

Village Head 201

Chapter 201 Misconduct

Certain details were omitted, but as Warrior Jean listened to this narrative for the first time, finally comprehending why Orion had missed the warrior training, his eyes widened in sheer disbelief. He was left stunned and speechless, incapable of processing the situation before him.

"So you're telling me that your absence today was due to your semen's unique capability to...?" Warrior Jean's voice trailed off, his gaze scrutinizing Orion from head to toe. Before he could finish his sentence, his attention swiftly shifted towards the village chief, his eyes filled with doubt. "Chief, is this really true?" he demanded, seeking confirmation.

As Warrior Jean continued to gaze at the Village Chief, his disbelief turning into a blend of confusion and realization, the Village Chief nodded slowly and responded, "Yes, it's true."

The village chief observed the exchange, recognizing that Warrior Jean hadn't even considered the possibility that Orion had missed the warrior training for such an outlandish reason, which shouldn't have been possible in the first place. However, faced with the truth, Warrior Jean's expression shifted to one of contemplation, and he let out a deep exhale, admitting, "So, it seems I am the one at fault, huh?" The Village Chief nodded sternly, emphasizing, "And if anything had happened to him, you would have been in even bigger trouble."

While it held true that warriors faced severe consequences for their misconduct or violation of rules, it was also a recognized fact that excessively punishing them could potentially backfire, causing more harm than good. After all, these individuals possessed the power to upend the entire village if they so desired.

This was precisely why they were confined within the strongholds, with only a select few permitted to reside within the village itself. Striking the delicate balance between discipline and trust was vital to maintain order and safeguarding the well-being of all.

Nevertheless, he was acutely aware that he couldn't let Warrior Jean escape unpunished. Allowing such leniency would risk conveying the message that warriors could get away with certain actions, which was something he couldn't afford to show a young man with a six-star potential for inner strength like Orion.

Therefore, when Warrior Jean let out a frustrated sigh and lowered his head in apology, stating, "I'm sorry, Chief. I thought he... I thought the boy was succumbing to his own fame. You know, as

warriors, we can't afford someone who can't control such an emotion," he cleared his throat, his embarrassment evident. "So, I thought bringing him here to witness the immense effort and risks his senior warriors endure just to facilitate their training might snap him out of his delusions before it's too late."

He glanced sideways at Orion, offering an apologetic smile. "But it appears I was mistaken once again." He let out a deep exhale. The village chief cleared his throat loudly and replied, "While your intentions may be pure, I cannot let this slide. Taking a novice warrior to the other side of the river is going too far. With his six-star potential, can you even fathom the consequences if something were to happen to him?"

Warrior Jean shifted his gaze to Orion, who was seated on the ground, recuperating and replenishing his depleted energy. Redirecting his focus towards the Village Chief, Warrior Jean offered his sincere apology, "I apologize, Chief."

The village chief shook his head disapprovingly before speaking, "Well, since you're already here, you can assist the other warriors in destroying the three-star Vylkr vines. However, I must emphasize that you are strictly forbidden from consuming any of its vines." His gaze shifted to Orion, who was seated on the ashen soil. "Orion, come with me," he commanded, before turning back to Warrior Jean. "Also, once the month concludes and you have completed training the novice warriors, you will be entrusted with leading a team on an exploration mission."

Warrior Jean arched an eyebrow at the village chief, his expression one of resignation as he let out a defeated sigh. "I understand, Chief," he reluctantly replied.

As the Village Chief began to walk away, Orion trailed behind him, contemplating Warrior Jean's motives. While he grasped the reasons behind the warrior's actions, a part of him couldn't help but entertain the idea of delivering a well-deserved punch to the warrior's face.

After all, there was only so much understanding one could muster when their shoulders ached from endless swinging. Nevertheless, thoughts of rescheduling his meeting with Aunt Greta crossed his mind. With her staying at the farm, there remained a chance for them to catch up and provide him with the opportunity to finally meet Sura, with whom he had been separated for quite some time.

As thoughts swirled in Orion's mind, one concern continued to nag at him: how to handle the lecture he had received from the Village Chief. He pondered the mysterious ways in which the village managed to control its population, yet a sense of unease warned him against delving deeper. Ignorance could indeed be bliss.

But, reminded of the joyful life he had led, fucking whichever hole he pleased and pursuing his desires without consequences, Orion quickly dismissed those thoughts. He made it a goal to figure out how they were capable of such feats within a village where young men were encouraged to impregnate as many women as possible before their own fertility waned. Orion couldn't help but wonder how such a system could be sustained.

Furthermore, he was determined to explore any possible alternatives that would allow him to navigate the situation without jeopardizing the safety of his family and partners. What good is a seed, he mused, if he couldn't find a way to sow it without incurring unnecessary risks?

'I really need to figure something out,' Orion thought to himself, furrowing his brows as he closed his eyes and shook his head in frustration. Opening his eyes again, he began to ponder various strategies to address his predicament. However, his thoughts were interrupted by the sight of the Village Chief transforming into his magnificent giant owl form.

Upon closer inspection, Orion noticed the distinct features of a Green Horned Owl, with its two feathered horn-like tufts atop its head. The owl soared high in the sky, its wings spanning an impressive height, before descending towards him in a sudden dive.

Chapter 202 The Unexpected Visit

As the giant owl dived, Orion found himself caught by surprise as he felt a firm grip around his waist, lifting him swiftly into the air before he could react. Suspended high above the ground, held securely within the village chief's powerful talons, Orion couldn't help but glance down, taking in the breathtaking view below.

The rush of wind created by the owl's majestic wings was the only sound that echoed in his ears, amplifying the exhilaration and the sense of weightlessness as they soared through the sky.

Gazing down upon the desolate forests, overrun by both hidden and exposed Vylkr vines, Orion couldn't help but wear a weary expression as he shook his head in dismay. His attention shifted towards the path the Village Chief was taking him, and as they approached the farm, he could finally make out the full size of the farm within the colossal wooden walls that encircled it, stretching wide as far as his eyes could see.

At the farthest edge of the farm, a towering tree stood, surpassing the majority of the surrounding forest in sheer size and magnificence. Unfortunately, Orion's glimpse was brief as the village chief suddenly dove downward, prompting him to tightly shut his eyes against the gust of wind, shielding them from its force.

Sensing the talons around his waist suddenly releasing their grip, Orion instinctively prepared himself for a hard landing. To his surprise, however, he was gently dropped onto his feet, the enormous owl continuing to flap its wings before transforming back into the form of the Village Chief.

With a curious gaze, Orion surveyed his surroundings, hoping to recognize the area where they had landed. His eyes fell upon the familiar sight of Mrs Shani's wooden hut, the very woman who had always welcomed and supervised them during their visits to the farm for the awakening ceremony.

"I would have entrusted you to someone I know," the Village Chief's voice broke the silence, his steps leading him towards the front door of the sturdy wooden structure. "But since you are acquainted with Mrs Shani, I'll leave you in her capable hands to find a place for you to rest tonight. Tomorrow morning, we can address the remaining matters."

