chieftess to Ayla, whose expression mirrored surprise upon hearing my voice and comprehending my question. Observing her bewildered countenance, I pressed further, "So, should I find someone else to carry on, or are you able to keep going?" Ayla stared at me intently, seemingly processing my words, before swiftly turning her head toward the village chieftess for a fleeting glance, and then back to me. With a vigorous nod, she affirmed, "Yes, I can keep going," her eyes brimming with unwavering eagerness. Without hesitation, she repositioned herself sideways on the ground, her body making a resounding slap against her own fluid release. As she sat upright, her buttocks firmly planted in her scattered juices, determination emanating from her every pore.

She gracefully extended her legs in my direction, knees pointing skyward, inviting me closer. "Feel free to penetrate my vagina again," she said, a sincere promise to aid in my release. Unfazed by the accidental exposure of her overflowing bosom, she maintained a serious expression, oblivious to the fact that her dress had slipped, displaying the other half of her ample breast, she allowed me an unobstructed view of its descent, a captivating sight that showcased its natural heaviness resting against her chest.

Even though my still throbbing member was evident, the sight before me intensified its urgency, causing my hardened penis to quiver with anticipation. Words were unnecessary; waiting was impossible. I strode purposefully towards her, descending to my knees into the intoxicating pool of her desire. The sensation of the sticky liquid enveloping my knees was inconsequential, for my focus was fixed on Ayla's seductive display. With a graceful gesture, she extended her hand, deftly parting the delicate veil of her lush, neatly groomed entrance, enticing my throbbing tip to effortlessly find its way inside.

"I'm going in," I murmured, and her approving nod encouraged me further. With a sense of anticipation, I guided my shaft towards her eagerly awaiting pussy, gradually sliding inside until I achieved full penetration. The wetness that lingered within her intimate depths lubricated my scorching shaft, causing a trail of her essence to trickle down her inner walls and cascade onto the ground below.

"~Mh~" Ayla suppressed a seductive moan, biting down on her lower lip with such intensity that it threatened to break free. Determined to find support, she arched her back, intending to rest her weight on the ground, but before she could fully execute the movement, I seized her hand in a firm grip and effortlessly tossed it over my shoulder. With my other hand securely wrapped around her waist, I drew her closer to me, our bodies intimately entwined. While our connection was unquestionably passionate, I couldn't resist the temptation to explore the sensation of her breasts against my fingertips, desiring a complete understanding of her fleshy womanly allure.

As expected, her eyes widened in surprise, and she was about to part her lips to speak. Anticipating her words, I swiftly interjected, "If we continue like this, I feel like I will be able to quickly release my semen," She obediently closed her mouth, understanding my intentions, and nodded in agreement. With a graceful movement, she inched closer to me, resting her head gently upon my shoulder. Meanwhile, her voluptuous buttocks effortlessly settled onto my lap, aided by the lingering wetness of her juices.

Savouring the sensation of her succulent melons pressed tantalizingly against my chest, I revelled in the exquisite weight of her incredible ass cheeks pressing against my lap. Without a moment's hesitation, I seized her enticing buttcheeks, my grip firm and possessive, as I initiated a series of fierce thrusts, guiding my throbbing, veiny penis into her eager depths.

"Pah~~ Pah~~~" My balls slap against her protruding ass as I drove my penis into her dripping warm pussy. "Uh~~ Ahh~~" maybe it was because this time, each of my thrust went deeply inside her, breaking through her narrow inner walls and hitting against the surface of her fleshy womb, but this time, she didn't try to suppress her moans as they came out of her lips with every breathe and thrust.

"~~Pah~~~ Pahh~~" With my hands firmly gripping her captivating ass, I pulled them upward in unison, eliciting a gasp from her as my pulsating tip withdrew. With a surge of unrestrained desire, I swiftly drove them back down, my raging shaft ascending within her with an electrifying sensation. A resounding "plap~~ Pah~~" filled the air, resonating with the incredible force building within my throbbing tip, signalling an imminent release. Yet, I resisted the temptation to succumb, driven by a fervent desire to relish every inch of this encounter. Ayla's intoxicating moans reverberated in my ears as her hands instinctively folded over my shoulders, her legs unconsciously moving up and down in a rhythmic dance, a subtle plea for me to find release quickly.

