

## Village Head 151

### Chapter 151 Hiding The Evidence

"She will definitely find out," Orion murmured, his voice laced with exhaustion as he released yet another tired sigh. His attention away shifted from the broken clay pot to Fiona's bag, before his gaze fixated on the Kalna fruit he had brought as payment. Deciding it was best not to leave them behind, Orion swiftly secured the bag on one side of his arm. With the Kalna fruit in hand, he distanced himself from the well, nibbling on the succulent fruit as he walked.

No matter what happened, he had no desire to be the first person to be at the well once the rest of the village awakened to collect their water, only to discover the absence of the well woman.

After a while, Orion sprinted throughout the entire journey, covering the distance back home in less than twelve minutes. Fatigue only caught up with him when he paused to rest and catch his breath. Stealthily manoeuvring through the fence that encircled their huts, Orion approached the door and meticulously eased it open, mindful of any noise. To his relief, his family remained fast asleep, revealing how tired they were from waiting for him to return the previous evening. With utmost care not to disturb their sleep or attract attention, Orion softly closed the door and quietly treaded past them toward the other room. Upon reaching his destination, he carefully pushed aside his belongings, making room to bury Fiona's bag beneath them, ensuring it would remain inconspicuous and difficult for anyone to discover.

And as for why his tulga now occupied a separate position from the rest, it was because Orion had decided to arrange his belongings in a more organized manner, eliminating the need to dig through heaps of clothes whenever he needed to bathe. Noticing the bag he had acquired during his awakening ceremony, Orion stooped down to retrieve it and employed it as a cover for his possessions, just as a precautionary measure. Regardless of the circumstances, he was determined to ensure that no one discovered his role in Fiona's absence from the well today.

After confirming that everything was neatly in place, Orion selected a tulga and proceeded toward the backyard for his bath.

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Reena awoke feeling unusually fatigued. As she sat up straight and let out a tired yawn, the door suddenly creaked open, capturing her attention. She turned her head swiftly in its direction, only to spot Orion emerging from the backyard, his wet hair indicating that he had just finished his bath. Sometimes, she couldn't help but wonder where he found the energy to wake up early, even after

enduring taxing and hectic days. However, recognizing this as a newfound habit of the transformed Orion, she dismissed the thought and greeted him, "Good morning, Orion."

Despite appearing somewhat absentminded, to the point of not noticing her wakefulness, Orion managed to snap out of his thoughts and swiftly responded, "Good morning, Reena. Hope you slept well," accompanied by a warm smile. As he walked away from the backyard, Orion pondered what the day's training would entail, but he suddenly remembered the deal he had made with Tala the previous day. If he didn't want to miss this opportunity by arriving late and interrupting their time together, then he needed to make his way to the village chief's compound early.

Meanwhile, as Orion posed his question, Reena's face lit up with a sweet smile, and she nodded in response. "Yes, I am. How about you?" she replied, finding it heartwarming that her brother-turned-partner now took the time to inquire about her well-being whenever he was around after she woke up. Orion reciprocated her nod, understanding her answer, and said, "I need to head to the village chief's compound early, so please let Mom and Gina know that I've already left, okay?" He proceeded toward the door.

"Alright. Take care and be careful," Reena expressed, her head still nodding in understanding as she observed Orion's acknowledgement before he opened the door and closed it behind him. With Orion's departure, Reena resolved to rise from her spot and take a refreshing bath. She didn't want to be late for her work at the farm.

After a refreshing bath, Reena emerged from the backyard to discover her mother and Gina was already awake. She greeted them warmly and informed them that Orion had already set off for the village chief's compound and that she would soon be heading to the farm herself. Although their mother's reaction seemed somewhat strained, she still nodded in understanding, accompanied by a tired sigh escaping her lips. "Take care at the farm today, Reena," Celeste said, rising to stretch her body, feeling a slight soreness from the intense penetration she had received from her son the previous night.

"Alright, Mom, see you later," Reena bid farewell before shifting her gaze towards Gina and adding, "You too." With that, she stepped out of the door, closing it behind her.

"I hope she's already awake," Reena muttered to herself, releasing a tired sigh as she exited their compound. She altered her course to head towards her friend's hut, intending to walk to the farm together.

In a matter of minutes, she reached a hut enclosed by a sturdy fence. Without wasting a moment, Reena rapped on the door with a series of quick, rhythmic knocks.

"Knock! Knock!" she called out, eager for her friend to answer.

A few seconds elapsed before a booming voice pierced through the door, reaching Reena's ears. "Melta, Reena's here for you."

Shortly after, the door swung open, revealing a girl around Reena's age. She had short green hair with a few strands of black cascading down to her shoulders. "You're late," Melta remarked, casting a scrutinizing gaze at Reena.

"I know, I stayed up a bit too long waiting for my brother to return home last night," Reena explained, her eyes fixed on Melta, who was still in the process of putting on her top as they conversed.

Melta's eyes widened at the mention of Orion's name. After all, Reena's brother had gained some fame, albeit without many people recognizing his face due to his reserved nature. But being one of the few individuals aware that Orion, who had awakened an exceptional six-star potential, was the brother of the young woman in front of her, Melta couldn't help but tightly grasp Reena's arms and eagerly inquire, "Come on, spill the details! Did your brother share anything about his first warrior training? Did he come back home injured? What happened? Is that why you stayed up late, trying to tend to his wounds?" Despite Reena's protective stance preventing her from introducing Melta to her younger brother, it didn't deter Melta from wanting to know more about Orion, even if it meant getting to know him indirectly.

#### Chapter 152 The Eccentric Reena

"Will y...." Reena was about to respond, but before she could utter a word, the door swung open, revealing a young boy stepping out. "Oh, Reena, you're here," he exclaimed.

Reena glanced at Melta's younger brother, Mog, who was a year younger than Orion and would participate in next year's awakening ceremony. She nodded and inquired, "And how are you doing, Mog?" Since he was her friend's younger brother, Reena saw no reason to be rude or ignore him unless the circumstances warranted it.

Mog immediately nodded his head vigorously, his expression brimming with anticipation as if he had something crucial to share. However, before he could utter a word, Melta swiftly seized his ears, tugging at them forcefully. "How many times have I warned you to stop bothering my friends?" she scolded. "If you're so desperate for Kushi, why don't you try your luck with Mrs Lina from the neighbouring compound? I'm sure she'd gladly accept your payment, or who knows, maybe even offer it for free," Melta teased, a mischievous smile playing on her lips as she playfully eyed her brother.

