

Village Head 141

Chapter 141 The Answer

Firstly, Orion glanced around the room and observed that his sisters were all sound asleep, likely having dozed off while he was still immersed in the backyard bath. With his attention redirected towards his mother, he took a deep breath and began, "It's about my memory loss." Celeste's brow furrowed in response to his words, unable to suppress her concern. "Haven't we discussed this before?" she questioned, her voice tinged with a mixture of confusion and gentle reproach. "Didn't you express the desire to make new memories and live your life to the fullest?" Her brows knitted together in contemplation as she added thoughtfully, "Or is this related to something else entirely?"

As Orion locked eyes with his mother, he nodded in acknowledgement. "Yes, it's about something else," he confirmed, carefully gauging her expression to determine the right words for explaining the situation. "It's about the true events that led to my memory loss. I didn't simply walk to the other side of the river on my own. Instead..." Orion commenced with his explanation, recounting both the tale Gorg had disclosed to him and the family's immediate desire to apologize once they had discovered the truth. Upon concluding his account, he was met with a sight he had anticipated: Celeste's face twisted with anger, her teeth audibly grinding in fury.

"Is that all?" Celeste inquired, making an effort to steady her frayed nerves after absorbing everything he had disclosed. "Yes, that's all," Orion replied, his head bobbing in confirmation. "So, what do you think about it?" he asked, his gaze fixed upon his mother, brimming with curiosity to discover her response. He had made it explicitly clear to Gorg that it would ultimately be his mother's decision to handle, considering she was currently shouldering the responsibility of caring for all three of them. Furthermore, she was the one most deeply affected by his memory loss, leaving him with no reason to withhold the decision-making power from her.

"We do nothing," Celeste replied, a cruel and irritated smile gracing her face as she locked eyes with Orion. Caught off guard by her unexpected response, Orion sought clarification, uttering a, "Huh?" He had anticipated her exploding in rage or succumbing to her short-fused temperament, where he would have no choice but to exert all his efforts to pacify her. However, her subdued reaction puzzled him. Celeste let out a deep breath before elaborating, her voice laced with bitterness, "If I'm not mistaken, the reason they suddenly decided to apologize is that they realized you had awakened a six-star potential during the inner strength evaluation. They fear that you may eventually regain your memories and pose a threat in the future when you become a powerful and influential warrior. So, their intention is to settle our differences now, ensuring you won't report the matter to the village chief or trouble them later." As her grinding teeth grew louder, she continued, "If only I had known they were so cunning and evil, I would have never accepted the friendly gestures they extended to us, nor allowed you to befriend that boy named Gorg in the first place."

Suddenly, as if the subdued emotions on Celeste's face and the grinding of her teeth were nothing more than a fleeting illusion, they vanished in an instant, swept away like a gust of wind. A mischievous glint sparkled in her eyes as she declared, "Instead of offering them a response, we will leave them in a state of uncertainty and fear, aware that there is a possibility of something bad happening in the future." A proud smile adorned her face, a testament to her satisfaction with how she had handled the situation. With the weight of this calculated decision resting upon her shoulders, she eagerly awaited the unfolding of events, intrigued to witness the effects of this newfound stress on their adversaries.

Orion listened attentively, unable to resist asking, "Is that how you intend to handle this?" Celeste's expression hardened as she nodded firmly, giving him a reassuring "Yes." She began to speak further, saying, "And although Gorg might be y..." but before she could finish, Orion interjected, "Don't worry, I won't stand in your way or sabotage your plans." Celeste blinked in surprise at her son's words, asking, "You won't?" Orion nodded in response, affirming, "Yes, I won't." His gaze drifted down to her tightened fist before him. He recognized the immense effort his mother had invested in their survival, coupled with the profound impact his condition had on her. He understood her need for an outlet to release her frustration, and he saw no reason to interfere since Gorg and his family had willingly walked into this situation, just as the previous Orion had unknowingly stumbled into his own predicament, despite their pure intentions.

As such, in the midst of it all, Orion's throbbing shaft stirred beneath his tulga, as he observed his mother's body stretching in both satisfaction and fatigue—a clear signal that she longed to prepare for a restful slumber. In an instant, he seized her waist and effortlessly guided her to perch atop his throbbing penis, catching her just as she attempted to rise to her feet.

Despite Celeste's initial inclination to protest, considering the early morning task of crafting clay pots for tomorrow's market square, she found herself instantly soothed as she felt his scorching member pressing against her covered buttocks. Recognizing his desire, she gracefully shifted her weight, slightly elevating herself on her toes, and extended her hand downward, reaching between her legs to firmly grasp his veiny penis from underneath his tulga.

Employing the sway of her waist, she sensually ground her exposed asscheeks against his waist, igniting a rhythm that set their bodies ablaze. With each deliberate motion, she skillfully pumped his penis with her hand, enjoying the throbbing sensation that coursed through her palm, while her protruding buttocks maintained its mesmerizing sway against his upper waist.

'Damn,' Orion's inner voice resounded with a mix of astonishment and anticipation, spurring him to stretch his legs forward in order to indulge in an even more enticing massage than he had ever experienced.

Amidst the enticing distractions of ample busts and bare buttocks that often found their way into his hands, he had postponed or even forgotten to inquire about a crucial matter. However, he realized the necessity of acquiring this knowledge now, as it would pave the way for his future plans to unfold effortlessly, streamlining his path towards manifestation.

As such, Orion felt an urgent need to interject, and he blurted out, "Mom, wait!" Celeste's hands momentarily froze, still grasping his hardened penis, as she turned her head to meet his gaze. In her eyes, a mixture of surprise and curiosity danced. "What is it?" she inquired, her voice tinged with a touch of uncertainty, wondering if she had misinterpreted his intentions or if there was something more he needed to express. Orion took a deep breath, gathering his thoughts before speaking, his words filled with sincerity, "I want a thorough explanation of what it truly means to be partners." Celeste's eyebrow raised, a flicker of surprise crossing her face. "Is that all?" she questioned, her tone betraying a hint of scepticism.

"Yes," Orion nodded emphatically. "Don't leave anything out. Tell me everything I need to know about being a partner and having one."

Celeste couldn't help but anticipate another unconventional request from her son, one that would invariably culminate in an overwhelming release of his potent semen, as it had been a recurring theme since the day she had become his partner. However, she had long anticipated this very question and found herself almost amused by the delayed timing of his inquiry. Yet, within this amusement, her heart was further fortified with the unwavering knowledge that her son loved her to such a deep extent that he was willing to demonstrate it without fully understanding the depths of what he was delving into.

