

Village Head 181

Chapter 181 The Only Exception

"Ahem! But there's more," my mother announced, capturing our attention once again. This time, I wasn't the only one turning to look at her. Gina and Reena, along with the five women seated beside us, also fixed their gaze upon her. Two of them had a peculiar intensity in their eyes, and all of us were left wondering what she was about to disclose.

"And lastly," she said with a peculiar smile, her words hanging in the air, "I believe that I might also be pregnant." Her gaze shifted towards the five older women seated before us. "And yes, the father of my child is also Orion. So, I want each one of you to answer honestly if you have had kushi with my son." My mother scrutinized each of the five women, narrowing her eyes at them. At this point, I was at a loss for words, unsure of how to react or what the next steps should be, as the conversation took an unexpected turn.

"Well, I haven't kushi with him yet, so I don't think I'm pregnant... yet," Grandma Derry declared, winking at me with a mischievous smile. In every group, there was always that one eccentric individual who stood out, so I didn't pay her much mind and shifted my attention to the next raised hand.

Grandma Vivian lowered her hand and spoke up, "Orion released his semen within my vagina before. So, although I'm not certain if I'm pregnant yet, given the ongoing circumstances, it would be wise to consult a trusted healer to confirm who among us is truly expecting." I nodded in agreement, finding the suggestion reasonable. My mother, too, nodded and promptly responded, "Very well, we'll make arrangements for that as soon as we're finished here." Her gaze then shifted to the remaining two women in the room.

The only woman whose name I hadn't learned yet shook her head with a thin smile on her lips. "Unfortunately, I haven't been fortunate enough to have kushi with Orion," she confessed. My mother nodded and then focused her attention on Grandma Ingrid. Despite the urge to voice my thoughts about our encounter yesterday, I couldn't help but be curious about what she had to say.

"No, I don't believe I've had the fortune of having kushi with Orion," Grandma Ingrid replied, causing me to briefly nod in acknowledgement. However, deep down, I knew she was lying. Considering her desperate behaviour yesterday, urging me to fuck her pussy out until it became wet, one would expect her to have come up with a plausible cover story. After all, I did have fucked her silly, which meant that sooner or later, the signs of pregnancy would begin to manifest.

Honestly, besides Grandma Celia, I felt a strong urge to confront Ingrid and find out what the heck was going on in her mind. Regardless, after determining the number of potential babies I might have, the main conversation began. My mother took the lead, outlining the new arrangements within the compound going forward. It wasn't a serious discussion, mainly focusing on how they would share their chores and divide farm and market square responsibilities.

However, out of the blue, they unanimously decided that Grandma Ingrid and Derry would be tasked with finding a healer to conduct a swift pregnancy test and confirm their suspicions.

Thirty minutes later, during which we had our morning breakfast and engaged in meaningless chatter that I chose to exclude myself from, being more preoccupied with my own thoughts, exhaustion began to weigh heavily upon me. I observed as Grandma Ingrid and Derry returned with a doctor, a man who appeared taken aback by the lively atmosphere in our hut.

Perhaps he was surprised by the gathering of seemingly unattractive women in one place, or maybe it was my mother's request for him to examine the stomachs of the women I had fucked and confirm the presence of a potential life within. Nevertheless, the healer nodded his head and immediately commenced his examination. He carefully assessed all three women and concluded that they indeed carried the signs of pregnancy, except for one.

Surprisingly, I was mentally prepared to hear the news that all the women I had been intimate with were pregnant. So, when the revelation came that only Grandma Vivian was not carrying my child, doubt crept into my mind. After all, I vividly recalled the numerous times I had ejaculated inside her, making her the prime candidate for pregnancy. "Are you sure, healer?" my mother sceptically questioned, as they had already shared stories about my deceitful encounters with each other.

According to their understanding, as long as my penis penetrated their vaginas, pregnancy was almost guaranteed. As I observed my mother's bewildered expression, an uncomfortable tension hung in the air, and conflicting emotions surged through me. Waves of relief and hope washed over me, but I couldn't help but feel a pang of pity as Grandma Vivian quietly retreated to her seat.

The healer, with a determined expression, nodded in response, "Yes, I am sure. Besides, she has already passed her fertile years, so the results are not abnormal." Pausing briefly, the healer then directed his finger towards Grandma Celia and continued, "Anyway, compared to her, Miss Vivian is as healthy as any elder."

In the end, my mother and the others could only reluctantly accept the outcome and settle the payment with the healer, allowing him to continue with his day while we carried on with ours "So, what do we do now?" I finally spoke up, addressing all the women present. Perhaps it was the sight

of Grandma Vivian's solemn and distant expression that had dampened the mood, but my mother looked at me with a tired smile and let out a sigh before she asked, "And what do you think we should do now, Orion?" Despite sensing that my mother had already considered numerous plans and options, I could also sense a lack of confidence in her demeanour.

Understanding the situation, I shook my head and voiced the only reasonable thought that came to mind, "Let's go meet the village chief. Since we have confirmed some of the pregnancies, we will need his assistance since this is an unusual situation. Besides, we should inform him now, or someone else might relay the news to him sooner or later."

Chapter 182 Confrontation At The Village Chief's Compound

Grandma Ingrid let out a sigh, her voice carrying a hint of exhaustion, as she responded, "He's right. Now that we have confirmed everything that we needed to do on our own it's time we seek the village chief's support and assistance. It will bring us the much-needed peace of mind, knowing that we have the backing of the chief."

As Grandma Ingrid finished speaking, her gaze briefly fixed on me before shifting elsewhere. I couldn't decipher what thoughts occupied her mind at that moment. Nevertheless, I resolved to have a private conversation with her later, to unravel whatever nonsense was swirling in her head. It was evident that concealing the fact that she had already engaged in 'kushi' with me would only lead to trouble if it surfaced on its own.

The rest of the group nodded in agreement, acknowledging the need to approach the village chief for support. However, the idea of all nine of us descending upon the chief's compound simultaneously seemed unwise, drawing too much attention and potentially hindering our entry. Such unwanted scrutiny was the last thing we needed.

Therefore, in the end, it was decided that only my mother, Grandma Celia, Reena, and I would make the visit. They were the ones carrying my children at the moment, making their presence crucial for the discussion with the village chief.

Emerging from the hut, we embarked on the path leading to the village chief's residence. As we strolled beneath the scorching afternoon sun, we encountered various villagers going about their business in groups or alone. Eventually, we reached our destination—the village chief's compound.

Fortunately, the guards stationed at the gates were familiar faces. Having seen me and the others on multiple occasions with Warrior Jean, they recognized me as a novice warrior from this year's awakening generation. Their eyes carried a glimmer of familiarity as I approached, sparing me the need of presenting the wooden chip that was given to me during the awakening ceremony.

Confident in my ability to handle the situation, I instructed my mother and the others to let me take the lead, knowing it would be much smoother that way. With confidence in my steps, I approached the guards, their eyes fixed on me, and conveyed my intention to meet the village chief with urgency, emphasizing that I had crucial news to deliver.