"PAH~~ PAHH~~"

While my eyes were unable to witness the village chieftess's presence, Ayla's mesmerizing breasts swaying and bouncing with every movement, enveloped and submerged my face, offering an intoxicating distraction. After several exhilarating minutes of unrelenting penetration, I finally sensed the telltale throbbing of my manhood, a forceful indication that release was imminent. The way Ayla's tight walls clenched and pulsated against me assured me that she, too, was attuned to the impending climax that coursed through our intertwined bodies.

"Ah~~ Chieftess, he is-- Ahh~~" Her sentence remained unfinished as a sudden wave of surprise washed over me. I watched in astonishment as Ayla swiftly withdrew her dripping, soaked vagina from my throbbing member, a surge of strength propelling her actions. Internally, I cursed, a resounding 'Fuck!' echoing within my thoughts. I had momentarily been lost in the moment, caught off guard by her sudden move, causing me to fall back in confusion. Instinctively, my arms reflexively pulled back as my pulsating, twitching penis burst into a climax. "Fuck!" I involuntarily exclaimed aloud, the curse escaping my lips audibly this time, as I witnessed my semen shooting forth into the open air.

"Catch it!" The commanding voice of the village chieftess resonated in my ears, snapping me out of the hazy aftermath of an intense release. With surprise still lingering in my gaze, I witnessed two servants, who had been standing by her side, hastily extending their hands, forming makeshift cups with their palms. One of them even daringly leapt into the air, attempting to catch the remnants of my semen. Alas, they succeeded in capturing a small portion, while the remainder spilt onto the ground, lost to the whims of gravity.

In the aftermath, I gathered myself, silently observing as the two maids approached the village chieftess, still holding my essence in their hands. My eyes widened unintentionally when I locked gazes with the village chieftess. She was now seated on her mat, positioned to face our direction. Her expression remained devoid of emotion as she delicately massaged her own pussy. The two servants approached her, offering their cupped hands as a vessel, pouring my semen into her awaiting lips. In a mesmerizing display, the village chieftess parted her lips, allowing the stream to slide down her throat, before repeating the act with the other maid. My gulp mirrored the mixture of surprise and fascination that coursed through me, as I witnessed this intimate exchange unfold before my very eyes.

Although I had initially been displeased with Ayla's sudden actions, I must admit that now, looking at the intriguing turn of events, I found myself far from unhappy about the outcome of my semen..

"Are you okay?" Ayla's voice broke through my daze, snapping me back to the present. I turned my head towards her, taking in her half-naked form, and saw genuine concern in her eyes. Nodding in reassurance, I decided to rise, allowing my body to stretch and refresh itself after the brief respite. Once I finished, I met Ayla's gaze with a smile and replied, "I'm okay." Her face brightened, and she nodded back at me, a smile of her own gracing her features. Then, she shifted her attention towards the village chieftess, her body turning in that direction. "It appears that you are finished, Chieftess," she respectfully acknowledged. Seizing the opportunity, I also redirected my focus towards the village chieftess, observing as she sensually licked off the remnants of my thick, whitish semen. With a nod of agreement, she responded, "Yes, I am done," her attention now fully fixed on me. Her next words, laced with intrigue and a hint of desire, caught me off guard. "Although it was hard to believe at first, your semen tastes surprisingly sweet." Raising her eyebrows and sensually licking her lips, she continued, "So, what do you think about having kushi with me and allowing me to taste your semen once more?"

While the idea of penetrating both the village chieftess and her personal servant on the same day hadn't been on my agenda, I couldn't deny the allure of the proposition. With an open mind, I nodded in agreement, feigning a slow, tired exhale. "If the village chieftess wants to have kushi with me, I see no reason to decline her invitation."

The village chieftess and her servants wore expressions of utter astonishment as my words hung in the air. "You... you actually considered it," she exclaimed, her eyes widening in disbelief as she fixed her gaze upon me. Initially perplexed by her reaction, I paused to reflect on my response, only to be abruptly reminded of the customs and norms of this world, causing a surge of realization to crash into my consciousness once more.

'Maybe it's because I just climaxed a few minutes ago!' I chuckled internally, attributing my initial hesitation to the post-nut bliss. Nevertheless, I maintained my nod of affirmation, choosing not to alter my response. The village chieftess's eyes roamed over me, scrutinizing my form from head to toe, before a genuine chuckle escaped her lips, subsiding after a few seconds. "Alright," she declared, her face still adorned with a smile. With a graceful gesture, she extended her hand towards a clean spot beside her, deliberately distant from the chaotic aftermath of passion that Ayla and I had unleashed. Though the unmistakable scent of our debauchery hung heavily in the air, it was apparent that none of it bothered them. I took my place on the floor beside her, observing as she turned her head towards Ayla and issued a directive, "Now that the two of you are finished, it's time to clean up this mess you've created, Ayla."

