

Village Head 191

Chapter 191 Unexpected Revelation

"Yeah, I think this is it," Orion remarked, a vivid image of Aunt Greta's hut firmly etched in his mind. While the huts in the village shared a similar appearance, it was impossible for them to be completely identical, making it relatively easy for him to recognize the right one. As he walked alongside Ayla, something caught his attention- the distinct pattern of one hut per compound in the surrounding area. This observation led him to a realization that he hadn't noticed he passed through here: they had entered a wealthier neighbourhood within the village.

"So, can you figure out which hut Fiona stays in from here?" Ayla inquired, her eyes fixed on Orion, hoping for a positive response. Disappointingly, Orion shook his head in defeat, conveying his inability to identify Fiona's hut without uttering a single word.

Ayla nodded with understanding and took the lead, motioning for Orion to follow as they made their way towards Greta's hut. Upon reaching their destination, Ayla extended her hand and knocked on the door several times. However, her efforts were met with silence, prompting her to shake her head in defeat.

"We're too late," Ayla sighed, her voice filled with disappointment. "Mr Thak must have already taken her to the Village Chief's compound." Orion frowned at the realization, knowing that their only option now was to go door-to-door, knocking on each hut to find the right one.

While he didn't mind the task itself, his bare feet were starting to itch uncomfortably, aggravated by the scorching sun that intensified the discomfort. Time was of the essence, so Orion quickly shared his plan with Ayla, and they began the process of knocking on each hut in hopes of finding Fiona.

After visiting three huts, they finally reached the third one and rapped on its door. From inside, a familiar voice resonated, echoing a response, "I'm coming," and the door swung open, revealing the beautiful figure of Fiona, who looked at them in surprise.

"Orion..." Fiona uttered his name, her eyes widening with both surprise and confusion. Then she turned her gaze to Ayla and repeated the same astonished reaction, "Ayla." Gathering her thoughts, Fiona finally voiced her question, her eyes scanning their faces intently, "What are the two of you doing here?".

"Can we come inside first?" Orion was the first to speak, his eyes locked with Fiona's as he awaited her response. He watched as she furrowed her brow in confusion, her curiosity sparked. Finally,

Fiona nodded her head, her expression a mixture of bewilderment and interest, and she swung the door open wide enough for the two of them to enter.

Stepping inside, they were greeted by the comforting embrace of the hut's interior. Fiona closed the door behind them and motioned for Orion and Ayla to take a seat on the mat in the middle of the room. Fiona's eyes gleamed with genuine curiosity, as it was not every day that she received visitors of such importance. To have the village chieftess's personal servant and one of the most renowned graduates of this year's awakening ceremony visiting her simultaneously left her genuinely surprised, eager to unravel the purpose of their unexpected visit.

As Orion contemplated where to begin, he couldn't shake off the urgency to clear up everything immediately. He knew that if they left any room for doubt, they might find themselves in yet another episode of him trying to explain the complex situation of Fiona carrying his child, akin to the encounters with Thak and the Village Chief.

And truth be told, he wasn't in the mood to go through that ordeal again. The entire afternoon had been consumed by unexpected circumstances, starting from his early morning awakening to dealing with the sudden turn of events, followed by a rather intense meeting with the Village Chief. Orion's weariness hung heavy in the air, adding to his eagerness to get everything resolved swiftly.

Taking a deep breath, Orion decided to lay it all out for Fiona without giving her a chance to respond or allowing the surprise to fully register on her face. "We came here to bring you to the village chief's compound, to have a healer check you, because I believe you might be carrying my child," he blurted out, delivering the news in one swift declaration. Before taking his time to once again, explain all the necessary details to her.

Fiona's face underwent a rapid transformation, from disbelief to contemplation, as Orion's words sank in. The idea that a single encounter, where Orion released his 'semen' inside her, could potentially result in pregnancy left her astounded. She couldn't help but rub her stomach, lost in thought, as her attention shifted from Orion to Ayla. The presence of both of them here affirmed the truth in Orion's revelation. Doubting his words seemed pointless, as she couldn't fathom why they would go to such lengths to deceive her or share such an expensive lie.

Finally, Fiona nodded in understanding, though traces of doubt still lingered on her face. She inquired, "So, when am I supposed to leave for the village chief's compound?" Orion wasted no time in responding, "Right away. That's precisely why we're here- to bring you immediately and figure out our next steps." Ayla chimed in, adding, "Yes, it's important that we leave right away. The village chief and the others are waiting for us as we speak."

Realizing the urgency of the situation, Fiona made a quick decision to nod her head in agreement and join Orion and Ayla outside her hut. There was no time to waste in settling her thoughts, so she would have to gather her composure along the way, before reaching the village chief's compound. Perhaps during their journey, she could uncover the reason behind Fiona the well woman's absence from the well for the past two days, with no one having caught sight of Fiona or knowing her whereabouts.

Still, despite the nagging thought of her recent inability to fetch water from the well and the inconvenience of having to rely on the market square, Fiona's attention was quickly drawn back to her supposed pregnancy. Absentmindedly rubbing her stomach, she stole a glance at Orion, the source of this unexpected twist, as they continued their journey towards the village chief's compound.

Chapter 192 The Unspoken Tension

As they approached the village chief's compound, Orion's mind raced with thoughts and realizations. He couldn't help but reflect on his previous encounters with women and their resulting pregnancies. Surprisingly, all the women he had ejaculated inside had become pregnant, except for Grandma Vivian.

On the other hand, the women he was certain he hadn't ejaculated inside, or at least not fully, were already suspected to be pregnant. It dawned on him that even his pre-ejaculation might have been enough to impregnate them, which was both astonishing and concerning considering its minimal quantity.

However, the current situation presented an opportunity: having all the women together would allow the village's most skilled healer to provide comprehensive treatment and definitively determine who was pregnant and who was not.

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"Orion, we have arrived," a familiar voice jolted me out of my trance, and I swivelled my head to find Ayla grasping my shoulder, the one who had called out to me. Casting a glance at the recognizable guards stationed at the entrance, I acknowledged Ayla with a nod, releasing a tired sigh as I followed the others without any obstruction. Stepping inside, we made our way towards the hut where everyone else had gathered. Finally, we reached the room and caught sight of the village chief and the rest of the group.

"You've returned," the village chief greeted me, his eyes meeting mine with a wave of relief in them. He then motioned for Ayla to settle on the mat, indicating that she would be examined after

he gave a nod of acknowledgement. With a similar gesture, he turned to Fiona and stated, "You may proceed with your examination as well."