He rapped on the door a few times, the sound echoing through the silence of the night. After a momentary pause, the door creaked open, revealing a face he recognized. "Chief!" Mrs Shani exclaimed, her eyes widening in confusion at the unexpected presence of the Village Chief on her doorstep at such a late hour. She opened her mouth to speak, but as her gaze shifted to the young man standing behind him, her words became lodged in her throat, her eyes widening with recognition.

"I'll need you to accompany this young man to where the other women who arrived today are staying," the Village Chief instructed. Mrs Shani's thoughts were confirmed by his words, as she had already been briefed on the situation earlier today.

Snapping out of her daze, she responded, "Alright, I understand. However, I'm currently in a meeting, and it will take several minutes before I can join you." Upon hearing her response, the Village Chief nodded in understanding and tried to catch a glimpse inside her hut to see who she was meeting with.

Sensing his curiosity, Mrs Shani gently pushed the door open, allowing him to see the familiar brightly coloured figure seated on the ground. The Village Chief nodded in recognition and turned his attention to Orion, asking, "Can you wait for a while until Mrs Shani finishes her meeting? She will then be able to show you where the others who arrived this evening are staying."

'I don't seem to have much of a choice, do I?' Orion thought to himself, realizing that the Village Chief was unaware of their exact location and might leave him with someone unfamiliar, which was not ideal considering his desperate need for some rest. Despite his reservations, he nodded and replied, "No worries, I can wait until she's done."

Upon hearing Orion's response, the Village Chief nodded and turned his attention back to Mrs Shani, stating, "I'm entrusting him to your care, Mrs Shani." Without further delay, he swiftly transformed into his giant owl form and took off into the sky, leaving Orion with the lingering feeling that the Village Chief was eager to distance himself. Nevertheless, there was one silver lining for Orion this time -he was under the care of an attractive and mature woman.

As Mrs Shani shifted her gaze from the departing Village Chief to Orion, she quipped, "What are you waiting for? Come inside." Orion nodded with a smile on his face and calmly entered the hut. However, he was taken aback when he discovered that the person Mrs Shani was meeting with was none other than the Tree Nymph, Dariya.

When Orion's eyes fell upon Dariya's voluptuous figure, adorned in a fiery red and vibrant orange glow, highlighted by her form-fitting mini dress that seemed to cling to her bountiful curves, he couldn't help but feel a thick sense of arousal. Seated beautifully on the floor, her dress riding up slightly, revealing a glimpse of her round enticing buttocks, Dariya returned his gaze with a raised eyebrow.

With a friendly smile, Orion greeted her, "Well, I didn't expect to see you again, Dariya. How have you been?" He understood from Mrs Shani's words that Dariya held an important position, so he saw no reason not to be polite. Not that he would ever be impolite in any case.

As Mrs Shani listened to Orion's words, her eyes widened in surprise. Her head swiftly turned towards Dariya, seeking confirmation. "You know him?" she said, her gaze then returning to Orion as she pointed at him with her eyes. Dariya nodded slowly, "Yes," a sweet smile graced her lips. "In fact, I met him and the others, especially that little girl I mentioned, all at the same time."

Mrs Shani's surprise lingered, her eyes still wide open as she couldn't help but ask, "Don't tell me you also revealed your name to him?" It was an important question since the tree nymphs rarely disclosed their names unless on rare occasions or under special circumstances. For a villager from the farm to know the names of the tree nymphs, someone must have shared that information with them.

Chapter 203 Dariya's Company

Dariya chuckled lightly, responding with a mischievous glint in her eyes, "Of course, I told him my name. Didn't you listen when I mentioned it to Sura and the others?" She raised a fiery red eyebrow playfully. "Or have you already forgotten?" Mrs Shani looked at Orion with newfound curiosity, similar to how she viewed Sura after discovering the same revelation.

Indeed, Mrs Shani vividly recalled the moment Dariya had mentioned that she had shared her name with more than just Sura. At the time, Mrs Shani hadn't bothered to inquire about the identities of the other two individuals, assuming they wouldn't be involved in the farm.

However, as she connected the dots and realized that Orion was one of those individuals, coupled with his reputation and popularity, Mrs Shani couldn't help but elevate her opinion of him, surpassing even her regard for Sura. Her thoughts settled, solidifying her newfound admiration for Orion.

Observing that Orion seemed comfortable waiting for them and wouldn't be awkwardly eavesdropping on their conversation, Mrs Shani motioned for him to take a seat nearby, ensuring a respectful distance from where they were engaged in discussion. "Just give us a few more minutes, alright?" she requested.

Orion nodded in understanding, releasing a contented sigh as he took the chance to ease his tired body. He extended his arms in a satisfying stretch before allowing his shoulders to relax, feeling the weariness settle in.

True to Mrs Shani's prediction, the meeting concluded within a mere twenty minutes. The discussions primarily revolved around crop selection, assigning specific soil plots, and the role of the tree nymphs in nurturing the crops and resolving any conflicts that arose between some of the tree nymphs and villagers working on the farm.

Although these matters were crucial for the farm's productivity, Orion found himself disinterested in the details. With his eyes closed, he supported his head with both hands, lazily propping himself up on his elbow, as he allowed his mind to drift. Lost in his own thoughts, he was roused from his brief respite when Mrs Shani called out his name, drawing his attention back to the present.

Orion's eyes snapped open, instantly captivated by the two stunning women before him. Dariya beamed at him with her enchanting smile, radiating warmth, while Mrs Shani maintained her usual composed demeanour, her indifferent gaze fixed upon him. Mrs Shani, acknowledging her own exhaustion, expressed her regret, confessing that she lacked the energy to accompany him to where the other women were staying after such a taxing day.

However, she quickly pointed towards Dariya, redirecting her gaze towards her, and continued, "But Dariya has kindly offered to ensure your safe arrival. Since you already know each other, I don't see any issues, do you?" Orion shook his head, agreeing with her statement. He empathized with Mrs Shani's fatigue, evident on her face, and acknowledged her genuine concern for his well-being.

"Alright then, let's start moving before you suddenly collapse and fall asleep right here," Dariya stood up abruptly, paying no mind to her flower-patterned dress riding up and revealing half of her two protruding ass cheeks. Meanwhile, Orion's attention remained unaffected by the revealing sight as he nodded groggily and rose from the ground. He stretched his limbs and let out a tired yawn, preparing himself to move forward. In his dazed state, his mind wandered back to the vivid dream he had just experienced moments ago, right before dozing off.

Within the dream, he found himself being chased by a furious and muscular Fiona, wielding a menacing machete. As she frantically searched for him in her otherworldly form, wisps of black threads coiled around her body, growing thicker by the minute.

Orion attempted to flee and hide, but his desperate efforts were thwarted when he unexpectedly encountered Sura. In his dream, Sura promptly betrayed him, feeling hurt and neglected since he hadn't visited her for quite some time after proposing and accepting her as his partner.

