

## Village Head 171

### Chapter 171 Surprising Encounter

"Is that it?" Ursa exclaimed, pointing towards the cluster of huts that formed our shared compound from a distance. While identifying my own hut from above would have been a challenge, given that they all looked quite similar, I knew that if we retraced our steps back to the village chief's compound, it would lead us on the path to my home. As we made our way back and followed the familiar route, it became increasingly clear which hut was mine, allowing me to easily pinpoint it as we approached the compound.

As such, I swiftly replied, "Yes, that's it. You can set me down here." Ursa nodded in understanding and descended back to the ground, landing a short distance away from the makeshift fence. As soon as we touched the ground, I expressed my gratitude, "Thank you..." However, before I could finish my sentence, Ursa surprised me by firmly grasping my cheeks with both hands and leaning in, pressing her lips against mine. Time seemed to stand still as we shared a passionate and unusual kiss. Caught off guard, I instinctively kissed her back, savouring the electrifying moment. After a brief but intense exchange, we reluctantly pulled away, Ursa giving my lips one last playful lick before swiftly taking to the sky, a wide smile illuminating her face.

Observing the scene before me, a wave of amusement danced in my eyes, accompanied by a mischievous smile. However, despite my initial intention to head straight to my hut, the peculiar sounds emanating from one of the empty huts in the compound piqued my interest. It was an unfamiliar noise, one that urged me to investigate further before settling down for the night. With my restrained movement, I lightened my footsteps and stealthily moved towards the source of the commotion, my anticipation growing. However, nothing could have prepared me for the surprise that awaited me as I laid eyes on the unexpected figure responsible for the mysterious sounds.

Right before my eyes stood the other elderly woman, her silver hair gleaming under the moonlight, reminiscent of the day she had surprised me and my mother during our backyard bath. She was now diligently sweeping away the accumulated clay sands around the vacant hut, her broom held firmly in her right hand. My gaze couldn't help but fixate on her irresistible tulga, barely sufficient to conceal her large curvaceous ass cheeks. With each movement, her protruding buttocks swayed seductively, captivating my attention and igniting a fiery response within me, rendering my penis anything but soft.

I couldn't resist the temptation any longer and discreetly reached beneath my tulga, my hand finding its way to my engorged penis. With gentle strokes, I succumbed to the pleasure it brought me, my

desire strengthening with each passing moment. Unexpectedly, the elderly woman's grip on the broom loosened, causing her to lean forward to retrieve it, inadvertently lifting her tulga and revealing the full extent of her dick-erecting buttocks. As she resumed her sweeping, her tulga dangled enticingly, enticing me to abandon my covert actions and step out of hiding. Though my penis had now regained some composure, the lingering anticipation remained as it became semi-flaccid, providing ample support for my tulga as I boldly made my presence known.

I observed in expectation as the tempting aged woman abruptly exclaimed, "Who's there?" Her eyes narrowed as she scanned the area, trying to discern my presence. Then, her expression changed, a mix of surprise and recognition crossing her face as she called out my name, "Orion!"

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After returning early from the farm, Grandma Ingrid couldn't shake off the weight of Meldra's words. It consumed her every thought, rendering her unable to eat without drifting into a daze. Determined to find clarity, she excused herself from the company inside the house. Even Grandma Celia, who had just returned from Celeste's hut and was resting due to early signs of pregnancy, couldn't sway her decision. With a broom in hand, Ingrid ventured outside, feigning the intention to clear her mind and sweep the compound. However, her true motive was to keep a watchful eye for Orion's return, as her mind was preoccupied with the idea of conceiving a child with him.

Unbeknownst to her hutmates, who would assume she was simply concerned for Celia's well-being and seeking solace in the open air, Ingrid skillfully masked her true intentions. Little did she anticipate that her absorbed state of sweeping and contemplating would be abruptly disrupted by the very person she had been keeping a watchful eye on. Startled, she quickly regained her composure and pondered her next move, while the boy, Orion, apologized, "Sorry for scaring you like that. I had no idea the strange noises were caused by your sweeping." As Orion spoke, his gaze involuntarily drifted down to the elderly woman's abundant bust, causing him to trail his eyes down before he refocused them back at her face.

As his eyes feasted upon the sight he had glimpsed the previous night, now presented before him in clearer detail, Orion felt a surge of blood rush towards his penis, causing it to throb with more anticipation. His gaze fixated on the beautiful elderly woman who stood in front of him, shaking her head in response to his apology. "Don't worry about it," she said, her voice carrying a hint of amusement. "I should have known that sweeping in the middle of the night would raise some eyebrows." Orion nodded in agreement, realizing the peculiarity of her actions at this hour. However, despite the captivating, and fuckable view before him, he couldn't afford to linger any longer. He needed to return home swiftly before his family grew overly anxious, as they had been the day before.

"Alright, now that I've figured out the source of those strange noises, I should head back home," Orion declared, a satisfied smile gracing his face. He needed some time to relax and prepare himself for the challenges of the following day. As for his erect penis, he knew his mother's or sister's vagina would take care of it while he slept. While he couldn't deny the charm of the mature and serious-looking woman before him, he was aware that he could easily fuck their inner walls by asking or playfully pretending to play with their bodies. Thus, Orion contented himself with the present view, knowing that another opportunity to visit Grandma Celia's hut would arise when he craved the pleasures of an aged pussy.

## Chapter 172 Two Schemers

However, just as he was about to turn and leave, a commanding voice pierced the air, causing Orion to halt in his tracks. "Wait a minute," the elderly woman called out, her tone demanding his attention. Intrigued and curious, he turned back around, his eyes fixed on her, a mix of confusion and questioning evident on his face. Before he could utter a word, the aged woman swiftly interjected, her voice tinged with concern, "I hope you haven't forgotten who I am," closing the distance between them. Her smile radiated warmth and awkwardness, impossible to ignore. Caught off guard, Orion couldn't help but reciprocate the smile as he shook his head and replied, "Sorry, grandma, but I'm afraid I don't remember you."

Despite hearing his response, Grandma Ingrid refused to show her disappointment. Instead, she let out a well-rehearsed sigh of feigned disappointment, allowing it to escape her lips in a calculated manner. "Even though I've heard about your memory loss, it's still disheartening that you didn't even bother to inquire about the names of the women who have been caring for you since you were just a little boy," she lamented, shaking her head with a touch of sorrow, all the while silently praying to Naka in her heart, hoping that her acting skills were convincing enough.

Orion, however, was oblivious to the facade of Grandma Ingrid's serious expression and disappointed sigh. Her acting skills were so convincing that he couldn't discern her true intentions. As such, with his penis still standing erect, Orion did the most reasonable thing he could at the moment: he took a step forward, wrapped his arms around her, and apologized. "I am sorry for not remembering your name," he sniffed in her pleasant feminine scent as he continued. "How about this? If you tell me your name this time around, I promise not to forget it." Orion's hands subtly slipped down, gently pressing against the fabric of her large prominent buttocks, while one hand ventured further down to grasp one of her fleshy thighs.