Fiona and Ayla exchanged nods with the village chief and silently positioned themselves beside Aunt Greta, who was currently attending to Ingrid. Glancing to the side, I caught sight of my mother and Grandma Derry, their expressions reflecting concern, as they gently patted the back of Grandma Vivian, attempting to ease her evident sadness as if she had just received the most heart-wrenching news. My gaze then shifted to the village chieftess, who locked eyes with me before wearily shaking her head and releasing an exhausted sigh, as if she could already anticipate the questions swirling in my mind.

Eager to understand what had happened in my absence, I began to form the question, "What happened..." However, before I could utter another word, surprisingly, the village chief interrupted me, leaning closer to my face to prevent me from speaking further. "Not now," he uttered, shaking his head wearily, mirroring the fatigued expression worn by the village chieftess. He continued, "I advise you to wait until Greta has finished so that we can address everything completely."

Observing the subdued atmosphere in the room, which felt heavier than when I had left, I simply nodded in understanding and decided to exercise patience until all matters were concluded. Whatever it was they had heard or witnessed that had dimmed the room's spirits, it couldn't possibly be worse than anticipated.

With a glimmer of hope, that was the outcome I was praying for.

After a while, I observed Aunt Greta gently removing her hands from Grandma Ingrid's stomach, a smile gracing her face. Her gaze then shifted to the village chief, still wearing that same smile, as if she intended to convey something important. However, the instant her eyes met mine, a sudden shift occurred. She blinked at me, her gaze fixated on me as though captivated, unable to avert her eyes. It was as if she had entered a trance-like state, engrossed in studying me intently.

Just as the silence grew heavy with anticipation, the village chief broke it with a throat-clearing sound, calling out, "Greta." Startled, she swiftly tore her gaze away from mine and redirected her attention towards him.

Clearing her throat, Greta began to speak, "I have thoroughly examined her, and although I can sense certain changes in her body, it is still too early to determine if she is pregnant or not. Given the circumstances, I believe it would be wise to wait a few more days before using my gift on her once again. As none of the changes are distinct enough for me to conclusively confirm their nature." She shook her head, conveying her frustration and helplessness in the current situation.

Meanwhile, as the village chief uttered, "It's okay, you can try with the other woman," a silent agreement resonated within me, aligning with Aunt Greta's assessment. It was indeed too early to determine Grandma Ingrid's pregnancy status, considering I had only just fucked her the previous night. Furthermore, the angry expression on my mother's face and the peculiar glances I received from my sister indicated that news of what transpired between Grandma Ingrid and me had already reached their ears. If that wasn't confirmation enough, the subtle yet penetrating stares from the village chieftess and the intense fiery gaze of Grandma Derry made it abundantly clear.

Nevertheless, I shifted my attention from those thoughts and directed my focus toward Ayla and Fiona's examination results. I knew deep down that I would require further clarification once this entire ordeal concluded.

After a while, Aunt Greta's glowing hands ceased their radiance, and the ethereal bluish light that enveloped Fiona's stomach gradually faded away. The room fell into a hushed silence as all eyes fixed upon Aunt Greta, eagerly anticipating the results of the test she had just conducted. In a matter of seconds, she nodded with a smile gracing her face and announced, "She is pregnant."

A collective sigh of relief reverberated through the room, palpably releasing the pent-up tension that had engulfed us all. My gaze shifted towards Fiona, who appeared even more bewildered than before, until our eyes serendipitously locked. It was as if she wanted to speak, yet she restrained herself, rising from her seat and making her way to the side where the other women were seated, allowing Ayla to take her turn.

After Aunt Greta activated her gift and directed her focus towards Ayla's stomach, a slight furrow formed on her brow. After a brief moment, she deactivated her gift, the same smile adorning her lips as before. The room seemed to hold its breath, anticipation hanging in the air. Without a need for further words, Aunt Greta pronounced, "She is pregnant."

Chapter 193 Pregnancy Complications

Suddenly, the village chieftess released the loudest sigh, her face lighting up with an enormous grin. She playfully nudged the village chief with her elbow and whispered in a low voice audible only to me and Thak, "You see, Ayla is going to be a mother. So, you better find me another personal servant because I won't continue to burden Ayla now that she's pregnant. Remember, it was your agreement." The mischievous smile stretched across her face, reaching from ear to ear.

The village chief responded with a nod and a reassuring reply, "Don't worry, I'll take care of it later." It appeared they had made some sort of wager or arrangement while we were away.

However, the revelation of Ayla's pregnancy wasn't the only news. With the test now complete and confirming that every woman I had fucked was pregnant, and some awaiting further confirmation, I approached my mother, who was seated near Grandma Vivian. I intended to inquire about the gloomy atmosphere that seemed to envelop them all, particularly Grandma Vivian.

"So, is nobody going to fill me in on what I missed while I was away?" I inquired, leaning in with curiosity. My eyes were fixated on my mother as she began recounting the events that unfolded in my absence. She delved into the details of how Grandma Vivian's test had stirred up a commotion, leading Aunt Greta to run multiple tests until the heartbreaking results were revealed- the baby was not alive.

As soon as my mother uttered those words, I swiftly raised my hand, motioning for her to stop. I already had a sinking feeling about what had transpired. Gazing at Grandma Vivian, whose eyes were filled with sorrow as she stared at the ground, I couldn't help but shake my head in disbelief. While it was true that women in this world could get pregnant rapidly, with fetuses beginning to develop within a matter of days, it also meant that fertility could be lost just as swiftly within a few years. I felt at a loss for words, but I mustered the question, "Are you okay?" directed toward Grandma Vivian.

She lifted her head to meet my gaze, and just as I anticipated a nod to assure me she was fine, she vehemently shook her head and uttered, "I... I'm not..." She shook her head once more, this time with greater conviction, and repeated her statement with a clearer voice, "I am not okay." Before she could continue, Grandma Derry interjected with a soothing tone, calling out, "Vivian..." in an attempt to calm her down.

However, Grandma Vivian interjected immediately, urging Derry not to intervene. "Don't, Derry, don't... When Celia's pregnancy became obvious, do you know how many sleepless nights I endured, hoping to experience any signs of pregnancy myself? I was convinced that Orion had released his semen inside me also. But... But..." Her composure began to crumble, tears streaming down her cheeks as she struggled to hold back her emotions. "Does this mean I won't be able to get pregnant again?" she murmured.