Considering the validity of their reasons, Orion couldn't blame them for their actions within the dream. He simply hoped that such a distressing scenario would not manifest in reality.

And so, the weight of making amends in real life hung heavy on Orion's mind, knowing that he had to find a way to mend the strained relationships before his unsettling dream turned into a disturbing reality, where winning over Fiona seemed like an insurmountable task in a contest of strength.

As Orion and Dariya bid farewell to Mrs Shani and stepped out of the wooden hut, Dariya proposed, "Although I am aware of the route you guys have established, I can take us on a shortcut through the forest." Orion, feeling the weariness in his bones, nodded wearily in agreement, appreciating the idea of a faster path. With tomorrow's tasks to address, come what may, he decided to savour the tranquillity and beauty of the forest at night, following closely behind Dariya.

But, however, exhausted Orion may have been, he found himself unable to resist being captivated by the alluring sight of Dariya's immense ass cheeks, provocatively revealed by her dress that clung to her waist, riding up and encircling her firm ass.

His weariness battled against the rising desire that stirred within him, causing an undeniable bulge in his tulga and an overwhelming curiosity about the biology of a tree nymph, whether they had a butt hole or not.

And also, despite the village chief's words echoing in his mind, Orion contemplated the blurred lines of his own rules, believing that tree nymphs fell outside the scope of the women he pursued - after all, they were not human women, were they?

Regardless of the conflicting thoughts swirling in his mind, Orion's curiosity intensified with each passing moment, propelling him purposefully forward until he stood beside Dariya. With cautious deliberation, Orion extended his left hand, its touch light and tender, as it encircled Dariya's waist, urging the hem of her dress higher. Mindful of the delicate nature of her flower, he refrained from making contact, fully aware of its sensitivity.

However, Orion's subtle movements didn't escape Dariya's notice. She swiftly turned her head, her eyes fixating on his hand encircling her waist, momentarily capturing her attention. Yet, after a few seconds, she redirected her gaze ahead, dismissing the significance of his action as unimportant.

With a mixture of hope and a sense of discovery, Orion retracted his hand slightly before boldly plunging it into her ass crack, expecting to encounter the unseen shape of Dariya's butt hole. However, to his dismay, his hand met an abrupt and unexpected end, finding nothing more than a smooth, straight surface, devoid of the anticipated contours that he had envisioned.

A sense of disappointment washed over him, shattering his hopeful expectations in an instant. 'Well, that's unexpected,' Orion mused, his disappointment morphing into a wry acknowledgement.

The notion of tree nymphs having their own 'Vaginas' as Flowers seemed peculiar, to say the least. Nevertheless, his attempt to explore Dariya's ass hole elicited an unexpected response as her laughter filled the air, breaking the tension. "Enough, it tickles," she exclaimed playfully.

Orion paused for a moment, contemplating whether to heed her request, but an intriguing thought abruptly took hold of his mind, compelling him to continue his action. With renewed interest, he traced his fingers along the smooth, glowing orange line within Dariya's ass crack, his touch gentle yet curious.

"Hahahaha..." Dariya burst into uncontrollable laughter, her mirth filling the air as she collapsed on one knee, struggling to catch her breath. Orion quickly ceased his actions, puzzled by her reaction. Once Dariya regained her composure, she turned towards him, gasping for air and asking, "Why did you stop?" Orion arched an eyebrow, surprised by her request. "Do you want me to continue?" he asked, his original intentions taking an unexpected turn as it seemed Dariya had found the experience enjoyable.

Dariya eagerly nodded in agreement, admitting, "Yes, I want you to continue. I didn't expect it to tickle that much since I've never experienced anything like it before." She looked over her shoulder, her head turned back while her right hand held one of her large curvaceous butt cheeks, exposing it slightly.

"But after such a stressful day and meeting, I needed something to help alleviate the stress," Dariya added, acknowledging the necessity of taking Orion back to his hut for some much-needed rest. The idea of engaging in that particular activity no longer captivated her interest. "Come on, let me accompany you back to your hut so you can get some well-deserved rest," she said, shifting her focus to her priorities.

Yet, Orion had different intentions as he observed Dariya standing up and carefully adjusting her flowery dress to cover her desirable, well-defined figure, before she proceeded ahead.

"If you truly want to relieve your stress, I can definitely help," Orion confidently stated as he quickened his pace, effortlessly catching up to Dariya. Without hesitation, he ensnared her in his embrace, his left arm encircling her slender waist. However, this time, his hands diverted their attention, venturing boldly onto her ample, succulent thighs, firmly gripping their enticing curves.

Chapter 204 Whispers Among The Trees

Dariya turned her head, her eyes glimmering with a blend of curiosity and amusement as she regarded the young man who had once professed his love beneath her tree. Although the recent days had obscured her knowledge of his endeavours, a sense of genuine sincerity radiated from him. From her vantage point, she discerned his earnestness in offering assistance, an act that she deeply appreciated.

After all, it was widely known that Tree nymphs did not partake in slumber, leaving them to weather stressful situations until they naturally dissipated. Therefore, witnessing his eagerness to alleviate her burdens, she playfully inquired, "So, what remedy do you propose for relieving my stress?" Their arrival at his hut loomed just a few minutes away.

Observing Dariya's burning curiosity about his intentions, Orion deftly and tenderly lifted the hem of her mini flowery dress from the front, his fingertips tracing a careful path along the left side of her inner thighs. As his hand gravitated toward a soft sensation, his words escaped, "Allow me to help you," but before he could finish his sentence, Dariya abruptly halted, her gaze fixated on her private part. Reacting swiftly, Orion concluded, "...by massaging your flower to alleviate your stress."

With utmost care, his thumb and index finger delicately clasped the farthest edge of Dariya's vibrant orange flower, igniting a quivering tingle that danced across her skin in an ephemeral dance of sensations.

"Are you sure?" Dariya's curiosity heightened as she recalled Malaia's account of Orion's bold request to touch her flower. The vivid description and Malaia's persistent excitement about the experience had left Dariya intrigued. She couldn't deny that a part of her was tempted to understand what it felt like, especially considering how passionately Malaia spoke about it during their frequent encounters.

Orion replied confidently, "Yes, I am. How could I let you go like that when you're willingly showing me where I'll be staying by this time of the night? You're extending your help, and it's only fair for me to reciprocate by assisting you in alleviating your stress." Orion shook his head with a genuine willingness in his eyes, adding, "It wouldn't sit right with me if I knew you were still awake and feeling unsettled."

When Dariya stopped walking and turned to stare at him, Orion swiftly withdrew his hands and maintained a composed demeanour, mustering the most innocent expression he could. He noticed her scrutinizing his face as if searching for something specific. After a brief moment, she shook her head with a defeated sigh and exclaimed, "You know, I still don't understand why there aren't more human males like you."