As Grandma Ingrid nestled her head against Orion's chest, she found herself taken aback by his immediate apology. The depth of his sincerity caught her off guard, even though she had heard stories from her hutmates and Celeste about the remarkable changes in the new Orion. It was still a pleasant surprise to experience it firsthand. With a gentle smile, she responded, "Alright then, it's forgiven." Locking her gaze with his, she continued, "You can call me Grandma Ingrid. It's an easy

name to remember, so I hope you won't forget it again, even if you happen to lose your memory once more."

Orion nodded his head as he raised Grandma Ingrid's tulga with his hands, his hand now groping her bare bulging cheeks. While he knew that Grandma Ingrid didn't perceive his hug as something intimate, for Orion, whose throbbing member was still exposed and pulsing, it sparked a surge of desire within him. One half of his penis pressed against her tulga, while the other pressed against her thick generously proportioned legs, igniting a scorching sensation that couldn't go unnoticed. As Orion nodded in understanding and reassured her, "Of course, I won't forget," Grandma Ingrid furrowed her brows and unexpectedly reached below, taking hold of his pulsing penis and giving it a gentle squeeze.

Her actions caused Orion to stifle a moan, his breath catching in his throat as he swiftly grabbed Grandma Ingrid's hand to prevent her from exerting any further pressure. Meanwhile, Grandma Ingrid, now released from Orion's embrace, glanced down and was genuinely surprised to find that she had indeed grasped his erect penis. "Your penis is quite remarkable," Grandma Ingrid immediately expressed her admiration, knowing that one of the best ways to please a young man was to appreciate the girth and size of his penis when it was standing erect. She had heard and witnessed the effectiveness of such compliments before.

Meanwhile, Orion, though now familiar with this world, could only nod his head and let go of Grandma Ingrid's hand, a subtle mischievous smile playing on his lips as he responded, "But it can still grow even larger given some time." While Orion had initially planned to return home and shove his veiny member into his mother's tight gripping narrow walls, he couldn't ignore the curiosity that flickered across Grandma Ingrid's face. A new desire stirred within him, compelling him to penetrate her fuckable ass going back home to rest.

Meanwhile, Grandma Ingrid's eyes gleamed with opportunity as she caught sight of Orion's erect penis. Without wasting a moment, she seized the chance and spoke with a seemingly innocent tone, "I understand that you're tired and want to rest, but I would greatly appreciate your help in moving some things inside this hut. It will speed up my sweeping process." While her true intention was to lure Orion into penetrating her vagina and releasing his semen inside her, she knew it would be risky to engage in such an act out in the open where they could be seen or interrupted.

So, Grandma Ingrid swiftly devised a plan, deciding that it would be safer to carry out their activity in their neighbours' empty hut, taking advantage of her broom as a disguise and seizing the most feasible option available at the moment.

While Orion's curiosity was piqued at Grandma Ingrid's insistence on sweeping or cleaning in the middle of the night, he understood that he couldn't leave and pretend as though none of this happened, until he had released his sweet nectar inside her ass. With a slight nod, he replied, "Alright, I'll assist you, but let's make it quick." Little did Grandma Ingrid know, when Orion emphasized the need for speed, he was not only addressing their task but also reminding himself of the consequences that awaited if he were to lose control and fail to return home in time.

"Alright, hold on," Grandma Ingrid responded, her eyes twinkling with a mix of excitement and anticipation, although she had already anticipated Orion's possible refusal. With a well-practised neutral expression on her face, she quickly retrieved her broom, concealing the smile that tugged at the corners of her lips. Holding the broom firmly, she motioned for Orion to follow her, maintaining her serious demeanour, which she now feigned to hasten her plan.

#### Chapter 173 [Bonus ] The Tension Builds

Nonetheless, Orion's eyes were irresistibly drawn to the sight of Grandma Ingrid's shapely prominent buttocks swaying enticingly as she hastened to retrieve her broom. His imagination ran wild, envisioning her aged, serious expression transforming into one of pleasure and ecstasy as his veiny penis pressed against her intimate matured vagina. The mere glimpse of her slightly parted ass cheeks ignited a fire within him, intensifying his desire. With his hard-rock cock pulsing with expectations, Orion mustered the self-control to walk forward, ready to assist Grandma Ingrid as she gestured for him to join her.

'I am definitely fucking her ass also' Orion admitted silently to himself, his thoughts completely captivated by the irresistible allure of Grandma Ingrid's curves. As she beckoned him to assist in opening the door, he couldn't help but steal a glimpse once more of her aged and serious expression, along with her clear silver hair that gave her a commanding presence. At that moment, Orion couldn't help but wonder what her expression would look like if he offered her a fresh hot mouth cup of his semen.

With persistent effort, Orion exerted his strength to push the stubborn door, finally succeeding in swinging it open. The hinges protested with a haunting creak, releasing a cloud of swirling dust into the air. Orion instinctively waved his hand near his face, attempting to clear the particles from his nose and mouth, allowing him to breathe freely once more. Observing his actions, Grandma Ingrid mimicked his gesture, delicately waving her hand to dispel the lingering dust from her own visage.

Yet, as the murky haze settled, revealing the extent of the mess inside the hut, Grandma Ingrid seized the opportunity to comment with a knowing tone, "I had a feeling it would be this messy if I didn't attend to it immediately." Her words carried an air of self-assurance, as if the chaos within the hut affirmed her foresight.

Orion's eyes flickered with curiosity as he contemplated Grandma Ingrid's choice of timing. Her resolute demeanour and seriousness etched on her face only deepened his intrigue, compelling him to pose the question that had been lingering in his mind. "I understand the necessity, but why choose this late hour to sweep? Wouldn't it be more practical to wait until morning?" Orion's inquisitive gaze met Grandma Ingrid's eyes, seeking an explanation. The moonbeams, as radiant as a torch's flame, illuminated their surroundings, allowing them to see their surroundings without the need for artificial light sources.

Surprisingly, Grandma Ingrid's hand shot out with swift reflexes, snatching Orion's nose and squeezing it between her thumb and index finger, eliciting a playful chuckle from her lips. "If I don't tend to the cleaning now, I'll be occupied with preparations for the farm tomorrow," she explained, her laughter lacing her words. Yet deep within, Grandma Ingrid harboured a fervent desire to keep the events that unfolded between them a secret, yearning for no one, not even her fellow hut mates, to discover the truth. She knew that maintaining her composed and authoritative facade would become increasingly challenging if their encounter ever came to light.

However, as Grandma Ingrid finished speaking, Orion's interest was captured by the revelation that she worked at the farm. This was a new piece of information for him, as he had overheard Grandma Celia and Vivian discussing their successful sales at the bustling market square while he was at their hut. It seemed that the responsibilities at the farm were divided among the hutmates, a logical arrangement given their shared responsibilities.

Feeling time slipping away, Grandma Ingrid swiftly lowered herself, clutching the broom tightly in her grasp, and commenced sweeping. Every stroke of the broom was purposeful, as she skillfully directed the swirling dust towards the direction of the backyard. The moonlight cast a ghostly glow upon her figure, highlighting her committed expression and the graceful movements of her sweeping.