Initially, the guards displayed a hint of hesitation. However, employing a deliberate and seemingly coincidental approach, I subtly revealed my identity as Orion- the one who had awakened a Six Stars potential for inner strength. In an instant, their demeanour transformed into one of subdued respect. One of the guards cleared his throat before speaking, "Although I cannot grant you immediate access to the chief, I can inform the messenger of your presence." While this meant that I would have to relay the purpose of our visit to Mr Thak first, before explaining it again to the village chief, it was a minor inconvenience considering that others typically had to inform the chief days in advance for appointments, unless it was a special occasion or involved someone of significance, like myself.

Understanding the situation, I nodded in agreement and observed as one of the guards made his way into the compound, heading towards one of the larger huts.

After five minutes, I spotted the guard approaching us, accompanied by Mr Thak. As they reached our location, Mr Thak cast a perplexed gaze at the three women and then redirected his attention to me, his lips forming a frown. "I heard you were not present with the group when they departed for their warrior's training today. However, seeing you here suggests that you have a reason for your lateness and sudden arrival."

Hearing his stern tone, I nodded in acknowledgement and opted to share the news discreetly by whispering into his ear. It seemed like the most efficient way to convey the information and quicken our entry for a meeting. With a subtle gesture, I motioned for him to lean closer and bring his ears forward.

Despite the deepening frown on his face, Thak remained attentive, recognizing the gravity of the situation as he observed the seriousness etched on my expression. He obliged and brought his ears closer to my lips, ready to listen. With a hushed tone, I uttered, "You see that older woman over there..." I watched as his gaze immediately shifted and locked onto Grandma Celia and my mother. Continuing, I specified, "The one on the far left..." ensuring that his attention was solely directed at Grandma Celia. Then, with an even quieter whisper, I delivered the news, "She is pregnant."

As soon as the news reached his ears, Mr Thak's eyes widened in astonishment, and he instinctively pulled back his head. He looked at me with a mix of surprise, confusion, and deep contemplation. Gradually, his expression transformed into a state of calmness, and he narrowed his eyes at me. With an air of authority, he spoke, his voice carrying a serious tone, "Mr Orion, do you understand

the gravity of attempting to deceive the village chief's messenger, neglecting your training, and seeking an audience with the village chief without a plausible or justifiable reason?" His words carried an unprecedented level of seriousness and composure that I had never witnessed from him before.

However, instead of prolonging the situation by engaging in an argument with him, I swiftly responded, "Mr Thak, if you suspect that I am being dishonest, why not call a healer and verify it yourself? Furthermore, I wouldn't skip my warrior training and come here this afternoon just to trick you. But if I am indeed lying, I willingly accept any punishment of your choosing. I assure you, I won't utter a single complaint. However, I kindly request that you confirm the truth first."

As his expression settled after he listened to my words, the doubts seemed to clear, yet a lingering suspicion remained, intensifying in an unusual manner. I could sense his contemplation, wrestling with my words but still harbouring reasonable doubts. Mr Thak cleared his throat, diverting his attention to one of the guards stationed at the gates, before issuing his command, "Fetch one or two available skilled healers. Inform them that someone within the village chief's compound requires their services." The guard promptly acknowledged the order and went on his way. Mr Thak then turned back to us, motioning for all four of us to follow him.

Chapter 183 The Unexpected Truth

"I hope, for your sake, that you're not playing games with me because the consequences for a warrior engaging in such deceit are far graver than for a regular villager," he remarked, his gaze shifting towards Grandma Celia at the corner of his eyes, while we continued to trail closely behind him. Suddenly, he shook his head, wearing a wearied smile that held a hint of self-doubt. "But, for your own good, I truly hope this isn't some sort of joke," he added, glancing briefly at me from the corner of his eye before redirecting his focus ahead as we approached the hut where the village chief conducted his daily affairs.

Left with no other choice but to acknowledge the situation, I nodded in understanding and silently trailed behind Mr Thak, joined by the others. Together, we entered the hut and stood before the wooden door that led directly to the village chief's workspace. "Wait here," Mr Thak instructed us, pushing the door open and disappearing inside. With the door shutting behind him, we patiently waited for his return, the tension thick in the air. Fortunately, it didn't take long before the door swung open once more. "Come in," he beckoned, his gaze fixed firmly on me with a grave expression, before widening the door to include the women behind me.

Nodding again, I stepped forward, closely followed by Grandma Celia, my mother, and Reena. We entered the room, anticipation and uncertainty guiding our every step.

As we stepped into the room, my gaze immediately gravitated towards the village chief, who met us with narrowed eyes and a tightly scrunched face, as if engrossed in deep contemplation. Mr Thak

motioned for us to take our seats, and as we settled down, we barely had a chance to utter a word before the village chief spoke up. "Is what I'm hearing true, Orion?"

His eyes darted towards Grandma Celia's seat before locking onto me. Without uttering a word, I simply nodded in agreement. The village chief took a deep breath, his silence hanging in the air, before he closed his eyes and let out another deep exhale, his expression growing even more pensive.

"Even though you possess the potential of a six-star warrior, I trust you understand the severe consequences of deceiving the Village Chief and wasting his precious time on a foolish game," the village chief sternly remarked, his gaze piercing into mine. It was at that moment that I struggled to recognize the old man who had always greeted me with a warm smile in his hut. However, knowing that this was not a fabricated tale, I shook my head in affirmation. His eyes narrowed even further, his voice laced with scepticism, "So, are you trying to tell me that what you're saying is true?"

I maintained my serious expression as I nodded firmly, confirming, "Yes."

The village chief reciprocated the nod, his gaze softening as he shifted his attention to Grandma Celia. With an intense stare, he questioned, "And what about you? Is it true that you are pregnant?" His eyes seemed to challenge her, daring her to utter a lie.

In response, Grandma Celia's voice rang out with unwavering confidence, her tone firm and resolute. "Yes, Chief. I assure you that everything Orion has revealed is true, and I am indeed carrying a child."

The village chief's eyes shifted between me and the two women behind me, his expression a mix of curiosity and disbelief. He posed his next question with a calmer tone, concealing his emotions. "And what about them? Are they also pregnant?"

Without uttering a word, I nodded, confirming their pregnancies. I observed as his eyebrows shot up in surprise and doubt, his curiosity growing. "So, you are the father of these children, the one responsible for impregnating these women, as you are here with them," he concluded.

Once again, I nodded in agreement, this time accompanying my affirmation with a vocal "Yes."

"I see," the village chief straightened his posture, his eyes scanning all of us before shifting towards Mr Thak, who stood beside him. "Fetch one or two healers and inform them of the urgent need for their presence," he instructed. Mr Thak cleared his throat, acknowledging the chief's command

without hesitation "I have already dispatched a guard to bring the healers, chief. I believe they will arrive within a few minutes."

The village chief nodded slowly, his gaze fixated on me. He let out a deep sigh of defeat, his weariness evident. With a defeated expression, he turned his attention back to the scattered patches of paper strewn across the floor. His eyes traced the imprints on the pages before flicking back to meet mine briefly, as if searching for answers. Shaking his head once more, he sighed again and resumed his work, lost in his thoughts.

