

## Village Head 161

### Chapter 161 A Warrior's Growth (2)

Suddenly, Warrior Jean paused, his demeanour suggesting he awaited their questions. Promptly, Grim raised his hand into the air, seeking clarification, and asked, "And how will we recognize when we have reached our limit and are prepared to form our first container?" Acknowledging Grim's question with a nod, Warrior Jean replied, "You will know that you have reached your limit in the same way you understand that your stomach is full and you can no longer continue to eat. It is an instinctive feeling. When your body communicates to you at that moment, you must listen and refrain from consuming any more Vylkr energy."

After Warrior Jean concluded his speech, Orion raised his hand, eager to pose his own question. Only when he received a nod of recognition from the warrior did he proceed, "What if we want to form another container once we reach our next limit?"

Warrior Jean's smile widened, gratified by the attentive audience before him. Their inquisitive nature prompted him to provide a more comprehensive explanation. "A warrior with a three-star potential can reach their limit three times, forming three containers in total. When you reach the first limit, you have the choice to form a container using your heart. If you decide to do so, then for the second container, you can opt for your brain to break through the second limit. However, if you wish to maximize the benefits of your first container, you can still use your heart as a second container. The same applies to the next limit, enabling you to reach your full potential and unlock the limits of your inner strength as a warrior."

His gaze shifted to Tala, focusing on her intently. "For warriors with a four-star potential, you have the option to continue until you reach your final limit and attain your full potential. The decision of which container to use, whether to focus on one and reap its extreme benefits or alternate between the two for maximum gains, is entirely up to you. However, it's crucial to be cautious when choosing a container because once the decision is made, it cannot be changed or undone."

Warrior Jean paused, his eyes shifting to Orion. "The same principle applies to warriors with a six-star potential. Although I cannot say if there is a limit to how many times a certain container can be used, as none of us have ever possessed such potential to find out firsthand. However, you will discover it for yourself. Just exercise caution as you push through your limits and unlock your inner strength."

Orion and the others nodded in understanding as Warrior Jean had effectively conveyed the information to them all. Simultaneously, Orion couldn't help but release a tired internal sigh when he contemplated how sceptical some individuals, particularly the other warriors, were about his

awakened six-star potential for inner strength. Their doubts were not unfounded, because if such a feat were possible, it meant they had only scratched the surface with their own potential. Now, with his presence, they had the opportunity to witness his remarkable growth and observe the stark contrast between their abilities and his. However, beneath the surface, Orion felt a hint of weariness. Every step he took forward had to be meticulously chosen, now knowing the true reason behind the special attention he received.

And as for the mysterious form Fiona had chosen to intimidate him with earlier that day, Orion was filled with curiosity and anticipation. He couldn't wait to discover what it was, firmly believing that Warrior Jean had deliberately withheld the information because they weren't yet prepared to comprehend its nature.

"Alright, that's all for today..." Warrior Jean's voice broke the silence, prompting the group's attention. He cleared his throat before continuing, "The Vylkr vines will soon arrive, so you can begin clearing them." With those words, he turned on his heel and strode several paces forward. Finally, he settled on a lifeless blackened tree bark, reclining against it as he made himself comfortable.

Sensing that the moment had arrived for their true training to commence, the group pivoted on their heels and advanced a few steps forward. However, they halted their progress, grounding their toes into the lifeless, ashen soil to steady themselves. A visible tension permeated the air, amplified by their collective silence.

However, Grim cleared his throat and broke the silence, "I think we need a plan, guys." Yet, before the words could fully settle, Tala swiftly interjected, her voice resolute, "We don't." She paused momentarily, then continued, "Let's familiarize ourselves with clearing and destroying the Vylkr vines on our own first. We can devise a plan later. Relying too heavily on one another now would breed unnecessary dependence, which is not ideal for warriors. We should first discover our individual limits before looking for ways to compensate them by uniting our strengths."

As Tala's words resonated in Orion's mind, he found himself discreetly nodding in agreement. Despite their inexperience, her logic rang true. It appeared that the others felt the same, as Grim began to respond with a sigh, "You are ri..." His sentence was abruptly cut short by a sudden tremor that rumbled beneath their feet.

Silently, they locked eyes and witnessed a horde of Vylkr vines emerging before them. The vines advanced relentlessly, closing the distance with alarming speed. At that moment, their grip tightened around their daggers, the weight of their impending challenge sinking in.

Suddenly, Orion's attention was captured by Grim's astonishing transformation. However, something seemed amiss this time. Instead of sprouting wings as his body underwent a rapid metamorphosis, Orion witnessed Grim being engulfed by scales. His arms vanished into his body while a pair of magnificent, radiant wings burst forth, stretching an impressive four meters in length.

Simultaneously, his legs fused together, until in a blink of an eye, all that remained was a magnificent serpent, around ten meters long, adorned with a mesmerizing blend of black and silver hues. With its tail still able to brush the ground, the serpent's mouth opened, revealing two menacing fangs above and three below, emitting a harsh hiss. In a swift motion, the serpent lunged ferociously towards the encroaching Vylkr vine.

### Chapter 162 A Warrior's Growth (3)

Witnessing another manifestation of Grim's shape-shifting gift, Orion couldn't help but speculate, 'This must be the final transformation he hasn't mastered controlling yet.' Nevertheless, the curiosity surrounding Grim's transformation didn't deter the rest of the group from charging forward, fully aware of the imminent danger.

Ursa ascended into the sky, tightly clutching her dagger before propelling herself forward with a momentary hesitation. Tala, on the other hand, surged ahead with bursts of vibrant green fire erupting beneath her feet, augmenting her speed and scorching the ashen ground in her wake. Gorg sprinted forward, his grip firm on his dagger as he mercilessly aimed at the encroaching Vylkr vines.

Orion refused to be left behind and promptly activated his own gift, witnessing lightning flicker and dance from his hands, imbuing the surrounding ground with crackling energy. Just as he prepared to join the fray, a sudden idea struck him, causing him to abruptly halt his steps and take aim at the approaching Vylkr vines, which were already engaged by the group. Ensuring his aim was as accurate as possible, he allowed the fusion of Vylkr energy and the strange energy within him to surge through his arms before propelling it forward with focused precision.

"Boooooom!" The resounding sonic explosion reverberated in Orion's ears, accompanying the dagger's rapid propulsion at such incredible speed that all he and the group could perceive was a fleeting blur. A scorched and seared segment of multiple Vylkr vines plummeted to the ground, as did the dagger, accompanied by an outward dispersion of lightning, jolting and stinging nearby Vylkr vines. Delighted by the results, Orion wasted no time and surged forward, his hands crackling with lightning, heralding his approach.

Seizing the opportunity to put his theories to the test, he swung his right hand towards an oncoming Vylkr vine, his fingers tightly clenched and electrified. With a resounding "crackle," his electrified fingers effortlessly cleaved through the vine in a single stroke, leaving him wide-eyed with

astonishment. With another Vylkr vine in his peripheral vision, Orion swiftly turned and swung his hand again, witnessing it succumb to his lightning-infused swing, severed into disjointed fragments.