"SWISSHH" "SWWISSHH"

As the seconds ticked away, each one seeming to stretch into an eternity, a tangible tension hung in the air, causing Grandma Ingrid to swallow nervously, her throat dry. While she had initially been pleased with her impromptu plan, the realization that there was nothing to move within the hut heightened her anxiety.

The previous occupants, Tina and her partner, thorough in their departure, had left the space devoid of any belongings, leaving Grandma Ingrid with a sinking feeling that her carefully crafted scheme might crumble before her eyes, its progress thwarted. In a desperate attempt to regain composure and sure that her plan doesn't fail, Grandma Ingrid instinctively reached behind her, attempting to

raise the hem of her dress against her protruding buttocks. To her surprise, her fingers brushed against exposed skin, letting her know that one side of her ample buttocks had already slipped free.

However, she dismissed the butt cheek as nothing more than a minor inconvenience, one that would only pose an issue in public. With casual nonchalance, she lifted the remaining side of her dress to fully reveal her protruding butt cheeks, an audacious move that showcased her boldness, testing whether Orion would not be repulsed by an unattractive woman, particularly one as old and curvaceous as herself.

Gazing over her shoulder, she locked eyes with Orion, who still sported an unexpectedly erect veiny penis. "It seems I've misjudged the need to move things," she admitted. "But I'll need your help to open the doors since everything seems to be carefully arranged." Returning her gaze forward, she maintained her nonchalant demeanour. "However, I understand that waiting while I finish sweeping might be boring for you. So, feel free to entertain yourself by playing with my body until I'm done," she added, a nervous chuckle escaping her lips despite the effort to maintain her nonchalant expression. "Don't worry, I'll be quick, so Celeste doesn't start anxiously looking for you."

'Stupid. Stupid. Stupid,' Grandma Ingrid chastised herself silently as she continued sweeping, her two large, prominent buttocks now fully exposed to Orion's gaze. Her strained nonchalant expression seemed on the verge of crumbling, threatening to reveal the underlying vulnerability. Above all, she cursed herself for the impulsive words that had escaped her lips. When she stole a glance and found Orion still rooted in his spot, her heart plummeted, skipping a few beats in the process.

#### Chapter 174 [Bonus ] Obedient Grandma Ingrid

However, Orion's mind was buzzing with contemplation as he sensed that Grandma Ingrid was up to something peculiar. However, lacking concrete evidence to support his suspicions, he resolved to unravel the puzzle one piece at a time. With Grandma Ingrid's inviting and fuckable curvy bare buttocks holding his attention, causing his breathing to rise with increased intensity, Orion cautiously took a step forward.

Nonetheless, Grandma Ingrid's heart raced in anticipation as she gulped nervously, unable to tear her eyes away from the sight of Orion's still erect penis, illuminated by the moonlight streaming through a nearby window. Determined to maintain his interest despite the repulsing sight of her large butt cheeks, she mustered her courage and boldly plunged her left hand in-between her butt cheeks, parting them apart to reveal the tantalizing glimpse of her two elderly inviting orifices. With deliberate slowness, she continued to sweep, deliberately prolonging the moment and heightening the tension between them.

Meanwhile, delighted by Grandma Ingrid's deliberate actions, Orion's senses heightened, and a rush of excitement coursed through his veins, causing his hair to stand on end. With a steady gaze, he

positioned himself closely behind her, matching her focused pace. Slowing his movements, he boldly took hold of his veiny penis, allowing it to glide from the edge of her waist, its velvety touch brushing against the centre of her immense enticing derriere. As he delicately slid his throbbing member downwards, it grazed against the warmth of her butt crack, eliciting a shiver of anticipation. Finally, his desires converged as his hardened penis found its ultimate destination, meeting the inviting embrace of her moist and awaiting vagina lips.

However, despite the outward appearance of composure, a storm of uncertainty raged within Grandma Ingrid. Her hands trembled involuntarily, betraying her inner turmoil as she contemplated her next move. Just as she anticipated a certain reaction from Orion, he defied her expectations by commanding, "Enough!" His authoritative tone pierced the air, demanding her attention. Then, with a surprising request, he added, "Grandma Ingrid, could you please squat a little?"

With a quizzical expression, Grandma Ingrid turned her head, furrowing her brows at Orion's unexpected request. Perplexed by his motives, she wrestled with the conflicting urge to maintain her facade and ensure the smooth progression of her plans. In a sudden display of resolve, she shook her head, refusing his plea. "Whatever it is you wish to do," she asserted, "you must wait until I have finished my sweeping, or if you're that eager, you can use my vagina however you want, while you wait." Her emphasis conveyed her intentions, desperately hoping that he would abandon his request and return to playing with her vagina, unaware of her hidden agenda - for him to become absorbed in the moment, to impulsively thrust the erect penis inside her, buying her precious time to devise an alternate plan if this one was to fail.

Suddenly, a startled "ahh" escaped Grandma Ingrid's lips, causing her to teeter on the edge of losing her balance. The broom slipped from her grasp as she swiftly released it, allowing it to clatter to the ground, while her hands found stability upon her knees. Her breath grew erratic, rising rapidly, matching the surge of sensation pulsating from her aged vagina.

With a mixture of trepidation and curiosity, Grandma Ingrid lowered her gaze, her eyes cautiously tracing the path downward. What met her sight left her astounded. Orion's two fingers had boldly plunged deep into her aged hole. Yet, it didn't stop there. His skilled touch tugged them backwards as if beckoning her inner walls to follow, causing a deliciously unsettling sensation to course through her body. It was a sweet agony that both thrilled and discomfited her in equal measure.

Summoning the remnants of her composure, Grandma Ingrid mustered the strength to utter "Orion..." her voice trembling with uncertainty. But her words were abruptly silenced by Orion's swift interjection, his voice carrying an urgent plea. "Grandma Ingrid, please," he implored, his tone laden with anticipation. "Can you squat down for a moment? I need to check something."



Enveloped in the compelling tone of Orion's voice, Grandma Ingrid stole glances at his enigmatic expression amidst the hazy, dimly lit room. At that pivotal moment, Grandma Ingrid found herself at a crucial juncture. She weighed her options carefully, realizing that unless she wanted to unintentionally drive Orion away and watch her plans crumble into dust, she had no other choice. With a resigned acceptance and the weight of her burdened mind, a weary sigh escaped Grandma Ingrid's lips, encapsulating the exhaustion that accompanied her carefully constructed plans.

Summoning her resolve, Grandma Ingrid mustered a response, her voice laced with both vulnerability and decisiveness, as she uttered a single word, "Alright." At that very moment, as if guided by an otherworldly intuition, she felt the flicker of Orion's skilled fingers teasingly delving into her aged vagina once more. The sensation elicited a fleeting, uncontrollable moan that quivered on her lips, "~~Ah~," before his touch was swiftly withdrawn.

In sync with the unspoken dance unfolding between them, Grandma Ingrid suddenly embraced her fate and lowered herself, squatting down ever so slightly. The motion caused her curves to accentuate, her body poised in an entrancing stance.