Ayla swiftly nodded her head in acknowledgement and responded, "I will attend to it immediately, Chieftess," her voice filled with unwavering obedience. She turned on her heels, adjusted her attire, and gracefully exited the room, ensuring to close the door behind her. With her departure, I found myself alone in the company of the village chieftess, whose gaze seemed to intensify, growing increasingly intrigued by my presence.

"Although I don't mind having kushi with you, considering my age and the fact that I have already passed my fertile years, it would be unwise to waste your semen on me," the village chieftess finally said, narrowing her eyes while a playful smile tugged at one corner of her lips. "Furthermore, as the partner of the Village Chief, I hold the position of a chieftess in my own right. And as a rare young man like yourself, who didn't mind Ayla's assistance in finding release, I am well aware that other young men would prefer to seize the opportunity for a trade rather than focusing solely on a mere kushi."

I easily grasped the underlying message in her words, so I maintained my silence and listened attentively, recognizing that she had no intention of stopping. She carried on, "But I didn't summon you here to discuss that. Instead, Orion, I heard that you and the four individuals who passed the evaluation underwent your first warrior training today?" The village chieftess's voice took on a nurturing tone, and although it felt a bit peculiar to hear her address me by my name, I still replied, "Yes. Warrior Jean led us to the other side of the forest to teach us how to fight and destroy the Vylkr vines." She nodded approvingly, a slight smile adorning her lips as she continued, "That's excellent. Although I didn't have any expectations for this year's warriors, especially since my main interest was observing the growth of one of you, it's delightful to discover that my expectations were surpassed and this year's warriors have proven to be far more captivating than I initially anticipated."

Although I had a strong inkling of whom she might be interested in among this year's warrior evaluation, I swiftly brushed aside the thought, focusing instead on her as she paused momentarily before clearing her throat. "Anyway, as you're well aware, every villager who reaches adulthood possesses their own unique gift, bestowed upon us by Naka, regardless of its unusual nature. With that in mind, I've called you here to see if you would permit me to use my gift on you."

I furrowed my brow momentarily, swiftly concealing my confusion before it became apparent. "May I know what your gift is, Chieftess?" I asked, the single question burning in my mind, outweighing all others.

"I possess the ability to read the future... Well, a person's future with remarkable precision," the village chieftess disclosed without reservation. "Although this knowledge isn't exactly a secret, the number of villagers who are aware of my gift is significantly smaller compared to those who remain oblivious. One could say it remains a moderately well-kept secret."

If that was indeed the reason she had summoned me, it became clear why she was so eager to meet. "So, what do you say? Are you curious to discover what lies ahead in your future?" she asked, crossing her legs in a more comfortable position as she settled herself on the mat. I nodded in

response, my curiosity piqued, but I couldn't help but ask, "Are there any preparations I should make before you use your gift on me?" Caught slightly off guard, the village chieftess's smile waned, replaced by a half-serious expression as she admitted, "Besides experiencing a mild dizziness, I assure you that you won't feel anything else." She paused momentarily before continuing, "And whatever visions you witness, I will also be able to perceive since we will be granted a glimpse of your future together." With that, she extended her right arm toward me, motioning for me to do the same and extend my hand.

If the Village Chieftess desired to delve into my future out of genuine curiosity about the potential fate of a young man with a six-star potential, I could comprehend her eagerness, particularly since her gift held the power to unveil such possibilities. Moreover, it wouldn't be an untruth to admit that I, too, harboured a keen interest in unravelling the enigma of what lay ahead, especially when presented with the opportunity. After a brief contemplation, I reached a decision, extending my hand forward and observing a faint, delighted smile illuminate her face. "Are you ready?" she asked, meticulously studying my countenance, to which I replied with a nod, "I am ready," all while inhaling deeply and slowly exhaling as the tingling anticipation of what was to come permeated my skin.