'Maybe because I'm not of this world. Literally,' Orion thought to himself, inwardly responding to her question. He observed Dariya recomposing her warm smile and listened as she continued, "Alright, then," she nodded her head in agreement.

"Although we'll reach the hut where you'll be staying in ten minutes, why don't we see if you can help me relieve my stress?" She eyed Orion with an amused smile, curious to witness his reaction in case he failed. However, considering the person she was dealing with, she added, "And if you can help me, I'll grant you any favour you ask for. Since you'll be staying on the farm with us from now on, it seems like a fair trade, doesn't it?"

Whether it was a barter or an empty offer, Orion didn't really mind, as long as he had the opportunity to explore the delicate flower within Dariya's private part. A surge of ideas flowed through him, and he couldn't wait to put them into action. Sensing his emotions and veiny boner arousal intensifying, Orion took a deep breath to calm himself down. After all, he was preparing to venture into uncharted territories for the second time, and he couldn't afford to make a mistake if he wanted to continue exploring in the future.

"So, how do you plan to help me relieve my stress?" Dariya inquired, raising a curious eyebrow. She couldn't help but speculate that it had something to do with the way Orion touched her flower earlier. As a tree nymph, her flower was the most delicate part of her body, yet she was willing to give him a chance to touch it. Since, it wasn't an everyday request, after all.

Orion discreetly scanned their surroundings, his eyes searching for a comfortable spot. Finding none on the ground, he shifted his gaze upward. A mischievous plan began to form in his mind, and he directed his serious gaze towards Dariya, who had been observing him with curiosity. "Can you take us up there and create something for us to sit or lie on?" he proposed, pointing to the tallest tree in the distance.

While he knew they could carry out their plan on the ground, Orion was intrigued by the tree nymphs' ability to manipulate trees. He wanted to make this night an unforgettable experience, and what better way than to utilize their unique powers?

Dariya followed Orion's gesture, nodding her head in understanding, and led the way towards the designated tree. Upon reaching it, she extended her hand and made contact with the trunk. A brief pulse of light emanated from her palm, spreading into the tree. With a knowing look, Dariya turned to Orion and informed him, "There are no tree nymphs in this tree, so we can use it."

Swiftly, she performed a series of graceful hand movements, and before Orion could utter a word, the tree obediently bent downwards. Its branches formed a protective enclosure, shielding them from any potential sharp spikes or branches. As they settled on the branches, Orion struggled to find balance and promptly landed on his rear. However, he was swiftly cushioned by a deep layer of leaves. Their ascent continued until they reached the pinnacle of the tree.

Amidst the breathtaking view of the night sky adorned with countless celestial jewels, Orion's attention shifted back to Dariya. With a suspenseful gaze, she inquired, "So, what would you like to do next?" Orion's response came without hesitation, his voice laced with anticipation, "Just lie down and let me help you release your stress."

Dariya nodded in understanding and made her way towards the centre of the gathered tree leaves, settling down comfortably. Observing her actions, Orion approached silently, his gaze fixed on her. With a gentle touch, he parted her legs slightly, creating a comfortable space for him to kneel between them.

Chapter 205 Whispers Among The Trees (2) (R18)

Orion's first move was to let his finger delicately trace the contours of Dariya's flower. With each tremor that reverberated through her body, his drowsiness evaporated, replaced by a renewed vigour coursing through his veins.

Dariya, equally captivated by the sensations, remained fixated on his every action, curiosity brimming within her, eager to witness how his touch would help her find release from her pent-up stress.

However, for Orion, the current conundrum was not about wasting time pondering whether a tree nymph could become wet or not. Instead, his focus shifted to the task at hand: how to bring Dariya to a state of arousal. Clinched to explore uncharted territory, Orion's hands ventured from the edges of Dariya's flower's fleshy lips towards its very core. As his fingertips reached the fleshy lips of her flower, he plunged his index finger into the pulsating warm depths.

Unlike his previous encounters with Malaia's flower, he now consciously absorbed the experience, noticing how her fleshy inner walls seemed to come alive, throbbing in rhythm and emanating a warm sensation that caressed his finger with each gentle stroke.

Still, despite the challenging task of arousing Dariya, who appeared to be holding herself back and maintaining composure far more than Malaia, Orion remained determined. He observed as Dariya bit her lip, attempting to stifle the impending moan that threatened to escape, before redirecting his attention to her flower.

With swift precision, he introduced a second finger into her pulsating hole, skillfully manoeuvring and exploring with a combination of bends, rubs, and twists, confident that his techniques would elicit a response, or at the very least, moisten her vagina. Yet, after several minutes of delicate movements, akin to playing a piano, no change occurred -no dampness, no indication of arousal.

Frustration filled Orion's mind as he withdrew his fingers, feeling a slight ache in his digits. "Impossible," he muttered to himself, unable to comprehend the lack of response from Dariya despite her squirming, twitching, and soft moans.

He had attentively watched for any signs, scrutinizing her expressions in search of the elusive sweet spot that would bring her pleasure. Yet, despite his persistent efforts, every manoeuvre had proven futile, leaving him baffled and frustrated.

Dariya observed Orion's sudden pause and the furrow on his forehead, unable to suppress her curiosity any longer. "What's wrong?" she inquired, her voice filled with a combination of concern and suspense.

Orion glanced at her, his expression betraying a sense of embarrassment and a desire to disappear into the ground. Unfortunately, they were currently suspended above the earth, leaving him with no escape.

However, he also realized that Dariya might not fully grasp the gravity of the situation, which offered him a small glimmer of relief.

Meanwhile, as Dariya raised an eyebrow, ready to ask again, Orion swiftly interrupted with a proclamation, "Found it!" Perplexed, Dariya raised an eyebrow, her curiosity intensifying. Before she could voice her confusion, Orion cupped her flower with both hands, his fingers delicately grazing the area where it protruded. Sensing the impending danger, Dariya began to utter, "Or-" but it was too late.

"Aaaaaahhhhhh~~~"

Orion's touch ignited a powerful surge of pleasure, causing Dariya's legs to straighten abruptly. Her eyes, once focused on scrutinizing his movements, now widened as they stared into the vast expanse of the sky, lost in a blissful daze.

'So this is really it, huh?' Orion mused to himself, realization dawning upon him. It seemed that his search for Dariya's sensitive spot had been misguided all along. Instead of delving inside her warm pulsing pussy, he should have focused his attention on the exterior.

After all, a tree nymph's flower possessed the power to bring them to their knees, which meant there had to be a specific spot, a pinnacle of sensitivity, located just below the back edge of the flower.

"Uh~~~ Ahhh, Ori...on!" Dariya's voice trembled as she desperately uttered his name, her final plea to halt Orion's relentless advance. The sensation that surged through her body upon his touch was overwhelming, causing her lower limbs to succumb to temporary paralysis, rendering them unable to respond.

Even her upper body struggled to function, except for her eyes, fingers, and lips. "Ah~~~ Ah~~~~~" Gasping for air, her breaths came out in heavy bursts, each exhales an attestation to the intense pleasure that consumed her being.