Due to her striking beauty and the presence of similarly attractive friends, her brother had always taken advantage of the situation, hoping to befriend them and potentially engage in kushi during his awakening ceremony. However, to his dismay, it was Reena who captured his attention with her aloof demeanour and indifferent nature. Knowing the potential consequences, Melta made it a point to destroy his advances before Reena could reject them, understanding that if Reena were to indulge him, he might never look at another woman again. Furthermore, considering the challenges that younger boys face in achieving and maintaining a hard penis so that they could release, it was uncertain whether he would ever desire to have children or even engage in kushi with others, if such a thing were to happen.

"Ouch! Ouch!! Come on, I wasn't talking to you! I was tal..." Mog shouted and yelled, hoping that his parents would come to his rescue upon hearing his screams and witnessing his obvious distress. However, before Mog could garner any assistance, Melta swiftly shoved him back into the house and forcefully slammed the door shut.

"Mom, Melta did it again!" Mog exclaimed. Startled by the scream echoing from within the hut, Melta swiftly clutched onto Reena's arm and forcefully pulled her away.

Reena willingly followed suit, matching Melta's pace as they distanced themselves. However, after a while, they slowed down their steps, prompting Reena to curiously ask, "Why do you always treat your brother that way?".

"HUMPH!" Melta scoffed, dismissing Reena's question. "As if you wouldn't treat him even worse with your words if I allowed you to respond to even one of his questions."

Reena nodded in acknowledgement as they continued their journey toward the farm. "True, but I've warned him before that not everyone will respond positively to his advances. It's better for him to learn that now rather than later."

Melta paused, withholding whatever she had intended to say, and fixated her gaze on Reena for a brief moment before releasing a deep, exasperated sigh. Despite the cold and harsh exterior Reena displayed, Melta knew there was a softer side to her, a side that only emerged when surrounded by her family. It puzzled Melta why someone as stunningly beautiful as Reena would choose to ignore or reject those she didn't deem important or see as friends. Instead, she wondered why Reena didn't utilize her beauty and fertility to secure wealth while she was still in her prime and had ample time to do so. Although Melta couldn't fathom the reasoning behind Reena's behaviour, she recognized that everything was connected to one person- her brother.

Her brother, the very person Reena had once confessed she desired to bear a child for.

Undeterred by the initial absurdity of Reena's confession, Melta skillfully redirected the conversation, seizing the chance to inquire once again. "Come on, tell me everything! I've been eagerly waiting since yesterday to know all about it. What kind of gift did he awaken? Tell me, Reena," Melta urged, her curiosity piqued ever since she discovered Orion's role in Reena's enigmatic behaviour. She was determined to uncover every aspect of Orion's existence.

Her reasons were undeniably valid, because anyone who could captivate the attention of one of the most stunning girls in their generation, causing her to become reserved and infatuated, was undoubtedly worth investigating. Also, Melta's curiosity stemmed from her own desire to experience the same emotions and sensations that currently consumed Reena. She yearned to understand if she too would be enraptured by Orion's presence, or if Reena was simply one of those eccentric individuals who stood out from the crowd.

Seeing that she couldn't evade the question any longer, and realizing that Melta would continue to pester her incessantly during their work on the farm, Reena finally succumbed to the pressure and decided to reveal the truth. With a slight pause, she opened her mouth to reply, "He awakened a unique.....".

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As I caught sight of yet another unfamiliar pair of guards, I swiftly retrieved my wooden chip and presented it to them as I approached. This time, however, they merely cast a brief glance at the chip before uncrossing their spears, granting me passage into the Village Chief's compound. It was only as I stepped through the gate that I recognized their familiar faces—they were the very guards who had stood watch during our awakening ceremony.

"At least I didn't forget the chip," I muttered under my breath, making my way past the imposing stone sundial and towards the hut where we had conducted the awakening ceremony. I positioned myself beside it and waited in quiet anticipation. Although we were instructed to wait in the Village Chief's compound without any specific location assigned, I hoped that Tala would arrive early, giving us more time together before the others joined us. I was after all looking forward to drenching my finger with her wet vagina juices before venturing towards the position of the Vylkr vines, ready to unleash my gift against them once again.

Yet, it seemed that patience was once again my companion, because even after twenty long minutes, I remained the sole arrival in the compound.

"Are you absolutely certain that this path is more dangerous than we can handle?" I heard a familiar voice pierce through the air, accompanied by the distinct sound of approaching footsteps. They were steadily growing closer, heading in my direction.

#### Chapter 153 [Bonus ]Future Plans

"No, chief. It's not a matter of it being too dangerous for us to handle, but if we aim to clear out everything in that area, we'll require more highly skilled warriors to accomplish the task. However, following the aftermath of our last exploration, I doubt any of them would be willing to accept the assignment after witnessing the condition of the warriors who returned." Another voice resonated, and it didn't take me long to recognize the approaching individuals or, at the very least, identify one of them.

"Very well, why don't w...?" The words of the village chief were cut short as they approached, causing him to abruptly halt in both speech and steps. As his gaze fell upon me, it didn't take long for me to recall the identity of the person standing beside him once I caught sight of his familiar face.

"Hmm... I never anticipated someone being here so early, and if I did, I certainly didn't expect that someone to be you," the village chief remarked, his eyes scanning me from head to toe, scrutinizing my presence.

Suddenly, the village chief turned towards Grulm, extending his hand in my direction as if introducing me. "Although you may have already met him yesterday, allow me to formally introduce you to Orion, the young man who achieved an astonishing six-star potential in the inner strength evaluation ceremony." Grulm scrutinized me with an intense gaze before nodding in comprehension. "Despite Tog's confirmation, it's still hard to believe that someone has awakened a six-star potential for inner strength," he remarked before swiftly shifting his focus back to the village chief. "Chief, while this is indeed a cause for celebration, I don't think I need to mention the consequences if a Vylkr vine of that magnitude..."

"Enough," the village chief declared, raising his hand to silence Grulm's words. "Not in front of the boy." He turned his head towards me and continued, "I have been closely following your progress and I must say, I'm impressed by how you have managed your fame and conducted yourself with humility and hard work. If you continue on this path, I fear you won't only become the best warrior of your generation, but surpass all those who came before you." A smile formed on the village chief's face as he extended his hand to ruffle my hair, but then he pulled it back and began walking forward, his words trailing behind him. "In the meantime, once Warrior Jean arrives, inform him that I need to speak with him before he proceeds with your training."

As the village chief walked away, Grulm maintained his position, his eyes scanning me up and down as if he were on a quest for something elusive. The village chief's voice cut through the air,

calling out to him, "Enough, Warrior Grulm! Cease your attempts to intimidate the young man." Grulm let out a disdainful scoff before turning on his heels and striding in the direction of the village chief. Together, they made their way toward the second hut, their purpose guiding their steps.