I mean, I know that I have already set out to live a calm and peaceful life, open to any enticing temptations that come my way, be it a few soaked holes or two. Therefore, I wasn't particularly anxious about what my future might look like, and I didn't have much to conceal except, of course, my past life, which I've diligently locked away within me. Furthermore, unlike the other young men in the village, I wasn't as indolent when it came to the matters of getting an erection and using my penis effectively, a fact that the village chieftess and several others had already witnessed firsthand. So, as the village chieftess grasped my outstretched left hand and turned it palm-side up, gently placing one of her hands on top and the other underneath, I knew she had activated her gift when her head drooped lifelessly, while her body remained upright and composed, her hands gently clasping both sides of mine.

Suddenly, a delicate, otherworldly whitish glow emanated from her hands, enveloping mine in its ethereal embrace, and gradually it grew brighter and brighter. The luminosity became so intense that I instinctively squeezed my eyes shut, shielding them from the overwhelming radiance. And as I did so, I found myself plunged into an abyssal darkness, so deep and consuming that it felt as if my entire body was ensnared within its abyss. It was as though every endeavour to open my eyes was rendered futile, trapped in an endless void that resisted any escape.

Out of nowhere, a hand swiftly clasped mine and yanked me forward, catching me off guard. I didn't need to ponder or speculate on the identity of the hand's owner, because the distinct warmth that enveloped my hand revealed that it belonged to none other than the village chieftess herself. "BAMM!" In an instant, we collided with a door—or at least it seemed like we did—jolting my senses with a sudden impact.

"Let's try another one?" echoed the voice of the village chieftess in my mind, and before I knew it, I was hurtling through the air at a breathtaking speed, the wind mercilessly crashing against my face, an exhilarating sensation. Suddenly, with a resounding "BAM!" my racing thoughts screeched to a halt as we abruptly collided with yet another door, its formidable darkness seeming to absorb all light. "Impossible," exclaimed the village chieftess, her voice tinged with a touch of hysteria, as I felt another forceful tug, pulling me forward, propelling my hand and body towards an unknown destination. Then, with a deafening "BOOOM!!" it felt as though we crashed into an impenetrable wall rather than a mere door, the impact suggesting we had shattered through it. Yet, to my astonishment, we found ourselves repeating the same sequence as before, prompting the frustrated exclamation, "Impossible!" emanating from the village chieftess, her voice now louder and filled with deliberate annoyance.

Amidst the cacophony of voices and reverberating sounds that echoed through my mind, a sensation akin to a hammer striking my head sent it into a dizzying spin. "We are going back," reverberated as the predominant voice, piercing through the mental chaos. Suddenly, clarity enveloped my mind like an intense burst of light shining before my eyes, liberating me from the clutches of darkness. In that instant, I instinctively wrenched my hand free from the firm grasp of the village chieftess, collapsing onto my back as I endeavoured to regain my composure and reclaim control over my scattered thoughts.

"Haaaa! Haaaaaa!" The echoes of my laboured breaths mingled with the village chieftess's audible exhalations, both of us attempting to regain our composure and collect ourselves after the intense experience. Amidst the heavy breathing, her voice pierced through the air, calling out my name, "Orion.." Determined to respond, I mustered the strength to prop myself up, leveraging my elbows for support and pressing my palms firmly against the ground to stabilize my body. With a deliberate "Ahem!" to clear my throat, I finally managed to address her, eager to know the revelations she had glimpsed. "Were you able to catch a glimpse of my future?" I asked impatiently, as the tone in her voice suggested that she had indeed witnessed something of significance.

To my utter astonishment, the village chieftess shook her head, a bewildering amount of confusion etched upon her face. Her mouth parted, but she swiftly sealed it shut, as if grappling with an inexplicable dilemma. With renewed focus, she locked her gaze onto mine and uttered, "I was unable to see anything." Scepticism welled up within me, as all I had witnessed was an impenetrable shroud of darkness. Whereas, the village chieftess's numerous frantic reactions had suggested otherwise, making her claim difficult to fathom. "You didn't see anything?" I queried once more, allowing my doubts to unfurl across my countenance, no longer concealing my emotions in this perplexing turn of events.

The village chieftess caught sight of my incredulous expression, comprehending my disbelief in her words. Lowering her head wearily, she let out a sigh that seemed to carry the weight of exhaustion. With a defeated look etched across her face, she shook her head and confessed, "Believe me, I honestly didn't see anything. And in case you're wondering why my voice sounded so frantic, it was precisely because I couldn't see anything. Neither your future nor even a fleeting glimpse of it."