Meanwhile, a gleeful smile spread across Orion's face, revelling in the realization that he had uncovered such a remarkable discovery. After all, Dariya was not just an ordinary woman but a tree nymph, making his accomplishment all the more significant. Yet, before he could dwell on his

achievement, his attention was abruptly diverted as he witnessed a thick, glistening substance emerges from the depths of her warm, pulsating vagina, shimmering enticingly under the moonlight.

"Amazing," Orion murmured with a curious gaze, his gaze fixated on the mysterious glistening liquid. Temptation danced in his eyes, compelling him to unravel the enigma. Succumbing to his desire, he swiftly withdrew his left hand and positioned it at the point where the liquid had pooled.

With deliberate intent, he dragged his two index fingers upwards, gathering the thick substance. Then, he brought his fingers closer, holding them just outside the entrance of Dariya's flower, before finally succumbing to his own temptation. He dipped his fingers into his waiting lips, allowing his tongue to explore the tantalizing taste that coated his senses.

His widened eyes reflected astonishment as he savoured the flavour of her thick release. It was not just Dariya's cum; it was pure honey, a delicacy he had not experienced since his arrival in this world. Memories flooded back, reminding him of the distinct taste he had once known.

And at that moment, the realization dawned upon Orion that he would soon plunge his erect penis into the depths of Dariya's warm, pulsating flowering core, awash with the overflow of such honey.

An electric surge of expectation coursed through his veins, causing a delightful shiver to ripple down his spine. With a focused decisiveness, he positioned his hard throbbing penis at the very heart of her inviting fleshy walls, his right hand continuing to caress and stimulate the sensitive back lower edge of her flower, and without delay, he instantly thrust forward.

"EEEHHHHH~~~UAAAAA~~~"

Chapter 206 Whispers Among The Trees (3) (R18)

As Dariya's moans echoed through the air, transforming into desperate cries of both pleasure and release, mingling with her perplexed and intensely pleasurable expression, revealing the conflicting emotions coursing through her. Orion, fully aware that he couldn't treat her like the countless human women he had fucked in the past, both young and old, approached the moment with utmost care. With intentional slowness, he began to fully sheath his long gritty dick inside the warm fleshy inner walls of Dariya's flower.

'SHIT~ SHIT~ SHIT~~~' Orion's mind was ablaze with a whirlwind of sensations as he navigated the depths of Dariya's pulsating vagina. As his member slid further into her slick, velvety embrace, he felt an intense warmth enveloping him, like entering a perfectly tempered furnace. The walls clung to his veiny penis, coating it in the intoxicating tonic of her release, providing a tantalizing

shield from the fiery depths. The exquisite fusion of heat and pleasure coursed through him, forcing him to stifle a primal exclamation, "SHIT!".

At that moment, Orion realized the extent of his longing for the unparalleled ecstasy of a tree nymph's pussy. If he had known the intensity and pleasure it held, he would have pursued their vaginas long ago, scheming to entice and deceive these mythical beings for repeated encounters. Deciding to make the most of this opportunity and explore every inch of her vulnerable, sensitive spot, Orion withdrew his hard veiny member with a willful motion before plunging back in, seeking to heighten their combined pleasure.

As their bodies collided, a resounding "PAHH~~" sounded out within the area. Simultaneously, Dariya's large butt cheeks quivered with seismic ripple, a sensation she had never experienced before. Her private hole, now stretched and engorged, struggled to understand the intensity of the moment, overshadowed only by the undeniable presence of Orion's fully inserted penis within her warm, floral depths.

Despite her clouded thoughts and inability to articulate her confusion, one thing remained crystal clear to Dariya -the profound transformation occurring within her. Her stress evaporated into the ether, replaced by an all-encompassing wave of bliss that consumed her body.

"Uhhh~~~rihhh~~~" She attempted to voice her thoughts, but only fragmented words and intermittent moans escaped her lips, leaving her slightly parted mouth in a state of bewilderment, "Uh~~~". With each forceful thrust of Orion's long rigid penis, her contemplations of why she had never discovered such ecstasy until this moment were suspended, as the overwhelming sensations commanded her complete attention.

"PAH~~~" "Uh~~~"

"PAAHHH~~~~"

As another forceful thrust penetrated her floral insides, Dariya's eyes widened once more, but amidst the whirlwind of pleasure, her senses caught something within their surroundings. Summoning all her strength, she turned her head to the side and caught sight of several vibrant figures scattered among the trees.

While their presence indicated the presence of other tree nymphs nearby, it wasn't a cause for concern as there were none on the tree they currently occupied. Furthermore, even though this particular area fell outside her jurisdiction, Dariya took it upon herself to ensure that the branches below them rustled, serving as a warning to the curious onlookers not to interrupt.

She was determined to witness the climax of this experience firsthand, for this was what humans referred to as 'Kushi.' Throughout her long life, she never anticipated such an encounter, let alone meeting a human male audacious enough to entertain such a desire.

Dariya concluded that Orion might just be the most intriguing man she had ever encountered. As her fascination with the young man, tirelessly pounding her depths and teasing the edges of her flower, intensified, her mind entertained a cascade of increasingly powerful and peculiar thoughts.

Meanwhile, Orion became aware of the watchful tree nymphs surrounding them, their eyes fixated on the rhythmic motion of his passionate plunges into Dariya's extraordinary pussy. With their gazes fixed upon him, he resolved to take Dariya deeper into the realms of pleasure and demonstrate the true meaning of stress release through sex.

Naturally, he aimed to ensure that she believed it was his own penis that possessed such remarkable prowess. With a resounding rhythm of "PAHHH~~" and an encore of "PAHHHH~~~," Orion embraced the presence of his audience, seizing the opportunity to not only captivate Dariya but also the curious tree nymphs who bore witness to this scintillating performance. In his relentless pursuit of pleasure, he endeavoured to enchant and enthrall multiple nymphs with a single seductive display.

Twisting Dariya to the side, Orion continued the relentless tempo of retracting and plunging his gritty scorching penis into her damped fleshy floral lips, each thrust resonating with a deep, resonant "Pah." As he positioned her, her face now directed towards the intrigued tree nymphs, he artfully placed her left leg upon his broad shoulder while her other leg remained ensnared between the cradle of his kneeling legs.

Eager to gauge her response, Orion groped her ample breasts through the fabric of her dress, hoping to elicit louder moans or gasps of delight. Yet, to his disappointment, he discovered that manipulating her nipples did not amplify her vocalizations or enhance her pleasure.

Undeterred by this revelation, Orion tore off the surprisingly easy-to-tear dress, fully indulging in the exhilarating experience of caressing the breasts of a non-human woman. With a firm grip on her prominent left mound, which appeared to be the largest, he relished the sensation and squeezed it to his own satisfaction.

Simultaneously, his other hand expertly played with the back of her flower, ensuring that her heightened sensitivity remained perpetually heightened.