"Does it mean my w..." Before she could complete her sentence, Derry swiftly embraced her, gripping her plump cheeks and pinching them gently. "Shhhh... Don't say that, Vivian. Don't worry, everything will be alright, I promise," she reassured her, her voice tinged with concern and weariness. Grandma Vivian broke into desperate sobs, unleashing a torrent of tears that left me feeling helpless.

The only way to communicate and console her now was to wait until she had calmed down and was ready to talk.

Recognizing this as my only option, I shifted my focus to the surroundings, only to realize that everyone else in the room was also fixated on our emotional exchange.

Rising to my feet, I observed as the village chief took a step forward and declared, "Now that everything has been thoroughly checked and confirmed, I want all of you to return home, gather your belongings, and then come back to my compound. Greta will accompany you to the farm where the midwives and she herself will provide care until you are ready to deliver." His eyes darted around the room, pausing briefly on me before shifting to another individual. "Since this is the first time such a phenomenon has occurred in our village, it is crucial to closely monitor your pregnancies and ensure your overall well-being on the day of delivery. Please understand that this is for your own benefit and for the welfare of the entire village." He directed his attention back to me and added, "Orion, meet me later." With that, he turned on his heel and exited the room, accompanied by Thak. Meanwhile, the Village Chieftess eagerly approached Ayla's side, gently rubbing her stomach and placing her hand over one ear, as if trying to catch any faint sounds emanating from within.

I then decided to approach Aunt Greta, intending to greet her after a long time since our last encounter. "Good evening, Au..." I began, but before I could finish my sentence, she firmly grabbed my hand and pulled it downward, pointing her finger at me as if she couldn't find the right words to express herself. Finally, she sighed and said, "Just a few weeks since I last saw you, and only a few days after your awakening ceremony, and you've already managed to stir up trouble." She crossed her arms and shook her head wearily. "If only you had come to me immediately after discovering the potency of your semen, maybe I wouldn't be dealing with the headache you've now presented me with."

As Aunt Greta's frustration grew, she unexpectedly snatched my nose, twisting it painfully. "What am I even saying? I know you don't understand," she grumbled. However, she quickly shifted her gaze behind me, as if there was someone lurking there. With a smile back on her face, she refocused her attention on me and continued, "Once you're finished with them, you can come and lend me a hand in carrying some of the things I need to the farm." With that, she stood up and declared, "In the meantime, I'll be waiting for you outside," before exiting the room.

Chapter 194 The Introductions

After Aunt Greta's departure, I turned around to find my mother and Reena standing in front of me, accompanied by Grandma Celia, Fiona, and Ayla. Bringing up the rear was Grandma Ingrid, who appeared visibly uneasy. Refocusing my attention on my mother, I noticed her fierce gaze fixed upon me as she spoke up, "Before we go, aren't you going to address this and tell us who among us got pregnant first?" Her arms were crossed, and she impatiently tapped her finger on her elbow, awaiting my response.

Realizing that avoiding the question was futile, and in truth, I had no intention of evading it in the first place, I cleared my throat feignedly. I began by pointing at Grandma Celia, emphasizing, "She should take the honour of being the first." Before my mother could object, her lips tightly sealed, I swiftly continued, directing my hand towards Reena, "The second spot belongs to her." Then, focusing on my mother, I stated firmly, "You secure the third position." My hand shifted to point at Fiona, signifying her as the fourth.

With a subtle gesture, I designated Ayla as the fifth. Finally, my hand settled on Grandma Ingrid, and I concluded, "And lastly, she claims the sixth spot, if you will."

"So you mean..." My mother began to speak, but I swiftly interrupted her, raising my hand to halt her. "I am not done yet," I stated, already anticipating her question. "You, Mom, were my first partner," I revealed, observing her reaction. I watched as her expression shift from fury to calm, although a fleeting glimpse of happiness couldn't be concealed. However, after a while, her face twisted back into anger, a feeble attempt to mask her sudden joy.

"Reena is my third partner," I continued, glancing at my sister. She nodded with a sweet smile, but her expression froze abruptly. Sensing her unvoiced thoughts, I swiftly added, "And Ayla is my sixth partner," preempting any interruption from Reena. As I finished speaking, I witnessed her gaze dart around the room, only to refocus intently on me. "So if Mom is your first partner, and I am your third," she gestured towards Ayla, "and she is the sixth," Reena paused for a moment, collecting her thoughts. "That means, brother, there are still three women who are your partners that we don't know about, aren't there?".

Even though I remained seated, I noticed Fiona's and everyone else's widened eyes at the weight of Reena's words. Her voice carried enough volume to capture everyone's attention, and the revelation hung in the air, provoking undeniable suspense in the room.

Shaking my head tiredly at her unexpected reaction, I was at a loss for words. This wasn't how I had planned to introduce everyone in the first place. I searched for something to divert the conversation, but before I could find a suitable topic, my mother burst into a chuckle out of nowhere.

Her giggle grew louder, filling the room until it turned into a full-blown, infectious laughter. Eventually, her laughter subsided, and she bent down to look at me with eyes filled with a strange mix of love and warmth.

Pinching my cheeks tightly, she said, "Who would have thought that my son would have the courage to propose to six women in such a short amount of time?" Then, she hugged me tightly, causing the side of her tanga to rise and reveal one of her bountiful breasts momentarily as she

straightened her back. With an oddly sweet smile, she continued, "Besides, it seems like you're determined to break every record in this village. So, as your mother and possibly your first partner, I want you to bring all those girls to where we'll be staying on the farm. We should meet them and get to know each other, okay?"

Her wide smile radiated an air of acceptance as Reena attempted to voice her concerns "But...". However, our mother swiftly interrupted, cutting her off mid-sentence. "But nothing," she stated firmly. "Right now, we're all going to be busy, especially your brother. Now that he's finally given us the information we needed, it's best to let him rest and gather his thoughts. Besides, didn't you hear that he still needs to meet with the village chief after this?"

Letting out a tired sigh, she shook her head. "If I'm not mistaken, the sun will be setting soon, and we've been here all day. So, let's settle everything for now, and then we can have a family conversation later. All of us," she added, glancing at everyone present, some of whom hadn't even noticed her gaze.

In response, my sister halted her attempts to argue and reluctantly nodded in understanding. She bit her lip and averted her gaze, stealing a glance in my direction. Knowing that her behaviour was only temporary, I observed as my mother raised her voice, capturing everyone's attention.