Amid the village chief's accolades, I watched their retreating figures until they vanished from sight, their words echoing in the depths of my mind. 'Well, for now, I must focus on securing my own future and accumulating enough wealth,' I contemplated inwardly. Despite my initial impressions upon arriving in this world, my aspirations remained largely unchanged. Not only did I yearn to revel in the riches of this paradise, free from the burden of toiling every day for fear of its depletion, but I also craved to venture beyond the confines of this village and discover the extent of my inner strength. The insatiable curiosity within me grew with each passing minute, urging me to explore the unknown and push the boundaries of my own potential.

My curiosity even burned brighter than ever as I recalled the caravan that regularly passed through our village, engaging in trade. Questions flooded my mind. Did the caravan originate from another village, perhaps a more advanced and civilized society? Were they like us, but with subtle advancements? The mere thought of their existence ignited a relentless desire to uncover the truth. If they were present, it meant there could be countless others out there, waiting to be discovered. However, even if we and the caravan were the sole societies in this vast world, it still held a glimmer of optimism for me. After all, what could be more fulfilling than relishing every moment in this world until my twilight years, basking in the tranquillity of a peaceful life?

But for now, I relished in the bliss of ignorance, knowing that I would rather uncover the truth firsthand and confirm it myself before surrendering to myself a carefree life.

Abruptly, my contemplation was interrupted by the sight of someone approaching in the distance. Squinting my eyes, I recognized Tala and her father, Thak. It appeared they had already spotted me, and within a few minutes, they arrived before me, their expressions a blend of curiosity and familiarity.

"Good morning, Mr Thak," I greeted respectfully, maintaining the humble and gentle demeanour that had become associated with my name in the village. And rather than rushing to prove their misconceptions wrong, I responded with a warm smile as Thak returned the greeting. Tala had already joined me at my side.

"How are you?" Thak inquired, his gaze shifting between Tala and me.

"I'm doing well," I replied. Thak nodded in acknowledgement. "Alright," he said, preparing to leave. But before he departed, he turned his head to Tala and gave her a stern look. "Behave yourself, okay?".

Tala nodded absentmindedly; her gaze fixed on me. "Alright, Dad, I've heard you," she responded. Her nonchalant reply elicited a tired shake of the head from Thak, accompanied by a sigh. He turned and made his way towards the second hut.

As Thak disappeared from sight, Tala abruptly grabbed my hand, attempting to pull up her tulga. With a swift motion, I wrested it from her grasp. "What's the matter?" Tala asked, a frown creasing on her face at my unexpected reaction. "Are you going back on our agreement?" she added.

#### Chapter 154 [Bonus ]The Game

As I locked eyes with the girl, a mischievous smile played on my lips. "You're quite late, you know," I remarked, teasingly.

Tala's eyebrows knitted together in confusion, trying to decipher my intentions. "And?" she responded, her tone tinged with curiosity and a hint of defiance.

I couldn't help but reply, "Well, I also want you to massage my penis while I finger your hole so that we can release at the same time." You see, my encounter with Fiona earlier this morning turned out to be a whirlwind of unexpected drama and incredible moments. And naturally, the cherry on top would have been to receive another soothing hand job along the way.

Tala fixed her gaze upon me, her eyes filled with curiosity, and asked, "Do you think that will actually work?" Internally, I shook my head, confessing that I had never ventured into such uncharted territory. Yet, I maintained a composed exterior and nodded in affirmation, saying, "Absolutely. In fact, we should turn it into a challenge to see who releases last. And perhaps, we should include a reward: the first one to release will have his penis massaged or her vagina fingered by the loser."

Yes, you heard me right. I haven't said anything incorrect. If she wins, we will schedule another session as usual, where I may offer her another stimulating massage for her pussy, or even venture into more adventurous territories. However, if she loses, she will have the thrilling task of pleasuring my thick veiny member, an experience that I might just take full advantage of. So, in the end, it's a win-win situation, at least for me.

Tala's gaze lingered upon me, her eyes holding a hint of anticipation, until a mischievous smile spread across her lips. I didn't require any verbal cues to understand that she had already crowned herself the victor in her mind. "Well then," she declared, her voice brimming with enthusiasm, "let



the games begin." With a graceful motion, she lifted her tulga, revealing a tantalizing glimpse of her slender waist and a delicate, alluring narrow blossom.

With a cheeky grin, I mirrored her actions, slyly raising my tulga and placing it on top of my semi-flaccid penis as it pulsed with an intensified vigour, becoming fully rigid and towering upright. Grasping Tala's hand firmly, I guided her palm onto my member, encouraging her to explore its contours at a leisurely pace. Although I knew I was merely instructing her, Tala's grip on my veiny penis tightened as she began pumping it with a touch of swiftness beyond my demonstration. Yet, even as her amateurish movements generated a slow, building heat through the friction, I extended my hand and dipped it into her vagina, craving the tantalizing feeling it held.

"Ahh~~" Tala moaned languidly, a radiant smile gracing her face. Her hands maintained a rhythmic pumping motion on my gritty penis as we gingerly shifted backwards, seeking support against the clay wall of the large hut behind us. Gently twisting my hand, I ensured that my fingers playfully danced at the entrance of her vagina before daringly delving deep into her inner, narrow walls. "~~uHHHH~" Tala released a slow, ecstatic gasp, her back pressing against the wall while her gaze fixated downwards, all while I skillfully explored her inner depths. Uninterrupted, her hand continued its diligent massage and pump my penis.

With a few skilled flicks and turns, I effortlessly elicited another blissful moan from Tala, feeling my hands gradually moisten with anticipation. Despite only a few minutes passing since we embarked on this pleasurable exploration, she was already displaying signs of impending release. Increasing my pace, I allowed my fingers to dance and twirl within her moistened pussy, recreating the familiar pattern I had employed on her the day before. Then, I curved one of my fingers into a hook and applied a gentle yet firm tug.

As my fingers tugged against her inner walls, Tala instinctively followed their lead, her body arching forward in response. "~~~AHHH~~" She released my throbbing penis from her grasp, and before I could even fathom what might happen next, she let out a resounding, uncontrollable moan. "~~~UUUHHHHH~~~" Her juices trickled out of her vagina, moistening the ground beneath us. Gasping for breath, her exhales growing louder, she turned her head towards me, locking her gaze onto mine and breathlessly uttered, "That was amazing." Then, her eyes shifted towards the still-pulsing member as she confidently declared, "I won, right?".