As Orion witnessed this scene unfolding before him, a nervous gulp rippled through his throat. Yet, instead of following Grandma Ingrid's lead, he chose to recline on his back on the ground, before he boldly let his hands roam, grazing both of Grandma Ingrid's stout thighs and large ass. A shiver coursed up Grandma Ingrid's spine, catching her off guard, and she instinctively turned her head, her eyes widening in surprise at the sight before her. There lay Orion, his back against the ground, his head pointing towards the wide expanse of her prominent curvy buttocks.

Just as Grandma Ingrid prepared to utter a word, a surge of expectation shot through her body as Orion's hands abruptly seized hold of her butt cheeks, pulling them tightly backwards. His voice carried a commanding tone as he instructed, "Push yourself back a little until your vagina and buttock are directly on top of my face." There was no time for her to process the request, as Orion tightened his grip on her bare backside, eliciting a slight wince from Grandma Ingrid as a twinge of discomfort laced through her. Yet, amidst the mingling sensations, she made a decision. She would comply, ever so slightly shifting backward while maintaining her squatting position, aligning her wide bare buttocks and vagina directly above his waiting face.

## Chapter 175 The Feast

Peering down at Orion's now fully visible eyes, Grandma Ingrid couldn't help but be captivated by the intense passion radiating from within them. An involuntary gulp escaped her, as this was the first time anyone, especially a young man like Orion, had ever gazed at her with such fervour. With a hint of hesitation lingering in her voice, Grandma Ingrid inquired, "What is it that you want to do?" She remained perplexed, yearning for clarification as to why Orion had so insistently requested her to assume this position.

However, without uttering a single word in response, Orion swiftly entwined Grandma Ingrid's two arms around her shapely legs, holding them firmly in place. With a calculated movement, he raised his head slightly, exerting a forceful pull downward that elicited a loud, abrupt yelp from Grandma Ingrid's lips. As her matured vagina made contact with Orion's waiting mouth, a surge of exhilaration washed over her.

In the midst of this intense exchange, Orion seized the opportunity to extend his tongue, snaking it out from between his lips, and plunged it into the depths of Grandma Ingrid's pussy. The sensation was overwhelming, causing her to release a long, deep breath, her body trembling in response. Orion's skilled tongue explored every contour, igniting a deep sense of pleasure within Grandma Ingrid. Her eyes widened in shock and delight as she felt the fervent caress of Orion's tongue delving deeper into her vagina, only to be suddenly withdrawn, leaving her craving for more. Without missing a beat, he proceeded to suck on her matured birthing hole, intensifying the sensations that engulfed Grandma Ingrid, pushing her to a point of no return.

"What... what are you doing?" she suddenly exclaimed. Throughout her long life, Grandma Ingrid had never encountered such a scene, where a man would place his head beneath a woman's buttocks, especially someone as aged as her, to pleasure her in such an unusual manner. And yet, there was more to it. The fact that Orion showed no discomfort with her protruding butt cheeks confirmed that he was not the type of young man to discriminate against an unattractive woman.

As such, a wave of mixed sensations coursed through her being, making it difficult for her to form coherent thoughts or words. "~~uHhhh~," a soft moan escaped her lips, betraying the pleasurable care she was experiencing as Orion excellently and delicately licked and sucked on her aged vagina. The overwhelming sensation left her unable to deny the undeniable satisfaction that coursed through her body, with each touch and swirl of Orion's tongue. The mingling of their fluids, as his saliva mixed with the warmth of her narrow walls, intensified the intoxicating delight that enveloped her. Gradually, she could feel the moisture within her increasing, as her vagina juices were brought to the surface.

"Oh... What is this?" Grandma Ingrid exclaimed, her voice filled with a mix of astonishment and pleasure. However, this time, she posed the question to herself, unable to fathom the incredible feelings she was experiencing. Another uncontrollable moan "uUUUUh~~~" escaped her lips, leaving her breathless, as she exerted all the strength in her legs to ensure she didn't fully bear the weight of her lower waist upon Orion's face, despite the tight press of her bottom against his eager mouth. It was a delicate balance, driven by her desire to prevent any discomfort or suffocation for him.

"SLURP!" "SLURP!!"

But as time passed, Grandma Ingrid could feel the strength in her legs waning, succumbing to the overwhelming delight that surged within her. Her fleshy insides grew wetter, releasing its enticing juices, as Orion diligently licked them away. With each stroke of his tongue, he ventured even further, swallowing her vagina juices and exploring the depths even more. His tongue, an enigma in itself, seemed to transform, as if its very tip fused together, creating a sensation unlike anything she had ever experienced.

As his tongue delved deeper, it collided with a certain spot within her soaked vagina that sent shockwaves of bliss through her entire being. It was a revelation that left her on the precipice of her thoughts, an unseen ecstasy that had eluded her for all of her eighty-nine years. The pleasure spread like roots, intertwining with every fibre of her being, as if awakening dormant sensations within her entire body. At that moment, Grandma Ingrid felt a transformative pleasure that transcended the boundaries of her reality, engulfing her in a soul-altering pleasure.

"~~aU~~ oHH~~ aHh~~" Another passionate moan escaped Grandma Ingrid's lips, echoing through the room, as she found herself irresistibly drawn to gaze down once more, fixated on Orion's closed eyes. At that moment, driven by a powerful impulse, her hand reached out towards his face, almost as if guided by a force beyond her control, until her trembling fingers tenderly cupped his head. A bewitching wave of emotions coursed through her, as if the intense pleasure and activity they shared had transformed Orion's appearance, revealing a newfound handsomeness she had never noticed before.

As the thought flickered in Grandma Ingrid's mind, a sense of urgency washed over her, compelling her to swiftly dismiss it before it gained a foothold. Deep down, she had come to realize that Orion was unlike any other young man who would recoil at the sight of her unattractive figure. Yet, amidst the whirlwind of emotions and newfound desires, she couldn't allow herself to be distracted. The pressing matter of Celia's case loomed overhead, demanding their attention and a resolution. They had to find a way to navigate through the difficulty of the situation, ensuring its quick resolution before any unforeseen attractions could complicate their already complicated situation.

Besides, Grandma Ingrid couldn't fathom Celeste welcoming another elderly woman like herself into their family, especially after the unsettling events surrounding Celia's case. Instead of unattractive, ageing women like them, what mother wouldn't prefer her son bringing home beautiful young girls? Furthermore, even if by some miraculous intervention from Naka, she managed to gain acceptance from Orion and subsequently from Celeste, Grandma Ingrid didn't know how she would react. After all, she had orchestrated this secret meeting with Orion in the vacant hut next door, hoping to find a way to coax him into releasing his semen deep inside her longing vagina.

But as she watched him skillfully licking and sucking her birthing hole, while simultaneously massaging her behind, he even managed to sneak his hand under the fabric of her tulga, pressing his palm against her back and providing a careful, attentive massage. Grandma Ingrid couldn't deny the

overwhelming sensations coursing through her body at that moment. It made her feel cherished and loved, as if she was being cared for in a way she had never experienced before. It was a feeling she had never expected, but now, she couldn't deny that she desired it more than anything. Grandma Ingrid would be lying if she claimed to know how to react at that very moment, as the pleasure and affection she felt were beyond anything she had ever imagined.