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The tense atmosphere hung heavy in the air, making the wait feel awkward and interminable. Just when the silence was becoming unbearable, a guard finally broke the stillness, rushing in to inform us that the healers had arrived. With a grateful nod, the village chief took charge and led us through a labyrinth of corridors within the hut, finally arriving at a secluded room where the healers patiently awaited.

Without wasting a moment, the village chief relayed his instructions to the bewildered healers. Initially taken aback by the unusual request, the healers quickly composed themselves, their professional demeanour shining through as they nodded in understanding. They showed no hesitation, ready to carry out their duties without a hint of doubt.

"The results are undeniable, chief." The healer's words hung in the air, shattering the silence that had enveloped the room. "They are pregnant," she announced boldly, her voice carrying a mix of surprise and certainty. Before the village chief could respond, she continued, her tone leaving no room for doubt. "Every single one of them."

The village chief, caught off guard by this revelation, momentarily froze in disbelief. His eyes darted towards me, searching for confirmation in my expression. A whirlwind of thoughts raced through his mind as he struggled to process the implications of this newfound knowledge. With a flicker of hope, he turned his gaze to the other healer, silently pleading for confirmation. However, the healer's nod served as a resolute agreement, solidifying the truth of their words.

Chapter 184 Beneath The Village Chief's Compound

"Let us conduct the test once more, this time with all of you focusing on her," the village chief commanded, his finger pointing towards Grandma Celia. The healers nodded in unison, their expressions determined. Activating their unique gifts, their hands emitted a captivating blend of soft purple and gold light, channelling it towards Grandma Celia's stomach. Time seemed to stretch as minutes ticked by in anticipation.

Finally, with a collective exhaustion, the healers deactivated their gifts and withdrew their hands. A weary sigh escaped their lips as they turned their gaze towards the village chief. Shaking their heads once more, the other healer spoke, her voice tinged with a hint of disbelief, "We have rechecked, Chief, but the results remain unchanged." Her eyes darted towards Grandma Celia, filled with swirling doubts and disbelief, before refocusing her attention on the village chief. In a voice heavy with certainty, she delivered the verdict, "She is indeed pregnant."

As soon as the healer uttered those words, a profound silence enveloped the room. Without uttering a single word, the village chief locked eyes with me and swiftly pivoted towards the door. His command lingered in the air, echoing through the room, "Orion, follow me." It wasn't just the words themselves, but the authoritative tone that conveyed the urgency and importance of his summons. I understood in an instant that compliance was not an option but a necessity.

Sensing the gravity of the situation, I exchanged a meaningful glance with my mother, Reena, and Grandma Celia, their worried gazes mirroring my own. I turned to the healers and urged, "Take care of them." With focused steps, I redirected my focus towards the path the village chief had taken, quickening my pace to catch up with him.

As I finally reached his side, I noticed his stern countenance, his gaze fixated downward, and his hands clasped firmly behind his back. Without even glancing in my direction for confirmation, he posed a question that hung in the air, "Do you understand the implications of these results?" It was as though he already knew of my presence, expecting me to be by his side.

"I can't say that I fully understand," I replied, my curiosity piqued. Although the expected answer would have been a simple 'yes,' the village chief's tone and choice of words hinted at something deeper.

"Indeed, you couldn't," the village chief affirmed, confirming my suspicions. He led the way, guiding us deeper into different corridors until we reached a small wooden door laid on the ground, near the dead end of the narrow passageway. With a forceful stomp, the village chief shattered the locks, obliterating them as if he had no patience for such formalities. Bending down, he swung open the door, causing it to crash onto the ground with a "Bam," revealing a hidden wooden ladder beneath.

Grabbing a lantern hanging on the wall, illuminating our surroundings, the village chief descended the ladder cautiously, ensuring his footing before motioning for me to follow. I observed as his head disappeared into the depths below, the only source of light emanating from the glowing lantern.

Aware that I was about to venture into a hidden place unknown to the majority of the village, I chose to silence the unsettling feeling brewing within me and proceeded downward, matching my actions to the village chief's lead.

As I descended further into the darkness, a flicker of concern crossed my mind regarding the depth I was about to reach. However, much to my relief, the descent didn't seem as daunting as I initially feared. Within a matter of minutes, I caught up with the village chief and, seizing an opportunity, leapt from the ladder while still a few meters above the ground. With precision and dexterity, I landed safely on solid ground, my eyes fixated on the village chief's unmistakable figure.

The air down here was cool and damp, and the soft glow of the lantern cast eerie shadows on the rough ground around us. It was a stark contrast to the warmth and familiarity of the village above.

"Do you have any idea what this room beneath my hut is used for?" the village chief asked, turning around as he began to walk forward, once he ensured that I had landed safely on the ground. Shaking my head in response, I admitted my ignorance. Understanding flickered in his eyes, and we proceeded through the expansive chamber, its vastness hinting at its capacity to accommodate a considerable number of people. However, the feeble light emitted by the lantern barely reached the walls, leaving their details shrouded in darkness.

He paused, his gaze sweeping across the chamber, before he began to clarify its significance. "This room, or more precisely, the underground chamber beneath the village chief's compound, was constructed in case our village was unexpectedly attacked and overrun by the menacing Vylkr vines once again," he explained.

"If you still had your memories...." he sighed, "I wouldn't have to recount the stories your mother must have shared during the night, to keep you and your siblings away from the river and the treacherous Vylkr vines." We continued onward, stepping into a larger room. "But since your memories are lost, listen closely," he urged, pausing intermittently before continuing, "It has always been a rule to ensure the younger generation bears enough children before their fertility wanes, securing the future of our village. Once, we fulfilled that goal, numbering in the thousands. However, in our pursuit of preserving our numbers, we forgot one crucial detail. The reason only a few Vylkr vines ventured into our village was their preoccupation with the forest. As our numbers swelled, we became their prime target."

He went on, detailing how the occasional encounters with the Vylkr vines escalated from a few times a week to several times a day. Initially, they were mistaken for increased aggression, until a horrific night when the Vylkr vines attacked from all directions. Lives were ruthlessly claimed before the warriors could rally for defence. The villagers, defenceless against the Vylkr vines, could only endure their homes being destroyed and their lives extinguished.

Chapter 185 [Bonus] Beneath The Village Chief's Compound (2)

"Before the stronghold's warriors could arrive, our numbers had dwindled from thousands to mere hundreds. Some warriors fell in battle, overwhelmed by the relentless onslaught." the Village Chief continued, the weight of the tragedy evident in his tone. "The morning brought piles of dead Vylkr vines and the lifeless bodies of our fellow villagers, their fate worse than that of a corpse."

We arrived in front of another door, and as he opened it, the chief instructed, "Wait here." The door closed behind us, leaving me in suspense. He walked toward the lanterns hanging on the wall, his own lantern illuminating them. Mesmerized, I observed as the flames danced, intertwining and setting the peculiar stones within ablaze. After rekindling the lantern and securing it back in its position, he proceeded to the next one, seamlessly maintaining his narrative unfolding alongside the flickering light.