I nodded in agreement, my response a measured affirmation. "Yes, you certainly did," I replied. A feigned sigh of defeat escaped my lips as I heard her say, "Humph, well, I'm not that selfish, so I'll help you out." Tala positioned herself in front of me, her hands confidently gliding atop the scorching penis. With her gaze fixed upon me, she commenced a pumping motion that sent a shiver down my spine. Deep inside, I muttered a curse, 'Damn,' my breath quickened, uncertain whether she was acting on instinct or fully aware of the effect she was having on me. Her intense stare remained locked onto my eyes as she skillfully continued to pump my erect penis, driving me to the

brink of euphoria. Gradually, a subtle twitch coursed through me, and I suspected that Tala was aware of it too, given her increased pace.

With a firm grip, she made sure to glide her touch along my foreskin before pulling back, her fingers playfully tapping against the edge of my engorged penis. With a newfound fervour, she intensified her pumping, unleashing a captivating mix of sensations.

Leaning my head back, I allowed it to rest against the cool, clay-moulded wall, the feeling contrasting with the pulsating throbs of my gritty and veiny penis against her palm. Just as I teetered on the precipice of cumming, my attention was abruptly drawn to several figures approaching in the distance, their silhouettes gradually growing clearer. Squinting my eyes, I instantly recognized them, and that realization alone was enough to trigger an eruption of pleasure. With an intensity that left me breathless, I released my semen, prompting Tala to swiftly kneel before me, deftly cupping her hand beneath my foreskin while her eager mouth enveloped the other side, greedily consuming my semen as if it were the most appetising fluid in the world.

#### Chapter 155 The Norms

"~~~aUUUHHHH~~~" My moans escaped with an unrestrained vigour as I watched her intoxicating display, presenting delicate kisses upon my foreskin as if it were a delicious lollipop. Meanwhile, my semen continued to flow ceaselessly, finding its way directly into her inviting lips, and traversing down her throat with an arousing downpour.

After she had finished, she leisurely savoured the lingering remnants of my semen on her hands, while the figures in the distance gradually drew nearer. By the time they reached us, Tala had already risen to her feet, yet my eager member remained steadfastly erect, reaching towards the sky.

Ayla acknowledged my presence with a subtle nod, accompanied by a group of five women whom I presumed to be the maids serving in the village chief's compound. Her gaze momentarily fixated on my protruding manhood, but she swiftly redirected her attention towards Tala and me, clearing her throat in a somewhat nonchalant manner. "We need to use the door," she expressed, emphasizing the need for a change in our location.

Initially, I believed Ayla's words were directed at me, but it became apparent that she was addressing Tala instead. Intrigued, I turned my head to confirm, only to find Tala inadvertently blocking the doorway, her actions a consequence of bending down to drink my semen moments ago. Tala, however, swiftly recognized her obstruction and promptly moved to my other side, seemingly oblivious to Ayla's words as if they were not intended for her. Yet, Ayla appeared unfazed by Tala's lack of response. Instead, she shifted her attention to the servants accompanying her, offering them a nod of acknowledgement. With a commanding gesture, she pushed the door open, leading them into the confines of the hut.

"What was that?" I inquired, turning my head to meet Tala's gaze. Though I already had a hunch regarding the reason behind the incident, drawn from my existing knowledge of this world, I wanted to uncover any underlying significance.

Tala shook her head in response, her expression tinged with a mixture of annoyance and resignation. "It's nothing," she replied dismissively. "It's just that it irks me to see her flaunting her curvaceous body without wearing the appropriate tulga for someone of her age. She may be the personal servant of the village chieftess, allowing her more freedom in clothing choices, but it's still irritating to look at. Don't you agree?" she added, exhaling a sigh that carried hints of frustration.

As I observed that my initial assumptions were indeed accurate, indicating that there was no hidden significance behind her actions apart from adherence to the customs of this world, I shook my head in response. "No, I don't," I stated simply, my words carrying a sense of neutrality.

Tala stared at me with widened eyes, her expression a mix of surprise and resignation. Releasing a knowing sigh, she replied, "Well, I should have anticipated such a response from you, especially after confirming the truth of the rumours surrounding you." Shaking her head, she continued, "Even though I don't understand why you are so drawn to those unattractive women, it's your taste and something you enjoy, even if it's a strange one."

Tala observed me intently, seemingly anticipating a reaction to her words. However, my countenance remained unchanged as I replied, "You're absolutely right. It's simply my taste, even if it may seem strange." I turned my gaze towards Tala once again and continued, "After all, it is only I who can perceive the beauty within them." As far as I was concerned, I had no intentions of altering the customs of this world. They served to benefit me and aligned perfectly with my desires. Besides, apart from the conveniences reminiscent of my former life, why would I ever want to mould this place into another version of Earth?

Furthermore, it became apparent that my words had caught Tala off guard, as she stared at me with eyes wider than usual, her expression a mix of surprise and bewilderment. While I couldn't discern her exact thoughts at that moment, if she had anticipated me stumbling over my words or attempting to offer some convoluted explanation due to her presence, she was sorely mistaken.

"Although I still don't understand what particular kind of beauty captivates you, I surrender," Tala uttered, her voice tinged with a hint of resignation. With a final shake of her head, she averted her gaze, as if relinquishing the futile effort of trying to decipher my intricacies. "I give up trying to understand you."

As our conversation faded into silence, the atmosphere held a certain intrigue. Suddenly, the door swung open with a burst of energy, and the five women who had entered emerged, cradling a medium-sized wooden box brimming with vibrant flowers and exotic, colourful woods. As they distanced themselves, faint sounds caught my attention, prompting me to discreetly peek inside the hut. To my surprise, Ayla struggled to balance two of those boxes, one in each arm. Realizing the reason for her delay in exiting, I turned to Tala and spoke, "I'll be back soon." Without waiting for her response, I swiftly entered the hut, my eyes fixated on Ayla, who was on the verge of stooping down to retrieve the fallen wooden box. Seizing the moment, I reached out and deftly swept the box from the ground before her fingers could touch it.

Caught off guard, Ayla swiftly raised her head and locked eyes with me, straightening her posture in the process. With a sigh of relief, she uttered, "Thank you," once she recognized my presence. Brushing off her gratitude with a warm smile, I inquired, "So, where would you like me to place this?".

Ayla nodded in response, her expression conveying a sense of direction. "Follow me," she beckoned, taking the lead as I nodded in understanding. Stepping out of the hut, I closed the door behind me, meeting Tala's weary gaze. She shook her head, weariness etched across her face, evidently aware of my actions. However, I paid no heed to her reaction, maintaining my focus on Ayla, who led us back to the third hut—the very same one she had guided me into the day before. I presumed it to be the home of the village chief,

#### Chapter 156 Helping Out

Once we stepped inside, I couldn't ignore the growing hardness of my member as it pressed against my tulga, eagerly responding to the enticing sight of Ayla's swaying partially exposed ass cheeks before me. While the memory of thrusting my throbbing penis inside her yesterday lingered, a tantalizing thought crossed my mind—how would it feel to penetrate both her holes simultaneously, as she squirts out from one?