And so, he pressed on, obliterating and slicing through each Vylkr vine in his path until the once lively threats lay lifeless on the ground, their bodies charred to a crisp, reaching the spot where his dagger had landed. Retrieving it, Orion allowed his lightning to surge and rage fiercely around the blade once more, bolstering his confidence and stride as he charged relentlessly toward the remaining Vylkr vines, brimming with remarkable assurance.

Meanwhile, behind the group, Warrior Jean observed the scene unfold before him and couldn't help but nod in acknowledgement. "Maybe it's because they can sense the confidence radiating from everyone else and refuse to be left behind..." His gaze then shifted to Orion, who appeared to be delving deeper into himself, isolating his focus amidst the presence of the Vylkr vines. "If he can endure, it's truly impressive. But if he falters, he'll learn a valuable lesson through experience."

Although he could discern the mistakes, they were all making, Warrior Jean saw no need to intervene or dampen their confidence by pointing out those errors. After all, their primary objective was to learn how to eradicate and destroy the Vylkr vines while ensuring the safety of their own lives and the lives of their comrades. Anything beyond that was currently insignificant because as long as they achieved that goal, his role as their teacher would be fulfilled.

However, Tala discovered that her flames were more effective in reducing the Vylkr vines to ashes compared to the daggers. Instead of laboriously stabbing and cutting through the vines one by one, she opted to unleash her fiery prowess and burn them into oblivion. In the midst of her fiery assault, Grim noticed the disappearing vines and swiftly reverted to his human form, abandoning his imposing serpent-like figure with vibrant colourful wings. "Hey, don't burn them all! Remember, we still plan to eat them," Grim shouted at Tala, transforming into his horned golden eagle form and soaring into the sky with unparalleled speed and fineness. He dove down, using his sharp talons to pierce through several Vylkr vines, rending them apart by twisting and lifting them into the air.

Tala, chastened by Grim's reminder, felt a wave of embarrassment wash over her as she realized she had almost overlooked this crucial detail amidst the intensity of battle. With a nod towards the airborne Grim, she adjusted the intensity of her flames and employed her dagger to carve through a section of the Vylkr vines, ensuring they were partially cooked by her flames before severing them.

"Let's give it another shot," Orion murmured to himself, completely absorbed in the exhilaration of unleashing his gift to its fullest potential. Lost in the intensity of the battle, he extended his hand backwards, gripping the hilt of his dagger tightly as he aimed its razor-sharp blades forward. With a swift motion, Orion propelled his hand forward, releasing the dagger with such speed that it became a blur to the naked eye. The blade sliced through numerous Vylkr vines in its path before landing on

the ashen ground, dispersing tendrils of crackling lightning that stung the retreating Vylkr vines, keeping them at bay.

"Crackle." The cycle repeated itself as more sections of the Vylkr vines crumbled and disintegrated under Orion's relentless assault.

However, unbeknownst to Orion, he found himself venturing deeper and deeper into the heart of the Vylkr vines, completely absorbed in his exploration of the diverse capabilities of his gift. This didn't go unnoticed by the others on the battleground, who, unwilling to be outdone by Orion's display from the previous day, pressed forward in an attempt to match his achievements. However, their progress was hindered by the daggers in their hands, forcing them to heavily rely on their gifts and individual efforts to maintain their position.

Meanwhile, in a critical moment, Gorg swiftly tore a strip of fabric from his tulga and skillfully fastened it to his weapon. With a sudden motion, he flung his modified tool forward, and to everyone's surprise, the torn fabric began to stretch in unimaginable ways until only a series of thin threads were left, suspended in the air before him.

#### Chapter 163 Improvements In Training

Once the threads were positioned in front of him, Gorg took a leap backwards, unleashing a flurry of swift motions as he whipped the threads around him. While he was still in the early stages of mastering his newly awakened gift, this was the best display of control he could manage at the moment.

"Whooshh!" Gorg marvelled at the sight of his gift effortlessly slicing through the oncoming Vylkr vines with the razor-sharp threads. They coiled around the vines, snapping them in two before they had a chance to inch any closer to him, ensuring that not a single vine could even graze his skin.

And just like that, unlike the struggles they faced yesterday, Tala and the rest were now resolute in sweeping away and eradicating every Vylkr vine within their vicinity. They pushed forward with resolve, refusing to yield an inch. Even Ursa had mastered the technique, realizing that she could enhance her speed to generate enough momentum to dig her dagger deep into the Vylkr vines.

As Ursa levitated higher off the ground, she discovered a newfound agility in her movements. With grace and instinct, she deftly fought off the encroaching Vylkr vines, effortlessly manoeuvring between their tangled masses. Her elevated position granted her a strategic advantage, enabling her to navigate through the midst of the vines and strike them down with precision.

This continued for an exhilarating twenty minutes, surpassing their previous record by far. The relentless battle against the Vylkr vines raged on, their endurance unwavering. However, amidst the

intense fray, Warrior Jean's commanding voice suddenly echoed from behind them, cutting through the chaos.

"Alright, it's time to return!" his voice boomed, reaching the ears of every warrior. Without hesitation, they abandoned their defensive positions, swiftly making their way back. One by one, they retreated, except for Orion. He remained steadfast in the heart of the Vylkr vines, engulfed in the symphony of his crackling lightning and the subtle tremors caused by the vine's demise. Unyielding, he relentlessly pressed forward, slashing and incinerating the vines, driving deeper into their midst.

Witnessing Orion's relentless savagery, Warrior Jean couldn't help but release a weary yet satisfied sigh. A wide grin slowly etched itself onto his lips as he shook his head in awe. 'That boy,' he thought, marvelling at Orion's relentless pursuit. Stepping forward, he extended his right arm toward the looming mass of Vylkr vines, his open palm radiating power.

In an instant, he activated his gift, unleashing descending spheres of air with incredible force. The Vylkr vines were decimated upon impact, torn apart by the sheer might of his attack. Adjusting his aim, he directed a few more spheres towards the area where Orion was, intending to catch his attention. Satisfied that he had succeeded, Warrior Jean swiftly shifted his position once again, to aim at his next target.

For approximately a minute, the relentless onslaught of the Vylkr vines subsided, and Orion, drawn by the explosive bursts of dense air from Warrior Jean, reconnected with the group. Warrior Jean turned towards the group and spoke, his voice carrying a sense of authority, "While you rest, go ahead and gather the Vylkr vines to fill yourselves up." With that, he turned away and made his way towards the remaining Vylkr vines, his arms extended to collect an armful of the twisted vegetation. Carefully cradling the vines against his chest, he retraced his steps back to the tree where he had rested.

As Warrior Jean passed by the group, he didn't even need to glance their way as he issued a notice, "Just remember, you need to be back on your feet within the next thirty minutes. So, whatever you're doing or planning, make it quick." The group nodded in understanding and swiftly scattered, each member rushing to claim their share of the scattered Vylkr vines. Some, like Grim, Orion, and Ursa, chose to settle amidst the remnants of the vines and feast on their portion. Observing their actions, Gorg and Tala, who had initially kept their distance, decided to join in the communal gathering.

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"This should do it," Celeste murmured, her gaze fixed on the three meticulously crafted clay pots before her. A mix of anticipation and weariness lingered in her voice as she continued, "I hope I can sell them tomorrow." Her tired sigh carried the weight of missed opportunities, knowing she could have made one more pot if not for the exhaustion in her legs from having Kushi with her son yesterday.