"Alright, now that we all know what we need to do, let's gather our belongings and return to the village chief's compound before the sun sets," my mother announced loudly. "Once we're at the farm, we can figure out our next steps after we've settled in." Unsurprisingly, everyone agreed. Fiona was the first to speak up, abruptly stating, "I'll meet all of you there in an hour," before her gaze fixated on me, her eyes entering a trance-like state.

However, she quickly shook her head, turned around, and left the room. Following suit, my sister behaved as though I didn't exist, casting her gaze elsewhere before exiting the room.

"Let's go, Celia," my mother called out to Grandma Celia, her voice filled with urgency. Then, she turned her gaze toward Grandma Vivian and Derry, who were still seated. Suppressing the words she wanted to say, my mother directed her attention to Grandma Ingrid, who had remained silent throughout the conversation.

With a hint of aggression in her tone, not stemming from anger but rather a disappointment, she said, "You too, Ingrid." As both Grandma Celia and Ingrid nodded in response and quietly left the room, I swiftly stood up from my seat and reached out to catch my mother's hand, stopping her in her tracks before she could leave.

"Please control yourself," I whispered to her in a low tone, hoping to calm her down. "Let's not make her feel down at the moment."

Chapter 195 A Passionate Promise (R18)

However, my mother had already deciphered the meaning of my words and whom I was referring to. She began to speak, but I promptly cut her off, asserting, "I know. So why don't you wait for me to handle everything? We can address it all at once." I shook my head at her and raised an eyebrow, emphasizing my point. "Besides, don't you think she also needs the same support as Grandma Celia right now?"

My mother averted her gaze, her eyes still filled with anger. "But she should have known better," she muttered. Without hesitation, I flicked my fingers against her forehead and swiftly gave her a light slap on her ass, scolding her, "I won't appreciate it if you say or do anything inappropriate before I arrive. You know that, right?" She instinctively held her buttocks and shot a reproachful gaze at me for the public display.

Reluctantly, she let out a sigh of understanding and nodded her head. "But that means you better act quickly, because I don't know how long I can keep my composure," she warned, as she left the room, her words lingering in the air.

Observing her departing figure, I couldn't shake the feeling that she was enjoying the role of being the one in charge. And despite her tendency to be overly reactive, deep down, I knew she wouldn't exceed certain bounds once she regained her composure and reflected upon the situation.

"You are full of surprises, boy," the village chieftess remarked, passing me with confident steps as she made her way out of the door. Though I was immediately stunned by her presence, having momentarily forgotten about her, my attention quickly shifted towards Ayla. She flashed me a smile and whispered, "You better arrive quickly," before quickly exiting the room, her joy radiating more than anyone else present.

Glancing around to see who remained, I approached Grandma Vivian and Derry, noting the tears still streaming down Grandma Vivian's face. With utmost tenderness, I softly caressed her soft fleshy thighs, mindful of the fact that she was wearing a short cotton gown, slightly longer than Grandma Ingrid's tulga. It required little effort to gently part her legs on the ground, making both women aware of my actions as I knelt down in the middle.

With her stunning legs now wonderfully divided, delicately resting over mine, I reached up, my hands extending towards her, and firmly grasped both sides of her face, gently lifting her head as I wiped away her tears with my thumbs.

Though there were words on the tip of my tongue, I hesitated, uncertain if they would offer comfort or simply amplify her sorrow, which wasn't what she needed at that moment. As such, without delay, I made a spontaneous decision, firmly holding her face in place as I leaned in closer.

Furthermore, despite being aware that I could have postponed making her my partner, deep down, I understood that I would have eventually taken the same leap. It felt as though this was a moment that required action now, rather than later. With that in mind, as our lips drew closer, I caught a glimpse out of the corner of my eye, noticing how Grandma Derry exaggeratedly covered her mouth with her hands. However, I quickly redirected my gaze to the woman before me, charmed by her stunned and incredulous expression, and sealed the moment with a passionate kiss.

The kiss, though brief, lasted no more than three seconds before I gently pulled back. "From this moment on, Vivian, you are also my partner, alright? So you better stop those tears from falling because you couldn't get pregnant. Because..." To ensure my words carried the weight they deserved, I leaned forward, whispering into her ear, "I will persistently continue to penetrate you until you become pregnant again. And if you still doubt me..." With a mischievous smile playing on my face, I leaned back, simultaneously taking her hand and guiding it towards my erect penis, lifting my tulga in the process. Allowing her to grasp my flaming rod, whether it was due to the intense moment or the whirlwind of emotions enveloping her, but my words and actions caused an immediate shiver to course through her.

Positioning my hand near her pussy, I inserted my fingers inside and began to move them. Gradually, she began to moisten as expected, granting me permission to proceed. I swiftly released her hand from my scorching rod and pulled her waist closer, leading her towards my hard veiny penis, as I positioned it to effortlessly slide into her now moistened vagina, all within the widened eyes of Grandma Derry and the lingering disbelief in Grandma Vivian's expression. "I will give you countless reasons to believe, and make sure that you never stop believing," I assured her, before completely kissing her waist with mine.

"...O~~" She let out a loud gasp the moment my engorged penis was fully sheathed within her wet pussy.

Grasping both of her soft buttocks after lifting up her short gown, I firmly held them in place as I slowly withdrew my veiny member from her wet vagina, savouring the sensation before gradually pushing it back in. With each inch teasingly removed and inserted, the only sound filling the room was her heavy breathing, her eyes locked onto mine with unwavering focus.

Summoning all the strength in my legs for one final thrust, I rose to a kneeling position, holding onto Vivian's thighs and abundant bare buttocks as I plunged into her moistened vagina with a

powerful force. I skillfully balanced her against the wall behind her, her toes and lower leg resting on the ground, as her vagina became fully sheathed once again.

Capturing the moment, I kissed her once more, and this time, I sensed her attempt to reciprocate the same passion. Though her tongue clumsily mingled with mine, revealing her inexperience, her desire was unmistakable.

After indulging in the kiss for about five seconds, a tempting desire arose within me to find out how she could last if I took her and fucked her right here on the ground, but time was slipping away, and there was little of it left. Therefore, I withdrew my member from her pussy. Yet, in an instant, as soon as the tip was removed, she clamped her legs tightly around my waist, forcefully driving my stiff member back into her wet vagina, causing her to moan and exhale deeply in a mixture of pleasure and satisfaction.

Chapter 196 A Provocative Proposal

Observing her actions, I couldn't help but shake my head with an amused smile. "No need to rush. I'll come to find you once you've settled down on the farm, alright?" I reassured her, feeling her legs tighten around my hips. I entertained the thought of prying her legs open, but before I could make a move, she anticipated my intention and wrapped her arms around me tightly, leaving me no choice but to reciprocate the embrace, ensuring she wouldn't fall to the floor.