Nevertheless, I pushed those thoughts to the recesses of my mind as we veered towards a door on the left this time. The narrow corridor we traversed, though devoid of the ornate paintings from yesterday, possessed its own distinctive charm. It boasted rows upon rows of vibrant flowers that added a splash of colour and fragrance to the surroundings. As we ventured further along, the scent of scented roses grew increasingly potent, filling the air and delighting my senses.

We finally reached the end of the corridor, where a large door awaited us. With a swift push, Ayla opened it, gracefully stepping inside. I followed suit, entering the room filled with anticipation. As my eyes adjusted to the surroundings, they landed upon a massive wooden structure resembling a luxurious bathtub. Yet, it was more than that—it resembled an indoor pool, with the other wooden boxes neatly stacked in a corner.

Ayla proceeded to pour the flowers from her box into the pool, one by one, creating a breathtaking display of colours and scents. When it was finally my turn, she took the wooden box away from my hands and expressed her gratitude with a warm "Thank you for the help." I responded with a nod and a reassuring smile, assuring her, "Don't worry about it." Her face lit up with a radiant smile, acknowledging my words before she released the flowers from the box, letting them carefully cascade into the pool.

As for the exotic woods, I watched as she carried them over to a magnificent fireplace situated within the room. With a swift motion, she tossed them into the hearth, and then leaned down to retrieve hand-sized ashen rocks resting nearby. She brought the rocks together, creating a sudden and unexpected collision that generated a dazzling burst of sparks. To my astonishment, the sparks transformed into ethereal wisps of flame, hovering momentarily in the air before gracefully descending upon the wooden logs, igniting them in a brilliant blaze. Witnessing this unique method of fire-starting for the first time in this world, I couldn't help but marvel at the mesmerizing display, particularly the magical ignition of the flames suspended in mid-air before finding their destination on the wood.

And soon, as Ayla finished arranging the fireplace, ensuring everything was in its rightful place, she ignited the flames, the wood catching fire with a crackling intensity. The scent of the flowers mingled with the wisps of smoke, creating a mist-like aura that gracefully wound its way through my senses, not suffocating but rather enhancing my breathing experience. It was in this ethereal ambience that I finally comprehended the purpose of the decorations. Within the mist, I observed Ayla making her way to the pool, gracefully bending down to intertwine her hands in the water, as if seeking to blend the essence of the flowers with the liquid.

"Thank you for your assistance, Orion," Ayla expressed, turning her head towards me with narrowed eyes, as if trying to pierce through the mist. While unsure if she could truly see me within the haze, I responded nonetheless, "Alright, I'll see you later." My voice reverberated across the room, but instead of turning to leave, I silently approached Ayla from behind and stood by her side, hidden within the mist.

Looking at her exposed backside, with her tulga pushed up to her waist, stirred a surge of desire within me, causing my member to rise and twitch eagerly. Without hesitation, I leaned down and raised my tulga, gently sliding my penis into the warm embrace of her cheeks. Ayla flinched, her body tensing, and a surprised "Yelp" escaped her lips at the unexpected touch. Reacting swiftly, I wrapped my hands around her waist, preventing her from accidentally submerging herself in the pool.

"Sorry for startling you," I whispered softly, my breath brushing against the back of her ear as she gradually regained her composure. "I thought you had already left," Ayla responded with a weary sigh, turning her head to the side and squinting her eyes in my direction.

Since she was already in a crouched position, on all fours, when my sudden approach startled her. Our bodies unexpectedly pressed together, with my waist firmly against her fleshy behind. Making a deliberate effort, I smoothly guided my scorching member upwards, my burning penis anticipation growing, as I slipped between the softness of her protruding butt cheeks, carefully skirting past the butt hole. Emerging on the other side, I responded with a serious tone, saying, "Ayla, I want to penetrate you again."

Ayla shot back with a quick response, her voice laced with intrigue, "But wasn't that girl, Tala, drinking your semen when I arrived? How can you possibly be hard again so suddenly?" As confusion etched across her face, her brows furrowed, she turned her head to the side, perhaps aware of the lingering presence of her throbbing member, nestled provocatively between her ass cheeks, teasingly gliding past the butthole. "Also," she continued, "shouldn't you hurry and ask her to help you again? Because it wouldn't be wise to release your semen in my vagina." With those words lingering in the air, she returned her focus to gently stirring the water with her arms.

Knowing that I needed to assert myself further after hearing her statement, I responded swiftly, "I never mentioned wanting to release in your vagina. All I want is to play with your butt hole until my penis softens." With that, I deftly slid my hands between her ass cheeks, allowing my fingers to encircle her butt hole.

I could sense a momentary shiver running through Ayla's body as she rose to her feet, instinctively distancing her curvaceous half exposed ass from my hardened penis. She spun around to face me, her expression a mixture of puzzlement and intrigue. "My butthole," she echoed, as if attempting to grasp the meaning of my previous statement, "You want to use my butthole instead of my vagina." Without pausing for long, I nodded resolutely and uttered a simple yet affirmative response, "Yes."

#### Chapter 157 Ayla's Behind (R18)

Ayla's gaze travelled from my head down to my toes, her eyes narrowing amidst the swirling mist, as if attempting to decipher my true intentions. After a prolonged moment, she let out a resigned sigh and shook her head "I can understand you wanting to play with my mouth, considering I am no longer fertile and there is no risk of accidentally wasting your seed inside me. However," she paused, furrowing her brow, "I'm still confused as to why you want to penetrate butthole itself."

Before I could explain, Ayla abruptly waved her hand dismissively with a sigh escaping her lips and expressed, "Nevertheless, since you have persistently asked, I will allow you to use it." She then started walking, almost instinctively, toward the direction of the door, her voice trailing behind her. "Come on, let's go. The chieftess will be taking her bath any second now, and to avoid disturbing her, let's do it outside."

'Outside,' I pondered, my mind reeling at the thought of exploring another part of her insides in the open once more. Nevertheless, I trailed behind Ayla, enjoying the view as she allowed her tulga to ride provocatively atop her aged buttocks, disregarding any need to conceal it. Together, we ventured out of the room, with Ayla swiftly closing the door behind us, preventing the ethereal mist from escaping.