"After that, our journey to recovery was arduous and filled with pain. But once we had regained our strength, we delved into extensive research, leaving no stone unturned in our quest to understand why such a calamity had befallen us," the village chief explained, his voice filled with determination. He illuminated the last lantern, and the room flooded with a radiant glow, revealing something that left me frozen in place.

"We reached a deep realization, directly tied to our ever-expanding numbers, and it led us to a crucial decision," he said, his words hanging in the air. "Every person in a position of power made an unwavering agreement to maintain a delicate balance within our village. We vowed never to let our numbers grow too large, which could redirect the attention of the Vylkr vines away from our farms and towards us. Simultaneously, we would never allow it to dwindle to the point where we risked the absence of our future generations."

"As the village chief, it is my solemn responsibility to ensure the population remains within certain thresholds," he stated, his voice resonating with gravity. "I must keep it from surpassing a thousand and prevent it from falling below five hundred." Pausing for a moment, he seemed to await my reaction or any questions I might have about the weight of his words.

Overwhelmed by the revelations, I couldn't help but inquire, "What are these?" My eyes fixated on the multitude of stone statues in front of me, their number reaching almost a hundred. Some statues stood intact, while others bore cracks that threatened to shatter them at any moment. However, each shared a common feature—an expression of fear or astonishment frozen upon their faces. The statues appeared eerily lifelike, as if they were more than mere images etched into stone.

"If you're currently pondering how these lifelike stone statues appear even more lifelike than they seem, then you're absolutely correct. They hold a deeper significance. Each statue here represents a person who was rescued by the village chief during that fateful time. Using his gift, he carved out a

safe space beneath his own hut. However, where there is life, the Vylkr vines are never too far away. As you can see, the safe haven was eventually overrun, and every inhabitant met a horrifying fate, their life force mercilessly drained from them," the village chief explained with a sigh.

He turned around, his gaze traversing the multitude of stone figures, and I followed closely, not wanting to be left behind. "The sole survivor was the village chief himself at that time. Consumed by grief and remorse, burdened by self-blame for failing to anticipate such a tragedy, he made a decision. Instead of living with guilt for the rest of his days, he embarked on a journey to the other side of the river, battling Vylkr vines until he vanished, never to be seen or heard from again."

"After these events unfolded, the village chief who preceded me was appointed as my predecessor based on merit. Now, after sharing all of this with you, I hope you can understand why I've revealed and shown you these things," he concluded, his tone filled with a mix of solemnity and hope.

Involuntarily, I couldn't help but gulp in response. This place had been my personal paradise, where I could live a life of boundless desires without any worries. The sight of the dreadful Vylkr vines]- and now this revelation made me almost shake my head, questioning why this world couldn't simply be a haven where I could peacefully age, with my sole concerns revolving around my self-indulgent pursuits and pushing my sexual boundaries to the limits. Yet, the danger lurking within this world had intensified once again, dispelling the illusion of utopia and reminding me that it was just another world.

However, as I observed the village chief patiently awaiting my response, I quickly gathered my thoughts and replied, "So essentially, what you're saying is that my extraordinary fertility, capable of impregnating women beyond their fertile years, would pose more harm than good to the village." As we continued walking amidst the multitude of lifelike stone statues, he nodded and responded, "Yes," before chuckling. "But don't misunderstand me. I'm genuinely pleased that Naka has blessed our village with a warrior of exceptional inner strength potential and incredibly potent semen, capable of impregnating three women in a short span of time."

He sighed and shook his head while slowing his steps. "All these would have been the dreams of the village chief in the past, including my predecessor. Instead of waiting for our destruction once more, I will strive to find a solution." Within minutes, his footsteps gradually decelerated until he came to an abrupt halt. We stood amidst a pile of objects that widened my eyes. "Where did all this come from?" I blurted out, my gaze wandering over the bizarre items scattered on the ground. Some caught my attention, like intricately designed glass cups and beautifully crafted lanterns made of glass and metal.

From my knowledge, no one in the village possessed the skill to create such objects. While they could potentially be gifts, the craftsmanship and intricate detailing revealed that they hailed from a place far beyond our village's capabilities.

Chapter 186 [Bonus]The Caravan

The village chief burst into hearty laughter at my reaction before proceeding to explain, his eyes twinkling with amusement. "In addition to the beautiful paintings you've already seen in my hut, all these items here were traded to us by a caravan that arrived a few years after the incident. Naturally, there was some initial suspicion when people emerged from the other side of the forest, a place we hadn't anticipated any visitors from. But once we discovered they posed no harm and only wished to engage in trade, offering our Kalna fruits and various other resources in exchange for their peculiar items, we happily embraced the opportunity. Also their arrival proved to be a welcome distraction for those who couldn't shake the memories of the Vylkr vine onslaught, even years later."

"The previous village chief, Ravok, turned it into a ceremonial event where every villager could trade their possessions or goods for something of similar value from the caravans." He explained, "It first started as a way to distract people from the dark and gruesome past, but now it has become an eagerly anticipated affair for every villager. Surprisingly, the caravans themselves seemed enthusiastic about the trades. They never failed to arrive punctually, passing through our village on the way to an undisclosed destination, a secret they guarded just as we kept the secrets of our farm to ourselves. And as they didn't fully trust us to disclose their identities or destinations, they referred to themselves simply as passing traders."

The village chief gracefully picked up what appeared to be a small plastic comb, running it through his short black hair with a grin spreading across his face. His eyes sparkled with delight as he admired the comb before casually tossing it back among the myriad of unfamiliar items. Intrigued, I couldn't resist asking once again, "What did these traders look like?" Curiosity overwhelmed me, wondering if they were fellow humans or perhaps something entirely different, especially considering the astonishing sights I had just witnessed.

For a brief moment, the village chief seemed taken aback by my question. Then, with a thoughtful expression, he replied, "Well, anyone who hasn't lost their memories has seen them, but since it you're the first to inquire directly, I'll provide a more detailed description. Their appearance is strikingly similar to ours, with the only noticeable difference being the presence of four elongated ears, two on each side." Suddenly, the chief halted his steps and began rummaging through the scattered items on the ground. After a brief search, he retrieved a small portrait and handed it to me, saying, "This is exactly what they look like."

I eagerly took hold of the portrait, my eyes fixating on the depiction of a stern-faced man with four elongated ears and a garment that seemed to be fashioned from interwoven leaves. Their appearance was far from the human likeness I had initially expected, prompting me to simply nod my head in acknowledgement. Returning the portrait to the village chief, I watched as he carelessly tossed it

back into the pile of items before turning to me and declaring, "We're finished here." With purposeful steps, he began walking past the statues, beckoning for me to follow.