Clearing her throat, she began, her voice carrying a sense of wisdom and experience, "Once you become a partner, the boundaries between what is hers and what is yours fade away, as you both become a united family. Everything that belongs to one becomes shared with the other, creating a bond of unity. Moreover, having a partner means that you no longer have the sole authority to make life-altering decisions without consulting your partner. You must seek their opinion and consider their perspective before making any significant choices or agreements."

Pausing for a moment, she let her words hang in the air, allowing their weight to sink in. Then, she continued with a dissipated eagerness in her voice, "This also extends to matters of having children. While older partners, who may not be as fertile, may not worry about this aspect, for younger and more fertile couples who have yet to reach elderhood, it's essential to discuss and plan if you wish to have attractive children in the future. Or, on the other side, ensure that your partner doesn't give birth to a child with an unattractive partner. However, this aspect can be resolved if you possess enough wealth to barter with. In that case, physical attractiveness might become less important to others."

As she concluded her explanation, a faint chuckle escaped her lips, mingled with a hint of weariness. "I believe that covers everything," she remarked, punctuating her statement with a tired sigh.

Although Orion comprehended his mother's words, including the underlying sentiments regarding her sacrifices to raise him and his sisters, he opted to keep those thoughts to himself. There seemed to be no relevance in voicing them at that moment, as it would divert the conversation without adding any meaningful contribution. Moreover, now that he had gained a comprehensive understanding of what being a partner and having one means, he appreciated its simplicity, as it was not that far from what he had assumed.

With this in mind, he posed a question, "So, if I were to ask you not to kushi would anybody, no matter what. would you accept?".

Celeste paused the gentle strokes on his veiny penis, her hand freezing mid-air as her son's words reached her ears. Slowly, she turned her head to lock eyes with Orion, an annoyed glint sparkling in her gaze. "Bold of you to assume that your mother receives offers from others to have kushi with her," she retorted, her voice laced with a hint of feigned amusement. Shaking her head in mock disapproval, she couldn't help but let out a snort. "You know, it's not really good for you to tease your mother like that," she playfully admonished.

Releasing her hand from his throbbing member momentarily, she adjusted her grip, her touch growing firmer and more forceful. With a renewed intensity, she began pumping his penis, eliciting a deep inhalation and exhalation from Orion in response.

"Okay, I was only joking," Orion quickly interjected, a playful smile dancing on his lips. Deep down, he already knew the answer to his question, as he had overheard similar conversations while recovering in Aunt Greta's hut. However, he felt the need to ask for confirmation, just to solidify their understanding.

As his mother's tulga gracefully slid up her waist, she skillfully manoeuvred her bountiful butt cheeks along the edge of his engorged penis, simultaneously applying forceful strokes and pumps. Orion's senses were overwhelmed by the pleasurable sensations coursing through his body, but his focus remained on the conversation at hand.

"But since that is the case," he continued, his voice laced with decisiveness, "you are never allowed to have kushi with anybody, even if I were to allow it. Never!" His words carried a sense of possessiveness, a desire to safeguard his mother's affections. Although he was uncertain if such a power as mind control existed in their village, his encounters with the village chieftess, who

possessed the ability to glimpse into the future, had instilled in him the belief that anything was possible when it came to awakened gifts.

Celeste, taken aback by Orion's firm declaration, paused her actions, her eyes widening with surprise. "Are you saying that even if I do receive an enticing offer for Kushi in the future, I should reject it, even if you change your mind and give me permission?" she questioned, seeking clarification. However, before she could receive a response, the room was filled with a resounding "Smack!" as Orion's hand made contact with her ample buttocks.

Chapter 143 Partners (2) (R18)

The force of the slap caused Celeste to lurch forward, her knee hitting the ground while her hand instinctively reached out to steady herself. With a slight wince, she stretched her other hand to rub her sore backside, a mix of surprise, and discomfort evident on her face.

Orion's voice carried a serious and unwavering tone as he made his stance clear. "Even if you were to receive Kushi bargains every single day, you must only refuse and reject them. I will not tolerate anything beyond that," he asserted firmly, his gaze fixed on his mother. His words hung in the air, charged with determination and a hint of protectiveness. "Is that clear?" he asked, his tone leaving no room for ambiguity.

Without hesitation, Celeste found herself nodding with a smile adorning her face, her heart pounding with an intensity she had never experienced before. Even though her son's playful treatment made her feel like a child again, it was a sensation she secretly relished, knowing that the potential embarrassment of their intimate moments being witnessed by their daughters or others would be averted. As much as she tried to deny it, even though not getting any Kushi had become second nature to her since becoming pregnant with Gina because of her unattractiveness, her heart inexplicably fluttered as she absorbed Orion's words.

And then, in that pivotal moment, as Orion's command filled the air, Celeste's pulse quickened even further. "Now that we've settled that, let's pick up where we left off," he uttered, his voice brimming with desire. "Let's see how many times I need to release my semen in you in order for you to get pregnant with my child." A surge of anticipation surged through her veins as Celeste swiftly hoisted her tulga up to her waist, her movements fluid and mesmerizing. Squatting back on her feet, she gracefully positioned herself on the tip of his pulsing penis, allowing their bodies to meld together in a harmonious unity, guided by the undeniable force of their shared pleasure.

Certainly, Celeste, just like Orion, wasn't apprehensive about the possibility of her giving birth once again. In fact, she welcomed it with an eager anticipation that brimmed within her. With each emotional penetration where her son delved deep into the intimate confines of her vagina, releasing his semen in sweet surrender, Celeste couldn't help but yearn for the miraculous creation that might ensue. For her, carrying his child and being the first woman to do so held a deep sense of privilege

and blessing, a sacred bond that she believed no other mother had been fortunate enough to experience.

With her heart racing and her breath quickening, Celeste skillfully guided her body in rhythmic motion, synchronizing her movements with Orion's. Each sway of her waist sent waves of pleasure coursing through her, intensifying the connection between their bodies. She expertly manoeuvred her uncovered ample buttocks, pressing them firmly against his warm skin, feeling the friction and heat build with each tantalizing grind. As her protruding fleshy ass cheeks undulated, her pink hole grazed the surface of his pulsating penis, creating a delicious friction that ignited their desire even further. With a firm yet tender grip, she pumped his member from the other side, revelling in the sensation of veiny it became, as it pulsed with more force.

Meanwhile, Orion was overcome with a surge of ecstasy as he watched and felt his mother's tantalizing movements, her voluptuous mature buttocks grinding against his lap, and her motherly vagina lips delicately brushing against his throbbing shaft as she skillfully stroked its surface. The sheer pleasure of the moment caused Orion to utter a breathless exclamation, "Amazing."