Once we stepped outside into the narrow corridor, Ayla pressed her hand against the wall and bent down, her voice dripping with an invitation, "Here you go," as she held her alluring sizeable ass cheeks and stretched it outwards. Meanwhile, I cautiously scanned the corridor, instinctively checking for any potential onlookers. To my relief, there was no one in sight. However, the possibility of the village chieftess arriving soon, as hinted at by Ayla's words regarding the nearby bath, compelled me to act swiftly.

Without hesitation, I firmly grasped both of her captivating ass cheeks, pulling them apart, and positioned my member against her butt hole, gently caressing its contours. Though I wanted some privacy and ample time, circumstances left me no choice but to engage in this intimate act here and now.

"~~AAH~~"

Without warning, I began to gradually insert my scorching penis into Ayla's butthole, each inch met with a gasp of surprise escaping her lips. "Ahh" she uttered, her voice tinged with a hint of plea, "Take it easy, okay." In response, I emitted a low hum, acknowledging her request, even as my throbbing shaft propelled me to delve deeper into her depths. Ayla, surrendering to the intensity, rested her arms upon the wall, her head pressed firmly against it, as I force my veiny penis deeper.

Although I had engaged in this act purely out of curiosity, wanting to experience the ease of penetrating Ayla for the second time, I couldn't resist the temptation to test her limits and mould her butt hole to fit the shape of my gritty penis. With a forceful thrust, my waist collided with the undulating contours of Ayla's captivating rear. prompting her head to arch upward and a resounding "MMMHHHH~~~" to escape her lips as my hardened member delved deep into her butt hole, catching her off guard with its sudden penetration.

With a firm exertion, I retrieved my engorged member once again, causing Ayla to inhale sharply and leave her breathless, "Uh," before swiftly returning it into her aged butthole. Surprisingly, the absence of lubrication made the friction tolerable and unexpectedly pleasurable. Yet, what astounded me, even more, was the elasticity of her butt hole, for after just two thrusts, I effortlessly glided in and out without encountering any resistance. "Incredible~~" I whispered softly, embarking on a steady rhythm, relishing the sensation of Ayla's rectum constricting and spasming around my penis, "Pah."

"MMHHH~~~" "PAhhh~~" "AH~~~~ah~~"

As it was my first experience, I chose to savour the sensations leisurely. However, in an unexpected turn of events, a familiar voice reverberated from behind, "I never imagined encountering you so soon." Swiftly, I pivoted my head to the side and beheld the village chieftess, her gaze fixed upon me, before shifting her attention to Ayla. Ayla, with her hands steadily planted on the wall, her body slightly inclined, intimately connected to my waist. "I certainly also didn't expect to see you trying to penetrate Ayla once more," the chieftess remarked, her tone betraying a mix of surprise and amusement.

As her gaze fixated intently on the path of my penetration, it seemed she had something to say, perhaps realizing that I wasn't penetrating Ayla's vagina. However, a quick glance at the village chieftess and the entourage of servants standing behind her, combined with Ayla's attempts to respond amidst gasps and moans escaping her lips, silenced her words. "Uh~~ Chieftess... Your... b...ath iAHHH~~" Before I could process her unfinished sentence, a surge of pleasure rippled through me, my balls signalling my imminent release. Unfazed by the onlookers, I firmly grasped Ayla's ample asscheeks with both hands, squeezing them tightly, before forcefully thrusting my dick deep into her butt hole, causing my semen to erupt outward from the powerful impact.

"URRGRGG~~ HOT~~~ So hot~~" Despite the absence of squirting this time, the widened eyes and gaping mouth of Ayla, accompanied by the arched tilt of her head and upward gaze, conveyed an overwhelming sensation. It was all the confirmation I needed to withdraw my throbbing penis from deep inside her, witnessing the mesmerizing sight of my semen spilling out from her rectum, creating a glistening trail along her thick thighs before eventually staining the floor below.

The village chieftess, her gaze fixed upon Ayla, who was now on all fours, panting heavily and trying to catch her breath while my semen dripped faster onto the floor, abruptly inquired in surprise, "You penetrated her butthole?".

I shifted my focus back to the village chieftess, who now wore a curious expression as her gaze alternated between me and the sight of Ayla's cum-leaking butt hole. With a slight cough to mask my feigned expression, I responded with the carefully composed lie I had prepared, "I just wanted to soften my penis after it became erect, so instead of wasting it in her vagina, I decided to penetrate her butt hole and use my semen to wash it....." However, before I could fully exhale, the village chieftess swiftly retorted, her eyebrows arching in disbelief. "Using your precious semen to clean her butt hole?" she questioned, her tone laden with incredulity. "You are even more unbelievable than I had originally thought."

Chapter 158 The Chieftess's Thoughts



As the village chieftess struggled to fathom the meaning behind Orion's words, her mind became a whirlpool of disbelief and doubt. After all, what could drive a young man like Orion to go to such extraordinary lengths as using his semen to wash Ayla's buttohole?

Yesterday, when she extended an offer to help him release with Ayla's help, it served as a test for Orion—a means to gauge whether the rumours accurately depicted him as a young man who possessed a very high potential for inner strength while remaining remarkably grounded and unswayed by superficialities. But Orion's genuine humility shone through, as he showed no discomfort in the presence of an unattractive yet curvaceous woman like Ayla, even while he penetrated her. In fact, he embraced two such friends, among the few with whom he engaged in conversation during the awakening ceremony.

Even though she orchestrated this test to verify the rumours, she refrained from disclosing it to Ayla, while Orion himself remained completely oblivious. Little did he know, he provided Ayla with an experience she hadn't encountered in decades.

Zara's gaze shifted from Orion to Ayla, who sat on the ground, with traces of Orion's semen still delicately trickling from her butt hole. Zara couldn't help but arrive at the conclusion that Orion must have harboured remorse for not releasing within Ayla's vagina yesterday. Hence, driven by guilt, he had returned the following day to ensure that he found a way to fulfil that desire. As for why Ayla had agreed to such a proposition, Zara needed only to observe the subtle, enigmatic smile emerging on the corner of Ayla's lips to grasp that she believed she had skillfully manipulated the young man, oblivious to the intricate dynamics happening beneath the surface.

With a throbbing headache already emerging, Zara contemplated how to convey the recent events and ensure that Ayla wouldn't venture too far, risking the ire of others. Letting out a long exhale, she shifted her attention back to Orion and uttered, "Your companions have all arrived. If you plan to catch up with them before they head into the forest, it's best that you leave now." Zara observed as Orion nodded, acknowledging her words, and replied, "Alright, thank you for informing me, chieftess." He swiftly turned away without uttering another word.