"The matter of your extraordinary fertility, which allows you to impregnate women even beyond their fertile years, will remain a closely guarded secret," he divulged, his pace quickening with each passing moment, signalling the conclusion of the revelations he had shared. "Only those who already know about it will be confined to this knowledge. We cannot afford to let the entire village become aware of the capabilities of your semen, especially since most of them have no recollection of our previous attempts to safely and significantly increase our numbers, thanks to the efforts of the previous village chief in suppressing such memories. However, I'm not suggesting that you restrain yourself from pursuing having kushi as you always have, as that would be a waste of such a potent semen." He shook his head thoughtfully and continued, "Rest assured, I will assist in covering your tracks. Just in case your fertility eventually wanes like the other men in the village, though given your unique circumstances, I highly doubt it will happen. Nevertheless, we must make the most of it should that day ever come."

I nodded appreciatively, a sense of gratitude and immense relief washing over me. After all that the village chief had revealed and shown me, I had braced myself for the worst possible outcomes. In my mind, I had already begun formulating various escape plans, envisioning a future where my mother, Reena, Grandma Celia, and the others could leave this village behind. At the very least, I had anticipated a scenario where I would be forbidden from indulging in the pleasures of Kushi.

However, to my pleasant surprise, the village chief proved to be a reasonable man who genuinely cared for the well-being of the village and its inhabitants, including myself. Knowing that I still had the freedom to still fuck with whomever I desired, although perhaps not to the same extent as before, filled me with an overwhelming sense of relief.

The most crucial course of action at this moment, however, would be to master the art of my pull-out game, which had disastrously failed me in the case of Grandma Celia.

After what felt like an eternity, we finally arrived at the ladder that would guide us out of this place. With haste, we ascended its rungs, emerging into the world above before the village chief. Sealing the entrance behind us, using the broken locks to secure it once more, he then took the lead, guiding us back to the location where Grandma Celia and the others awaited our return.

Surprisingly, as soon as we arrived, we saw that the village chieftess was present alongside Ayla, their penetrating gazes locking onto me with unwavering intensity. Their visages bore the weight of seriousness, etching lines of concern on their faces. Initially, I was taken aback by her sudden presence, but after considering that she was able to eavesdrop on the village chief's meetings

and everything that transpired within the compound, I knew deep down it was only a matter of time before she appeared in person.

Chapter 187 Outstanding Revelations

"You're here," the village chief expressed, his tone carrying a mix of relief and concern.

"Where else would I be? After hearing a news like that, I couldn't stay away," retorted the village chieftess, her face etched with a deep frown as she fixed her gaze upon the village chief. Then, she turned to me, a hint of amusement dancing in her eyes, and remarked, "And you, you never cease to amaze with your continuous stream of fresh surprises, surpassing even your previous ones, don't you?"

A wry smile tugged at my lips as the village chieftess continued to speak, her words laced with curiosity and anticipation. However, before I could utter a single word, the village chief intervened abruptly.

"Not now, Zara," he interjected, his voice carrying a note of urgency. "If you have something to say, let's discuss it when I return home. Then again, if you insist on speaking with the boy immediately, please wait until he's available. This is an immensely serious matter that requires my undivided attention to solve."

To my surprise, the village chieftess simply nodded in understanding, defying my expectations of a heated argument. However, she wasted no time in responding with a suggestion that caught the village chief off guard.

"Well, since I'm already here, I might as well have the healers check if Ayla is pregnant too," she proposed. The village chief's eyebrows shot up in astonishment, his frown deepening to unprecedented levels.

"What do you mean, check if Ayla is also pregnant?" he questioned, his gaze shifting towards Ayla, who visibly avoided his eyes. He swiftly redirected his attention to the village chieftess, awaiting an explanation. With a knowing smile, she began to unravel the unexpected turn of events.

"When I called for Oroin earlier, while he came to see you, I noticed that his penis was stiff and it seemed to distract him. So, I offered Ayla's assistance to help him find release, allowing us to proceed with our conversation. But now..." Her voice trailed off momentarily as she glanced briefly in my direction, a subtle smile tugging at the corners of her lips. "Little did we know that he would end up impregnating my dear Ayla."

As the village chieftess locked eyes with the village chief once more, his gaze shifted to me, intense and penetrating. It felt as if he were attempting to bore a hole right through my body. However, after a few moments, he shook his head and let out a tired sigh. Using his fingers to massage his forehead, he rubbed it for a while before releasing another weary breath. Finally, he turned his attention to me and posed a crucial question.

"Are there any other women you suspect might be pregnant?"

As he posed the question bluntly, I couldn't bring myself to meet his gaze with the same bluntness and confess the names of all the women I may have gotten pregnant. Nonetheless, I cleared my throat to alleviate the tension in the air and proceeded to respond, my voice laced with a hint of certainty.

"Seven," I admitted. The village chief echoed the number with a touch of surprise resonating in his voice, repeating the word, "Seven."

With a firm nod of agreement, I cleared my throat, preparing myself to divulge the identities of the women involved. I started the list with Grandma Celia, as she was the first woman I had fucked when I first arrived in this world, although Aunt Greta didn't count since I merely gave her an anal. Continuing down the line, I mentioned my sister, Grandma Vivian, followed by my mother and Fiona, who served as our instructor. Finally, I concluded the enumeration with Ayla and Grandma Ingrid.

However, to my surprise, the village chief's reaction surpassed what I had anticipated. His eyes widened, and his eyebrows formed a sharp line as he stared at me intently, his voice filled with a mix of incredulity and contemplation. "At this point, I can't help but wonder if you're simply too stingy to indulge in kushi within your own generation or if you possess a bold shamelessness that allows you to penetrate women with several generations older than you without batting an eye," he said.

After I had revealed the identities of the women I had penetrated, I also noticed a look of disbelief on Ayla's face. Yet, despite her reaction, my mind drifted towards the village chief's words, unravelling the subtle truths hidden within them. It dawned on me that I had never truly paid for kushi whenever I penetrated a woman. Reflecting on my encounters, especially with the older ladies who saw my actions as an opportunity rather than an imposition, I couldn't label myself as stingy. Instead, I had been cautiously seeking a way to satisfy my desires without explicitly treating it as a transaction.

The realization washed over me, evoking a surprising sense of satisfaction. It was remarkable to think that I had managed to enjoy such encounters without spending a single dime, while still indulging in the pleasures I desired.

"But you know what," the village chief exclaimed, shaking his head with a wry smile playing on his lips, "The fact that you possess such a strange test, unlike other men, should be the least surprising revelation after everything you have shown us."

With those words, he concluded our conversation and led the three of us into the hut. Inside, I witnessed an array of leaves and kalna fruits carefully arranged before Reena, my mother, and Grandma Celia. In a moment, I recognized them as special herbs, judging by the attentive manner in which the healers pointed out the ones to be consumed first.

After we stepped into the room, their actions halted, and all eyes turned towards us. It was then that the village chief delivered a speech, emphasizing the utmost importance of secrecy and warning them against sharing or disclosing anything they had witnessed or heard. His commanding presence and the implicit threat within his words revealed another facet of the village chief- a man who wouldn't hesitate to employ force if his instructions were taken lightly. It was essential to bear that aspect of his character in mind, considering I would be interacting with him extensively from now on.