Startled by her son's murmured words, Celeste turned her head to face him, her curiosity piqued. "What did you say?" she inquired, her voice filled with a mixture of suspense and a desire to please him, hoping that his words held the potential to intensify their shared experience and let her understand what next to do so that she could help him release his semen deep inside her again.

Orion, emboldened by the growing intensity of their connection, voiced his deepest desire. "Put it in," he whispered, his words hanging in the air, filled with a mixture of expectation and longing. Celeste's eyes widened in surprise, his unexpected request catching her off guard. She hesitated for a moment, uncertain of how to proceed in this unfamiliar situation. It was a role reversal she had never experienced before, as she was accustomed to him penetrating her vagina and folding his hardened penis into the depths of her fleshy inner walls. Now, he was urging her to take charge, to assume control of the process.

However, Celeste needed no further instruction. With unwavering focus, she propelled her waist forward, her grip firm on her son's penis, guiding its eager tip towards the eager entrance of her waiting vagina.

With deliberate slowness, she initiated their contact, allowing his foreskin to breach the threshold of her moistened depths. The sensation of his extremely veiny penis entering her sent shivers of pleasure cascading through her body, causing her wetted vagina to contract and pulsate in response. Each inch of his penis's progress was savoured, their union unfolding with tantalizing patience.

As the last vestiges of separation dissolved, Celeste's grip shifted, tenderly cradling Orion's balls, her touch sending ripples of pleasure coursing through him. Then, with a resounding "plop," she plunged her large motherly buttocks onto Orion's lap once more.

"Ploop~ pah~" "Plop~ paaah~"

"AHHH~~~" Orion's moans of delight filled the room, echoing with each passionate surge that coursed through his scorching member. The raw, unrefined way his mother dick rode him, unleashing her amateurish prowess, elicited an intensity of pleasure he hadn't anticipated. It was a delightful surprise that surpassed his wildest expectations, leaving him craving for more.

As Celeste turned her head, her eyes capturing the fervent expression on her son's face, a thoughtful glint danced in her eyes. She couldn't resist the temptation to push the boundaries further. With a confident move, she lifted her large buttocks, forcefully slapping it against his lap with a resounding "Pah!" The impact sent a delicious shiver down their spines, as she twisted her ass cheeks around his bare waist, forcing dragging his penis that was still in her vagina like a handle as she raised her enormous buttocks upwards once again.

Chapter 144 Her Treasure (R18)

"Ahhh~~~ Uhhh~~~" Orion's moans escalated, a poem of ecstasy escaping his lips and fueling Celeste's desire to continue her movements. Motivated by his blissful cries, she found renewed stamina to continue, despite the electrifying sensations that surged through her vagina. With determination, she plunged deep and forcefully, with several more resounding "Pahhh~~" and "Plop~~~"

"Mmmh~~~" She stifled her moans, allowing only tantalizing whispers of pleasure to escape her lips as she continued to move her voluptuous buttocks up and down. With each rhythmic motion, a rhythm of sensuous sounds filled the air, a mesmerizing chorus of "Pah~~ Pah~~~" and "Pahhh~~ Pahh~~~" The enticing melody of her clapping ass cheeks coordinated with the intoxicating rhythm created by their intense penetration, casting a spell of pure satisfaction in the room.

"Pah~~ Clapp~~"

As her buttocks gracefully descended, they met Orion's laps with a resounding and seductive clap.

"Pahhh~~ Pahhh~~"

As the intense moments unfolded, Celeste could feel her vagina becoming increasingly slick and drenched with juices. With every irresistible movement, he effortlessly glided in and out of her, the velvety wetness enveloping him in a seamless union. The intense pleasure building within her heightened her senses, urging her to open her eyes that had been closed in blissful surrender.

With her gaze fixed on Orion, Celeste extended her hand, guided by a primal instinct. Her touch was gentle yet firm as she delicately caressed his throbbing balls, cupping them in her hands. The electrifying sensation of her tender grasp sent a surge of bliss coursing through Orion, "Uhhh~~~" amplifying the already intoxicating experience.

Driven by the overwhelming desire to intensify their bond, Celeste lowered her waist once more, impaling herself on him with a resounding "Pahh~~~". The forceful collision of their bodies echoed through the room, punctuating the air with the rawness of their affection. The powerful thrust elicited a primal cry from Orion's lips, a desperate moan escaping in a breathless "aHHH~~~".

In the heat of their passionate exchange, Orion couldn't resist the temptation to match Celeste's enthusiasm. With a sly glint in his eyes, he tightened his grip on her voluptuous ass cheeks, his fingers sinking into the soft flesh, relishing in the sensation. A surge of dominance surged through him as he controlled her movements, exerting his will upon her.

"PAHH~~ SQUENCH~~" The sound of their collision reverberated through the room as Celeste involuntarily let out a guttural groan, "~~Urrgggh~~" caught off guard by the sudden increase in intensity. Her legs tingled with a delicious numbness, a testament to the pleasure coursing through her pink hole. Yet, despite the overwhelming tingling sensations, Celeste's determination remained unyielding.

As her son's hands expertly shaped and moulded her curvaceous buttocks, a newfound appreciation for her curves washed over Celeste. Gone were her insecurities, replaced by the undeniable validation of his desire. With unwavering resolve, she stretched her hands outward, firmly planting them on the ground, maintaining her position atop his throbbing member.

Summoning every ounce of her strength, Celeste mustered the willpower to lift herself off his penis once more. The strength in her arms and the fire in her core fueled her determination. And before Orion could react, she slammed herself down, impaling herself forcefully upon him, her body quivering with a mixture of pleasure and exertion.

Finally comprehending what he desired, Celeste arched her body downward, her palms still anchored firmly on the ground, and increased her pace with renewed fervour. "Pahh~~pahhh~~~" Their bodies chanted, her soaked hole swallowing and pulling her son's drenched penis out of her

insides, each movement igniting sparks of euphoria. Sensing an opportunity, Orion seized it, using his strength to forcefully drive her down onto his member once again, their flesh colliding with a resounding clap, "~~PAAHH~~".

The cycle of passion repeated, their bodies harmonizing in a primal dance of desire. Orion could feel his penis finally swelling and twitching within her wet motherly embrace, signalling the approaching peak of pleasure. With a guttural grunt escaping his lips, he began to utter, "I'm about t..." but before he could finish his sentence, Celeste, driven by her own insatiable craving, took matters into her own hands. She slammed her generous buttocks onto his laps, pressing her birthing hole tightly against her son's penis, creating a tantalizing friction that sent shivers coursing through her body.

In an explosion of sensation, a spine-tingling heat surged from her core, radiating through her entire being. A cascade of hot, tingling fluid shot forth from her depths, flooding her senses with overwhelming bliss.