"Knock! Knock!" The abrupt sound of someone rapping on her door echoed through Celeste's ears. A perplexed expression etched itself upon her face, as she was not expecting any visitors at this time of the afternoon. Nevertheless, she swiftly washed the clay residue from her hands and stepped out of her backyard, deciding to discover the identity of the unexpected guest.

"Knock! Knock!!" The persistent sound reverberated once more as Celeste cautiously opened the door, her initial words getting caught in her throat. Her astonishment was discernible as her eyes scanned the unexpected group standing before her. Grandma Celia, Ingrid, Meldra, and Vivian all stood there, but it was the radiant, beaming smile of Grandma Derry that seized her attention. A sense of foreboding crept into Celeste's heart as she wondered, 'What do they all want?'.

With the tension in the air becoming palpable, Grandma Celia was the first to break the silence. Her voice carried a hint of concern as she asked, "Can we come in?".

Still, in a daze, Celeste nodded and swung the door open wide, stepping aside as she watched the group enter her home. Closing the door behind them, she led them to the centre of the room where they all settled on the floor. Celeste positioned herself facing Grandma Celia, Ingrid, and Meldra, while Grandma Vivian and Derry took their places behind them.

With a solemn expression, Grandma Ingrid took the lead and addressed Celeste, her gaze fixed upon her. "First of all, we apologize for this sudden interruption without prior notice," she began, shaking her head in remorse. "However, something of great importance has emerged, and we couldn't wait another day to inform you." Celeste furrowed her brows, her curiosity piqued as she tried to unravel the meaning behind Grandma Ingrid's words. The rare gathering of all of them together sent a shiver down her spine, indicating that whatever was about to be revealed carried immense significance.

#### Chapter 164 The Hidden News

'Do they want to kick me out of the compound?' Celeste couldn't help but entertain the anxious thought that crept into her mind. However, she quickly dismissed it, shaking off the negative assumptions. In the past, she would have immediately begun apologizing for any perceived mistakes, whether intentional or unintentional, before they even uttered a word. After all, the consequences could be dire, with her and her children left homeless and struggling to rebuild their lives. They might have to resort to extreme measures, even enduring hunger, or bargaining for servitude in the village chief's compound or on the farm just to secure food and shelter.

But now, with her son as a warrior and her eldest daughter excelling as a top worker on the farm, soon to be promoted, Celeste felt a newfound sense of control over her emotions. A wave of confidence washed over her as she locked eyes with Grandma Ingrid and boldly inquired, "And may I know what is so important that it has brought all of you to my hut at once?".

Grandma Ingrid's serious nod signalled her understanding, and she directed her finger towards Celia, indicating that she should be the one to deliver the news. Grandma Celia, feeling a little reluctance, let out a sigh at Ingrid's decision to shift the conversation onto her. However, she knew she had to speak up, and with Celeste's gaze now even more challenging to meet, she took a deep breath, mentally preparing herself for what she was about to say.

"If you don't mind, Grandma Celia," Celeste interjected, her voice laced with a hint of impatience, "I was a little busy before you all arrived, so it would be b....".

"I'm pregnant," Grandma Celia dropped the sudden revelation amid Celeste's words, causing them to trail off and leaving Celeste stunned. Her initial smile vanished, replaced by a mixture of surprise and confusion. She looked at Grandma Celia again, trying to process what she had just heard. "What did you say?" Celeste's voice held a hint of scepticism. Was this another attempt to embarrass her? She had braced herself for something serious, only to be caught off guard by this unexpected revelation.

But before Grandma Celia could respond, Celeste quickly interjected, "And I understand that for a while I have been making a fool out of myself...".

Before Celeste could finish her sentence, Grandma Celia cut through her words with a high-pitched shout, "I AM PREGNANT, CELESTE!" The sudden outburst reverberated in the room, momentarily silencing any other sound. Then, with remarkable calmness, Grandma Celia added, "And I promise you, it's not a joke."

"I... We... Huh!" Celeste's mind was filled with a whirlwind of thoughts as Grandma Celia's words pierced through her consciousness, leaving her unable to gather her thoughts. She quickly focused her gaze on each of the elderly women standing before her, and even the typically smiling Grandma Derry now wore a serious expression.

Swallowing hard, as if trying to swallow an invisible lump in her throat, Celeste shook her head and extended a trembling finger to point at Grandma Celia. "You're pregnant?" She repeated the question, her voice tinged with a mix of astonishment and disbelief, unable to find the right words to express her surprise.



Grandma Celia nodded, her expression maintaining utmost seriousness, which only intensified Celeste's inability to articulate her thoughts. Gathering her courage, Celeste gestured toward Grandma Celia's stomach with her finger and asked, "What baby is it? Is it a boy or a girl?" Grandma Celia furrowed her brows at the question, momentarily caught off guard, but quickly composed herself. She realized that Celeste's reaction was better than expected, considering they hadn't even revealed the main news yet. Choosing to go along with Celeste's pace of understanding, she replied, "Isn't it too early to ask such a question?"

Immediately, Celeste nodded in understanding, her mind filled with a mix of curiosity and concern. She sighed tiredly, her voice tinged with exhaustion as she spoke, "True. I just wanted to know..." She paused, correcting herself, "Since you no longer have your fertility, I was curious to know if..." Celeste's voice trailed off, her defeated tone indicating that she had given up on expressing her thoughts. "Forget it," she concluded, trying to regain control over her emotions.

Taking a deep breath, Celeste finally focused on the most important question that had been lingering in her mind. Her voice wavered with hesitation as she asked, "Who impregnated you? Who is the father of your child?" She couldn't help but wonder about the man responsible for impregnating an elder like Grandma Celia. If word got out that his semen could impregnate women who had lost their fertility, he would surely attract attention in the village. Celeste's curiosity intensified as she realized that everything, she had been told so far was true. However, what she was about to hear next...

"Orion," Grandma Celia responded firmly, her words sending shockwaves through Celeste. She stood up abruptly, unable to believe what she had just heard. "Impossible," she muttered in disbelief, her face reflecting her shock. She scanned the faces of the five women in front of her, desperately hoping for some clarity. "Impossible."

The revelation that a man could impregnate women who had already lost their fertility was enough to send Celeste into a state of confusion. However, the revelation that the man responsible was none other than her own son, Orion, sent Celeste spiralling into a state of shock. The world seemed to spin around her as darkness threatened to engulf her vision. Her legs gave way, and she felt herself descending into the void. But just as she thought she would crash to the ground, someone or something caught her, holding onto her tightly.

"One of you, please go to the backyard and quickly fetch some water from the tank," Grandma Celia instructed, her arms tightly embracing the unconscious Celeste. As she held onto her, a mix of concern and weariness washed over her. "And here I was, thinking she was handling the news so well," she murmured, letting out a tired sigh.

Chapter 165 Warrior's Addiction

While Grandma Vivian went to the backyard to fetch a bowl of water, the rest of them arranged a comfortable mat for Celeste to lie on. They found spots to sit beside her, waiting anxiously for her to regain consciousness. Grandma Derry couldn't help but find the situation somewhat amusing. "If this is her reaction to your pregnancy, I can't wait to see the Village Chief's messenger or even the Chief himself when they hear about it," she chuckled. Grandma Celia shook her head in disbelief and quickly responded, "I hope you're not thinking what I think you're thinking."