I didn't know when, but a sudden heavy frown hung across my face. Was it possible that she was unable to see my future because I was a transmigrator, or perhaps, my future had already ended the very moment the former Orion's soul died? Even though the two options seemed plausible enough despite how outlandish they might sound to someone else, I buried them deep within my mind and thought about what pondered over what other things that I wouldn't have noticed until today.

"Orion," the village chieftess called out to me once again, interrupting my thoughts. I redirected my gaze towards her, only to find her staring at me with an intense expression, as if she were searching for answers, her eyes scanning me from head to toe. "How were you born?"

"Huh?" I blinked in surprise, caught off guard by her unexpected question. I watched as she leaned closer, then shook her head, realizing her words may have been unclear. After a brief pause, she corrected herself, "I meant, were you born through your mother or....."

Upon hearing her question, my face contorted into a tight scrunch, causing the village chieftess to swiftly close her mouth, seemingly realizing the absurdity of her question. "What kind of question is that, chieftess?" I retorted, feigning an irritated expression on my face.

"I apologize if I sounded like a mad woman," she admitted, leaning back to her previous position without missing a beat. With a conflicted expression on her face, she continued, "What I'm trying to say is that everyone I have used my gift on has always had a future, a vivid scene that unfolds before us and inevitably comes to pass." She continued, her voice filled with bewilderment. "However, with you, I saw nothing... Nothing at all. And though it may be hard for you to believe, I've even tested my gift on trees, plants, and tree nymphs, and they all possess a future. But there's one exception. I have also tested my gift on objects such as rocks, sticks, sand, and stones, and only their futures remain unseen. In other words..." The village chieftess paused, her hesitation evident as if she couldn't bring herself to utter the next sentence, as if this unbelievable occurrence defied all possibility. She bit her lip, struggling to find the courage to complete her words.

As I observed her eyes darting erratically over my body, I seized the opportunity to process her words. My eyes widened in astonishment, transforming swiftly into a deep frown. In an instant, my face became a blank canvas, devoid of any emotion, as I locked my gaze with the village chieftess and uttered, "Chieftess, are you equating my future to that of an object?"

She shook her head, her eyes darting around in a frantic search for the right words. It was as if she was struggling to convey her thoughts. Suddenly, her eyelids snapped shut, and she took a deep breath, exhaling slowly. Then, in an instant, her eyes opened wide, focusing intently on me.

"I know how absurd my words may sound," she began, her voice filled with a mix of desperation and determination. "But you have to understand, I have used my gift for a long time. I have always been able to accurately read a person's future or at least catch a glimpse of it. That's how my gift is supposed to work, until I met you. A boy without a future, as dark and lifeless as an inanimate object."

The village chieftess's expression turned solemn. "So, when I asked you that question, it was not to compare you to an object. It was because believing in you would be tantamount to doubting my gift, and by extension, doubting Naka, the one who bestowed it upon me. However, if the fault lies with you, then my gift remains intact. The problem lies with you."

Though a tinge of annoyance prickled within me at the comparison of my future to that of an object, I couldn't deny the glaring fact that I stood as the only anomaly in the room. The fault did not lie with the village chieftess or her gift; it resided within me. However, I had no intention of revealing this realization to her. With a sigh that mimicked defeat, I shook my head and responded, "I understand. But honestly, how do you expect me to react after discovering something like this?"

The village chieftess nodded, her expression shifting from confusion and seriousness to deep thoughtfulness. "I understand your concerns," she acknowledged, "That's why, for the time being, you must keep this incident a secret. I need to find a logical explanation for what we have experienced today. It might take some time, as I have never encountered something like this in all my years. So please be patient and wait for my call when I have gathered more information."

Once she finished speaking, she swiftly turned her head to the side, as if addressing someone behind me. "What's the time now?" she inquired. I turned my head to glance behind me and was taken aback to see Ayla standing there, offering a prompt response. "It's almost noon, Chieftess."

"Noon?" I exclaimed, taken aback. Thoughts raced through my mind as I turned my head towards the mess we had created earlier with Ayla's spilt juices. To my astonishment, the spot was spotless, as if it had been meticulously cleaned with a rag, erasing any trace of our previous mishap.

In an instant, a realization dawned upon me that the mere seconds I had experienced held the weight of several hours. "My gift also distorts the perception of time, so what may feel like minutes to us could be mere seconds outside our bodies, or even hours," the village chieftess explained, observing my surprised expression. "But I have no control over how it functions, so sometimes it lasts only a

few seconds, minutes, or hours," she lamented, clarifying and shaking her head in response. Then, her gaze shifted towards Ayla as she instructed, "Accompany him to the gates," before redirecting her focus back to me. "Since you'll be occupied tomorrow, you can return home and remember to keep our discussion a secret until I find a reasonable explanation, alright?"