"PAHHH~~~ PAHHHH~~~ PPPAAHHHH~~~"

"AHhh~~ AHHh~~~" Dariya's world spun as she found herself unexpectedly facing her fellow tree nymphs, her leg still draped over Orion's shoulder, her screams of ecstasy echoing towards them. In the midst of the overwhelming pleasure that had engulfed her body, she couldn't help but wonder what the future held.

Should she consider indulging in such unconventional methods to alleviate her stress, even involving Orion's hardened penis, considering he was the only human male who dared to think of or even attempt such audacious feats? The possibilities raced through her mind, mingling with the intoxicating waves of bliss.

Chapter 207 Secrets Beneath Moonlight

"I'm going to cum" Orion exclaimed loudly, his voice filled with an intense wave of pleasure. However, much to his disappointment, Dariya was absorbed in her own enjoyment, oblivious to how vigorously he hammered his thick, veiny penis within the depths of her inner fleshy flower lips.

Though she didn't experience heightened sensitivity from his pinching or grabbing on her large breasts, she observed his pleasure and decided to let him be. After all, she also found satisfaction in the rhythmic massage of her flower lips by his hardened penis, her newfound unique method of stress relief.

But then, everything changed. A thick, scorching liquid began surging deep inside her flower, accompanied by a barely audible voice that she couldn't fully comprehend. As the intense experience reached its climax, Dariya felt her body give way, collapsing onto her side while Orion tumbled behind her, his back resting against hers, his tired breath brushing against her skin. He withdrew his veiny penis from her inner floral lips and collapsed face-first onto her back, his now-softened member nestled between her two tender butt cheeks.

"Haaa... Haaa... Orion, I think it may have actually worked," Dariya gasped, her breath heavy as she tried to calm herself down. Surprisingly, at this moment, she didn't feel the weight of stress but instead, a deep exhaustion that tempted her to close her eyes and rest. It was an unfamiliar sensation for a tree nymph, who typically didn't need to nap when tired but could choose to do so out of sheer desire.

Yet, as the tendrils of pleasure spread from her flower lips, reaching all the way up to her mind, Dariya felt her eyelids growing heavy, threatening to close, while Orion responded to her words.

"Of course, it worked. Didn't I tell you it would from the beginning?" Orion replied, a hint of triumph evident in his voice.

As Orion spoke, Dariya's smile grew wider, and she let out a soft chuckle, completely unfazed by the continued curiosity of the other tree nymphs surrounding them. Disregarding their presence, she turned her head to the side, gazing at Orion through the corner of her eyes.

"I don't know why, but I feel this overwhelming urge to close my eyes and rest for a while before opening them again," she murmured, shaking her head in amazement. "The incredible part is that this shouldn't even be possible. It's by far the most astonishing experience I've ever had until today."

Orion could tell she had more to say, so he patiently waited for her to continue, refraining from interrupting her train of thought. "Considering how they're all looking at me... at us," she paused, stifling a yawn, "it's not strange to think that they might be curious and eager to experience what I just went through..."

With a sudden yawn, she turned around and laid down on her back, while Orion quickly positioned his palms to prop himself up slightly, ensuring he wouldn't be dragged along with her. Just as she settled comfortably against the tree leaves, Orion prepared to say something, but he fell silent as he noticed Dariya had already drifted off to sleep, her peaceful face illuminated by the gentle moonlight.

Witnessing the serene and ethereal peace that graced Dariya's non-human features as she succumbed to sleep, Orion instinctively shifted his body to the side, positioning himself in a way that shielded their view from the curious and intrigued tree nymphs who had been observing their activity. If he wasn't going to sleep in a hut tonight, then why not embrace the opportunity to slumber in the embrace of a tree nymph, atop a grand tree, under the enchanting glow of the moonlight?

With the leaves beneath them offering a surprisingly comfortable substitute for a bed, Orion brushed aside any lingering thoughts and allowed himself to succumb to sleep, his mind tranquil and at ease. The night grew quiet as he peacefully joined Dariya in the realm of dreams.

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"Orion... Orion..." The sound of a soothing, melodic voice echoed through his consciousness, rousing him from his slumber with an unexpected jolt.

"Huh!" Orion uttered in confusion as he struggled to open his heavy eyelids, his gaze meeting the warm and radiant smile of the beautiful tree nymph before him. At that moment, it felt as if the world had returned to its rightful place, reminiscent of the very first day when he had arrived in this new world. How everything had changed so suddenly since then.

"Haa..." A heavy sigh escaped Orion's lips as the weight of his memories flooded back, reminding him of all that had transpired up until this point. If only he could spend the rest of his days with his beloved partners and children, free from the burdens and complications of the outside world. Yet, he knew that this world, despite its peculiar customs, was just as real as his previous one, perhaps even better in many ways.

"Hey, are you just going to keep staring at me like that, or are you going to get up and meet the people who have been searching for you?" Dariya's playful voice echoed in Orion's ears as she traced her fingers lightly across his bare chest, before playfully withdrawing her hand and making a few gestures in the air. "But I don't want to be the reason for your delay, considering you didn't return to your hut yesterday."

In a swift and unexpected motion, the tree beneath Orion's back began to bend and sway, descending towards the ground. It twisted and turned, gradually bringing him upright until his feet finally made contact with the earth upon landing.

As Orion reluctantly touched the ground with his feet, he found himself face-to-face with Mrs Shani, her expression a blend of surprise and scepticism. "I received news this morning that you were not in your hut," she began, her eyes scanning him up and down before shifting her gaze to Dariya, who wore a wide grin.

Mrs Shani's observing eyes then returned to Orion, a deep frown on her lips as she inquired, "However, I'm rather curious to know where you spent the night instead of returning to your hut as expected."

Chapter 208 Reassurance

"He stayed with me... I mean, we stayed together," Dariya replied. Although Orion couldn't understand why he could almost hear Dariya's voice chuckling at her own words, even if it was just his imagination, he still felt a sense of susceptibility under Mrs Shani's scrutinizing gaze. However, he saw no reason to contradict Dariya's statement, as he didn't want anyone to discover his recent escapades involving intimate encounters with a tree nymph. Considering all the stunts and surprises he had been involved in lately, adding any more information would be overkill for him.

"So instead of returning to your hut for the night, you chose to sleep outside here with Dariya," Mrs Shani inquired, raising an eyebrow.

Orion took a moment to gather his thoughts before responding, "Well, I actually fell asleep on my way back, and Dariya kindly offered to create a comfortable sleeping spot for me so as not to disturb my rest." As Mrs Shani listened to his explanation, she had a multitude of questions swirling in her mind.

She had been led here by a group of excited tree nymphs who seemed to be aware of Dariya and Orion's whereabouts. However, she decided to set aside these questions for the time being. There was clearly something going on involving the young man standing before her, and even though she had missed out on some of the events of yesterday, she was determined to uncover the truth today.