Grandma Derry nodded in agreement, "Me too, because there's no way that we are going to tell anybody else, without Orion also impregnating me." She smirked playfully, gesturing towards Grandma Celia. Grandma Celia shook her head in resignation, "Just pray to Naka that he would even consider someone like you in the first place." Grandma Derry retorted, determined to find a way, "Well, he played with your body and released his semen in your vagina, so I'll definitely find a way to make him do the same for me." Though she knew it would be a difficult task, perhaps even requiring all her wealth as leverage, Grandma Derry couldn't help but scheme in her mind.

Meanwhile, Grandma Celia sighed tiredly, accepting the futility of the conversation, and collected the water brought by Grandma Vivian. She used a small amount to sprinkle on Celeste's face, hoping it would help her regain consciousness.

However, as the conversation continued, Grandma Ingrid listened intently, her hand instinctively resting on her stomach, a myriad of thoughts racing through her mind. Unbeknownst to the others, her expression revealed a mix of emotions: anticipation, apprehension, and perhaps even a hint of longing.

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Thirty minutes later.

Orion found himself caught in a perplexing situation, unaware of how it had begun or what exactly was happening. With every bite he took, he could sense an inexplicable surge in the Vylkr energy coursing through him. Yet, there was a strange twist to it all. The more he consumed, the stronger the urge to keep eating became, as if the tingling sensations and the unsatisfied void in his stomach were driving him to devour more. Unable to resist, Orion voraciously devoured the Vylkr vines before him, surrendering to the insatiable hunger that consumed him.

And it wasn't just Orion, but the others too succumbed to the irresistible allure of the Vylkr vines, devouring them with unrelenting fervour. They indulged in a feast, consuming every Vylkr vine within their reach. The air crackled with energy, and suddenly, a resounding "BOOOM!" shattered the tranquillity. A powerful blast of air surged forward, propelling them backwards and scattering

the Vylkr vines in all directions. No one needed to wonder who was responsible for this sudden assault when they heard the voice that followed.

"What you've all just experienced is what we call the 'Warrior's addiction,'" declared Warrior Jean, his gaze fixed upon the bewildered group. Not moments before, they had been frantically scavenging for the Vylkr vines, unable to go even a single minute without a taste. He continued, "Once you become a warrior, there's another aspect you must be wary of- the Warrior's Addiction. It manifests in three stages. Firstly, you'll feel an insatiable need to consume more and more Vylkr vines until the Vylkr energy within you becomes dangerously unstable... leading to dire consequences for both you and the village."

Warrior Jean's voice wavered slightly as he delivered that part, pausing for emphasis before pressing on, "Secondly, a gnawing compulsion will entice you to create another container within your body. I believe I don't need to explain the repercussions of attempting to create another container prematurely or attempting to create more than one at once." Warrior Jean observed with a smile as their understanding slowly dawned, and some even swallowed nervously at the gravity of their close call.

However, Warrior Jean wasn't done yet. After a brief cough, he resumed his explanation, his smile waning slightly. "However, this addiction primarily affects experienced warriors who have consumed Vylkr vines for an extended period. As for the third stage..." His smile faltered momentarily. Nevertheless, he continued, "When you reach the pinnacle of your potential, you'll discover that for yourselves."

After listening to his explanation, Orion couldn't help but swallow hard, a surge of relief washing over him as he realized how dangerously close, he had come to succumbing to the insatiable desire to consume more Vylkr vines. If Warrior Jean hadn't intervened, if he hadn't halted their frenzy and snapped them out of their trance, Orion shuddered to think of the dire consequences that could have unfolded.

"Well, that concludes today's lesson," Warrior Jean announced, his gaze shifting away from the group and ahead. "I would have allowed you another twenty minutes to regain your composure, but luckily, you can count this experience as part of your training." With those words, Warrior Jean turned and walked away, his voice trailing behind them, "Enjoy yourselves, and don't worry about dying. After all, I'm here to ensure that doesn't happen."

Observing the warrior's nonchalant demeanour, Orion couldn't help but shake his head in mistrust. Gathering his resolve, he pushed himself off the ground, successfully regaining his footing despite the tremors that invariably heralded the arrival of the Vylkr vines. Harnessing the power of his gift, Orion focused his gaze, patiently awaiting the appearance of the vicious Vylkr vines. As soon as

they emerged within his line of sight, he lunged forward with his lightning-imbued dagger, striking with exceptional speed and precision.

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The farm.

After gathering the final ones in her designated area, Melta turned to face Reena and asked, "Are you ready?" Reena responded with a resolute nod, extending her hand towards the vast expanse of shrub-like plants before her. Clearing her throat in silence, she assumed a calm demeanour and spoke with unwavering authority, "Listen up, everyone. Today is the day of your harvest, whether you like it or not. It's time to follow my instructions.' Reena fell silent, wearing a smile on her face as if she were tuned into something or someone. She closed her eyes briefly as if receiving guidance, before reopening them and positioning both hands towards the multitude of plants. With a swift motion, she activated her gift.

#### Chapter 166 Farming A Promotion

A vibrant, deep yellow glow emanated from Reena's hands, pulsating with an undeniable vitality. In a fascinating display, the cotton buds throughout the field sprung to life, separating from their rooted plants as if choreographed in advance. They followed a synchronized dance, propelled by an invisible current, guided by the sway of Reena's hand. Once Reena ensured that every single bud took to the air, not one left behind, she exclaimed, "Alright, everyone, follow my lead. And remember, no fighting!" With those words, she led the airborne cotton buds towards a sprawling wooden cart positioned at the periphery of the cotton farm.

As they settled onto the cart, Reena deactivated her gift, her eyes shifting towards the two young men assigned the task of transporting the cotton back to the work huts. "That should do it," she remarked, observing their nod of acknowledgement and their exchange of glances.

The first boy, his shoulder-length black hair swaying gently, firmly gripped the two handles used to propel the cart forward. Glancing at the other young man seated behind him on the cart, with short-cut crimson hair, he asked, "Are you ready?" A determined nod confirmed the readiness of his companion, who extended his left arm forward, activating his gift. As if responding to his actions, the cart elevated a few inches above the ground, with the other young man clutching tightly to avoid any untimely falls.

With a swift cautionary note, "Hold on tight!" the young man with crimson hair flicked his hand forward. In an instant, the cart surged forward, hurtling with astonishing speed that threatened to dislodge the cotton buds. Yet, miraculously, they clung to the cart as if magically glued in place.

Reena and Melta stood there, their eyes locked on the spectacle until the cart and its intrepid riders vanished from view, carried away by the swift current of their journey.

"Come on, let's head to the next section and lend a hand. You won't believe what happened to the newcomers from this year's awakening ceremony. They were actually chased away by some tree nymphs who apparently wanted to gather flowers but ended up trampling over the herbs in the process," Melta chuckled, reminiscing about her own initial fear of the tree nymphs when she first joined. While most of them were too intimidating to joke around with, there was still a significant number of them who were friendly and gentle enough to offer assistance on the farm.

Reena shook her head disapprovingly and questioned, "But have you informed the caretakers about this first?".