As her energy slowly drained from her body, Celeste bore the relentless surge of warm, tingling semen that erupted from her son's penis and surged up into her womb. The intense sensation left her quivering, her strength waning with each powerful release. Exhaustion began to wash over her, overwhelming her desire to continue squatting on him. Gradually, she leaned back, finding solace and support in the solid warmth of Orion's chest.

Orion skillfully caught her, adjusting his body slightly upward to support her weight while seizing the opportunity to explore further. His fingers skillfully pinched and gently rubbed her maternal pussy lips, keen to gauge if she, too, was reaching the point of release. As anticipated, Celeste's legs immediately straightened, and a surge of warm liquid, intermingled with his thick semen, streamed down his balls, finding their final destination on the floor below them.

"Haaaaa..... Haaaaaa....." Celeste breathed out loudly as she lay calmly on his chest. She didn't know how it was possible that every kushi that she had with her son would be as intense, if not more intense, than their last one. Her heart raced with a mix of emotions, overwhelmed by the depth of their connection. The moments they shared were like a whirlwind, an exquisite blend of bliss and tenderness that left her breathless.

"Are you okay?" Orion whispered calmly into her ears, his voice a soothing relief to her senses. His right hand tightened its grasp on her large breast, offering a supportive anchor as he held her close. With every touch, he moulded and shaped her thumb-sized nipples, finding his own comfort in the embrace.

Chapter 145 Her Treasure (2)

"Yes.... Haaa..... I'm okay," Celeste replied, her voice tinged with a mixture of relief and exhaustion. She took a deep breath, savouring the moment before closing her eyes to seek some much-needed rest. The physical exertion had left her feeling drained, yet content.

"I just feel like I can't move any part of my body at all," she confessed, her words carrying a hint of frustration. Despite her best efforts, she struggled to muster the strength to move her limbs, her body seemingly rooted to the spot. However, her fingers retained their dexterity, a small comfort amidst her temporary immobility.

Her gaze drifted downwards to her son, whose skilled hands massaged her breast. Until now, Celeste had always seen Orion's love as that of a loving son and an equal partner, oblivious to any perceived flaws or unattractiveness. However, this kushi had revealed a new aspect of their relationship. It became clear to her that Orion loved not only her as a person, but also cherished her body. The realization was strange and unfamiliar, yet undeniably pleasant.

Though she couldn't fully comprehend the depths of his affection, the knowledge that Orion loved her without discrimination, including her physical unattractiveness, brought a smile to her face. It was a reassurance that she could drift off to sleep with, a contentedness that outweighed the fatigue coursing through her weary body.

Watching his mother drift into a peaceful slumber, Orion couldn't help but shake his head in gentle amusement. Tenderly, he turned her around, cradling her in his arms as he stood up. With a barely audible sound, akin to a soft "Plop," his shaft slipped out of her wet pussy, and he carefully made his way towards the mat, seeking a serene rest to prepare for the day ahead.

Laying her down on the mat, Orion observed as his mother unconsciously turned, her body pivoting to face his sisters on one side while presenting her backside towards him.

Without hesitation, Orion reclined on his mat and instinctively reached for her fleshy inner thighs with his semi-flaccid penis. He delicately manoeuvred his hand between her legs, ensuring not to disrupt her much-needed rest. With a gentle motion, he separated her fleshy inner thighs, creating a pathway for his penis to enter her soft awaiting vagina. Exhaling softly, a sense of contentment washed over Orion as he felt his member slide in smoothly, finding its place of perfect comfort within her tight pussy.

Uncomfortable to some, yet an exquisite bliss to him.

"Ah~~" Celeste let out an unexpected, muffled moan from her slumber before returning to silence. In response, Orion softly whispered, "Good night," as he gently draped his arm over her waist, succumbing to sleep alongside her.

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Like the dawning of each day, Orion roused from slumber, anticipating the familiar sensation of his bones creaking and stretching after a vigorous night of exercise. Yet, as he sat up and let loose a hearty yawn, arching his arms behind him for a customary stretch, an unexpected realization struck him. There was no sensation of strain or stiffness; instead, an invigorating wave coursed through his body, leaving him revitalized to an unprecedented degree.

"Well, that's certainly something new," Orion muttered contemplatively as he gingerly rose to his feet. Reflecting on the previous day, when he had experienced heightened energy while fucking Ayla after a gruelling and exhilarating battle in the forest, and later satisfying his mother with another night of unforgettable pleasure, he found it perplexing that it all felt as if it hadn't even transpired, despite sleeping late. It didn't take long for Orion to deduce that this was one of the benefits that came from consuming a Vylkr vine and becoming a warrior.

'Not only that, it's still dark,' Orion thought, peering out through the window of his hut. The morning sun had yet to rise, offering no indication of its imminent arrival. Even though he initially felt as though he had overslept, he had actually awoken early, unburdened by any lingering fatigue or aftereffects from the previous day.

Regardless, with his mother and sisters still peacefully asleep, Orion advanced into their backyard. He retrieved the clay pot, typically used for fetching water, before proceeding to the adjacent room to collect a ripe kalna fruit. Meticulously, he made his way to the door, ensuring its closure before stepping outside, following the path that led him towards the well. Orion knew that Fiona's lingering resentment or her pretence of indifference might persist, but he refused to succumb to defeat and abandon a woman like her in such a manner.

After less than twenty minutes of brisk walking, Orion finally arrived at the well. To his surprise, the area appeared deserted, devoid of any sign of human presence. Frustration crept over him, leading him to massage his forehead while releasing a weary sigh. It dawned on him that he might have arrived too early, even before Fiona. Scanning the surroundings, he found no suitable platform

to sit on. Consequently, he approached the well and settled on the ground nearby. He carefully placed his clay pot, still containing the kalna fruit, in front of him.

At least he knew he wouldn't have to wait for long.

Determined to be patient, Orion decided to occupy his time by planning ahead for the day. However, to his surprise, minutes passed by without the sun making its ascent and Fiona failing to arrive.

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"At last," Orion exhaled a breath of relief as his gaze fixated on a tall, commanding figure steadily approaching from a distance. Without a single word uttered, he instinctively recognized the figure to be none other than Fiona. "Thirty minutes," he muttered to himself, once again tired by the amount of time he had spent perched upon the earthen ground near the well. And that didn't even account for the moments wasted before meticulously tracking each passing minute.

Nevertheless, now that Fiona had finally made her presence known, he held onto the hope that every minute spent waiting would be worth it, his plans ready to spring into action. With anticipation mounting, he attentively observed her stride towards the well, her right hand effortlessly balancing a large sack with a single handle.