"Alright," I nodded affirmatively "I never had any intention of revealing this to anyone anyway." Even if I were foolish enough to share such a baffling revelation, how could I possibly explain to others that I was devoid of a future?

The village chieftess appeared contented with my response, a smile gracing her features as she nodded approvingly. "That's good to hear. Now, you can leave. Ayla will guide you out." Without hesitation, I rose to my feet, turning to find Ayla beckoning me to follow her. As we ventured out of the room and traversed the intricately adorned corridors, my mind oscillated between reflections on my encounter with the village chieftess and the mesmerizing sway of Ayla's expected partially exposed buttocks, a hypnotic rhythm leading me forward.

And soon, as I found myself lost within the labyrinth of my thoughts, contemplating the implications of my non-existent future and how it could either benefit or trouble me, Ayla's voice suddenly jolted me back to reality. "See you la--" she began to say, but before she could finish her sentence, our paths collided. In a stroke of luck, Ayla managed to maintain her balance and steady herself after the unexpected collision. "Sorry about that," I apologized, gingerly pulling back my exposed foreskin from brushing against her exposed and prominent buttocks.

"Don't worry," Ayla reassured me, shaking her head and turning to face me. "I overheard everything the village chieftess said, so I understand why you're struggling to believe or make sense of her words," she empathized, her warm smile offering reassurance. "Besides, as the village chieftess mentioned, you should rest for your warrior's training tomorrow, and I couldn't agree more."

Although it was clear that Ayla had taken a liking to me, I simply returned her smile and said, "Alright then, I'll see you later." I knew that our relationship had the potential to grow stronger in the future, and I didn't want to jeopardize it just because I was feeling confused and in a bad mood.

Ayla nodded and watched as I walked out of the gate, exchanging nods with the two guards stationed beside it. However, as I made my way home at this late hour for the first time, I couldn't help but notice how subdued the nightlife in the village seemed. The streets were eerily quiet, with only a few dimly lit lanterns casting feeble light on the deserted red clay-moulded pathways.

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The village chieftess observed intently as Ayla retreated into her private chamber, a space reserved for handling the tasks and responsibilities assigned to her by the village chief. Zara, still savouring the succulent kalna fruits hastily presented to her by her servants, inhaled deeply before speaking. "Has he left?" she inquired, her voice laced with curiosity and a hint of exhaustion from channelling her gift.

Chapter 139 Uncertain Expectations

"Yes," Ayla swiftly responded, affirming Zara's inquiry with a firm nod. She began, "Chieft--"

Interrupting her, Zara interjected with a mix of exasperation and conviction, "If you're going to question whether I lied to him, then spare yourself the trouble because I didn't. And even if I did, I gain nothing from deceiving a young man with a six-star potential for inner strength." Zara took a forceful bite of the juicy kalna fruit, expressing her frustration through vigorous chewing. The notion of a futureless boy seemed absurd, akin to a lifeless body or mere grains of sand beneath their feet. How could he be alive and yet devoid of a future? "It defies all logic!" Zara muttered under her breath, her frustration seeping through, as she gnawed on the kalna fruit. "It makes absolutely no sense!".

Observing the distressed countenance of the woman before her, Ayla reluctantly suppressed her questions, realizing that this matter was bound to consume much of the chieftess's time. Having witnessed and overheard the entire conversation between the chieftess and the boy, Ayla was certain of the truthfulness in their exchange. It was clear that this revelation had the potential to create a significant upheaval. "I will go and prepare your bath for you, Chieftess," Ayla offered, acknowledging that it was the least she could do in such a perplexing situation.

"Please do," Zara nodded, understanding the gesture. Then she immediately inquired, "Has the village chief returned from the second hut?" Zara hesitated, contemplating whether to divulge this information to her partner, who held a particular fascination with Orion, the only individual to have ever achieved a six-star potential for inner strength during the evaluation process.

"No," Ayla replied, shaking her head in response. Sensing the chieftess's unease, she further inquired, "Would you like me to send a message to him, Chieftess?"

Almost instinctively, Zara vigorously shook her head, realizing she had overreacted. She composed herself, clearing her throat before speaking again, "No. Just prepare my bath so that I can take some time to rest," she requested, her energy noticeably subdued as she chewed on the kalna fruit in her hand.