Melta snorted in response to Reena's remark and retorted, "We don't need to inform anyone." She quickly lowered her voice, ensuring no one was eavesdropping, and continued, "Listen, I have a plan, alright? If we want to secure your promotion, what better way than to rescue the newcomers and impress them in the process? Besides, I've heard that this year's awakening students get along really well with Mrs Shani. So, if you manage to earn their gratitude by helping them, who knows? They might sing your praises in front of Mrs Shani, and once she hears of it, we can be sure that one of the caretakers will surely approve your promotion." Melta concluded her explanation with a sly smile playing on her lips.

After all, with the two young men returning together after an argument, it would be a tough battle for Reena to secure her promotion without taking active steps. She didn't want to wait for several more months before another opportunity arose.

Reena shook her head, a sense of defeat washing over her. "One of them has the gift to manipulate and propel objects, while the other can enhance his body weight up to a certain limit," she explained, her voice tinged with disappointment. "Now that they're reunited and working together on the cart to transport the harvest to the work huts, they'll be able to cover multiple sections of the farm in a single day and earn the recognition of everyone. It's as if they already have a head start to impress the caretakers," Reena admitted, realizing that she had to let go of her aspirations for this month's promotion and wait for the next opportunity. The tone of her voice revealed her resignation, as she knew deep down that the two young men had a better chance of securing the promotion than she did.

Observing Reena's defeated demeanour, Melta's frustration ignited, causing her to grasp Reena's hand and pull her forward toward the area where the newcomers were assigned. "Listen up! If you get promoted, that means there's a chance for me to get promoted as well. I refuse to wait for the next promotion and delay my own progress," Melta declared resolutely as they passed by the fields

of harvested cotton plants. "So, you better snap out of it and prepare to activate your gift once again because we are going to secure this promotion, whether anyone likes it or not."

Witnessing Melta's determination, Reena reluctantly conceded, "Alright, I get it. Let's give it a try and see what happens." Melta's face lit up with a smile at Reena's response, but her joy was short-lived as Reena abruptly pulled away from her grip and halted their progress. "Wait a moment," Reena commanded. Melta paused, curious about what Reena had in mind.

Reena extended her hands, radiating a vibrant yellow glow, towards the harvested cotton plants. "Listen up, all of you. Be prepared for harvest next week, and no arguments, understood?" she declared, deactivating her gift. As if responding to her command, the cotton plants swayed in unison, bending in the opposite direction as if pulled by a mighty gust of wind. Reena couldn't help but smile briefly at the display.

"You know, if we really want to guarantee our promotions, there's another approach we can take," Melta whispered into Reena's ear, sneaking up from behind. "Why don't we go and handle the Turkic plants? I've heard they're causing trouble again." Reena vigorously shook her head, refusing the idea, and instead took hold of Melta's hand, pulling her forward. "We're going to help the newcomers. I don't want to deal with those stubborn plants."

#### Chapter 167 Embracing The Unexpected

Celeste groggily regained consciousness, her vision still blurry, as Grandma Celia persistently splashed water on her face. Gradually, her senses returned, but a lingering dizziness made her hesitant to fully sit up. Instead, she weakly settled back onto her mat, her gaze fixated on the ceiling of her hut.

"Are you feeling better now?" Grandma Celia inquired, observing Celeste's dazed expression as she stared at the ceiling. She gently placed her hand on Celeste's head, checking her condition, and then withdrew it, repeating her question, "Celeste, can you hear me? How are you feeling at this moment?" Suddenly, Celeste looked up and locked eyes with Grandma Celia, who displayed genuine concern. Slowly, Celeste nodded and mustered the strength to sit up. With her legs crossed, she settled comfortably on her mat, her gaze sweeping across the four women seated in front of her until it settled on Grandma Celia. "I thought it was just a dream. Please tell me what you said isn't true," Celeste pleaded, massaging her head. Just yesterday, she had been daydreaming about the joy of carrying her son's child, becoming the first woman in his life to do so. And now, this news had blindsided her the very next day.

And above all else, the most difficult aspect for Celeste to accept was that the woman carrying her son's child was Grandma Celia herself—a woman who, despite her ample curves and lack of physical attractiveness compared to Celeste, had already lost her fertility. It was a bitter pill for Celeste to swallow. And though, the situation had occurred by accident and was completely

unplanned, Celeste couldn't help but wonder how she would explain such a predicament to others when they inevitably questioned why her son had penetrated Grandma Celia in the first place.

And even if she were to come up with the most natural excuse, claiming it was merely a case of playful interaction, deep down, Celeste knew the truth. Her current son, Orion, was not the type of young man who discriminated against others based on their outward appearance, unlike his former self. Still, she found it difficult to accept that the first woman her son impregnated was not a young beautiful woman in his age group. But now, thanks to her son's semen, that reality seemed to be altered.

'Why am I thinking like this?' Celeste pondered internally. She realized she was being shallow in her thinking, as she would eventually be judged in a similar manner. However, if it wasn't for her son, who showed her unconditional love regardless of her appearance, she wouldn't feel this overwhelming guilt. She feared that Orion's kind and humble nature might be taken for granted or even manipulated, preventing him from finding a beautiful partner to share his life with. And now, with this sudden discovery, the situation could become even worse than she anticipated. 'But Orion is a smart young man, so I shouldn't worry about that,' Celeste reassured herself, but before she could delve deeper into her thoughts, her attention was abruptly captured by someone calling out her name.

"Celeste, can you hear me?" Grandma Celia repeated, her voice filled with concern. She continued to utter those words several times until she noticed Celeste's gaze finally locking onto her, indicating that she had snapped out of her daze. Grandma Celia realized that she might have overwhelmed Celeste with the sudden news, causing her to retreat into her thoughts, attempting to comprehend and make sense of the situation. "It seems I shouldn't have delivered the news to you so unexpectedly," Grandma Celia admitted, empathetically. "If you need more time to process everything, we can leave and give you the space you need. Take your time until you feel ready to discuss the situation with us again."

After Grandma Celia finished speaking, she patiently awaited Celeste's response. However, observing the mother of the young man who had managed to impregnate her biting her lips in total confusion, with a whirlwind of intense emotions swirling in her eyes, Grandma Celia let out a defeated sigh. She pushed herself up from her seat, resigning to the fact that Celeste needed more time. As she rose, Grandma Celia uttered, "No need for you to respond. We will come and meet you once you're ready..." But before she could finish her sentence, Celeste interjected with a loud, defeated sigh that drowned out Grandma Celia's words.

After shaking her head vigorously in an attempt to clear her mind of the overwhelming thoughts, Celeste looked up at Grandma Celia, who was already on her feet and ready to depart. Celeste cleared her throat and uttered, "Grandma Celia?".

Grandma Celia's curiosity was piqued as she heard Celeste call out her name in an unexpected manner. Perplexed but attentive, she responded with a raised eyebrow, "Yes?".

Celeste's smile brightened as she made her request, "I can't continue calling you Grandma Celia, can I? How about Celia?" As soon as she finished her sentence, a boisterous chuckle erupted beside her, drawing her attention to Grandma Derry, who was laughing wholeheartedly. Celeste turned to find Grandma Vivan and Meldra with gentle smiles, while Grandma Ingrid maintained her serious expression. Caught up in the contagious joy, Celeste couldn't help but smile back. She acknowledged her initial jealousy and anger, wishing she could be the one giving birth to her son's first child. However, she understood that what mattered most was Orion's choice to navigate the situation with his children and the woman who had unexpectedly become pregnant. None of them had bargained for this turn of events.