After addressing the healers and ensuring his message was understood by both the women and the guards, the village chief turned to Thak and instructed, "Fetch Greta immediately. Inform her that her services are urgently required, and she should be prepared to spend the night on the farm if necessary." Thak nodded in acknowledgement and swiftly departed, accompanied by two guards who trailed behind him.

After addressing the others, the village chief's attention shifted to me, and he uttered with a hint of sternness "And you, since you chose to neglect your warrior training and failed to inform me of this issue beforehand, you have until evening to locate every woman you may have penetrated." Observing the firm expression on his face and the composed inflexion in his voice, I could sense that he was finding a way to personally exert some of his stress upon me without overtly displaying it.

Nevertheless, it wasn't a difficult or critical task, as I had already planned to undertake it on my own initiative even without his instruction. Thus, I nodded in understanding, watching as his gaze shifted towards Ayla and the village chieftess. "Ayla will accompany him, as she is the most familiar with the village's roads," he directed his words to his wife. Without hesitation, she nodded in agreement to the village chief's words and instructed Ayla to take care of me and remain by my side. With that, I silently conveyed my understanding to my mother and the rest of the group, knowing they had

heard the entire conversation, before turning on my heel and exiting the room, with Ayla faithfully accompanying me.

We strolled out of the hut in unison, and it was only when we had traversed a large distance after crossing the village chief's compound gates that Ayla finally broke the silence. "So, I'm going to be pregnant," she murmured, her gaze fixated on her stomach as her hand gently caressed the bare skin, a mixture of surprise and wonder in her eyes.

Then, abruptly, she turned her head towards me, locking her gaze with mine, and her words spilt on, "Thank you." Her smile surpassed the sweetness I had witnessed on that evening when I had brutally penetrated her. With a gentle motion, she lowered her hand from her stomach and shook her head, continuing, "Honestly, I never thought I would experience pregnancy in my entire life, so I just want to express my gratitude once again." The radiant smile lingered on her face as we continued to walk forward.

Truthfully, witnessing her transformed demeanour, so gentle and serene, in stark contrast to the stoic and impassive facade she wore in the presence of the village chieftess, never failed to captivate me. The way she moved, her extremely seductive figure swaying from side to side, emphasising every curve, left me spellbound. Lost in contemplation, I pondered my next steps, carefully weighing the consequences, until I finally reached a resolution. Lowering the tone of my voice, I calmly asked, "Is that all?"

Chapter 188 Ayla's Ecstatic Response

Ayla's eyes widened slightly, a hint of confusion etching across her face as she swiftly turned to face me. Her eyebrows furrowed, indicating her bewilderment. I could sense the words on the tip of her tongue, but she hesitated, choosing instead to hold her gaze intently on mine. Finally, with a hint of confusion lacing her voice, she spoke, "I don't understand what you mean by that." Her genuine curiosity and a subtle undertone of nervousness didn't escape my notice as she responded.

"I mean, I don't intend to boast, but don't you believe I deserve more than a simple thank you?" I voiced my thoughts, gazing at Ayla as a sense of relief escaped her lips. Her reaction caught me off guard, as it wasn't what I had anticipated. I observed a smile slowly spreading across her face, and she met my eyes before responding, "Yes, I think so too," she nodded her head in agreement. "If it were within my reach, I would have gladly paid a fortune just to experience pregnancy. But, since I received this gift freely, I can't bear the thought of not expressing my gratitude by offering you something, anything."

"So you're saying I can ask for anything?" I questioned, already guessing her answer. Ayla nodded, maintaining that same warm smile on her face. "Yes," she affirmed with a nod. "Even though I serve as the personal servant of the village chieftess, I have accumulated a fair amount of wealth. The only reason I continue in that role is that we've grown so close that it would be difficult for her to

find another servant as knowledgeable as me." A playful chuckle escaped her lips as she added, "Besides, where else would she find someone who knows the perfect blend of herbs and flowers to enhance her bath?"

Nodding in agreement with Ayla's words, I drew closer to her, feeling a surge of desire. I wrapped my hand around her waist, pulling her in, and let my other hand cup her voluptuous buttocks. Ayla responded by guiding my hand between her ass cheeks, her short tulga riding up to fully expose her seductive ass.

Even though it was the afternoon and there were people around, they seemed unfazed as always. Seizing the moment, I couldn't hold back any longer and expressed my desire, "And what if I want you to become a part of my family, considering you may be carrying my child?" Ayla suddenly halted, her expression unreadable. "Is that what you truly want?" she asked, searching my eyes for sincerity. With conviction, I nodded and replied, "Yes. I want you to be mine, not just as a partner, but to fully belong to me."

Her eyebrows shot up in surprise as she blinked at me, her expression void of emotion. She took a moment to scan me from head to toe before finally speaking, "Are you sure?" In response, I swiftly slid my fingers down from her behind to her folded vagina teasing it gently until I felt her moisten slightly. I withdrew my fingers and, to her confusion, brought them to my mouth, licking them clean with my tongue.

Ayla's eyes widened as she watched my actions, her eyebrows raised in disbelief. We had come to a halt, and she shook her head before speaking again, "At this point, I'm starting to think that it's not that you don't mind my unattractiveness, but rather, you simply don't care." She let out a weary sigh and continued, "Nevertheless, since it doesn't bother you, I see no reason for me to be concerned about it either." I quickly pressed on, seeking confirmation, "So, it's a yes? You agree to be completely mine?" Ayla nodded her head, her expression carrying a joyful smile. "Yes," she said, before shaking her head slightly. And also, considering you've impregnated multiple women, which you might also propose to, I assume you might need some assistance, which I am more than willing to provide."

Internally, I couldn't help but be surprised by her composed reaction, far different from the other women I had encountered. But for a change, I couldn't deny that it felt refreshing to see her respond calmly to my proposal.

Nevertheless, with that agreement reached, I once again wrapped my hand around Ayla's waist, continuing where I had left off, stroking her fine mature vagina. Being a squirter, she quickly became wet, and I could feel her juices flowing within seconds. Ayla's movements slowed down slightly as she began to twitch, clearly affected by my touch. Despite the seriousness of the situation

at hand, my desires were difficult to suppress, with my aroused member yearning for release after feasting on the sight of Ayla's tempting fleshy thighs and wide curvaceous buttocks throughout our walk.

Unable to resist any longer, I called out Ayla's name, "Ayla," capturing her attention. Swiftly raising my tulga, I revealed my engorged penis that had been building up a bulge underneath. Though a few passing villagers glanced in our direction, if they wished to look, I had more to offer. Taking Ayla's hand in mine, I guided it to gently grip my gritty pulsing shaft, creating a particular scene where I pleased Ayla's wet vagina between her succulent thighs while she stroked my throbbing penis as we continued walking forward.

Ayla however appeared taken aback by my actions; however, after a few minutes of observing my enjoyment from her touch, she simply went along with it, reciprocating in the same way I had stimulated her from the beginning.

As my suppressed desires threatened to overwhelm me, a slight moan "Uuu~~" involuntarily escaped my lips, betraying my attempts to control myself. In a moment of intense longing, I firmly grasped Ayla's left protruding exposed ass cheeks, and without hesitation, resumed vigorously stroking her soaked pussy with my fingers.