"Alright, Chieftess, I'll be back in a minute," Ayla stated, her voice tinged with exhaustion. She turned around and exited the room, opening and closing the door behind her. A heavy sigh of weariness escaped her lips, betraying the weight on her shoulders. As she stepped into the corridor, she couldn't help but reflect on the unexpected encounter with the intriguing young man. Contrary to her initial assumptions, he wasn't swept away by his own fame and arrogance, nor did he hold any disdain for her due to her less youthful appearance. Instead, he proved to be a source of trouble that had given the chieftess a lingering headache, one that she knew would persist for days to come.

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"No, I won't do it," Grandma Celia declared firmly, her head shaking in clear refusal. She stood her ground, while Grandma Derry and Vivian looked on, standing at a respectful distance from their hut. Grandma Vivian couldn't help but voice her curiosity, being the first to respond, "Why? Don't you want to inform Celeste that you're carrying her son's child and also let Orion know he's about to become a father?" A frown creased her lips, reflecting the weight of her words.

"No, I won't do it," Grandma Celia reiterated, shaking her head with determination. "Besides, didn't we discuss calling a healer first to confirm whether I'm pregnant or not? It's possible that I'm simply sick instead of carrying a child." Grandma Derry chimed in, her voice laced with a touch of sarcasm, "And you truly believe that the symptoms resembling pregnancy, occurring days after Orion played with your body and released his semen inside your vagina, might be attributed to a mere sickness instead?"

Grandma Celia bit her lip, torn between her uncertainty and the proximity of Celeste's hut just a few steps away. She glanced back at her two hut mates, one with a serious gaze and the other seemingly interested in getting closer to the boy, creating a complex dynamic within the group.

"Fine," Grandma Celia reluctantly agreed. Despite having recognized various symptoms that pointed towards her being pregnant with Orion's child, she remained hesitant about how to approach Celeste and even Orion himself. While the boy had lost his memory and displayed a newfound sweetness and pleasantness, she couldn't predict their reaction upon learning that an older woman like herself, albeit their neighbour, was carrying his baby. They might accuse her of lying or, worse yet, suspect her of trying to get close to Orion due to his remarkable six stars potential revealed during the inner strength evaluation. Such outcomes were far from desirable and could spiral into even more disastrous consequences than she could imagine.

Regardless, Grandma Derry couldn't contain her happiness and grinned widely. "That's good," she nodded approvingly. "Now, let's go meet the boy that made you pre--".

"AHEMM!" A loud throat-clearing sound pierced through the atmosphere, signalling that someone was standing behind them. Their steps faltered with hesitation as they all turned around to see who it was.

"Ingrid," Grandma Vivian was the first to lock eyes with the intruder. "You guys came home late today?" Grandma Derry, on the other hand, averted her gaze and pretended not to notice the interruption. With a quickened pace, she turned around and started walking away in silence.

"Don't embarrass yourself, Derry," Ingrid said sharply, causing Grandma Derry to pause in her tracks and reluctantly return to her previous position. She scanned the faces of all three women in front of her, still unable to believe the conversation she had just overheard. "Celia, are you really pregnant?" Her gaze settled on Grandma Celia, who was massaging her throbbing headache.

With a deeply exhausted and defeated sigh, Grandma Celia muttered, "Great. Just great. Now everyone knows."

Ingrid observed the hesitation that quickly spread across their faces, and she took a moment to inhale and exhale slowly, realizing the absurdity of the situation and understanding that this was not a joke.

Chapter 140 Worried Family

Observing their expectant expressions, Celia's head nodded in affirmation, her response resonating through the stillness of the night. "Yes," she uttered, the sound of her own voice lingering in the air. "I am."

Meanwhile, Ingrid, despite recognizing the seriousness of what she had heard, struggled to fully grasp its reality. However, a determined resolve set in. "Let's go inside; We are going to discuss this," she turned around and declared, her gaze locking with Meldra, whose eyes and mouth remained agape in astonishment. While disbelief still lingered within Ingrid, Meldra, finding the situation utterly absurd, suppressed her inquiries, calming her racing heart as they turned and proceeded toward their hut.

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"Calm down," reassured Reena, her eyes fixed on her mother's restless pacing within the hut. She shared her mother's unease, feeling a sense of uneasiness herself that prevented her from sleeping earlier.