Also, the crux of the matter lay in the astonishing fact that her son's semen had the potential to impregnate an elder woman who had already lost her fertility. Celeste couldn't ignore the consequences if this news were to spread throughout the village. Her family, and quite possibly the entire compound, would become the subject of intense curiosity and scrutiny, particularly from the village chief and those in his inner circle. As Celeste's thoughts gradually settled, clarity dawned upon her. It was precisely at this moment that Grandma Celia bent down, pinched her nose playfully, and let out a laugh. "Silly girl," she said, resuming her seat on the ground. "But you're not entirely wrong. If my child is accepted into your family, it would be reasonable for you to call me your daughter-in-law. However, I've never experienced or been in such a situation before, so it's a bit challenging for me to...".

Celeste interrupted, raising an eyebrow and interjecting, "If?" She gazed at Grandma Celia before shaking her head in disagreement. "Celia, you don't understand. I have already accepted you into my family. The only thing left is for my son to accept the child. But considering how considerate Orion has become, I can already predict that he will willingly take care of the child, understanding that you alone can't bear such a burden at your age." As for the possibility of Orion taking Grandma Celia as a partner, it was a matter for both of them to decide. However, Celeste didn't place her entire hope on such a thought, recognizing that the significant age gap might make it unlikely or even impossible.

However, as a woman who had to sacrifice an exorbitant amount of her wealth to conceive and bear her children, Celeste understood firsthand the kind of support Grandma Celia would require in the days to come.

"Yo... You're already..." Grandma Celeste's voice quivered with a mix of surprise and overwhelming emotions. Although she knew that the village would assist her during the pregnancy and childbirth, it was a customary support provided to all women in the village to ensure a successful outcome. However, to have someone willingly offer their presence during this critical moment, especially



from someone who hadn't anticipated it, was enough to bring tears streaming down her cheeks, staining her dress as they cascaded to the floor.

"It's okay," Celeste said, extending her trembling hands to wipe away her tears. "As you mentioned earlier, none of us have ever been in this situation before. So, before news of this spreads, I want you to know that I'll provide you with all the support you need. You don't have to bargain or worry about repaying me in any way, alright?" A warm smile adorned Celeste's face as she observed Grandma Celia's eyes welling up with more tears. Suddenly, she was pulled back onto the ground, enveloped in a tight embrace by Grandma Celia, who clung to her with both hands, weeping profusely into her tulga.

Witnessing the heartfelt moment between Celeste and Grandma Celia, Grandma Ingrid interjected with a firm tone, breaking the emotional atmosphere. "Well, now that everything seems to be settled," she said, her eyes glancing between Celeste and Celia, "Meldra and I have to head to the farm. But before we go, please make sure to inform Orion about this when he returns, so we can discuss how to announce such news to the village chief."

#### Chapter 168 Putting In An Effort

With a resolute nod, Celeste quickly responded, "Don't worry, I won't hesitate to inform Orion about everything. While I expect him to be surprised, I firmly believe that he will handle this news much better than I initially did." she reassured, a gentle smile gracing her lips. With a tender touch, Celeste lovingly caressed Grandma Celia's back, her soothing gestures aimed at calming the emotional storm within her.

After hearing Celeste's assurance, Grandma Ingrid rose from her seat and nodded in acknowledgement. "We will take our leave now," she announced, her gaze drifting momentarily towards Grandma Celia. The unspoken concern flickered in her eyes, prompting Celeste to swiftly address it. Sensing the unspoken worry, she reassured Grandma Ingrid, "Don't worry about her. I will ensure that she has all the time and space she needs here before returning."

Grandma Ingrid nodded in appreciation, recognizing the need for privacy and personal discussions between Celeste and Grandma Celia. Understanding that her role had come to an end, she nodded once more at Celeste, then turned to address the women behind her. One by one, they stood and made their way out of the room, each going about their daily responsibilities. Grandma Meldra, however, faithfully followed Grandma Ingrid's lead, knowing they were headed for the farm.

As they walked a certain distance away from the compound, Grandma Meldra abruptly turned her head toward her long-time friend. Her voice held a knowing tone as she spoke, "I know what's on your mind." Startled, Grandma Ingrid flinched momentarily, yet swiftly regained her composure. Clearing her throat, she replied with feigned ignorance, "I have no idea what you're talking about, Meldra."

Grandma Meldra let out a snort in response, her hand instinctively resting on her stomach as she glanced down at it. "I witnessed your little stunt, and honestly, I can't blame you for your actions. I feel the same way," she admitted with a chuckle, fully aware that they all shared similar sentiments --except for Celia, who already carried what they all desired. "But if you truly want to achieve your desires before it's too late, you better shed that attitude before any of us outsmart you. Especially Derry, who seems to be the only one brave enough to voice our collective thoughts," she added, a mischievous smile playing on her lips. Grandma Meldra gently rubbed her stomach before retracting her hand and delivering a firm slap to Grandma Ingrid's protruding buttocks. As Grandma Ingrid's buttocks jiggled from the impact, she halted her steps, turning to face Meldra with a tense disapproving frown.

However, Grandma Meldra continued walking ahead, completely disregarding Grandma Ingrid's disapproving frown and the fact that she had stopped behind her. "You should start searching for an approach before it's too late. Or better yet, try to establish a friendly connection with him. I've heard he doesn't judge based on appearances like most men do," Grandma Meldra's voice trailed off as she spoke, leaving Grandma Ingrid to contemplate her words.

Shaking her head in resignation, Grandma Ingrid let out a weary sigh, quickening her pace to catch up with Meldra's retreating figure. "Oh, and remember, we have no idea how the Village Chief will react to this news. So, if you insist on being stubborn and distant despite having such an incredible opportunity right in front of you, I won't hesitate to leave you behind and secure my own desires first," Grandma Meldra's final words echoed in Grandma Ingrid's mind, spinning her thoughts into a frenzy as she mentally prepared herself for her next encounter with Orion.

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"Haaaaa... Haaa....." Orion exhaled loudly; his breaths laboured as he fought to maintain his balance. He could barely stand on both feet, opting to kneel down on the charred, blackened ground to alleviate some of the strain. "I don't think... Haaaaaaa... I can continue any longer... Haaaaa..." Grim, Tala, Gorg, and Ursa mirrored his exhaustion, their heads nodding in agreement. The weariness had permeated their beings, sinking into their very bones, causing sharp spasms of pain whenever they attempted to activate their powers or control the chaotic surge of Vylkr energy coursing through them.

"Warrior Jean..." Grim finally couldn't contain his agony any longer and voiced out his pain. However, Warrior Jean swiftly interrupted him, rising from his position and making his way towards them, shaking his head wearily. "What is it? Didn't I tell you guys that you don't necessarily need your gifts to become skilled warriors?".

Tala interjected, her voice filled with frustration, "But..."

"But what?" Warrior Jean retorted, his gaze fixed on the heavily breathing Tala, his eyebrows raised inquisitively. "Unlike yesterday when you all slept through the day for good reasons, did it never occur to you that one day you might have to fight without using your gifts? Or fight without pausing until your bones start to break and your muscles ache?"