"Very well, let's not keep the village chief and Miss Greta waiting any longer. They have been searching for you," Mrs Shani expressed, her tone urgent as she turned on her heels and gestured for Orion to follow. With a nod of acknowledgement to Dariya, she set off briskly, indicating for him to keep pace.

Orion silently trailed behind Mrs. Shani, his gaze lingering on Dariya who winked at him mischievously. As he focused his attention back on Mrs Shani's swift steps, his mind couldn't help but dwell on the forbidden nature of their relationship. While he had already experienced numerous seductive encounters and impregnated many women, this newfound connection with a non-human entity felt uniquely thrilling and enticing, adding an extra layer of excitement to his already adventurous taste.

After a few minutes of walking, Orion finally arrived at the bustling hub of the farm, a place he had visited during the awakening ceremony. Mr Tog had explained that this area served as the production centre and residence for many villagers who chose to make their homes here. As he and Mrs Shani stepped into the streets lined with huts nestled together, Orion observed the villagers respectfully greet Mrs Shani, their nods acknowledging her presence.

Undeterred, she maintained her brisk pace, further affirming Orion's belief that she held a position of great importance and respect in the community. Eventually, they reached their destination, and as they knocked on the door, it swung open to reveal Gina, who immediately leapt into Orion's arms upon recognizing him.

"How are you, Gina?" Orion asked, returning her hug as she embraced him tightly. "Not good," Gina replied, her face filled with anger. "Everyone forgot about me! Only Sister Reena and Grandma Derry remembered to include me when Mom was packing up our things for the move."

Orion let out a deep sigh, contemplating how he should explain to her that he hadn't forgotten about her but had been occupied with managing everything and ensuring that things were in order.

And honestly, this situation reminded him of when his married colleagues would complain about the challenges they faced at home. Their partners often felt ignored while they worked tirelessly to pay the bills. Although Orion's circumstances were different, he shamelessly compared them to his current situation in this world. After all, he was contributing to the village's economy and ensuring their future survival by impregnating numerous women with his semen. Surely, that had to count for something, right?

"I didn't forget about you, Gina," Orion whispered softly, his hand gently patting and rubbing her back. "I was just preoccupied with certain matters, as you're probably already aware." Gina nodded, understanding dawning on her face, yet she couldn't completely shake off her lingering anger.

Orion couldn't help but smile at her expression, finding it somewhat amusing. "Where are the others? Are they inside?" he inquired eagerly. Gina's head bobbed up and down in response. "Yes, they're all inside, anxiously waiting for you. Come on, let's go!" With that, she grabbed his hand and enthusiastically pulled him into the hut, while Mrs Shani followed closely behind, her face adorned with a knowing smile.

"What's happening here?" Orion inquired, stepping inside the hut and being greeted by a peculiar sight. All the women were reclining on mats, being attended to by unfamiliar faces who were carefully feeding them with strange leaves and crushed herbs. Perplexed, Orion directed his question to Mrs Shani. "The village chief went to meet with some of the farm's caretakers since you were not around," she explained. "He should return in a few minutes, or maybe an hour."

Orion nodded, acknowledging the information, but his focus remained on the women and their peculiar meal. "Alright, but what are they being fed?" he asked, his curiosity getting the better of him. While he knew it was some kind of medicinal herb, he desired a deeper understanding of its purpose and effects.

Mrs Shani observed Orion's expression and heard his response simultaneously, prompting her to reassure him, "There's no need to worry. They are simply being fed plants that will keep them healthy and strengthen their bodies until the day of delivery. The herbs also have beneficial effects on the baby, ensuring a smooth delivery without complications. After all, anything can happen on that day."

Orion grasped Mrs Shani's explanation, and before he could inquire about how he could assist, Aunt Greta interjected, "Furthermore, to ensure the herbs work effectively, I will be here to monitor their

progress every day until they're ready to deliver." Aunt Greta rose from her seat near Reena and made her way towards another woman. Having overheard Orion and Mrs Shani's conversation, she felt compelled to share her own perspective, as it directly concerned her as well.

Chapter 209 Aunt Greta's Gift

"Usually, I would only need to visit the farm once a week for this purpose. But since someone decided to impregnate every woman around him without informing me first, I believe I'll be quite busy for the next few months. And if I don't receive additional compensation from the village, I might just have to deduct it from your own wealth," she added, flashing a mischievous smile in Orion's direction before returning her attention to Grandma Vivian.

Amused by Greta's tone and playful expression, Orion found himself momentarily at a loss for a witty comeback. Instead, he replied with a touch of lightheartedness, "Well, I don't mind compensating you from my own wealth." His response carried a hint of humour, indicating that he was ready to embrace the responsibility that came with his actions.

Greta's smile widened as she responded, her expression now more composed, "Somehow, I had a feeling you'd say that, considering all the things I've heard about you." Her gaze shifted to Grandma Vivian, who lay on the mat, her face contorted in pain.

Greta placed her hand gently over Vivian's stomach, emitting a soothing wave of bluish light. Concerned, Orion approached them, his curiosity piqued. "What's happening?" he inquired, eager to understand why Vivian, who wasn't pregnant, was also among the women receiving care, as her child was no longer alive.

Greta responded with a knowing smile, her voice filled with assurance, "I am merging the tissue in her stomach with the rest of her body, strengthening her womb for the future." Her gaze shifted from Orion to Grandma Vivian, emphasizing the seriousness of her task.

Orion's eyes widened as he comprehended the implications of Greta's words. "Is that even possible?" he asked, his scepticism evident, realizing he still had little knowledge of Aunt Greta's abilities as a healer, despite her self-proclaimed title. Greta turned to him, raising an eyebrow, and responded, "Well, what do you think my gift is?" However, She quickly dismissed the question, aware that he was unaware of her true capabilities due to his lost memories and her lack of explanation. "Nevermind that question," she quickly interjected.

"My gift grants me control over flesh and organs, allowing me to swiftly mend wounds and repair internal injuries. While my expertise may be somewhat limited when it comes to broken bones, with the aid of the right herbs and concoctions, even those can be healed without much trouble." Orion

nodded, now understanding why he had experienced such intense internal and external pain when he first awoke after being healed in this world.

"That's quite an amazing gift," Orion admitted, acknowledging the power of Greta's ability to manipulate flesh. He couldn't help but ponder the potential dangers that such a gift could pose if wielded by someone who chose a path other than healing. The thought sent a shiver down his spine, imagining what Greta's gift could have become if she possessed the potential to be a warrior.

Curiosity getting the better of him, he asked, "Can you use your gift on yourself as well?" Seeking clarification on the extent of her abilities. Greta nodded, removing one hand from Grandma Vivian and placing it on her own arm, activating her gift. Instantly, her skin began to ripple and shift, resembling a watery, fleshy mass before settling back into its original form.