"I had warned him... I had warned him that being a warrior was too dangerous," anxiously exclaimed Celeste. "And now, on his very first day, he chooses to get injured, or even worse..." Just as she was about to conclude her statement, the door swung open dramatically, revealing Orion on the other side. The hut, previously filled with worried sighs and concerned murmurs, fell abruptly silent as Celeste sprinted and flung herself into her son's arms. With a resounding thud, their collision sent them both sprawling to the ground, causing them to wince in pain.

Orion winced, clutching his throbbing head as he struggled to sit upright. His gaze fell upon his mother, her hands tightly encircling his waist, relief mingled with exhaustion evident on her face. "Somehow, I had a feeling none of you would sleep until I returned home," Orion remarked, his intuition having prepared him for such a scenario. With that foresight, he had hastened his pace, running all the way back.

"Come on, I think that's enough for now," Orion said, making a determined effort to pry his mother's hands away from his waist using both of his own. However, just as he was on the verge of succeeding, she suddenly seized his arm, twisting and turning it at various angles as if searching for something. The process repeated with his other arm, followed by a meticulous scan of his entire body. Recognizing her intent, he swiftly rose and distanced himself by stepping into the hut. Though he understood her concerns, he couldn't help but remark, "You don't have to search me like that, you know," Orion said, while adding, "I'm perfectly fine," as he nodded reassuringly at Reena. She responded with a weary sigh, and then he extended his arms wide, catching sight of Gina as she sprinted towards him.

"As you can see, I'm unharmed. So next time, you guys should have a little more faith in me," Orion stated, affectionately ruffling her hair before his sister released her firm grip on him. Curiosity sparked, Gina sniffed the air around him, her nose detecting a peculiar scent. "What's that smell?" she inquired, likely detecting the lingering aroma of Ayla's potent pussy juices. In response, he simply replied, "Oh, nothing," while making his way towards the backyard for a quick bath and some well-deserved rest. Or better yet, to wash off the smell before his mother caught wind of it.

Meanwhile, as Orion made his way to the backyard for a refreshing bath, he hurriedly dashed to the room to retrieve an extra tulga. Catching a glimpse of her mother's exhausted expression, Reena turned to her and confidently declared, "See, I told you he'd be alright." With decisiveness, she rose from her seat and walked towards the centre of the room. "Now that you've calmed down, I need to get some sleep and prepare for tomorrow," she announced, arranging the mat to settle in and gear up for her work at the farm.

Following her elder sister's lead, Gina chimed in, joining the conversation. "Weren't it me who reassured both of you that he would be fine?" she teased, lying down on the mat beside her sister.

Celeste playfully snorted at her daughter's remark, appreciating their optimism. She headed to the kitchen to fetch some wooden plates, intending to serve Orion some fresh fruits. After all, she knew that his first day of warrior training, and the challenging days that lay ahead, would be demanding and exhausting. He would undoubtedly need all the support he could get.

After a few minutes had elapsed, Orion emerged from the backyard, his body settling onto the ground as he sought some well-deserved rest. Celeste, brimming with curiosity about his day, couldn't resist asking, "So, how was it?" Seizing a Lipry fruit, she picked it and extended her hand toward his mouth, offering a tempting bite. Orion, appreciating the gesture, calmly took a mouthful of the fruit, relishing the flavours as he chewed and eventually swallowed. With a hint of exhaustion in his voice, he replied, "It was somewhat enjoyable, yet really exhausting." He went on to recount the day's events, skillfully omitting certain vital details such as his consumption of the Vlkryr vine and the alluring encounters he had experienced along the way. However, he did highlight how he utilized his gift to deftly eradicate the Vlkryr vines, something that Celeste was already aware of since she had witnessed him demonstrating it to Reena earlier.

As Celeste listened intently to her son's detailed account of his training, a whirlwind of emotions coursed through her body. Among the array of feelings, the most potent was a tidal wave of relief that washed over her, soothing her restless mind and body. At least now, she could find solace in the knowledge that her son possessed the ability to fend for himself as a warrior. However, that sense of assurance came with a caveat—it did not extend to him venturing across the other side of the river.

"Oh, and there's something else I want to discuss," Orion announced, his stomach satiated and energy revitalized, leaving him with only one task left before he could finally rest. Intrigued, Celeste inquired, "What is it?" Her curiosity was piqued as she observed the intensity that swiftly settled upon Orion's face. She recognized that whenever he adopted such a solemn demeanour, it signified the gravity of the forthcoming conversation.