Warrior Jean picked up a Vylkr vine from the ground, tearing a piece out with his teeth. "Hold on for a minute," without waiting for a response, he turned around and began walking in a certain direction, until he abruptly stopped at a distance from them and retrieved a hidden bag behind a tree.

Using the same stride he had used to walk towards the tree, Warrior Jean swiftly returned to their side, turning the bag upside down. To their surprise, their cutlasses, which they had used the day before, tumbled out. "As someone who doesn't consider himself an irresponsible or unfair teacher," Warrior Jean explained, "I had asked the warriors tasked with clearing the area to keep your weapons safe. Now you can retrieve them and continue with your work."

Gulping down the last remnants of the Vylkr vine in his hand, Warrior Jean's gaze didn't linger on their expressions. He turned around, ready to leave, but then abruptly paused, his head swivelling back towards them, as if a forgotten thought had suddenly resurfaced.

"And in case you feel like your very flesh is on the verge of ripping apart from exhaustion," Warrior Jean continued, his voice carrying a sense of reassurance amidst their fatigue, "know that it's the Vylkr energy at play. It's seizing this chance to rebuild and fortify your body, ensuring it can flow seamlessly through every fibre by the time you regain your full strength. Just allow it to do its work and concentrate on accomplishing your own tasks."

#### Chapter 169 A Surprising Proposal

However, the exhausted group wearily observed Warrior Jean's return to his spot. Shifting their attention back to the scattered cutlasses on the ground, they sluggishly reached down and retrieved one, bracing themselves for the impending onslaught of Vylkr vines, despite the sensation that their bodies were barely capable of movement.

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"Haaa... That's enough. If I take another step, I fear my body will shatter," Ursa exclaimed, her words resonating with my own weary state. I nodded in deep agreement, my body aching with every attempt to wield my cutlass. The grinding sensation of my bones rubbing against each other intensified with each futile effort, escalating the agony to unbearable levels.

"Alright, you've all fought valiantly. It's time to rest," Warrior Jean finally declared, his voice laced with a mixture of admiration and concern. After battling through the relentless onslaught of the Vylkr vines for what felt like an eternity, using nothing but our weapons and sheer instinct, our bodies screamed in exhaustion. Collapsing onto the ashen ground, Tala, Grim, and Gorg sprawled out, surrendering to the fatigue that had consumed them. Ursa, seeking solace and support, leaned against me, her laboured breaths filling the air.

As weariness washed over them, one by one, their eyes fluttered shut, willingly surrendering to the sweet embrace of slumber to ward off the relentless exhaustion. A gentle breeze caressed my neck, causing me to turn and find Ursa nestled comfortably, dozing off against my shoulder, her breaths steady and peaceful.

Despite the heaviness weighing upon my eyelids, the rhythmic clinking of metal against the ground resonated in the air, capturing my attention. My gaze couldn't resist being drawn to the sight of Warrior Jean meticulously gathering and organizing our worn cutlasses, ensuring their safe keeping. I found myself entranced, watching as he arranged the weapons with care and precision that spoke volumes about his dedication.

Lost in the fatigue that gripped my body, I hadn't even noticed the moment when sleep began to sneak up on me, stealthily encroaching upon my consciousness. My eyelids, laden with weariness, reluctantly succumbed to gravity, gradually descending until they finally met in a tired, sluggish embrace.

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"Hey, don't tell me you guys are still asleep?" A deep voice jolted me out of my slumber, and my eyes fluttered open. As I lay on the ground with Ursa sleeping in my embrace, I noticed that the sky had taken on a tinge of darkness, indicating that evening had arrived and the sun was ready to set. "Ah, damn it!" I cursed under my breath.

The main reason I had wanted to accompany Ursa home the previous day was to finally propose to her, so that today I could have the opportunity to meet Sura at the farm before heading back home, without risking Ursa's jealousy leading her to do something foolish. However, yesterday's plan had been thwarted by Gorg's apology, and today, my plans were shattered by Warrior Jean's gruelling training session.

"You're awake." I listened to Warrior Jean's familiar voice and couldn't help but sit upright, directing my attention towards him. He looked down at me with a smile and asked, "So, how are

you feeling?" Momentarily forgetting the intense strain my body had endured, I found myself surprisingly more energetic, and the Vylkr energy within me seemed to have settled, no longer raging out of control. Almost as if he could read my thoughts, Warrior Jean added, "Just a few more weeks to go, and I assure you that your body will undergo a remarkable transformation from when you first started." He continued, "Now, wake up the rest of your group. We need to leave this forest before the sun sets."

Nodding my head in understanding, I gently shook Ursa until she awoke, her yawning mouth stretching wide open. Then, I stood up and made my way to rouse Tala and the rest of the group from their sleep. Following Warrior Jean's instructions, we were told to gather as much Vylkr vine as we could carry, with the condition that we had to consume it all before reaching the forest's exit. We all nodded in understanding, well aware of the reasons behind this task. Making our way to the scattered, lifeless Vylkr vines, each of us grabbed handfuls of the plant, including myself.

As we made our way out of the forest, I took the opportunity to inform Ursa that I would be accompanying her home today. Her face lit up with delight, and she readily agreed, expressing her joy at the prospect. Taking my time to finish consuming the Vylkr vine in my hand, I was about to hastily devour the last piece due to its unpleasant taste when Gorg approached me. He inquired about my conversation with my mother regarding the events surrounding my memory loss. Letting out a sigh of resignation, I proceeded to share with him the details as per my mother's instructions.

"So, it's that serious, huh!" Gorg muttered with a sombre expression, his face betraying a sense of disappointment. "The fact that your mother didn't say anything about it suggests that things might turn out much worse than my mother had anticipated." A mixture of fear and anxiety etched across his face, and he released a weary, defeated sigh that seemed to carry the weight of his concerns.

Observing Gorg's troubled countenance, I couldn't resist saying "Perhaps it's better that my mother remains silent for now," I suggested. "Give it a few days or weeks to see how she reacts. Unless you want her to hastily respond by doing something impulsive." While I understood the sincerity behind my mother's words from yesterday, I also recognized her tendency to be overly sensitive and prone to overreactions. It was likely that her perspective could shift in the coming days or weeks.

Furthermore, since I held no personal grudges against Gorg and witnessed his genuine efforts to learn and make amends, I saw no reason for him to carry the burden of that thought. If anyone should bear that weight, it should be his elder sister.

As his face brightened up and a glimmer of hope appeared in his eyes, Gorg responded, "You're right. It's best to wait and see how she handles the situation instead of rushing into any rash decisions." I nodded in agreement, a smile playing on my lips, as he returned to his previous position ahead of me. With a sense of relief settling within me, I focused on finishing up the remaining Vylkr vine in my hands before we made our way out of the forest.

"Alright, for now, I'll take charge of safeguarding your weapons. You can head home and we'll meet up again for training tomorrow," Warrior Jean said before disappearing into the depths of the forest, leaving us to find our own path back to our huts.

Without wasting a moment, I grabbed Ursa's hand and signalled for her to activate her gift. In an instant, the surrounding air surged, lifting us off the ground as we soared through the sky with exhilaration. But our flight was abruptly interrupted as a colossal shadow loomed over us, obscuring the moonlight. Without needing confirmation on who it was, we watched as Grim's majestic golden-horned eagle form swooped past us, gracefully twirling in the air.