Chuckling at her attitude, I turned my head to glance at Grandma Derry, who watched us with a knowing smile. Parting my lips, I silently called for her assistance, communicating my message without uttering a word, using deliberate lip movements that conveyed my request.

She flashed a mischievous smile before releasing a deep exhale, her hands gently prying Grandma Vivian's body away from mine. "We have many things to attend to at the moment, Vivian. Besides," she whispered, her voice carrying a hint of playful teasing, "You're not planning on having Kushi in the village chief's compound, are you?" Engaged in a hushed conversation, she continued to speak into Vivian's ear until she had completely disengaged herself from me.

As I stood up, I observed Grandma Vivian tidying her tulga beside Derry, her gaze fixed on me with a serious expression. "Don't forget, or better yet, don't be late," she warned, her words carrying a sense of urgency and expectation.

With a serious expression adorning her face, she walked away, making her way towards the door. However, even amidst the seriousness, I couldn't help but notice a playful smile tugging at the corners of her lips before she exited the room. Shifting my attention back to the sole remaining person, I raised an eyebrow in curiosity as I caught Grandma Derry staring at me, a strangely sweet

smile gracing her features. Thankfully, the gilfs in this world didn't appear sickly and frail; otherwise, the intensity of her stare would have been too unsettling to pass as normal.

However, curiosity got the best of me, and I couldn't resist asking, "What is it?" Grandma Derry's smile narrowed into a smug expression as she approached me, placing her hands firmly on my shoulders. "I, too, wish to be your partner," she said, her voice filled with determination.

Fixing her gaze upon me, she suddenly enveloped me in a tight embrace, pulling me close as she continued, "Unlike the others who you might have proposed to, if you accept me as your partner, everything I possess will become yours. And by everything, I mean everything except your own," she revealed, her words carrying a sense of commitment and devotion.

Observing the woman before me offering her possessions and possibly herself, a mischievous impulse took hold of me. I swiftly reached behind me and firmly grasped her large ample buttocks, feeling their roundness beneath the fabric of her long gown. Without hesitation, I slid my fingers between her cheeks, playfully twirling my hand around her the outlines of her butt hole.

"Orion..." Grandma Derry's expression shifted to a frown as she looked at me with a perplexed gaze. "What are you doing?" she questioned, turning her head to glance down at her own curvaceous ass. Her attention seemed to be more focused on why my hands were lingering around her butt hole rather than simply appreciating the sensation of her firm protruding buttocks.

"This is my way of saying that when I come to meet you guys later, I will give you my answer," I chuckled, knowing well that she enjoyed playful banter and was the mischievous one among our group. As such, I couldn't resist testing my own bag of tricks on her and seeing how she would react.

Nevertheless, she responded to my words in a way I had anticipated, saying, "Alright, I will be waiting for you to arrive so that you can give me your answer." Her actions took me by surprise, as she leaned her head forward, hinting at a kiss on my cheek very close to my lips.

With a mischievous smile, she added, "I might not be desperate now, but if you take your time and waste it, then I might be." With that, she disentangled herself from my grasp, and as my hand slipped away from her protruding buttocks, she bid me farewell, saying, "See you later, Orion." She walked out of the room, leaving me as the last person standing.

"It seems that I won't be getting any rest for a while," I murmured to myself, a mischievous smile spreading across my face at the enticing prospect. With that thought lingering in my mind, I made my way out of the room, to go meet the village chief before I meet up with Aunt Greta.

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"That will be all. If there's anything else I may have overlooked, let me know so that I can ensure that it is discreetly taken care of. We cannot afford to let the rest of the village in on this," the village chief said, his gaze fixed on the young man standing before him, who had ceaselessly surprised him ever since catching his attention.

Now faced with one of the most challenging situations he had never even imagined, he had to find a better way to solve this dilemma and protect the secret. After all, the person he was dealing with wasn't just a warrior with extraordinary potential, but also a young man whose semen alone could impregnate a woman just after penetrating them once. And if that wasn't enough, his semen possessed the capabilities to impregnate even those who were previously infertile, making it important for him to treat this situation with utmost delicacy and careful handling.

And honestly, if it were even remotely possible, the village chief would have sought a way to halt Orion's warrior training, redirecting his efforts towards managing the village's numbers. However, such a notion was burdened with danger, for burdening a single individual with the responsibility of the village's growth was as risky as it was impractical.

Chapter 197 The Kidnapping

After all, even the village chief himself relied on a collective effort to maintain a delicate balance. Besides, there was the potential for unforeseen consequences if Orion's growth were stifled -a loss of his warrior capabilities could give rise to even greater challenges, whereas his unique fertility could prove just as valuable to their cause.

"Chief..." A familiar voice called out, its tone filled with concern, drawing his attention. He turned his head to find Thak, his loyal messenger, gazing at him with worried eyes. "Chief, are you alright?" Thak inquired, his gaze fixed on the village chief who had snapped out of his daze and regained awareness of his surroundings. The village chief scanned the area, his voice tinged with confusion as he asked, "Where is the boy?"

Listening to the village chief's response, Thak let out a tired sigh, his weariness evident in his expression. "Orion left just a few minutes ago, Chief," he replied, his voice tinged with a hint of exasperation. "After you finished reminding him once again about the fatal consequences if anyone were to discover the potential of his semen and cautioning him against revealing the news to the rest of the village." The village chief nodded, recalling the stern lecture he had given the boy and the following discussion about the pregnant woman's well-being and their planned relocation.

He had also provided Orion with precise instructions on what to do upon his arrival at the designated location.

"I believe it's time for me to rest a little before attending to anything else," the village chief pondered, rubbing his temples with a weary sigh. He then shifted his gaze towards Thak and expressed, "We're finished for today. You should go and rest; tomorrow promises to be an exceptionally busy day."

Rising from his seat, he stretched his tired limbs. Thak nodded in agreement, trailing behind the village chief as they made their way out. The weight of the day's news had already begun to take its toll on him, leaving him yearning for some well-deserved rest and a chance to process everything that had transpired.

Hopefully, they could easily solve everything tomorrow without any more unexpected surprises.

Meanwhile, Orion was still processing the village chief's words when he spotted Aunt Greta standing near the entrance gates. Quickening his pace, he approached her, seeing as she had been patiently waiting for him. "Sorry for taking so long. I didn't expect the village chief to give me another lecture," he apologized.