However, this time, Ayla abruptly halted her steps and clamped her legs together, trapping my hand between her thick thighs. Unfazed by our actions, the villagers walking behind us, a man and two women clad in the traditional tulga attire, including one woman with a uniquely styled tulga, casually manoeuvred around us and continued their conversations as they moved forward.

However, as I continued my fervent stimulation, I could feel Ayla's body instantly begin to convulse, her pleasure building rapidly as her vagina juices flowed freely onto my fingers, running down and staining the ground beneath her. "Oo~~ Orion..." Ayla attempted to call out my name, but before she could utter it, her actions abruptly changed. She swiftly bent down into a squatting position, forcefully releasing my hands from her thighs.

Without any warning, Ayla lifted the front of her tulga and spread her legs wide as she squatted, resulting in a powerful eruption of liquid gushing forth from her drenched pink pussy. The force and intensity of the flow resembled a vigorously running tap, causing the ground in front of us to become thoroughly soaked.

My throat tightened as I witnessed Ayla's explosive squirt, my own desire surging with even greater force through my veins, compelling my already exposed penis to surge and throb forward once

more. In the midst of the road, Ayla blissfully embraced the satisfaction on her face, her arms resting on her knees as she struggled to catch her breath after such an intense release.

After a few minutes, Ayla lifted her dazed eyes to meet mine, her gaze still clouded with the aftermath of her intense experience. She attempted to speak, but only rapid breaths escaped her lips, leaving her momentarily speechless. Without hesitation, I reached out and firmly clasped Ayla's hand, swiftly leading her away from the bustling road. Pulling her along with me, we moved with purpose towards a cluster of compounds, each surrounded by a rustic wooden fence.

"Orion..." Ayla gasped, her voice strained from the lingering effects of her orgasm, as we continued onward, distancing ourselves from the public road.

In a rush, I tugged Ayla towards the secluded rear of one of the compounds, her back pressed against the sturdy wooden fence. My chest pressed firmly against her motherly breasts as I skillfully parted her legs once again, plunging my fingers deep into her welcoming pussy. The intensity of my fingers' motions elicited a series of gasps from her trembling lips, their sounds echoing through the surroundings.

"Ahh... Ahh..." she moaned, her breathy exclamations threatening to disturb the tranquillity of the neighbouring dwellings. In a swift and decisive move, I brought my lips to hers, their connection sealing away any lingering sounds. To my surprise, Ayla eagerly reciprocated, her own lips hungrily meeting mine, her half-lidded eyes locking onto mine with an undeniable intensity.

However, it wasn't just her eager response that ignited my desire. It was also the way she instinctively pressed and pumped my hardened member without any instruction, even in her current state of blissful abandon. Her unrestrained passion fueled my decision to bring her to an unparalleled state of pleasure, one that I knew she had never experienced before, save for our earlier encounter.

As such, before her impending release could transform into yet another captivating squirting display, I reluctantly broke the intoxicating kiss, withdrawing my lips from hers. I glanced down, watching as my hand gently pried her grasp away from my throbbing penis. Sensing her surprise, I lowered myself before her, within the depths of her bewildered gaze. Like a ravenous connoisseur savouring a delectable feast, I prepared to indulge in her pink dripping opening, much like a baby loves his milk.

Chapter 189 Ayla's Ecstatic Torrent

"Orion... What are you... doing?" Ayla's voice quivered with a mix of surprise and uncertainty, her eyes widening as she observed my downward descent. Ignoring her nervousness, I met her gaze from beneath the towering peaks of her clothed, magnificent breasts.

"Don't worry," I reassured her, my voice laced with a hint of mischief. "Due to our limited time, I will make this quick." With a deliberate motion, my fingers plunged into the folds of her wet, swollen entrance, parting the velvety petals to reveal the tender flesh that awaited the arrival of my eager tongue.

In an unexpected turn, Ayla forcefully pressed her hand against my head, thwarting my progress and pushing me backwards. Undeterred, I swiftly adjusted my approach, guiding one of my fingers to glide upward in search of her sensitive clitoris. Though my exploration yielded no immediate result, the mere touch was enough to send a shiver coursing through Ayla's body, causing her feeble resistance to fade.

In a moment of undeniable truth, I extended my tongue and sensually traced the outlines of her parted vagina lips, allowing my saliva to intermingle with her already leaking juices. As my tongue made contact, a startled "Ohh~" escaped Ayla's lips, her body quivering in shock.

Eagerly lapping up the tantalizing nectar that adorned the exterior of her aroused vulva, I ensured my readiness to transform my tongue into a skilled spear, poised to delve deep into the depths of her soaked pussy.

"Orion," Ayla called my name once more, her voice filled with an unexpected mixture of urgency and longing. As if possessed by a sudden surge of desire, she extended her hand and firmly grasped my head, pulling me closer to her dripping, quivering pussy. "Orion..." she unleashed a euphoric scream of delight, uttering my name with ardour. The realization that she had replaced her moans with my name ignited an inferno within me, fueling my resolve to plunge my tongue even deeper into the velvety confines of her narrow walls.

The taste of Ayla's sweet vagina juices, flowing freely like an unleashed torrent, intensified the desire within me to devour her with unbridled passion. With each passionate stroke of my tongue, I relished in the sensation of her fleshy depths, savouring every delicious drop that escaped from her like a loosened faucet.

As our pleasure escalated, I found myself less concerned about the prying eyes of the neighbours or inhabitants of the surrounding compounds. A wave of recklessness washed over me, pushing aside any inhibitions, as Ayla's ecstatic cries grew louder and more uninhibited. "Oh, Naka... Ahhh" she screamed, a sense of déjà vu flooding my senses, evoking distant memories from my time on Earth, though their understanding eluded me.

Until finally, I found it. Hidden beneath where I had previously searched before, I let my tongue slide up and down on her wet lips before I attacked her clitoris, flicking it with energized vigour as she twitched and spasmed under my touch, letting me know that this was really it.

With unyielding certainty, I honed in on her most sensitive spot, boosting my ministrations until Ayla's impending release became discernible. As her vagina juices flowed with increasing vitality, I contemplated withdrawing my head to avoid being caught in the torrent of her intense squirting. Yet, a primal instinct compelled me to stay, to fully embrace the downpour that awaited us both.

Abandoning all caution, I swiftly hoisted Ayla's left leg over my shoulders, securing it in place as I repeated the action with her other leg. Gripping her succulent thighs firmly, I braced myself for the imminent eruption, ready to bask in the splendour of her cum.

With a force that matched the intensity of her previous releases, Ayla's cum burst forth like a torrential downpour, drenching my face and pouring onto the ground behind me. The sensation of her potent pussy juices against my skin sent a surge of exhilaration coursing through my veins. As abruptly as it began, the downpour ceased, leaving a momentary stillness in its wake.

Grasping my head firmly with her hands, Ayla leaned back against the wooden fence, her legs still draped over my shoulders. As I wiped the remnants of her cum from my face, I could hear the weariness in her voice as she uttered, "You... truly are full of surprises, aren't you?" Her words trailed off, before giving way to a contented sigh that escaped her lips.