Chapter 146 The Plan

Despite Fiona's low tone, her words carried effortlessly through the serene stillness surrounding the well, aided by the gentle caress of the cool morning breeze. The sound reached Orion's ears, prompting him to gracefully rise from his seated position as she swiftly approached.

"As expected, you're always early," Orion remarked, lifting his gaze slightly to meet the towering presence of the woman before him.

Meanwhile, Fiona found herself at a loss for words, unsure of how to respond to the unexpected situation. Yet, with Orion patiently awaiting her reply, she nodded in acknowledgement and managed to utter, "You're early too." Orion reciprocated the gesture, silently stooping down to retrieve the Kalna fruit from his clay pot before presenting it to her. "Here's your payment."

Though a nagging doubt lingered in the depths of Fiona's mind, suggesting that the young man would persist in troubling her, even after she had admonished him, she only experienced a slight surprise at his early arrival. However, the fact that he chose to act as though yesterday's events hadn't occurred left her pondering whether he had chosen to take her words seriously, no longer

finding a need for their association, or if he was simply feigning ignorance. Nevertheless, as long as she wasn't reminded of her imposing lack of attractiveness, she deemed the situation tolerable.

"Alright," Fiona nodded, her steps gracefully carrying her around Orion. She delicately positioned the kalna fruit at its regular spot by the side of the well before carefully placing the bag she carried at the back. Once in her designated position, ready to harness her gift, she gestured for Orion to bring his clay pot closer. Understanding her unspoken command, he promptly retrieved the pot and approached.

As Fiona activated her gift, tapping into her innate ability to draw water from the very depths of the sand, she anticipated that Orion would call out to her or attempt to capture her attention in some manner. However, to her astonishment, a profound silence enveloped their interaction. Orion remained intent, neither speaking nor making any discernible movement, as if his sole purpose was to patiently await the completion of her task so that he could retrieve his clay pot and depart for home. The absence of his usual banter or attempts at engagement left Fiona puzzled, yet suspicious by his stoic demeanour.

Regardless of the lingering questions in her mind, once Fiona finished filling up Orion's clay pot, she found herself unable to contain her curiosity any longer. As she observed him attempting to bend down and retrieve the pot, preparing to balance it atop his head, her lips parted with a burning inquiry. "What is it?" she inquired, her gaze wandering across his form before settling on his eyes with an intense focus.

Orion's brow furrowed, displaying a mix of confusion and curiosity. "What is what?" he questioned; his voice tinged with genuine perplexity. Fiona's eyes narrowed in response, a flicker of suspicion dancing within them. A multitude of thoughts raced through her mind, intertwining and unravelling until she finally came to a halt. With a resolute exhale, she voiced her observations aloud.

"You've remained unusually quiet, hardly uttering a word," Fiona began, her tone laced with suspicion. "Based on what I've observed over the past few days, this is not typical behaviour for you." Pausing for a moment, she continued, her voice tinged with a mix of intrigue and uncertainty. "So, it's either that you're honestly not planning anything, or this quiet demeanour is merely an act."

Internally, a triumphant smile spread across Orion's lips, unable to be contained. Originally, he had intended to engage in conversation with Fiona shortly after her arrival. However, upon careful consideration, he decided that maintaining silence would yield a more revealing outcome. Curiosity drove him to observe how she would react to his uncharacteristic quietude. If she failed to call out to him before his departure, he had concocted a plan—a grand ruse involving a staged mishap that would provide the perfect opportunity to disclose his identity as a warrior. Confident in the

foolproof nature of his scheme, Orion anticipated that his carefully chosen words would seize Fiona's attention, compelling her to reassess her perception of him, since she herself was a warrior.

"Weren't you the one who suggested that we go back to the way our conversation began?" Orion's voice carried a tinge of confusion, his brow furrowing into a perplexed frown. It seemed as if he couldn't grasp the sudden question posed by Fiona. His expression hinted at his genuine lack of comprehension, as if her question lay beyond his realm of understanding.

As Orion's words hung in the air, Fiona found herself staring at him with wide eyes, momentarily taken aback. His response resonated with an unexpected authenticity that caught her off guard. In the tranquility of her hut later that day, as she sought solace and contemplated the argument she had shared with Orion, Fiona experienced a moment of clarity.

Replaying their interactions in her mind, Fiona acknowledged that Orion was indeed the first person to show genuine curiosity about her gift since she had started working at the well. He approached her with an unquenchable thirst for knowledge, akin to a curious child whose curiosity only grew deeper the more she tried to satisfy it. Lost in her thoughts, Fiona realized that Orion's words may have held genuine meaning after all.

Yet, despite Fiona's lingering doubt, she couldn't shake off the possibility that Orion, a young man, would genuinely perceive her, a towering, curvaceous, and muscular woman, as beautiful without harbouring any ulterior motives. The notion seemed both bewildering and questionable, casting a veil of uncertainty over her thoughts. Uncertain of how to react, she found herself at a loss for words, her lips sealed tightly in contemplation.

Observing Fiona's struggle to hold back her words, as her eyes roamed his body in an attempt to restrain her thoughts, Orion couldn't resist going further with the roughly sketched plan. With a theatrical disappointed sigh, he let out an exaggerated expression of frustration. Shaking his head, he pretended to be disheartened as he bent down to retrieve his clay pot once more.

Chapter 147 Not A Good Plan

"To think," Orion began, his voice laced with feigned disappointment, "that I was genuinely curious about your first experience with eating a Vylkr vine, and becoming a warrior." As he lifted the clay pot onto his shoulder and finished his words, a sudden, sharp pain shot through his wrist, causing him to lose his balance. With a jolt, the clay pot slipped from his hands, crashing to the ground without any support. At that moment, the pain coursing through his wrist captured his attention, and he swiftly turned his gaze towards Fiona, who had tightly gripped his wrist with her muscular arms.

Fiona's narrowed gaze locked onto Orion, her voice laced with suspicion. "Who told you that?" she demanded. "Because as far as I can remember, I never shared such information with you. So, where

did you hear it from?" Being one of the most skilled warriors of her generation, Fiona's instincts kicked in, and she needed to uncover the source of Orion's knowledge. Even though she was certain she hadn't disclosed that particular detail, she couldn't rule out the possibility of it slipping from her lips unintentionally. She had to ascertain where he had obtained this information to prevent it from spreading among the villagers like wildfire, potentially leading to further complications.

"Don't worry, it didn't come from you, so you can relax if you're concerned about it being traced back to you," Orion replied, a hint of confidence in his voice. He had a good idea of what Fiona was contemplating, thanks to the teachings of Warrior Jean from the previous day. Knowing that being a warrior was a significant aspect of Fiona's life, one that required her to endure the rigorous physical transformations to become the best, Orion intentionally used the words he observed to elicit a sharp gaze and a deep, feral tone in her voice. "I won't ask you again, Orion. If you know what's good for you, tell me where you obtained that information," Fiona pressed, her voice carrying an air of authority. "Tell me who informed you that warriors need to consume Vylkr vines to improve their strength."

