

Village Head 211

Chapter 211 [Bonus]A Meeting With The Caretakers

"None," I responded firmly, shaking my head with resolution. "Chief, I want to meet with the caretakers. If they're the ones who presented me with these choices, then I want to bargain with them directly."

The Village Chief's eyebrows shot up in surprise, his eyes widening at my unexpected response. "You wish to bargain with the caretakers?" he repeated, clearly taken aback by my unexpected proposal.

"Yes," I affirmed, nodding in agreement with the Village Chief's statement. While the choices he presented were neither ideal nor terrible, I couldn't help but be drawn to the possibility of exploring an option of my own. It was worth a shot, and deep down, I had a strong belief that it would work.

However, my main concern lay with the receptiveness of the Caretakers themselves. Would they be open and willing to listen to what I had to say? That was the one lingering question that troubled me.

"Are you absolutely certain that this is the path you wish to take?" the Village Chief questioned once more. His tone carried a sense of calmness, but his eyes scanned my face, searching for any signs of doubt or hesitation that he could use to challenge my decision. Little did he know, I was firm in my resolve and had no intentions of wavering. Thus, I simply nodded in response, maintaining the same determined expression on my face.

He let out a weary sigh, shaking his head in resignation. "Very well," he said, "I had already informed Thak earlier that if he doesn't find me within a few minutes, he can proceed without me and handle today's matters. He will also inform those who seek an audience with me that I will be occupied throughout the day. So, if we intend to conclude this before nightfall, let's not waste any more time and get moving."

I nodded in agreement and followed closely as he took the lead, forging ahead. As we progressed, we came upon a well-cleared road, flanked by various crops and fenced fields on either side. The atmosphere was serene, allowing me to observe the dedicated workers who greeted the Village Chief while diligently carrying out their tasks. The journey continued in silence, during which I could only shrug off the duration of the twenty-six-minute walk, given my newfound status as a warrior.

Eventually, we arrived at a location deep within the thick vegetation of the farm. To my surprise, what lay before me was not what I had anticipated. Instead of a grand structure, there stood a quaint wooden cabin perched atop the branches of a mighty, yet broken, tree. Despite its odd shape, the craftsmanship was remarkable.

"Magnificent, isn't it?" The Village Chief remarked, his gaze shifting between me and the impressive structure. He then refocused his attention on the treehouse itself. "While we had entertained the idea of this box-like architecture before, building it atop a tree was a concept that hadn't crossed our minds. Fortunately, we owe this inspiration to the four-long-ears. Although some may find it peculiar to live in such a unique dwelling," he chuckled lightly, gesturing for me to follow closely.

Near the tree's sturdy trunk, a flat and smooth wooden platform awaited us. It appeared spacious enough to accommodate four or five individuals comfortably.

The Village Chief entered the platform and motioned for me to follow suit. As I stepped inside, he reached out and grasped one of the four ropes that extended from the top of the platform, stretching high up into the sky and connecting with another platform ingeniously crafted among the sprawling tree branches.

Without delay, a slender small tree nymph adorned in a vibrant leaf dress emerged from the bark above, sliding down the trunk with her limbs wrapped around it. "You've returned, Chief?" she inquired, her curious gaze shifting between the Village Chief and me. "And who is this, Chief?" she inquired further. The Village Chief promptly replied, "He is the famous six-star potential Warrior you've been hearing about."

The tree nymph, resembling a mischievous little girl, couldn't contain her excitement as she exclaimed, "Oh!" Her eyes widened with curiosity as she continued, "So you're the notorious Orion who's been causing all this commotion, huh!" She carefully examined me from head to toe before giving an approving nod, "Not bad, not bad at all. With a little more effort, I can already see that you'll make a significant contribution to our village."

Before the tree nymph could utter another word, the Village Chief swiftly placed his hand on her head, gently tapping it, and spoke with a firm tone. "Let's not waste any more time, Molya. We're not here for play, but for an urgent matter with the Caretakers," he said, a sense of haste in his voice. "I hope they're all still present."

"Yes," the tree nymph named Molya replied, her voice filled with a hint of mischief. "They gathered to discuss and strategize, ensuring they have contingencies in place if things don't go according to

plan in the future." She cast a fleeting glance in my direction, her eyes subtly hinting towards me, but I managed to catch the subtle gesture.