Aunt Greta nodded, a smile on her face. "Don't worry about it. It's not his fault. The capabilities of your semen has surprised everyone, including me. So, it's only natural that he wants to educate you about the potential consequences if the other young men in the village discover that they don't have to go through the same struggles to impregnate a woman, knowing you can accomplish it with just one penetration. The risks are as significant as the advantages, so his concerns are justified."

Tiredly, Orion nodded in understanding, pushing the topic to the back of his mind. He was certain that Aunt Greta wouldn't stop talking if he let her continue. Interrupting her, he started to say, "Why don't you..." However, his words were abruptly cut off as he noticed Aunt Greta's furrowed brow and her gaze fixed on something behind him.

Not only that, but the reason he had also halted his words was because a tight grip had seized his shoulders. Startled, he turned to face the person behind this unexpected action, and his eyes widened in surprise as he saw that it was none other than Warrior Jean. "Warrior Jean," Orion exclaimed, swiftly regaining his composure despite the tightening hand on his right shoulder. "How have you been?"

Warrior Jean's teeth gnashed together as he listened to Orion's question. He had assumed that Orion's absence from today's warrior training indicated something bad or worse had occurred,

prompting him to immediately come to the village chief's compound to inquire after today's training was over. However, seeing Orion here, completely unharmed and wearing a smile, made Warrior Jean say, "So you've finally let your fame get to your head." He proceeded to shake his head, adding, "I had my doubts about whether you could handle the attention, but it seems I was mistaken. Nevertheless, I had already prepared a lesson, especially for you just in case things turned out like this."

Slowly, Orion felt the drowsiness of sleep starting to envelop him. Just as he was about to free himself and explain his absence from training, something unexpected happened. In the blink of an eye, he found himself suspended atop Warrior Jean's broad shoulders, as they lept through the air, with their destination set towards the direction of the farm.

In a moment of shock, Greta witnessed Orion being abruptly hijacked by a warrior. Without wasting any time, she urgently called out, "Orion!" before sprinting off into the village chief's compound to inform the village chief about the unexpected turn of events.

Meanwhile, Warrior Jean tapped into his inner strength, effortlessly leaping from one area to another, feeling Orion regaining control over his body. However, Jean knew it was unnecessary to worry, as they had finally reached their destination.

Dropping Orion onto the dry, ashen ground on the other side of the forest, Warrior Jean observed as the young man sat up, surveying his surroundings before fixing his gaze on Jean. With a frown, Orion confronted him, demanding, "What exactly do you think you're doing?"

Impressed by the boy's ability to conceal his fear and regain his composure, Warrior Jean applauded him inwardly. However, Warrior Jean was aware that they had little time before the lesson he intended to impart would begin. Without wasting a moment, he replied, "I am here to provide you with a private training lesson, so you can truly understand the essence of being a warrior."

Meanwhile, Orion couldn't help but stare in disbelief at the impulsive warrior before him. Rubbing his fingers against his forehead, Orion took a deep breath, trying to calm down before explaining. "Look, you didn't even wait for me to explain wha—" However, he was interrupted by sudden vibrations that reverberated through the ground.

Chapter 198 [Bonus]Journey Through Vylkr-Infested Paths

"What was that?" Orion asked, his eyes scanning the surroundings, picking up on the distinct vibrations resonating from the ground. Though he already had a hunch about what it could be, he turned his gaze towards Warrior Jean, casting a questioning look. "What was that?" he inquired once again, noticing the warrior dropping a bag from the other side of his arm that Orion hadn't noticed earlier due to the sudden and rapid sequence of events.

As the bag opened, revealing several gleaming cutlasses nestled inside, Warrior Jean remained focused, not paying attention to Orion's questions. He picked up one of the blades and continued speaking, emphasizing the priority of being a warrior. "The first lesson you must learn, above all else, is that you are a warrior. Your duties as a warrior should always take priority over any other decision or consideration."

He skillfully twirled the cutlass around his hand, showcasing his dexterity and agility. With a slight flex of his arms to enhance his movements, he prepared himself for the training ahead.

Before Orion could utter another word, Warrior Jean swiftly cut him off, continuing his explanation. "This location is not far from where the rest of your group received their training today. In the morning, this area was infested with Two-Star Vylkr vines. However, your seniors handled them, forcing the vines to retreat. Now, what remains are waves upon waves of One-Star Vylkr vines, designed to weaken any obstacles left by their Two-Star counterparts. That's when you guys come in to eliminate them."

"But by noon, instead of sending more One-Star Vylkr vines, the next waves will consist of several waves of Two-Star Vylkr vines....." He started walking forward, pausing briefly as he continued to explain. Orion, on the other hand, had sealed his lips shut when he saw the source of the ground vibrations. The vines closing in on them were several times thicker and longer than the One-Star Vylkr vines. Not only that, but each vine was adorned with countless spikes, their dark tendrils relentlessly inching forward. Orion couldn't help but gulp as he mustered the words, "Those are Two-Star Vylkr vines."

"Yes," Warrior Jean turned his head to the side, fixing his gaze upon Orion with a smile that sent an icy shiver down his spine. "...and if we are fortunate, we might even encounter a Three-star Vylkr vine."

"Three-star Vylkr vine..." Orion unconsciously repeated, his throat dry as he swallowed hard once again. The sight of the massive swarm of two-star Vylkr vines, already intimidating and life-threatening, made him ponder what a Three-Star Vylkr vine could possibly be like.

The realization that something even more perilous lurked within every inch surrounding the village sent a shiver down his spine and set his skin crawling. "If I were you," Warrior Jean remarked without glancing back, "I would arm myself and start swinging. I'm about to give you a firsthand lesson on why you should never let your fame as a warrior cloud your judgment." With those words, he forged ahead, heading straight into the approaching onslaught of Two-Star Vylkr vines.

With effortless grace, Warrior Jean swung his arm to the side, deftly dissecting the spiky Vylkr vine on his right. In one fluid motion, he seamlessly shifted his swing to the opposite side, achieving the same remarkable result. His movements appeared deceptively simple, tempting anyone to imitate them, but as Orion observed closely, he realized the true power behind each swing.

The force generated was astonishing, capable of severing the Vylkr vine in front and even cutting through the ground, leaving a visible mark on its hardened ashen surface.

Warrior Jean's swings utilized every ounce of his muscular strength, a feat that Orion knew he was not yet capable of. Helplessly trapped and unable to call for assistance, Orion realized his only option was to confront the impending danger head-on.