Orion smirked mischievously at Fiona's response, clearly enjoying the fact that he had at least stirred up some emotional chords within her. "Alright, here's the deal," he said, his eyes gleaming with playful defiance. "You release me, and I'll give you a clue. It's up to you to decide if that's enough to satisfy your curiosity."

Fiona's frown deepened, torn between her desire to know the source of Orion's information and her uneasiness about letting him go without a clear answer. She knew the potential consequences of any truth being exposed, and the weight of that responsibility pressed upon her. After a brief moment of hesitation, she tightened her grip on his hands once again, determined to extract the information she sought. "No deal, Orion. You tell me where you heard it from, and then I'll consider releasing you."

Orion couldn't help but roll his eyes inwardly, finding the situation increasingly frustrating. Despite Fiona's firm grip on his wrist, he refused to let her intimidation affect him. He knew that allowing her to see him as easily swayed or intimidated would undermine the image he wanted to project.

Keeping a serious expression on his face, Orion's voice carried a note of decisiveness as he spoke. "I won't repeat myself again," he warned, his words laced with a touch of defiance. He refused to be underestimated or controlled, even in this situation.

Fiona arched an eyebrow, "Or else what?" she said, "Have you forgotten who you're talking to, young man?" The audacity and confidence in Orion's words piqued her interest, making her wonder what had instilled such attitude and courage in him.

Upon hearing Fiona's defiant words, Orion swiftly activated his gift, drawing upon the strange energy that coursed through his veins. Without giving Fiona a chance to anticipate, a blinding flash erupted before her eyes, unleashing a searing surge of pain that swept through her body like a wildfire. The intensity of the attack momentarily overwhelmed her senses, leaving her momentarily disoriented and staggering backwards.

However, Fiona's honed reflexes and heightened perception, honed through years of training as a skilled warrior, kicked in swiftly. In a display of agility and quick thinking, she swiftly released her grip on Orion's wrist and gracefully landed on her knees, absorbing the shock of the unexpected assault.

"CRACKKLEE!!"

As Fiona's senses returned, her gaze fixated on Orion, whose right arm crackled with an electrifying display of visible lightning. The mesmerizing spectacle resembled a swirling dance of numerous Vylkr vines, each eagerly awaiting its turn to strike. The vibrant energy surged through his arm, illuminating the surrounding area and casting an unearthly glow upon his features.

"I warned you from the beginning, didn't I?"

Fiona gazed at Orion with a mixture of bewilderment and disbelief before an unexpected outburst of laughter escaped her lips. Her vibrant eyes were tightly shut as her infectious mirth filled the air. After a few moments, she regained her composure and fixed a piercing, predatory glare upon Orion. Her eyes gleamed with a wild, untamed intensity, hinting at a power that lay dormant within her.

"You shouldn't have done that. No matter what gift you possess, it is an unwritten law in the village to never wield it against a warrior," Fiona stated, her head swaying from side to side as she advanced toward Orion. Unexpectedly, strands of peculiar visible energy emanated from her body, causing her hair to float skyward, intertwined with eerie black wisps. These wisps gradually spread, enveloping various parts of her form, rendering her appearance unearthly. With each step she took, deep imprints were left on the ground, further amplifying the aura of her inhuman nature. Finally, Fiona came to a halt, towering over Orion and fixing him with piercing blackish eyes, only her beautiful iris visible amidst the darkness.

"Attacking a warrior grants her the right to retaliate, should the situation demand it. So, Orion, I won't ask you again," Fiona warned, her voice resonating with an authority that hinted at a formidable threat.

Chapter 148 [Bonus]Fame

As Orion gazed at the towering Fiona, a wave of apprehension washed over him. Her towering presence was enhanced by the swirling black strands of energy emanating from every inch of her body. Her eyes held a fierce intensity, and the ethereal strands of her hair seemed to defy gravity, giving her an even more imposing figure. This was a side of Fiona he had never seen before, and he couldn't help but gulp instinctively, realizing that warriors possessed such a formidable form.

However, refusing to be overshadowed, Orion made a bold decision. He released the suppressed Vylkr energy within him, allowing it to surge through his body. Instantly, the intensity of his lightning increased, crackling with renewed vigour. Bolts of electrifying energy erupted from his outstretched hand, cascading across the ground in a mesmerizing display. They bounced and weaved, creating a vibrant dance of visible blue lightning that illuminated the reddish clay ground around Orion.

Internally, Fiona was taken aback by the sheer power of Orion's lightning. It wasn't fear that coursed through her, but rather a sense of familiarity that stirred within her as the electrifying energy danced around her body. However, before she could fully grasp the nature of that familiarity, Orion abruptly deactivated his gift, locking eyes with Fiona's blackish gaze. He taunted, "Even if you were the most skilled warrior of your generation, do you think it would bode well for you if I were to report that I was threatened and assaulted by my fellow warrior?" Fiona's eyes narrowed in response, ready to retort, but as she parted her lips to speak, she abruptly shut them tight, as if a sudden realization had dawned upon her. After a moment of contemplation, she cautiously began, "There's no way th..." only to immediately clamp her mouth shut once more, realizing that she may have mistaken him for someone else entirely.

Witnessing Fiona's reaction and hearing her hesitant words, a triumphant smile unfurled on Orion's face. This was his chance to finally leverage his growing reputation. As one of the skilled warriors in the village, evident from Fiona's unearthly appearance, he was confident that she had heard of a young man who had aced the inner strength evaluation with an outstanding six-star potential. Although uncertain of Fiona's own star potential, he doubted it exceeded three or four. The compelling prospect emerged: What if a young man possessed greater potential than her, capable of surpassing her in the very pursuit she had dedicated her entire life to? And what if this same young man had always been captivated by her, seizing every opportunity to engage in conversation and delve into her life?

Orion acknowledged the uncertainty of the situation and the unpredictability of Fiona's reaction. After all, he possessed neither the ability to foresee the future nor the gift to read minds. However, he understood the ever-changing nature of a woman's emotions—how they could shift from intense hatred to curiosity or even love in the blink of an eye. As Fiona remained speechless, seemingly lost in a whirlwind of thoughts, Orion cleared his throat and took the initiative. "I believe this misunderstanding stems from the fact that I haven't properly introduced myself," he began. With a confident tone, he continued, "I am Orion, one of this year's awakened warriors who managed to awaken a six-star potential during the inner strength evaluation."