As he strolled away, Zara redirected her gaze towards Ayla and beckoned, "You, come and join me for a bath. We have something to discuss." Ayla turned her head toward the chieftess, realizing she was being addressed. Suppressing the satisfied smile that threatened to emerge, she rose to her feet and nodded vigorously in understanding. After the village chieftess had already entered the bathing area, Ayla followed suit, assuming the role of her loyal servant. With a swift motion, Ayla lowered her tulga to discreetly cover her ample buttocks, before also entering the bathing area.

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Meanwhile, Orion effortlessly navigated his way out of the hut, retracing his steps without much difficulty. As he approached his previous location, he noticed the presence of all three individuals: Ursa, Gorg, and Grim.

"Hey, Orion," called out Grim.

"Hey..." Gorg followed suit, his voice trailing off.

While Grim and Gorg acknowledged his presence with audible greetings, Ursa immediately dashed toward him, embracing him in a warm hug. Naturally, he reciprocated, tightly gripping her plump ass and draping his left hand around her waist, his fingers finding their way under her tanga, as they always did when they were together.

"Has Warrior Jean arrived yet?" Orion inquired, directing his question to Ursa. She nodded in response, affirming, "Yes, he just went to meet with the village chief and should be returning soon."

"Alright," Orion replied, a hint of concern creeping into his thoughts regarding the potential repercussions of not being the one to inform Warrior Jean. However, he swiftly brushed aside the worry, deeming it insignificant. Instead, he tucked it away in the recesses of his mind and shifted his gaze sideways to catch Tala's eye. Their eyes locked briefly before she shook her head and let out a weary sigh. Orion, already aware of her thoughts and the likely cause of her exhaustion, averted his gaze from her without a word. It was easy to deduce her feelings at that moment.

Nevertheless, after a brief period of waiting, Warrior Jean finally arrived, standing before them with an air of nonchalance painted on his face.

"Are you all prepared?" Warrior Jean's commanding voice echoed through the air.

"Yes!" They replied in unison, their expressions filled with resolution, revealing their readiness for the day's training.

"Very well, let us proceed," Warrior Jean declared, pivoting on his heel and taking the lead as he guided them away from the village chief's compound and towards the dense forest ahead.

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Ingrid's eyes remained fixed on the healer they had acquired through an arduous barter, observing intently as he extended his hand towards Grandma Celia's abdomen. A radiant, vibrant blue light emanated from his palm, enveloping her in its luminous aura. As the healer completed the gesture, he retracted his hand, his brows furrowing in momentary contemplation. His gaze lifted towards their direction, a frown etching itself on his face, before he refocused his attention on Grandma Celia. With a heightened sense of seriousness, he outstretched both hands toward her stomach, his expression now even more grave.

Shortly thereafter, an intense surge of dense, blue light burst forth from the healer's palms, enveloping Grandma Celia's abdomen in its ethereal glow. Time seemed to stretch as minutes ticked by, and finally, the man withdrew his hands, releasing a wearied sigh. "I must confess, I am at a loss as to what's happening here," the healer uttered, his voice tinged with perplexity.

Ingrid's brows furrowed upon hearing the healer's words. "What's happening? Can't you discern what's troubling her?" she demanded, a mix of concern and frustration lacing her voice. Just that morning, instead of tending to their farm duties, they hastily made their way to the nearest affordable healer, hoping to barter for his services and uncover the cause of Grandma Celia's sickness.

#### Chapter 159 Accepting The Truth

However, as Ingrid observed the healer's expression and witnessed him repeatedly activating his gift, a growing sense of nervousness consumed her. His perplexed face seemed to stretch further by the moment, intensifying her pounding heart and causing an ominous sensation to ripple throughout her entire body. An air of anticipation hung in the air as she anxiously awaited his response.

The man's gaze shifted upward, locking with Ingrid's as he sought to convey his message. After a brief moment of eye contact, he averted his eyes downward, shaking his head in a disheartened manner. A sigh, tinged with a sense of resignation, escaped his lips. "You see, my gift is limited to repairing and scanning internal organs. So, unless the person requires such intervention, there is little I can do," he explained.

Ingrid nodded, comprehending the healer's explanation. They had chosen him based on a recommendation and affordability, considering the presence of others with similar gifts that manifested in different ways. The healer's modest fee aligned with what they could afford, making him the most suitable choice.

Sensing the rapt attention of Ingrid and those gathered around her, the healer felt compelled to share further insights. "However, when I activated my gift and attempted to probe her body, I sensed something else within..."

Meldra's impatience got the better of her as she interjected, "Like what?" Her eagerness hung in the air, pushing the healer to clear his throat and resume speaking despite the interruption. "I cannot say for certain, but the only instances when I have encountered a sensation like this are..." However, a wave of uncertainty washed over him, leaving him hesitant and unsure about whether to share his thoughts.

Ingrid's impatience grew, mirroring the mounting desire within her to express her thoughts. However, before she could interject, the healer swiftly resumed speaking, sensing the urgency in the air. "I have only encountered this sensation in pregnant women before," he divulged. "In such cases, my initial advice would be for them to refrain from exerting themselves, while I prepare some herbal remedies for them to consume. However, in this particular situation..."

He paused, exhaling a deep breath as if grappling with the weight of his words. "I am at a loss," he confessed. "It is impossible for a woman of her age, who has already lost her fertility, to be pregnant." The healer shook his head in bafflement, his frustration evident. "As you can see, I am perplexed. I simply do not know what to do."

The room fell into an eerie silence as Ingrid's eyes locked with the unusually subdued Celia, her gaze then shifting to meet Meldra's defeated expression and slumped shoulders.

Breaking the silence, a sharp clearing of the throat echoed through the air. Grandma Derry's voice pierced through, her words carrying a hint of amusement, "Are you suggesting that she's pregnant?" The healer vehemently shook his head in response, dismissing the notion as absurd. "No, I'm merely stating that her internal organs give the sensation of pregnancy. However, I cannot confirm such a thing since it is preposterous to consider in the first place."

Upon hearing the healer's words, Ingrid felt she had heard enough. She turned on her heels and retreated to their room, grabbing five Kalna fruits before swiftly returning to the main room.

Ingrid extended the fruits towards the healer, her eyes fixed on him as she spoke, "Here, this is your payment." The man, lost in his thoughts about Grandma Celia's condition, was caught off guard by Ingrid's gesture. He looked at her with surprise before shaking his head in refusal. "I'm sorry, but I can't accept this. It wasn't what we discussed," he said, his voice filled with hesitation.

Ingrid's eyes narrowed, her brows furrowing deeply as a sense of confusion clouded her expression. "Isn't this the price we agreed upon?" she questioned, her mind racing to comprehend if something had suddenly changed in their negotiation. The man quickly clarified, shaking his head once more. "No, it's not that. What I mean is, I haven't truly done anything yet, and I don't even know the nature

of her ailment. So, I don't believe it's fair to accept such a significant payment," he clarified, dispelling the misunderstanding that had formed in Ingrid's mind.