Meanwhile, Orion discreetly extricated himself from the midst of the women, reassured by their well-being and impressed by Aunt Greta's live demonstration of her gift. Satisfied, he retreated to his previous position next to Mrs Shani by the door, patiently waiting for the conclusion of the procedure or the arrival of the village chief. However, a sudden change occurred as Gina tightly grasped his hands and whispered, "I'm not letting you go anywhere," her face adorned with a feigned expression of anger.

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Three hours later

Although I didn't mind waiting for several more hours, considering I was the one who arrived late, a sense of relief washed over me when the Village Chief finally entered the hut, accompanied by Mr. Thak who followed closely behind him.

After inquiring about my whereabouts during the night, hoping I hadn't gotten myself into any more trouble, the Village Chief instructed me to follow him, accompanied by Mrs Shani and Mr Thak trailing behind.

Glancing at Gina, who reluctantly let go of my hand to create some space due to the presence of the Village Chief, I reassured her, "Take care of them, alright? I'll be back soon," before shifting my attention to the women who were now peacefully asleep, except for Aunt Greta, who was earnestly tending to my mother with a focused expression on her face.

Respecting their need for uninterrupted rest, as some of the women who had administered the herbal treatment had already left, with a few remaining at Aunt Greta's call, I exited the hut and made my way towards the Village Chief and the others, eager to catch up with them.

Upon my arrival, I overheard the Village Chief involved in a conversation with Mrs Shani, and as I stood beside the Village Chief, I noticed a distinct change in Mrs Shani's gaze. If before she regarded me with curiosity and doubt, her eyes now held a sharp cunning, as if gears were turning in her mind, visible through her piercing stare.

Nevertheless, even though I could somewhat predict the nature of their discussion, I walked calmly by the Village Chief's side as we navigated through the bustling area.

With a nod to acknowledge my presence, the Village Chief spoke, "I have discussed matters with the farm's caretakers, and we have come to a decision." There was no need for me to inquire further, as he swiftly continued, "A new hut will be constructed deep within the farm for all the women who are pregnant with your child. This will keep them away from prying eyes and provide them with the necessary support."

"They will be provided with helpers to assist them with any challenges they may face and ensure their well-being until the day of delivery. Additionally, Miss Greta, who is now aware of the situation, will be involved. Furthermore, all key figures responsible for influencing the village's current state and livelihood are also informed, except for those at the strongholds, as this matter does not concern them."

Chapter 210 The Unconventional Choices

The Village Chief cleared his throat and continued, "I am sharing this with you so that you are immediately aware of the changes that may arise for the well-being of the women. You are at the centre of all this, so there is no need to conceal anything from you."

I nodded, understanding the importance of the Village Chief's visit to the caretakers that had taken several hours.

Engrossed in his words, I listened intently as he continued, "Furthermore, despite their astonishment at the remarkable capabilities of your semen, they have a specific request for you." Intrigued by the matter, I leaned forward and asked, "And what exactly is their request?"

The Village Chief let out a tired sigh, coming to a halt and surveying the surroundings. We had walked away from the bustling clusters of huts that served as the farm's production hub. He glanced at Mr Thak and Mrs Shani, signalling them to give us some privacy. With a nod, they respectfully retreated, leaving the Village Chief and me amidst the blooming flowers and rustling bushes.

"Orion," he called my name, a thoughtful expression gracing his face. He continued, "If you were given the task to impregnate every woman in the village, without any conditions or limitations, and the village would compensate you for your efforts based on the frequency of your encounters - whether they be young or old -what would you choose?"

"Keep in mind, this could lead to resentment from other fertile men who see you as a threat for monopolizing their potential wealth. It might also discourage them from engaging in Kushi altogether due to the ease with which you fulfil their duty, potentially endangering the village's future."

"Alternatively, you can continue as you are now, with a limit on the number of women you can have Kushi with per month or week, allowing you to live your life as you see fit without the burden of the village's population."

The weight of his words hung in the air, and I stood there, considering the implications of each option.

However, upon hearing his propositions, I couldn't help but ask seriously, "Chief, what kind of proposition is that?" While I couldn't deny that, from my perspective, the first option appealed to me -the freedom to engage in sexual encounters with whomever I desired -the way the Village Chief presented it made it seem like I would be reduced to a mere human breeder, obligated to meet a certain quota day by day.

That wasn't what I desired at all! I didn't just fuck Dariya's non-human pussy yesterday because it was some task I had to complete; it was a spontaneous act driven by the intense emotions and desires that surged through me, heightening the experience far beyond a mere obligation.

However, he maintained a thin smile in response to my question, causing me to ponder even further. The mere thought of a queue of women lined up in front of a hut, eagerly waiting for their turn to engage in Kushi with me in order to become pregnant, brought a frown to my face.

I realized that according to the Village Chief's words, once I embarked on this route, there would be no turning back. Starting down this path would mean bidding farewell to my current life and embracing the title of the man every woman desired to bear their child due to my high success rate.

It would also result in numerous young men abandoning their own reproductive efforts, overwhelmed with frustration and resentment at the prospect of competing with me and facing the

arduous task of attaining and maintaining an erection. Yet, I knew deep down that their agitation was the least of my concerns.

However, as I contemplated the pros and cons, envisioning the potential future that awaited me, I quickly dismissed those thoughts and shoved them into the recesses of my mind. There was no way in hell I was going to succumb to becoming some sort of breeder, even if my intentions were to indulge in pleasure with as many women as possible while still relishing in the joys of life. Being a breeder was an entirely different ball game altogether.

Nevertheless, option two appeared to be the more favourable choice for me. Surprisingly, it seemed like the best option available at the moment. However, before I revealed my thoughts and made my decision known, I inquired of the Village Chief, "If I choose option two, does the village still assume responsibility for the women I impregnate, or would I be required to take care of them on my own?" It was a crucial detail he had failed to mention in the second option.

The Village Chief responded with a nod, affirming, "Yes, the village will continue to provide care for the pregnant women until they give birth, as it is mandatory. However, the financial arrangements regarding the Kushi will be determined between you and the chosen woman, as it is traditionally meant to be." He fixed his gaze on me, his eyebrows raised in surprise, and asked, "Does this imply that you're leaning towards the second option?"

Observing his surprise, I couldn't help but inquire, "Do you expect me to choose the first option?"

He shook his head, a weary smile forming on his lips as he replied, "Well, considering your accomplishments and current activities, it wouldn't be surprising if I thought you were inclined towards the first option. After all, you can enjoy the pleasure of Kushi while being financially rewarded by the village. With each woman you engage with and impregnate, your wealth will grow, bringing additional bonuses that will continue to enhance your ever-expanding fortune."

Without a second thought, I reached a firm decision. "I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I won't be choosing either the first or the second option," I stated, responding to his expectations. Just as the words were about to leave the Village Chief's mouth, I cut him off, asserting, "Instead, I have a different option in mind."

The Village Chief's lips pressed together tightly, his gaze scrutinizing me intensely. Finally, with surprising calmness, he inquired, "If you're not selecting the second or the first option, then enlighten me, Orion, which option have you decided on?"