Fiona's eyes widened in astonishment as the black strands of energy abruptly dissipated into thin air, leaving no trace of their existence. Her gaze scanned Orion's entire body, searching for confirmation. Without warning, she extended her right hand and firmly grasped his shoulders. Orion tensed, unsure of how to react, but as he witnessed the dark wisps of energy emanating from Fiona's palm and seeping into his own body, he remained motionless, feeling the Vylkr energy within him stir with newfound intensity. With a deep sigh of release, Fiona loosened her grip and sank down to sit on the ground, massaging her head with her fingers.

"Why didn't you tell me you were a warrior, or better yet, the Orion I had heard so much about?" Fiona asked, a mix of curiosity and frustration evident in her voice.

"Because, to be honest, I didn't want you to suddenly develop an interest in me solely based on my popularity," Orion responded unpretentiously. He had never been the type to leverage his fame as a tool to attract others, recognizing that fame could be fleeting and unreliable.

Fiona studied Orion intently, contemplating how the young man standing before her was the same famous Orion she had heard about. Her thoughts momentarily derailed, as she had anticipated him to bask in the privileges that accompanied his fame. She had expected him to enjoy the fawning over him simply due to his extraordinary six-star potential, which promised unparalleled skill and strength, potentially surpassing her and everyone else in his generation. Nevertheless, she couldn't help but respond, "Nevertheless, this situation is quite troublesome. If you hadn't revealed your identity as a warrior, what would you have done if I had attacked you?".

"Then, I would have found myself in a lot of problems," Orion promptly replied, his face twitching ever so slightly at the thought of Fiona's previous form.

While his original plan had veered off course more than he had anticipated, there was still a lingering uncertainty as to whether it would have worked at all. However, he felt a sense of relief that it had indeed worked out. "But, I doubt that our previous conversations would have gone the way they did if I had introduced myself like that, right from the start," Orion added, his gaze fixated on Fiona as she sat before him, her imposing figure and immense bust now fully exposed to his eyes.

"You're right," Fiona admitted, her voice tinged with weariness as she let out a sigh. "If you had introduced yourself like that, I would have seen you as nothing more than an arrogant brat who cares more about exploiting your fame than reaching your full potential as a warrior. However, based on what I've seen of you so far, I don't believe that's the case. So, I'm open to hearing your explanation for going to such lengths to introduce yourself in this manner." While she

acknowledged that her initial reaction may have been excessive, she couldn't deny that his approach had successfully caught her attention, prompting her curiosity about his motives.

Chapter 149 Troubled Fiona

"Isn't it obvious?" Orion said, his voice filled with conviction, as he made a conscious decision to squat down and meet Fiona's eyes on equal ground for the first time since they met. "Just because I'm young doesn't mean I can't appreciate the importance of effective communication or put in the necessary effort to convey the true meaning of my words to someone who truly deserves it. Espec...".

Fiona, far from being naive, possessed a level of maturity that allowed her to read between the lines. As soon as Orion started speaking, her already surprised expression widened once more, and unable to contain her curiosity any longer, she blurted out, "You meant what you said?".

Even though Orion was interrupted, he couldn't help but feel a sense of satisfaction as he saw the realization dawning on Fiona's face. It was as if she had grasped the essence of his message without him needing to utter another word. He sealed his lips and nodded his head in affirmation, his eyes locking with hers as he spoke with unwavering certainty, "Yes. I meant every word that I said yesterday." After all, he believed that actions spoke louder than words, and the fewer words required for her to understand, the better it would be for both of them.

Orion observed intently as Fiona's expression turned vacant, and she swiftly rose from her seated position on the ground. Pressing her hands firmly against the sides of her ears, she vigorously shook her head in disbelief. In a state of confusion, Fiona began to pace back and forth, aimlessly changing directions while remaining in the vicinity of the well. Suddenly, she blurted out, her voice tinged with scepticism, "No, you are lying. There must be some hidden agenda behind your words." Her words were laced with a touch of bitterness, because she had grown accustomed to the men of her generation disregarding her, despite her esteemed status as a warrior. So why would a young man like Orion, who was several years her junior, express such sentiments without any ulterior motive?

It was simply impossible!

At that moment, Orion felt a heavy weight settle in his chest, draining his energy with each passing second. If only he had anticipated Fiona's reaction, he would have approached her with greater care, unlike the other women he had encountered. "And what if I don't have any ulterior motives?" he questioned, his voice tinged with a mix of frustration and sincerity. "Believe me, this is the first time I've been so compelled to convince a woman of her beauty." Orion shook his head, a mix of disappointment and resignation etched on his face, as he rose from his crouched position.

Fiona abruptly ceased her aimless wanderings and stood still, her back now turned towards Orion. She clenched her teeth tightly, her expression an intriguing mix of fury and a seemingly blank facade. Slowly, she turned around to fix him with an intense gaze. "If you genuinely have no ulterior motive," she challenged, her voice laced with distrust, "then prove it." With purposeful steps, Fiona closed the distance between them, covering the remaining distance in just a couple of strides. And in an astonishing display of agility, her figure flashed before him, materializing right in front of him in a mere two steps.

Orion's throat went dry as he witnessed yet another impressive display of skill, one that further confirmed Fiona's formidable warrior status. Nevertheless, he maintained his composure, not succumbing to intimidation. "How do you want me to prove it?" he inquired, meeting her gaze with unwavering determination. His reaction was more of admiration than fear.

Fiona's eyes narrowed, studying Orion intently. Judging from his words the day before, it was evident that the young man held a genuine interest in her, going as far as to inquire whether she had a partner or not. With that in mind, she uttered, "Kiss me."

"Huh!" Orion's thoughts were abruptly thrown off balance.

Fiona's initially expressionless face blossomed into a smile. "Don't worry, I won't count it as a proposal," she reassured him. She only wanted him to prove that his intentions were genuine, without any ulterior motives. And what better way for him to demonstrate it than by kissing her? If he found her truly unattractive, he wouldn't dare to kiss her and give up on his pursuit. However, if he truly found her attractive enough to inquire about her relationship status, then this was a golden opportunity for him to steal a kiss without any consequences or strings attached.

With her head lowered towards him, Orion found himself at a loss for words as he watched Fiona's lips parting, her breath softly caressing his face. But, contrary to Fiona's expectations, a smile formed on Orion's face as he rose on his toes, tilting his head upward. Startled, Fiona instinctively pulled her head back, but before she knew it, Orion had already wrapped his arms around her neck, his lips meeting hers in a seamless embrace.

As Fiona's eyes widened the moment, she felt Orion's lips infiltrating hers, exploring and savouring the taste, Orion, on the other hand, closed his eyes, determined to make every second count and fully immerse himself at the moment.