"Ahh~~" "~~~~UuuUH~~" A chorus of unexpected moans burst forth from Grandma Ingrid's lips, breaking the silence with a surge of unrestrained desire. In contrast to her usual restraint, she now let the moans escape with intentional slowness, each one a compelling exhale of pleasure.

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But suddenly, Grandma Ingrid's attention was captured by something tiny that caught her eye. It dropped onto Orion's forehead, and before she could blink to get a closer look, more and more of these tiny droplets fell onto his hair and head. It dawned on her that they were her own tears, painting his face with her emotions. In a matter of moments, Orion's eyes opened, and he gazed up at Grandma Ingrid's tear-stained cheeks.

Though uncertain of the reason behind her sudden tears, Orion, having been in a similar situation before, instinctively reached his hands upward, gently wiping away her tears from both cheeks. However, his gesture seemed to only cause more tears to flow, prompting Orion to retract his hand and refocus on her pussy which now tasted like aged wine on his lips. If he wanted to alleviate her tears, he knew the best course of action was to transform them into tears of delight and pleasure. With resolution, Orion redirected his focus to her pink lips and intensified the movements of his tongue.

As such, the intensity of Grandma Ingrid's moans continued to escalate, her mind struggled to comprehend how to react. Each moan carried a mixture of pleasure and vulnerability, evident by the subtle droplets escaping her eyes and staining her flushed cheeks. At that moment, it became the only way she could express herself. Sensing the rawness of her emotions, Orion made a daring decision. He ceased his actions and shifted his focus to the clitoris he had discovered earlier.

With a conscious grip, he positioned his teeth at its edges, sending a surge of suspense through Grandma Ingrid's body. Just as she was about to part her lips to question his sudden change, "AHHHHHH~" a crude cry erupted from her throat, leaving her momentarily gasping for breath. The weight of the sensations overpowered her legs, causing them to give way as she collapsed onto Orion's face, surprising him with the sudden shift. Reacting swiftly, he held her firmly by the hips, guiding her backwards until she settled upon his chest, both of them momentarily taken aback from the unexpected turn of events.

As Grandma Ingrid's body succumbed to exhaustion, she allowed herself to recline against Orion's sturdy frame, seeking a break from the intense sensations that had consumed her. Sensing the momentary lull, Orion competently freed himself from beneath her alluring form, his mind fixated on the impending feast that awaited him.

And despite the realization that he had likely spent more time than intended, Orion made a resolute decision: his mother would have to wait a little longer as a matter of utmost urgency demanded his immediate attention.

As Grandma Ingrid struggled to catch her breath, Orion pondered how he could remove her tulga. The challenge lay in the fact that she was wearing a long-sleeved mini-dress that excitingly clung to her upper thighs, leaving no obvious way for him to undress her, unless Grandma Ingrid herself took the initiative to stand up and remove it.

However, since Grandma Ingrid was unable to remove her dress herself, Orion climbed on top of her, his body pressing against hers, feeling the shape of her pointed aroused nipples beneath the fabric of her tulga. His hands roamed down to her curvaceous ass, ensuring there were no obstructions as he gradually lifted her tulga all the way to her waist. With one knee between her legs, he spread them wide apart, while his other leg slipped inside, creating a V-shaped position as he eagerly aimed his pulsing penis towards her moistened pussy.

All the while, his gaze remained fixated on Grandma Ingrid, and in return, she met his stare with a sudden dazed expression, her eyes brimming with intensity. At this very moment, Grandma Ingrid found herself contemplating whether she desired for Orion to impregnate her or accept his child in such a way. Nevertheless, fate intervened, depriving her of the power to decide, as Orion approached with a resolute vigour, delicately plunging his throbbing erection inside her watery pink folded lips. This action elicited an indescribable rush of air, escaping her lips without a sound, while a peculiarly satisfying expression mysteriously etched itself upon her face.

"Pah~~~"

Orion withdrew vigorous manhood, his unwavering gaze locked onto her mesmerizing expression, and with a resolute "Pah~~," he plunged it in again, delving deeper. He witnessed her mouth opening once more, releasing a moan devoid of sound, accompanied by a deep exhale that escaped her lips. The sight before Orion seemed too surreal, as he continued to lock eyes with her, an irresistible desire to draw his lips towards hers emerged. He desired to initiate a kiss, where he would nibble and savour her succulent lips, sharing breath and exchanging saliva, creating an intoxicating union.

And as Grandma Ingrid stared right back at him, Orion couldn't help but feel a detectable energy between them, hinting at desires that surpassed mere eye contact. It was as if a silent agreement, rooted in their unspoken meeting, existed between them-no words needed to convey their shared understanding.

At that moment, Orion withdrew his gritty penis and expertly thrust it deep into the delicate pink folds again, releasing a satisfying "~~Pahh". Grandma Ingrid's mouth obediently opened once again, unleashing a deep, soundless surge of breath that mirrored the previous ones, crashing against Orion's face and fueling him with renewed vigour. Determined, he slipped his left hand beneath her thick lap, deftly lifting it to rest upon his waist. This allowed him to widen her soaked pussy even more, heightening their connection as he quickened his pace.

"PAH~~" "~~PAHH~~~" "~~PPAAHHH~~". Throughout the unfolding scene, Grandma Ingrid willingly hooked her left leg around his waist, her keen observation not missing a beat. Despite the rapid transition, from her dripping vagina as the centre of attention to suddenly finding herself having kushi with Orion, the clarity of the situation remained somewhat hazy to her. It was the ultimate aim, the very purpose behind her planned meeting, yet Grandma Ingrid couldn't quite grasp her emotions or make sense of the unexpected sensations coursing through her. The reality unfolding before her eyes deviated from her initial expectations, leaving her perplexed and unsure of how to navigate through this unknown territory.

"Pahh~~" Once more, Grandma Ingrid's lips parted in a seductive invitation, unleashing a silent moan that allowed her breath to dance with Orion's own in a harmonious collision. The sheer ecstasy coursing through Orion's veins drove him to release his own chorus of moans, his mouth widening with every exhilarating thrust. After each stimulating thrust, he willingly opened his mouth wide, creating an intimate space where their breaths could blend in a passionate exchange. "PAAHH~~" "Paahh~~~" "~~pahh~~" "~~PAHH~~~".

As time passed, a sudden realization dawned upon him: he hadn't even noticed when her hair had come undone, cascading and sprawling across the ground in a fascinating display. The sight of her silver locks added an enchanting allure to Grandma Ingrid, leaving Orion utterly bewitched by her appearance at that very moment. However, their intense, unwavering gaze remained unbroken, refusing to release each other from their passionate trance. It wasn't until Orion inadvertently let out a breathy curse under his breath, "Damn it," feeling his pulsing manhood reaching its climax, prepared to burst his seed into the awaiting embrace of her inviting lips.