Reluctantly, he swiftly reached for the multiple cutlasses scattered on the ground from the bag beside him. With a quick second thought, he seized another cutlass, securing one in each hand. Turning around, he faced the relentless advance of the Two-Star Vylkr vines that had managed to bypass Warrior Jean's defense. Their menacing presence loomed, inching closer towards Orion.

However, to Orion, it seemed as if Warrior Jean had intentionally permitted the Vylkr vines to bypass his defences. Fueled by frustration, Orion couldn't contain his anger and shouted at Warrior Jean, his voice echoing through the chaotic scene, "You're crazy!" His words reverberated through the air, reaching Warrior Jean's ears, causing him to momentarily turn his head with a furrowed brow.

However, the rhythmic motion of his swinging arm never faltered.

With a disappointed sigh escaping his lips, Warrior Jean shook his head before resuming his steps forward, effortlessly cleaving through multiple Two-Star Vylkr vines with each powerful swing.

Just as the approaching Vylkr vines neared him, Orion swiftly sidestepped, simultaneously swinging his right hand down with the cutlass. In an instant, his gift surged, enveloping the blade in crackling lightning as it effortlessly pierced through the Vylkr vine.

But, to his frustration, the cutlass abruptly halted before it could fully sever the vine, becoming firmly lodged in its tough fibres. Orion cursed loudly, his frustration mounting, and with lightning still blazing around the cutlass in his left hand, he brought it down with tremendous force upon the Vylkr vine.

As expected, the vine was cleaved in two, freeing Orion's arms to swiftly attack the next target.

As Orion relentlessly fought, he made sure to evade the menacing spikes that protruded from the vines, ranging from tiny inches to perilous centimetres in length. He was acutely aware of the need to watch his steps, as even the lifeless vines carried the potential danger of piercing his flesh. "This is madness!" Orion muttered, his breath ragged as he strained himself to keep up with Warrior Jean, who was increasingly surrounded by the Vylkr vines that he had purposely allowed through.

With his cutlasses aglow with lightning, the crackling energy extending to the ground and the tendrils of the vines, Orion swung his blades, slicing through some of the encroaching vines as he ran forward.

Chapter 199 [Bonus]Three-Star Vylkr Vines

He skillfully leapt and dodged, evading the ones he couldn't fully dissect. Determined to ensure his own safety, especially considering the possibility that Warrior Jean may be deliberately putting his life at risk, Orion pressed on, his movements fueled by a surge of adrenaline.

As time passed, the figure of Warrior Jean gradually came into focus. Without wasting another moment, Orion sprinted towards him, closing the distance until he stood firmly behind the warrior.

Meanwhile, the crackling and sizzling of lightning behind him caught Warrior Jean's attention. He turned his head slightly, glancing at Orion from the corner of his eye. "I expected you to be a bit slower, but it seems I was mistaken," he remarked, his focus returning to the path ahead as he continued to walk forward. "Nevertheless, just keep up. We'll be reaching our destination soon."

Orion's brows furrowed in confusion as he swung his lightning-coated sword, swiftly cleaving through a nearby Vylkr vine while deftly avoiding another. Although he desperately wanted to clarify his absence from the warrior's training earlier, he understood the importance of time. Before Warrior Jean could lead him to another unknown location, Orion couldn't help but inquire with a bit of apprehension in his voice, "What do you mean by 'destination'? Where are we headed?"

Nevertheless, Warrior Jean remained silent, his steady steps unbroken as he continued to cut through the encroaching Vylkr vines with effortless precision. Despite being ignored for several minutes and feeling the weight of the unknown pressing upon him, Orion couldn't resist posing yet another question, his words almost escaping his lips. "No ma--".

However, his words were swiftly halted by Warrior Jean, who interjected, "We are here." The abrupt stop caused Orion's normally composed demeanour to waver, grinding his teeth in frustration as he swiftly swung his two cutlasses, fending off an approaching Vylkr vine that threatened to strike him. "What do you mean that w--" he began, only to fall silent once more as a remarkable transformation overtook Warrior Jean.

It wasn't merely a glow emanating from his body, but rather strands of inky, smoke-like wisps billowing from every inch of his being, ascending upward akin to Fiona's transformation. Crouching slightly, his right cutlass poised to the left as if preparing to draw a weapon, Orion watched in surprise as Warrior Jean's movements reverberated in his ears, each swing of his cutlass punctuated by a resonant feedback.

The warrior then executed a swift strike to the side, then seamlessly transitioned to the left before completing a sweeping semi-circular motion before him.

With the completion of his display, Warrior Jean's movements had become a blur, leaving Orion struggling to keep up. However, amidst the whirlwind of motion, he could discern the distinct sound of blades slicing through the air, generating gusts of wind that reverberated in his ears.

As the racket subsided, Orion's surroundings underwent a remarkable transformation. The once-thriving congregation of two-star Vylkr vines had been decimated, cleared away by Warrior Jean's astonishing prowess, save only a few lingering presences of sluggish tendrils that writhed with diminished vigour.

"Boom!!! Bammm!!!! Booommmmm!!!" And then, suddenly, thunderous echoes reverberated through Orion's ears as if the very ground beneath him trembled in response.

Stepping out from behind Warrior Jean, who had dragged him unwillingly into this mess, and had shielded him from the full force of the two-star Vylkr vines. Orion's eyes widened in sheer disbelief. Because, before him stretched a scene that seemed straight out of a nightmare.

In front of him stood not one, but multiple towering figures. Their immense presence dominated the landscape, with thick tendrils snaking out in every direction. Orion's mouth hung agape, unable to process the magnitude of the impending danger.

"Those," Warrior Jean said, lightly slapping Orion's back, "are three-star Vylkr vines." Another resounding boom thundered towards them, shaking the very ground beneath their feet.

As Orion gazed ahead, his mind couldn't help but entertain a perplexing thought -was the sight before him that of a mere beast or a true monster? Shaking his head vigorously to dismiss such a notion, he swiftly recognized the terrifying truth. The amalgamation of Vylkr vines, seamlessly intertwined and resembling a four-legged creature, was no ordinary beast; it was a bona fide monster.

The sinuous tendrils formed the creature's legs, pulsating and writhing with energy. The blackish hue of the Vylkr vines only added to its eerie presence. Orion's eyes traced the creature's outline, its form ever-shifting and undulating. It was as if the very essence of the vines had merged, giving birth to this abomination.