After ten heart-pounding seconds, during which Orion playfully nibbled on both of her lips for an additional five seconds, he reluctantly pulled away, gasping for breath, his gaze locked on Fiona's

flushed face. He watched as she mirrored his breathless state, their eyes locked in an unspoken understanding.

"Do you believe me now?" Orion asked, his arms still wrapped around Fiona's neck. Instead of releasing his hold, he slid his arms down and encircled her waist. Despite the situation taking an unexpected turn, he couldn't resist seizing the opportunity. "I don't know about you, but I consider this a proposal. Fiona, will you b..." Before he could finish his sentence, Fiona pressed her hand firmly against Orion's mouth, her expression growing fiercer. Uncertain of which emotion would prevail amidst the whirlpool in her eyes, Orion took a bold move and lightly bit her palm, causing Fiona to retract her hand abruptly. With Orion's arms still locked around her waist and Fiona's muscular stature combined with her unsettled state of mind, she stumbled backwards, inadvertently pulling him down with her. The two ended up in a tangled heap, with Orion landing on top of her.

"Ouch!" The momentary pain caused them both to flinch, but with their enhanced physical abilities, the sensation was nearly nonexistent. However, what truly caught Fiona off guard was Orion's swift action of pinning her to the ground. Her mind went momentarily blank as he extended her arms above her head, firmly clasping them with both of his hands. In this vulnerable position, he uttered the words, "Fiona, will you be my partner?"

Chapter 150 Troubled Fiona (2)

"I... I..." Fiona's voice quivered with uncertainty. Though she possessed the physical strength to break free from Orion's tight hold, her mind was a whirlwind of emotions, rendering her incapable of coherent thought or action. She found herself utterly fixated on Orion's question, a question she had never anticipated hearing in her entire life. And what baffled her the most was that the question had come from a young man who wasn't even half her age, shattering all her preconceived notions.

"What did you say?" Orion asked, his voice filled with curiosity, as he motioned for Fiona to speak louder, raising an eyebrow in anticipation. However, instead of a verbal response, Fiona's power surged within her. Harnessing the strength in her lower body, she swiftly pivoted, freeing her hand from Orion's grip. In a fluid motion, their positions were reversed, leaving Orion lying on the ground while Fiona loomed over him. Her knees enveloped both his legs, and her hands firmly pressed into the reddish clay soil on either side of his head. As the dust settled, Fiona's gaze bore into Orion's, a captivating blend of conflicting emotions swirling within her eyes. Gasping for breath, she remained in control, her intentions and thoughts yet to be unveiled.

Orion's gaze shifted downward, his eyes fixating on the slight adjustment of her tulga. The fabric that was meant to cover her sacred cave had shifted, revealing a glimpse of her narrow alluring lips. Briefly captivated by the sight of her trimmed hairy pussy, Orion swiftly redirected his attention back to her face.

"We can't continue like this, you know," he murmured, his voice tinged with a sense of urgency. His eyes lifted, focusing on the sky above where vibrant waves of morning light painted the clouds in shades of orange.

Just as he was about to return his gaze to Fiona, a delicate sensation brushed against his lips, instantly recognizable. Without hesitation, Orion's lips parted, invitingly accepting the interplay. With practised finesse, his tongue met hers, skillfully merging their desires in a passionate dance that conveyed both familiarity and exploration.

Seizing the moment with unyielding confidence, Orion seized hold of Fiona's hand, intertwining their fingers as his other arm snaked around her neck. In a swift and graceful motion, he expertly flipped her over, their bodies now entangled in a captivating embrace. His knee gently urged her legs apart, pressing against her firm thighs, as his focus shifted to a playful exploration of her tantalizing lips with his teasing tongue.

Though Fiona was keenly aware of his actions, her primary concern lay in confirming the reality of the kiss that had transpired. Initiating the passionate exchange and awaiting his response, she sought validation of this shared intimacy. Engrossed in their exchange, saliva mingling in a fiery dance, Fiona eventually withdrew her head, parting their lips with a soft gasp, breaking the spell they had woven.

As the sky painted itself with hues of the breaking dawn, Fiona directed her gaze upwards, attempting to find solace and calm her racing heart. With each breath, she fought to regain composure before turning her attention back to Orion. Doubts swirled in her mind, yet his actions had proved the authenticity of his words, leaving her unable to dismiss what had transpired as anything but genuine. Nevertheless, she needed time to process it all. "I need some space to gather my thoughts," Fiona's voice resonated, surprisingly composed, as she locked eyes with Orion, a controlled intensity emanating from her gaze.

Orion's nodded his head in acknowledgement as he rose to his feet. His eyes remained fixed on Fiona, observing her as she sat upright, still seemingly lost in a daze. Extending his hand towards her, he snapped his fingers in front of her vision, a gesture intended to bring her back to the present moment. With an open palm, he offered his hand, silently urging her to grasp it and stand up. Fiona swiftly snapped out of her reverie once again, her focus shifting back to reality as she seized his outstretched arm and pulled herself up.

However, to Orion's surprise, as soon as she regained her footing, she strode past him, starting to walk away. Taking a few steps forward, she then turned her head, casting an intense stare at Orion from the corner of her eyes. "I need to go home and gather my thoughts. Just do me a favour and be

here tomorrow at the same hour," she conveyed, her words leaving a trail of uncertainty in the air. Without lingering, she redirected her gaze forward and resumed her stride.

"And who will draw water from the well once everyone wakes up?" Orion exclaimed as he chased after her, genuinely surprised by her words. Just in the nick of time, he caught up to her as she was about to respond. "Let them handle it however they want or go to the market square if they truly need water and can't wait until tomorrow," she replied, her voice laced with a hint of defiance. Orion observed Fiona's captivating eyes fixed upon him, a smile gracing her face. "Or perhaps you could inform them that you were the cause of all this," Fiona's heart raced as she locked eyes with Orion, unable to contain her smile as it mirrored her innermost feelings. However, she swiftly composed herself, erasing any trace of emotion mere seconds after the smile. "Meanwhile, I will see you tomorrow."

Realizing Fiona's resolute intent, Orion reluctantly brought himself to a halt, granting her the space she needed. He had already shattered countless barriers, surpassing his own expectations, and pushing any further seemed unwise. With a tinge of melancholy, he watched Fiona stride away, the morning sun casting a radiant glow upon her. As she vanished from sight, a weariness settled over him, prompting a tired sigh to escape his lips. He turned back towards the well, preparing to retrieve his belongings. However, upon reaching the well, a jolt of remembrance shot through him—his clay pot lay shattered beyond repair.