Mindful of not wanting the passionate encounter to conclude hastily, Orion delicately withdrew his left hand from her legs and shifted the other, which had been bracing his weight near her head, to support his waist. His focused attention centred on the lower back edge of her waist, ensuring that the tips of his fingers sank into her supple flesh, akin to a ripe watermelon. With rejuvenated vigour, he initiated a rhythmic motion, plunging in and out with an accelerated speed, punctuating each

movement with a resounding "~~~paah~~~ ~~pahhhh~~~." The full weight of his body rested on his firmly planted knee, grounding him as he orchestrated a deliberate choreography, synchronizing the movement of Grandma Ingrid's waist colliding against his own with each revibrating thrust.

In a twist, her captivating legs naturally entwined and secured themselves around his waist, amplifying the challenge for Orion to withhold his cumming release.

"PAAHH~~ PAAAAHHH~~~~ PPPAH~~~"

After countless minutes of resisting the mounting pressure, Orion's restraint reached its limit. He forcefully slapped his right hand upon Grandma Ingrid's enticing behind, as if trying to hammer her insides onto his penis. With an impassioned confession, he moaned, "I'm cumming~~~."

In a breathtaking moment that seemed to suspend time, Grandma Ingrid, who had been enduring the relentless pounding, unleashed a long and gratifying moan, audible and unfiltered. The scorching heat of Orion's semen surged onwards, propelled by a burst of unseen intensity, finding its destined spot within the depths of her soaked full insides.

"UuuuuuAAAHHHHH~~~~".

## Chapter 177 Signs

"Haaaa... Haa... Is that all?" Reena gasped, her voice echoing with exhaustion. She sank wearily to her knees, her trembling hands desperately clutching the ground to support her weary body.

"Yeah, I th..." Melta began to say, but her words abruptly halted as her attention was captivated by something within the confines of the tightly enclosed farm area. Numerous high wooden fences barricaded the space, creating a sense of seclusion. It was then that her eyes caught sight of a vibrant, green-yellow plant, tinged with shades of yellow, plunging into the earth, yet its exposed roots betrayed its presence and action.

Without hesitation, Melta extended both of her arms, stretching them towards the moving plant, showcasing her gift. She turned her head to the side and whispered to Reena, "Don't worry, I'll take care of it," her voice barely audible amidst the unfolding scene. With an unwavering focus on the plant and her hands inching closer, a resolute expression etched across her face, Melta forcefully plunged her hand into the soil, gripping the defiant plant as it struggled to escape.

Her elongated arms propelled her body forward until she was now kneeling on the soil, positioned just above the plant. With a swift motion, Melta upturned the plant, freeing one of her hands to create a gap in the soil before forcefully shoving the plant's roots into it. The plant's body remained

suspended outside the soil, while its roots were trapped securely below the surface, sealed away from escape.

"Phheewww... That was a close call," Melta exclaimed wearily, her voice laced with exhaustion, as she wiped away the sweat from her forehead. Her gaze remained fixed on the stubborn, twisting plant before her, relentlessly striving to break free from the clutches of the soil.

"Calm down," a familiar voice suddenly resonated behind her shoulders. Startled, Melta turned her head to witness Reena activating her gift, directing its influence towards the restless plant. As if caught in a trance, the plant gradually settled, its agitated movements subsiding. Once satisfied, Reena deactivated her gift, gasping for breath after having used it incessantly throughout the day.

As the night grew darker and they continued their laborious work, Reena couldn't help but feel a slight bitterness. The situation reminded her of the previous night when Orion had come home late. It was all because she had agreed to her best friend's impractical suggestion of using her gift to guarantee her promotion. A quick glance at her friend made Reena wish she could use her power on people, commanding Melta to slap herself a few more times, for making them work until this late hour.

Unaware of Reena's thoughts, Melta sensed her friend's deep frustration and couldn't resist releasing a feigned cough before speaking up. "Don't look at me as though any of this is my fault," she claimed, her tone laced with defensiveness. "Who could have predicted that one of the girls among the newcomers would already be acquainted with Dariya? Even I was scared of her when I first joined, and that includes you as well. So, it's only fair to say that neither of us expected them to handle their issues so effortlessly with the assistance of an overseer tree nymph in their section."

However, Reena remained unconvinced by Melta's explanation. "And who was the one loudly insisting on taking care of the Turkic plants in front of Mrs Shani, claiming that our help was needed there?" she retorted, her weariness threatening to overwhelm her to the point of nausea. The exhaustion from using her gift repeatedly over an extended period had taken its toll.

"But, it's not my fault that neither of us had predicted Mrs Shani's intervention once she learned about the harassment inflicted upon those guys by the tree nymphs. And did you not notice the way she smiled and nodded approvingly upon seeing us there? She clearly approved of my words," Melta retorted, her voice tinged with a sense of grievance.

Reena let out a weary sigh, shaking her head in exhaustion. At this point, all she could focus on was the weariness simmering deep within her stomach, causing her to hunch over a few more times.



Suddenly, dizziness clouded her vision, and a rush of breath enveloped her tired lungs, compelling her to take deeper, faster breaths.

Melta swiftly noticed the alarming situation and exclaimed, "Reena, are you alright?" Hastily rising from her spot, she brushed off her hands on her side before tenderly cupping Reena's face to assess her condition. Sensing an impending event, Melta quickly stepped aside, her eyes fixed on Reena. Just as Melta anticipated, Reena removed her face from her hands and swiftly turned to the side, instinctively bending down. With a series of gasps, Reena unexpectedly vomited onto the soil, her breaths becoming deep and rapid as she tried to calm her nerves following the unsettling event.

"Reena, are you...?" Melta's question trailed off as she wore a surprised expression on her face, but before she could continue, Reena swiftly recovered from her bout of vomiting. Nevertheless, a lingering weariness persisted in her body. "Don't worry, I'm fine. I just need a little rest," Reena reassured, her voice carrying a hint of exhaustion. Understanding her friend's need for respite, Melta nodded understandingly, encircling her hand around Reena's waist to help her walk forward with ease. Together, they made their way out of the section housing one of the most stubborn crops on the farm, heading back towards the guarded gates.

Nonetheless, as they were making their way out of the gates to head home, Melta couldn't shake off the feeling of guilt, realizing it had been her fault for pushing Reena too hard. She couldn't help but contemplate ways to make it up to her friend, knowing she needed to make amends for her actions.

'Maybe I should have a conversation with that girl tomorrow,' Melta pondered, her mind fixated on the same girl who shared a remarkable bond with Dariya and appeared to have some connection with Mrs Shani as well. Perhaps she could utilize this relationship to alleviate the weight of Reena's promotion from her weary shoulders, with the intention of reciprocating the favour by extending a helping hand to the girl in the future.

#### Chapter 178 Revelation

After all, there was no harm in growing connections with individuals in higher positions, and it appeared that the girl was quick enough to recognize the benefits of such alliances.

.....

"So, what is it that you wanted to tell me?" I inquired, studying my mother's grave expression, which was mirrored by Gina seating beside her. Gina had previously mentioned that our mother had been behaving this way since she returned home.

But truthfully, after fucking Grandma Ingrid and assisting her in getting back to her hut, as she struggled to walk and could only manage a painful limp before collapsing to her knees, I was

already brainstorming numerous excuses in my mind. My aim was to provide my mother with plausible explanations, ensuring she wouldn't doubt my reasons for arriving home late.