Ingrid's decisiveness shone through as she shook her head resolutely. "If that's the case, you have nothing to worry about. Consider the remaining fruits as an advance payment for our future treatments," she stated firmly, pressing the fruits into the bewildered healer's arms. She had heard stories about the healer's exceptional character, which led her to choose him over their regular healer. This time, they needed to approach the situation with utmost seriousness and caution, as it demanded their full attention and careful consideration.

Realizing there was no way to decline the additional fruits pressed upon him, the healer reluctantly accepted them, tucking them into his bag beside him. He then shifted his gaze toward Ingrid and the others, his voice filled with a mix of gratitude and professionalism as he spoke, "If that's the case, I will take my leave now. Remember to reach out to me when the need for further treatment arises." Ingrid and the rest nodded in agreement, appreciating the healer's understanding. With a final nod, the man rose to his feet, turned on his heels and made his exit through the door.

The moment he departed, a heavy silence descended upon the group, as if they were collectively digesting the sudden revelation that only they were aware of. Each person was lost in their own thoughts, except for Grandma Celia, who immediately reclined on the ground, folding her legs beneath her and exposing her shapely thighs. Taking deep breaths to steady herself, Grandma Celia finally gathered her composure and directed her gaze towards Ingrid, her eyes flickering briefly to Meldra and their other hutmates. With a voice tinged with weariness, Celia spoke the truth they had been avoiding. "Now that it's been confirmed, there's no need for us to deny it any longer," she said.

#### Chapter 160 A Warrior's Growth

Ingrid immediately nodded in agreement, her mind swirling with a turbulent mix of emotions. The undeniable truth had been revealed, leaving no room for denial. With a sense of urgency, she asked, "So, what's your plan now?" Ingrid knew that the majority, if not all, of the responsibilities for the baby, would fall on Celia, considering she was the one carrying the child in her womb.

"What am I going to do?" Grandma Celia repeated, her puzzlement evident in her gaze as she looked at Ingrid. She had always relied on Ingrid to take charge and make decisions whenever serious matters arose. So, it came as a surprise to Grandma Celia that the weighty decision, one that would significantly impact all of their lives, was now left in her hands. She had expected Ingrid to express her thoughts and seek hers before reaching a conclusion. Nevertheless, considering the unprecedented nature of their situation, Grandma Celia let out a sigh, realizing that the coming months would be filled with chaos. "Let's go and see Celeste," Grandma Celia expressed, voicing her decision. "It's better to inform her now, while my pregnancy is still in its early stages, before we proceed with anything else and risk them finding out through other means."

"All right," Meldra's words sliced through the tension in the room, her acceptance and understanding of Celia's suggestion evident in her voice. "Let's not waste time and head straight to Celeste's hut since we're all here."

Suddenly, Grandma Derry's voice resonated with excitement, breaking the silence once more. "Then what are we all waiting for? Come on, let's go!" Her delight was obvious, and she couldn't contain her enthusiasm. After all, there was a young man capable of getting a woman of her age pregnant, and he was just a few steps away, residing in the same compound as theirs.

Observing the radiant smile on Grandma Derry's face, Grandma Celia shook her head, unable to fathom what thoughts were racing through the older woman's mind. With a defeated expression, she straightened her back and rose from the ground, gently dusting off her tulga. Leading the way, she walked out of her hut, the others following closely, heading towards Celeste's hut.

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"Now that we are all here, I want to know why none of you have your weapons," Warrior Jean questioned. It was not an uncommon occurrence for novice warriors to forget their weapons, as they often got carried away by the remarkable changes their bodies underwent after consuming Vylkr vines and gaining access to the Vylkr energy.

Observing their bewildered and embarrassed expressions, he pushed forward a bag that had been placed there earlier and kicked it towards them with a swift motion. "Starting today, you will each use these daggers in combination with your gifts to eradicate the Vylkr vines. And until you prove capable of not misplacing your weapons again, the village will provide you with a personal weapon of your choice, crafted from the finest materials. Of course, that is if you survive the warrior training without any mishaps," Warrior Jean declared with a pause, a smile forming across his face. "But I have no doubt that each of you will emerge victorious and become formidable warriors, as that is the very reason why I am here."

Looking at the sly expression on Warrior Jean's face, Orion strode forward alongside the others and picked up a dagger from the ground. Gripping it firmly in his palm, he returned to his position with Ursa faithfully by his side. Warrior Jean, observing that each of them now possessed their own dagger, proceeded to speak, "While I understand that not all of you possess a dangerous gift, it is perfectly natural, as having a dangerous gift is a blessing rather than a prerequisite for becoming a warrior. However, having shown you the strength of a body fueled by Vylkr energy, today I will unveil the means to achieve such power. So, pay close attention," he urged, launching into an explanation of the core principles.

"As novices with three, four, or six-star potential, your first task is to become accustomed to consuming and controlling the energy of a one-star Vylkr vine without relying on the strange energy within you. Once you have mastered that, you will progress to the next stage: consuming Vylkr vines equal to or lower in rating than your potential, as I explained yesterday. Eventually, after consuming a sufficient quantity of Vylkr vines to augment the presence of Vylkr energy within you, your body will reach its initial limit. For a warrior with three-star potential, that limit signifies the attainment of the threshold required to become a fully-fledged warrior and unlock the first star of your potential."

Warrior Jean emphasized, "At this point, the Vylkr energy becomes so concentrated that it necessitates containment rather than allowing it to rampage freely throughout your body. The two most logical and secure containers for the Vylkr energy are either your heart or your brain. While alternative options exist, these locations offer the safest and most effective means of storing your Vylkr energy as a warrior. By storing the energy in your heart, your strength improves rapidly, your skin toughens, and your muscles and bones become more flexible and resilient. On the other hand, storing the Vylkr energy in your brain enhances mental clarity, enabling you to think and visualize your thoughts even in the most challenging situations. Your perception of events slows down, allowing you to comprehend them as swiftly as you perceive them. Your memory retention is enhanced, enabling you to recall information at will."

Warrior Jean continued, cautioning, "While it is possible to store your Vylkr energy in both your heart and brain once you achieve your potential, I must advise against it due to the chaotic nature of the Vylkr energy. Many have perished in their attempt to gain additional benefits that can be obtained by reaching their full potential or by choosing a single container. Therefore, as long as you are uncertain of your abilities, avoid the temptation of greedily attempting to transform both your heart and brain into containers simultaneously."