Relieving my shoulders from the weight of her legs, I swept my soaked hair back, freeing my vision from the tantalizing torrent of her vagina juices that had momentarily threatened to blind me. Luckily, I emerged unharmed, allowing me to fully revel in the breathtaking power of her squirting release.

"Let me help you," Ayla offered. I directed my gaze towards her, as she closed her eyes, immersing herself in deep concentration. My gaze fixated on her as her hands began to radiate an intense and enchanting shade of blue, emitting an ethereal glow that danced through the air.

In a moment of astonishment, Ayla gracefully moved her hands through the air, as if weaving an invisible tapestry, and to my amazement, a translucent sphere of colourless water materialized above her right palm. Ayla's tired yet resolute expression conveyed her commitment to aiding me.

"Bend down, let me help you," Ayla instructed, her voice carrying a subtle weariness. Without hesitation, I obediently lowered my head towards her, allowing her to guide the water over my face.

As the cool droplets flowed over my skin, I held my breath momentarily, until the water finally descended to the ground, leaving my face refreshed and free from any lingering residue.

After Ayla had finished assisting me, we took the necessary time to ensure we were thoroughly cleaned before emerged from the secluded area behind the compound, ready to resume our journey, fully aware that time was of the essence.

In a matter of minutes, we arrived at my compound and stepped into the hut, in search of the presence of Grandma Vivian and the rest. However, to our surprise, only Grandma Vivian and Derry were present. Their initial astonishment at the sight of Ayla accompanying me gradually gave way to comprehension as I recounted the events that had transpired. They nodded in understanding, yet their curiosity lingered, questioning my purpose for seeking Grandma Vivian's presence when the healer had informed us that she was not carrying a child.

Chapter 190 Confrontation

However, I insisted that it was crucial for her to undergo a thorough examination by a competent healer. This would help determine whether she had indeed been pregnant and had experienced some complications, or if the pregnancy had never occurred in the first place. Understanding the potency of my semen became a pressing matter, driving my desire for clarity.

In response to my request, Grandma Derry suggested that she would accompany Grandma Vivian to the Village Chief's compound. I saw no objections to this plan, as I still had another destination in mind. Curious about Grandma Ingrid's whereabouts, I inquired about her and discovered that she, along with Meldra, whose name had remained unknown to me until now, was preparing to head to the farm. Nodding my head in understanding, I decided to make my way towards their hut to talk with them.

Without bothering to knock, I boldly pushed open their door, confident that formalities were unnecessary at this moment. As the door swung open, an interesting scene unfolded before me. Grandma Meldra stood, casually drying her hair with a piece of cloth, while Grandma Ingrid, her fuckable dick-erecting body adorned with glistening water droplets, was in the midst of donning her tulga.

Startled by my unannounced entrance, Grandma Meldra's voice echoed in the room, "You're back! What happened?" She dropped her towel to the ground and hurriedly approached me, only to freeze in surprise and confusion as her eyes landed on Ayla, faithfully trailing behind me.

"Who's this?" Grandma Meldra inquired, her voice laced with confusion and curiosity.

Clearing my throat to grab her attention, I launched into a detailed account of everything that had transpired. With each passing moment, Grandma Meldra's understanding grew, but her eyes remained wide with astonishment when I disclosed the encounter that had taken place between Grandma Ingrid and myself yesterday night.

"Ingrid..." Grandma Meldra's voice carried a mix of disbelief and disappointment as she turned to face Grandma Ingrid, who wore a forced smile on her face. The room was filled with tension as Grandma Meldra confronted her, her eyes searching for the truth. "Is what I'm hearing true?"

Grandma Ingrid hastily slipped on her tulga, a visible sign of her unease. She had been listening to our conversation, lost in her thoughts as I recounted the events of the previous night. "It's not what you think, Meldra," she stammered, her voice quivering as she struggled to find the right words. Attempting to compose herself, she faltered in her attempts to explain her actions.

Grandma Meldra, refusing to accept vague excuses, pressed on with her questions. "You were just what, Ingrid?" Her voice grew louder, laced with a sternness that demanded answers. "Or do you expect me to believe that you were unaware of your actions? That you were merely sleepwalking through it all?" Grandma Ingrid's confidence waned, and she shrunk into herself, no longer able to voice her thoughts. Her gaze fell to the floor, revealing her remorse.

"I'm sorry," she managed to choke out, swallowing her words. "I wasn't thinking clearly. I thought that if I followed your words from yesterday, perhaps I too could take a chance and try everything in my power to become pregnant."

With a weary sigh escaping her lips, Grandma Ingrid finished speaking to Grandma Meldra. She looked drained, as if grappling with the weight of the situation. Turning her gaze aside, she addressed me, her voice filled with exhaustion. "Don't worry, Orion. I'll handle this and make sure Ingrid arrives at the Village Chief's compound. You can continue on with the others." She added, "Besides, she owes Celeste and the rest of us a thorough explanation." I nodded in agreement, shifting my gaze to Grandma Ingrid, who avoided eye contact.

Realizing that this temporary evasion wouldn't last long and that she would need a stern conversation with me later when I had the time, I entrusted Grandma Ingrid to Grandma Meldra's care. Walking out of the hut with Ayla, I closed the door behind us. Just as we took a few steps away from the hut, Grandma Meldra's voice resonated loudly throughout the compound.

"INGRRRIDDD....."

However, despite having some naughty thoughts about bending over or engaging with one or two of them intimately, I knew I couldn't afford to waste time, nor was it an appropriate moment for such distractions. My priority was finding our awakening teacher, Fiona, and I was grateful to have Ayla by my side, guiding the way.

I explained to Ayla our next objective and she nodded, acknowledging the potential difficulty of locating Fiona's hut without knowledge of the specific route. "It might be challenging since we don't know the area where she lives," Ayla remarked. She looked at me and continued, "I don't think I can find her without at least having an idea of the general vicinity."

I pondered for a moment until a realization struck me. Fiona was Aunt Greta's neighbour. Although I wasn't sure about the nature of their relationship, their similar level of unattractiveness and the way they addressed each other when we first met hinted at a close, friendly neighbourly bond. I shared this information with Ayla, and she furrowed her eyebrows in thought, trying to determine the best route to Aunt Greta's hut from our current location.

After a while, Ayla finally pointed to the left road ahead and said, "Let's take this path. I've been to Greta's hut a few times when the Village Chieftess needed her assistance. I can remember the general location, but we may need to walk for a while before I can navigate us without getting lost."

With a nod of my head, I expressed my understanding and handed the responsibility of leading the way to Ayla. I trusted her guidance and knew that her familiarity with the route would ensure we stayed on the right path.

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"I believe we've arrived," Ayla announced, her finger pointing confidently at the solitary hut nestled within its own compound. It had taken them a good thirty to forty minutes to reach this point, as Ayla meticulously navigated the roads, searching for shortcuts to ensure they arrived promptly. Fortunately, her efforts paid off, allowing them to reach their destination on time.