In the end, I had to accept the fact that my forged late-night warrior training session would serve as my excuse for returning home late. However, it proved useless because my mother didn't ask about it at all. Instead, she focused on asking about my day and emphasized the need for us to have a conversation. The seriousness etched on her face spoke volumes, as she sat down across from me with a persistent and adamant expression. When I persisted in asking her why she wanted to speak to me, she replied, "Let's wait for Reena to come back home first before I reveal the issue." Her scrutinizing gaze swept over me, from head to toe, before she sighed with a mix of weariness and frustration escaping her lips.

Just as I was about to respond, feeling my patience wearing thin with the prolonged wait, the sound of the door creaking open interrupted my words. I instinctively turned toward the direction of the noise, knowing that it must be Reena. As I laid eyes upon her fatigued and weary expression, I silently made a mental note to inquire about her day on the farm. She appeared so exhausted, and I couldn't recall a time when she had returned home this late, if ever.

"Reena, please join us and have a seat," my mother swiftly beckoned as soon as Reena entered the hut.

Reena, sensing the tension in the air, glanced around, taking in the sight of Gina, myself, and our mother, seated in a circle, facing one another. Her brow furrowed with suspicion, she nodded in understanding before obediently walking over and settling down beside me. I wrapped my arm around her waist, allowing her to rest her head on my shoulder. Reena smiled at me, and together we focused our attention back on our mother, who appeared ready to deliver the important or serious news that had clearly affected her demeanour.

She took a series of deep breaths, exhaling slowly, and cleared her throat multiple times before shifting her gaze to Gina, then Reena, and finally to me, the one she leaned upon. Her eyes bore into mine, suggesting that the upcoming discussion was centred around me, a suspicion I had already sensed from the beginning. Yet, I remained unsure about the exact nature of the news or what I could have possibly done, considering I hadn't committed any recent wrongdoing or any noteworthy actions lately.

"First and foremost," our mother began, her voice carrying a weight of contemplation, "I've thought about numerous ways to deliver this news to all of you, including you, Orion." She paused, building up the suspense, before finally revealing, "Grandma Celia is pregnant."

"....."

"....."

Gina's reaction was the first to break the stunned silence as she leapt to her feet, exclaiming, "What?!" Her outburst perfectly captured the astonishment we all felt, a reaction I would have echoed if I wasn't too shocked to form coherent thoughts. Meanwhile, Reena's jaw dropped open, her face mirroring the disbelief she was grappling with. After a brief moment, she managed to find her voice and inquired, "How?" Her gaze fixated on our mother, who sighed with a defeated expression as if acknowledging the undeniable truth behind the revelation.

In the midst of my brain finally understanding the unthinkable notion of Grandma Celia becoming pregnant, a notion that was deemed impossible given her age and presumed infertility, I couldn't help but ponder the extent of our involvement in this situation. After all, although we were neighbours, we were not directly connected to her personal affairs, except for the fact that she was one of the first women who I had taken an interest in and fucked a...

Suddenly, my eyes flew open, my breath catching in my throat. No, it couldn't be. I turned my gaze towards my mother, who maintained a serious expression as she locked eyes with me. Swallowing hard, attempting to vocalize the questions racing through my mind, the words seemed to stick, causing me to choke slightly on my own voice.

After clearing my throat and regaining composure, I prepared to ask again. However, before I could, Reena beat me to it, her voice filled with anticipation and a hint of nervousness, as she inquired, "Mom, did Grandma Celia reveal the identity of the child's father?" I could even detect a slight tremor in her voice as she addressed our mother.

My mother's nod confirmed the unimaginable truth, leaving me stunned. "The father of the child is Orion," she declared, her words echoing in my ears.

I gulped hard.

Gina and Reena turned their gaze towards me, their mouths hanging open in disbelief, as our mother's words pierced through the room. The weight of her revelation settled heavily upon my shoulders. "Orion, Grandma Celia and the rest have been there for us during my toughest times, even when the village support wasn't enough," my mother explained. "Although I have already welcomed her into our family, I still value your opinion. After all, you have not only fulfilled one of the village's crucial needs by ensuring the birth of more children before your fertility declines but, surprisingly, the fertility of your semen seems to exceed all expectations.....".

## Chapter 179 Fatherhood

"I'm the father..." I blurted out, unable to contain the overwhelming realization that echoed through my mind. My mother's lips curved into a thin smile, indicating that she had anticipated my response. However, that wasn't the primary concern at hand. The weighty matter lay in the implications of Grandma Celia's pregnancy, which then mea...

I gulped hard again, 'Oh, no!' I couldn't help but think within my mind.

Apart from my giving Aunt Greta an anal, I recollected the moments when I had fucked Grandma Celia, Vivian, My sister Reena, Fiona, my mother, and even Ayla before finally culminating with Grandma Ingrid... Wait a minute!

Suddenly, a realization struck me, bringing to mind Grandma Ingrid's peculiar behaviour this evening. 'So, that was her plan.' I thought, connecting the dots in my mind. Turning to our mother, who patiently awaited my comprehension, I sought confirmation for my thoughts. "Did she... did they all come here today to inform you about this?" I questioned, my voice tinged with a bit of curiosity.

My mother nodded, confirming my suspicions "Yes, all five of them approached me to share this news. Initially, I was taken aback, but considering how you were always able to get your penis erect without hesitation at times, I thought there might be some truth to their claims regarding your fertility," she explained, shaking her head as if reaffirming her conviction. "Besides, I fail to see a reason why she would fabricate such a lie."

I nodded slowly, a mixture of understanding and contemplation crossing my face. After settling into this world, I realized that something as significant as this wouldn't be concocted without substantial evidence. While I wasn't necessarily afraid of becoming a father, as I had made my decision during the awakening ceremony, it was the overwhelming realization that if I had known, I would have chosen a more measured approach. I wanted to be present in their lives while also living my own, gradually taking on major fatherly responsibilities before expanding our family further. While the village was helping with their upbringing, having an abundance of children wasn't an issue. However, having them all at once felt like an overwhelming proposition.

Nevertheless, a wave of relief swept through my body. It couldn't possibly be true that except for a few a single encounter with each of them would result in all of them becoming pregnant, right? The thought offered a small glimmer of hope, easing the weight of the situation.

"Reena, what's wrong?" Our mother's voice pierced the tense atmosphere, and my gaze immediately snapped towards Reena. Being seated closest to her, I couldn't help but notice the seriousness etched

on her face as she gently rubbed her stomach. Her expression overshadowed even our mother's concern.

As our mother's question hung in the air, Reena slowly shifted her gaze towards me. A shiver ran down my spine, a sense of foreboding settling in. Then, she turned her attention back to our mother and calmly uttered the words that sent shockwaves through the room, "I think I'm also pregnant."

Both our mother and Gina stared at Reena, their faces etched with disbelief. Before our mother could respond, Reena continued, her voice unwavering, "Today, before I returned from the farm, I had a sign. I've been feeling inexplicably uncomfortable in my stomach. So, if you want, let's find a healer to confirm whether I'm pregnant or simply unwell."