After a short flight, we landed near a compound consisting of three huts, which I presumed to be Ursa's residence. Catching her breath, Ursa grinned at me and asked, "So, how was it? I'm still working on controlling both directions simultaneously, but it wasn't too noticeable, right?" Ursa beamed with a smile, her eyes conveying a message that didn't require a second glance.

Agreeing with a nod, I praised her, "You're getting the hang of it. Who knows, perhaps in the future, we might be able to fly high above the clouds and look down at the village." Her expression turned pensive, hinting at the seeds of an idea or a newfound aspiration. Just as she began to respond, saying, "Seeing the village from above the clouds might not be a bad idea." I coughed loudly, swiftly interjecting to prevent the conversation from taking an unexpected turn. "Ursa," I called out, redirecting her attention.

The moment I called out to her in such a manner, Ursa abruptly halted her actions and stared at me. I could see a mixture of intense emotions flickering in her eyes. Deciding to take things a notch further, I dropped to one knee, surprising her even more as she instinctively took a step back. Yet, I swiftly reached out, firmly gripping her right arm, preventing her from retreating further. "What... What are you trying to do?" Ursa's voice trembled with nervousness as she gazed at me, a hint of fear lingering in her eyes.

Inhaling deeply and exhaling slowly, she regained some composure and spoke with newfound confidence, "Why are you kneeling? Did I do something wrong?" However, traces of fear still lingered in her eyes. With a chuckle to ease the tension in the air, I looked at her, locking my gaze with hers, and uttered, "Ursa, will you be my partner?" In an instant, the fear vanished from her

eyes, replaced by a torrent of emotions that played out on her face: shock, confusion, understanding, and finally, a sudden realization.

#### Chapter 170 Ursa's Mother

Then, unexpectedly, she voiced her confusion, "But... But... why are you kneeling down?" Ursa's expression betrayed her doubt as her eyes scanned my kneeling form up and down. "Isn't it obvious?" I responded, drawing inspiration from the tender and heartfelt atmosphere of my previous proposal to Sura. I wanted Ursa's moment to be equally special. "What better way to express the weight of my feelings for you than to humbly kneel before you, raising one knee as a symbol of my desire for you to be my partner?" In truth, it was a spur-of-the-moment idea, improvising due to the unexpected turn of events that thwarted my original plan.

Everything happened in a flurry of excitement and happiness. Ursa's radiant smile illuminated the moment as she swayed her head in disbelief. Before I could react, she leapt towards me, her arms encircling me tightly and pushing me to the ground. Her exclamation of "Yes! Yes!! Yes!!!" filled the air with sheer joy. As we effortlessly absorbed the impact of our fall, I couldn't help but chuckle at her repeated affirmations. However, our laughter abruptly halted as the sound of something hitting the ground resonated in my ears, drawing our attention.

Startled, Ursa raised her head, and I craned my neck to catch a glimpse of what had captured her attention. "Mom!" she exclaimed, her voice laced with surprise. In an instant, I adjusted my position, still lying on the ground, to get a better view. There, I saw a woman struggling to rise from the ground, a shattered clay pot lying nearby, its contents of water spilt out. Ursa swiftly untangled herself from my embrace and rushed to assist the woman, her sense of urgency evident.

Meanwhile, seizing the moment, I swiftly rose to my feet, to see if I could lend a hand and offer assistance.

"Don't worry, I'm fine," the woman reassured Ursa, who had extended a helping hand. She swiftly adjusted her tulga, brushing off any sand that may have found its way inside, while her impressive breasts remained partially exposed. Sensing an opportunity to assist, I approached her and offered, "Let me help." Bending down, I carefully wiped away the damp soil from her smooth legs and thighs, ensuring her comfort.

As I raised my head, I noticed her gazing at me, captivated by the moment. Taking advantage of the situation, I gently adjusted her clothing, tucking in her large round breast and giving a final subtle squeeze, as if ensuring everything was properly arranged. Sura observed the interaction, shaking her head with a smile, and finding her mother's expression quite amusing.

Refocusing my gaze on Ursa's mother, I couldn't help but be captivated by her unique crimson and black hair, which added a touch of mystery to her appearance. As my eyes travelled down to her tulga, I noticed that she was wearing the traditional female tulga, distinct from Fiona's and the others. While I couldn't deny the alluring curves of her well-defined hips and slightly protruding buttocks, it was her large round milkers that truly caught my attention. I couldn't help but wonder how Ursa hadn't inherited such wonderful breasts, or if it would develop in the future.

My thoughts were interrupted when Ursa cleared her throat and introduced me, breaking the silence that had fallen between her mother and me. "Orion, this is my mother, Lyra," she announced, prompting her mother to snap out of her own contemplation and acknowledge my presence. "Mom, this is Orion, the boy I told you about," Ursa added, sensing the need to bridge the gap between us.

In an attempt to be polite, I extended a warm greeting, "It's a pleasure to meet you, Miss Lyra," accompanied by a friendly smile. I observed as she nodded in acknowledgement, her gaze travelling up from my toes to meet my eyes. Her piercing blue eyes locked onto mine as she posed a direct question, "So, you are the Orion?".

"Yes, my name is Orion," I simply replied.

"Did you just propose to my daughter?" she asked again, her expression betraying no hint of emotion as our eyes remained locked. I affirmed, "Yes, I did." She pressed further, her gaze narrowing with an intense level of scrutiny, "Are you toying with my daughter?" Before I could respond, Ursa intervened with a loud exclamation, "That's enough!" She firmly grasped her mother's arm and pulled her forward, leading her towards the compound and through the makeshift fence.

Lyra followed suit, seemingly taken aback by Ursa's actions and perhaps too stunned to react immediately. However, her gaze remained fixed on me as they disappeared into one of the three huts within my line of sight.

Observing the unfolding events, I couldn't help but find the situation somewhat amusing. However, my amusement quickly turned to dismay as I realized I had lost my way and had no idea how to get back home from where I stood. With a defeated sigh, I retraced my steps and returned to Ursa's compound, passing through the makeshift fence that surrounded it. I walked until I found myself standing in front of the very hut where Ursa and her mother had disappeared into earlier.



Just as I approached, loud shouts erupted from inside, making me hesitate. Nonetheless, I extended my hand and knocked on the door, instantly quieting the commotion. Ursa's voice broke the silence, saying, "I'll open the door." The door swung open, revealing Ursa's surprised expression. "Haven't you gone home yet?" she asked, clearly puzzled by my presence. From inside, Lyra's voice echoed, "Is that him? Is he still here?" Ursa swiftly closed the door after stepping outside, cutting off any further conversation.

With a fake cough escaping my lips, I looked into her inquisitive eyes and said, "I don't know my way home from here, and I was wondering if you could lend me a hand by flying me back?". Suddenly, her brows rose a bit as she looked at me with a questioning gaze, asking, "Are you serious?".

Knowing that only my family, the village chief, and those close to them were aware of my memory loss, I merely nodded my head. Ursa's smile grew wider, and without hesitation, she pulled the door open and shouted, "Mom, I'll be back in a minute...". Before I could hear Lyra's response, Ursa swiftly closed the door and activated her gift, lifting both of us into the sky.