With each step the creature took, the Vylkr vines swarmed and slithered, their collective movement creating an unsettling symphony of rustling and twisting. Orion knew he was facing a force beyond comprehension -a monstrous entity born from the relentless growth of the Vylkr vines.

"BOOOOM!!!" A torrent of sparks illuminated the darkened landscape, erupting from the periphery of the colossal monster. While the exact number of combatants eluded Orion's count, the ethereal moonbeams, gracefully descending from above, revealed a mesmerizing sight -warriors engaged in a valiant struggle against the frightening creature.

"Every day, while the strongholds fortify certain areas around the village where the Vylkr vines are expected to appear, there are still numerous spots where they can unpredictably emerge, including the locations that you guys use as a training ground," Warrior Jean explained, walking forward with a beckoning gesture for Orion to follow. "Typically, those areas are diligently cleared out but intentionally left for your training. However, this practice inadvertently attracts more Vylkr vines in that direction, since it takes longer for you all to clear them. And that also means that if these things persist, they might ultimately dispatch several two-star Vylkr vines or even three-star Vylkr vines to complete the task, or perhaps both."

As the echoes of the distant battle continued to reverberate, Orion, still rooted to the spot, finally understood the gravity of Warrior Jean's words. Overwhelmed by a surge of realization, he couldn't help but blurt out "So, this monstrosity is heading towards the very spot we used for today's warrior training, hoping to exploit it as an entry point into the forest?"

Chapter 200 The Village Chief's Arrival

Warrior Jean nodded solemnly, turning around to face Orion directly. "And in case you're not aware, this is a recurring occurrence after your training sessions. The warriors set up borders based on the location's direction to intercept and eliminate the Vylkr vines before they reach the river and cross into the village."

In that instant, Orion's mind froze, his eyes widening even further as he exclaimed, "We are on the other side of the river!"

Warrior Jean snorted in response. "Of course we are," he replied. "Did you really think the village or any of us warriors would wait until a two-star Vylkr vine reaches us and crosses over into the

village before taking action?" Orion immediately turned and surveyed his surroundings, his gaze sweeping across the ashen black soil, the barren trees with their lifeless, blackish-grey leaves, and the various rocks and craters that littered the landscape. The stark contrast of these elements painted a vivid picture in Orion's mind, racing with thoughts as he glimpsed the other side of the river and realized what lay before him.

Observing Orion's reaction, Warrior Jean smiled and said, "Come on, we're going to get a closer look so you can witness firsthand the efforts and risks other warriors take for your training..."

But before he could finish his sentence, a piercing screech erupted in the vicinity, assaulting their ears and prompting them to instinctively cover them with their hands.

Orion's gaze was drawn upward to the source of the piercing noise, and to his astonishment, he beheld a bird larger than Gorg's own transformation. It was unlike any eagle he had seen before, evident from its distinctive shape and regal demeanour. As he approached for a closer look, he soon realized that this majestic creature was none other than a giant owl, its massive wings moving silently as it effortlessly glided through the night sky.

Had it not been for the shrill call they had heard earlier, and the owl's presence obstructing the moonlight, they might not have even noticed its sudden appearance.

"Chief..." Warrior Jean uttered in astonishment, his words barely audible. Orion, catching the murmured words, quickly deduced that the giant owl was the village chief's shapeshifting gift. It dawned on him that Aunt Greta must have alerted the village chief about his sudden disappearance, prompting them to launch a search and rescue mission to find him in this dangerous place.

In a sudden flurry, the wind surged around them, intensifying in velocity as the colossal owl gracefully descended, its wings fluttering silently.

With each descending flap, the majestic creature's form underwent a mesmerising metamorphosis, seamlessly transitioning until its mighty wings and feathery body transformed into the unmistakable figure of the Village Chief. The moment its talons made contact with the ground, the remarkable shape-shifting was complete, leaving their gazes locked on the Village Chief who now stood before them in his human form.

The Village Chief cast a stern gaze across the surroundings, his eyes scanning the area with an air of authority. Eventually, his intense gaze locked onto Orion, and then shifted to Warrior Jean, who happened to be standing closest to him since he had landed directly in front of him.

However, upon seeing the Village Chief, Warrior Jean couldn't help but furrow his brows, curiosity evident on his face as he began to speak, "Chief..." Before he could finish his sentence, a tremendous force crashed down upon him, slamming into his head with incredible power.

The impact sent him hurtling through the air, his body colliding with a tree and shattering its bark, effectively halting his motion and showcasing the sheer strength and might behind the devastating blow.

A resounding crash and a booming explosion reverberated through the air. Following the display of immense power, the Village Chief retracted his arm and approached Orion, his gaze sweeping over him from head to toe. "Are you alright?" he inquired, his genuine concern evident as he assessed the fatigue apparent in Orion's body. His eyes also fell upon the cutlass gripped tightly in Orion's hands, while the lifeless heaps of Two-Star Vylkr vines lay strewn in the distance behind him.

Orion nodded in relief, grateful that there was finally someone present to rescue him in case Warrior Jean had any sudden change of heart or unexpected intentions.

Meanwhile, Warrior Jean, who had been forcefully hurled into a tree by the chief's strike, slowly gathered himself and nursed his throbbing head. As he regained his composure, he decided to closely observe and confirm if it was indeed the village chief who had delivered the powerful blow. After confirming the chief's identity, Warrior Jean wearily collapsed onto the ground, taking a moment to rest before summoning the strength to rise and make his way back towards the others.

However, as the warrior approached him, the village chief could only let out a weary sigh, realizing that his impulsive act of attacking had been driven by frustration and anger in the heat of the moment.

"Chief... argh," Warrior Jean groaned. "I wasn't expecting you here."

The village chief let out a deep sigh and responded, "Jean, how could you have crossed to the other side of the river with him? Did you even bother to find out why he wasn't present at today's warrior training?" The chief asked, well aware of the possible reasons behind Warrior Jean's reaction. After all, there was a specific purpose behind selecting him as this year's teacher for the awakened novice warriors.

"Didn't he..." Warrior Jean began to speak, but hesitated and turned his gaze towards Orion. A slight furrow appeared on his brow as he asked, "Don't tell me you had an extremely reasonable excuse for not attending today's training?"

Witnessing the warrior's doubtful gaze, Orion nodded wearily while letting out a sigh of exhaustion. However, before he could delve into an explanation, he shifted his attention to the village chief, who promptly nodded and gestured for him to continue.

With the chief's approval, Orion released another tired sigh and proceeded to provide Warrior Jean with a summarized account of everything that had transpired throughout the day.