Her words hung in the air, delivered with such conviction that it became difficult for any of us to doubt her. The boldness in Reena's expression only reinforced her claim, making it seem as though she had uttered nothing but the truth.

Regardless, I saw no reason to doubt her, considering the number of times I had cummed inside her. Not to mention, a sudden recollection came rushing back to me - the moment when I had pulled out of Grandma Celia's pussy and cummed inside her mouth during our first meeting. It occurred to me that some drops of my semen might have made it to her womb and fertilized it. If someone like Grandma Celia could get pregnant, then...

"I'm going to be a father," the words involuntarily escaped my mouth as I found myself unexpectedly sprawled on the ground. "Oh, Naka," I murmured, a wave of overflowing emotions. My mind started to race, filled with deliberations that sought to either refute or affirm this revelation. But before I could fully process it, a surge of Vylkr energy began restlessly stirring within me, causing an unsettling agitation.

Soon after, a wave of mental exhaustion crashed over me, brought on by the abrupt intensity of the situation and my attempts to regain composure.

"Orion, are you alright?" My mother's voice pierced through the haze that enveloped my senses. Through my blurry vision, I could discern the worried gazes of Reena and my mother fixated on me.

However, as if a veil was descending upon me, darkness began to creep into my field of view, accompanied by an overwhelming urge to surrender to sleep.

'I need to rest,' I thought to myself, acknowledging the overwhelming fatigue that tugged at my consciousness. Perhaps a good sleep was exactly what I needed to clear my mind and chart a course of action for the future.

.....

As my eyes fluttered open, I found myself surrounded by the sleeping forms of my mother, Reena, and Gina, peacefully sprawled on the ground. Careful not to disturb their sleep, I gently brushed off any lingering drowsiness and made my way to the backyard a few moments later to refresh myself with a soothing bath.

Returning to my spot, I settled down and began contemplating how to confront the pressing matter at hand, a kalna fruit clutched in my hand. It was evident that my plans for the day, including my warrior training, meeting Fiona, and any arrangements involving Tala, would have to be put on hold. I took a firm bite from the Kalna fruit, allowing its tangy flavour to awaken my senses as I weighed my options. Whether to confront Grandma Celia and the others in their hut or wait for a private conversation with her alone.

#### Chapter 180 Fatherhood (2)

A heavy sigh escaped my lips as I rose to my feet and made my way towards the door. Instead of waiting any longer, it was best for me to meet with Grandma Celia now. Before I delved into the uncertain realm of potential pregnancies with the women I had fucked with, including my own mother, who might already be aware that she was carrying a child and that the signs would soon become visible.

"Knock! Knock!" The sudden rapping on the door shattered my thoughts, catching me off guard as I stood just inches away from it. "Knock! Knock!" The sound reverberated once more, jolting my mother and sisters awake, their eyes fixated on the door and then on me, standing in its vicinity.

As they rubbed the sleep from their eyes, I sensed their anticipation for me to open the door and reveal the visitor's identity. Little did they know, I wasn't expecting anyone except Ursa, who I presumed had flown to my hut to pick me up for the warrior's training, now that she knew its location. With this assumption in mind, I cautiously swung the door open, only to be confronted by a sight that left me momentarily stunned. Before me, stood five women, their appeal defying their apparent age, save for some subtle signs. However, my attention was instantly drawn to Grandma Celia, who exuded a tangible nervousness, avoiding any direct eye contact with me.

"Ahem!" A distinct sound of throat clearing echoed through the air, drawing my attention from Grandma Celia to Grandma Ingrid, who stood discreetly behind her. With a touch of unease in her voice, Grandma Ingrid asked, "Can we come in?" Her efforts to avoid direct eye contact with me

were evident, and I couldn't help but wonder why these commanding women suddenly turned coy. As I observed Grandma Ingrid cautiously glancing in every direction but mine, it left me pondering their peculiar behaviour and the reasons behind their visit.

Still, in order to prevent the upcoming conversation from becoming any more awkward than it already was, I stepped aside and swung the door wide open. A genuine smile adorned my lips as I warmly invited them inside, saying, "Come in."

They all nodded in acknowledgement and entered, one by one. Grandma Celia led the way, followed by the others. I couldn't help but notice Derry's contrasting behaviour -she seemed to be doing the exact opposite of what the others were attempting. She tried her best to smile and maintain eye contact with me. It didn't take long for me to realize that she was attempting to replicate the same tactic Grandma Ingrid had employed the previous day. Unfortunately for her, lightning doesn't strike twice unintentionally, and I knew better than to fall for the same trick twice.

After ensuring that everyone was settled, I quietly closed the door and made my way towards where they were all seated, including my wide-awake mother and sisters. I noticed my mother subtly motioning for me to join them, so I took a deep breath and took my place beside my family. The weight of the situation became more tangible as I found myself face to face with our five neighbours, realizing that three of them could potentially be carrying my child at this very moment.

"Ahem..." My mother's throat-clearing reverberated through the room, instantly capturing everyone's attention. With a composed demeanour, she addressed the gathered group, her words laced with significance. "Before we delve into our discussion, there's a crucial announcement I need to make," I observed how their gazes fixed intently on my mother as she unveiled the news, anticipation swelling in the room. "Reena is pregnant." The declaration hung in the air, stirring a mix of surprise, curiosity, and joy among our neighbours.

"Well, it's about time," Grandma Derry chimed in, her face adorned with a radiant smile. Her words carried a touch of playful admiration. "Considering how stunning and fertile you are, my dear, in comparison to all of us here, we were starting to wonder if the men in your generation were blind," she concluded, punctuating her statement with a hearty chuckle.

I turned my gaze towards the three women standing before us, witnessing their supportive nods and approving smiles directed at Reena. Yet, Grandma Celia stood out, her face wrinkled with a frown as she posed the question, "Who's the father?" Curiosity tinged her voice, and a sense of tension filled the air. However, Grandma Vivian swiftly intervened, gently tapping Grandma Celia's shoulder. "Why does that matter?" she reprimanded, her tone laced with firmness. "Let's not speak as though the girl is as old as us, where the identity of the father becomes so important." Grandma

Celia quickly disguised her question with a fake cough, her expression shifting to one of shame and sudden realization.

But before the conversation could continue, my mother's voice cut through the moment, breaking the silence. "No, Grandma Vivian, she is right. The father of Reena's child carries great significance in this case."

As my mother's words trailed off, their eyes turned to her, filled with curiosity and a hint of confusion. I could tell they were grappling with the meaning behind her statement. It made sense why they were puzzled. In our lessons during the awakening ceremony, the identity of the father held little importance unless both parties intended to become partners or willingly embrace the child as part of their family, sharing the responsibility of raising them until they reached maturity.

However, it was more common for families to willingly accept a child into their homes, as it ensured the continuity of pregnancies when the woman was ready for another child. Yet, if one wasn't fortunate enough to possess the attractiveness that granted such treatment, they would be left to face the challenges alone, much like my mother had.

Finally, my mother revealed, "Orion is the father of the child." A tired sigh escaped her lips as their eyes widened and they discreetly swallowed, attempting to make it appear as if they had merely glanced in my direction.