"Alright then, they don't need to be worried any longer. It seems that Orion here has something important to discuss with them," the village Chief replied. Molya's eyes widened as she stared at me once more, a wide smile spreading across her face. Without hesitation, she vanished into the tree and reappeared on one of the branches.

I noticed a previously unnoticed rope hanging nearby, and Molya effortlessly pulled it down towards the ground. Soon, we began to ascend into the sky, gradually rising until we reached the suspended platform in the tree.

Molya reappeared near me from one of the tree branches, offering her words of encouragement with a quick "Good luck" before vanishing once more into the tree, her presence fading from my sight. "That's Molya for you," the village Chief explained. "She likes to hang around here and help with raising the platform. But don't worry, this tree doesn't belong to her, like other tree nymphs, she just enjoys playing around."

Chapter 212 Orion's Unconventional Choice

The village Chief moved forward, motioning for me to follow. "Come on, let's go," he urged, stepping into the tree house. I trailed behind him as he pushed aside the thick, heavy curtains, which served as a makeshift door, granting us entry into the space. Stepping inside, I finally got a glimpse of who awaited us -the caretakers.

Before me stretched a long, vibrant red carpet, flanked on either side by five intriguing individuals. On one side, stood a stunning young woman, radiating curves and exuding an aura of youthfulness that suggested she was in her early or mid-twenties. She wore the traditional female tulga, emphasizing her connection to the village's heritage. Beside her stood a slim, and elegant woman in her thirties, wearing a one-shoulder sleeveless crop top and a tulga cinched around her waist.

Completing the trio was an elderly man, his age appearing to be in his eighties or nineties, his weathered face telling tales of a long and eventful life. Given the village's longevity, it was entirely possible that he was even older than his appearance suggested.

On the opposing side of the carpet, a mature woman exuded an air of wisdom and experience, seemingly in her fifties. Her poised demeanour hinted at the weight of responsibilities she had shouldered throughout the years. By her side sat a man in his mid-sixties, exuding a sense of quiet strength and authority. Both were wearing the village's traditional tulga.

'So these are the Caretakers, huh!' I silently mused, my eyes scanning each of their faces as they turned to acknowledge our presence. Stepping into the room alongside the Village Chief, I couldn't help but take in the interior of the tree cabin. It had a somewhat sombre atmosphere, with the wooden walls adorned only by a few scattered flower and tree paintings.

The room seemed to lack vibrancy, save for the long, striking red carpet that stretched through the centre, injecting a burst of colour. The Caretakers were seated on a thick, sturdy platform crafted from rich brown wood, which served as their communal space.

"Chief, you have returned!" expressed one of the elderly men, his voice filled with surprise as his eyes locked onto the Village Chief. However, his curiosity quickly shifted towards me as he directed his gaze in my direction. With a quizzical expression, he asked, "Is this...?"

The Village Chief swiftly interjected, his voice firm and commanding, as he pointed a finger directly at me. "This is Orion," he stated, redirecting his attention to the individuals seated along the carpeted pathway. With a slight gesture, he indicated a spot for me to sit. "Orion, please take a seat here," he instructed before walking toward a small wooden platform positioned at the centre of the far end of the vibrant red carpet.

As all eyes focused on me, the Village Chief took his place at the front, settling down on the wooden platform. He surveyed the room before addressing the assembled group. "As you can tell, I am here to discuss a matter of great importance, with Orion being the central focus, as always," he began. "Having shared with him the options we have carefully deliberated upon, Orion has made an unexpected decision not to choose either of them."

A wave of whispers rippled through the room, voices carrying just loud enough to hang in the air. Even the man seated near me leaned in, whispering to the woman beside him, their hushed tones barely perceptible to my keen ears. The elderly man next to me narrowed his eyes at me for a moment, before he shifted his gaze back to the Village Chief.

"I am not finished yet," the Village Chief raised his head, silencing the murmurs as he continued speaking. "Orion has declined the offered options, but he proposes an alternative that he wishes to discuss with all of you. He seeks your thoughts and opinions on this matter."

The woman in her early thirties, who exuded an air of confidence, spoke up from the opposite side of the room. "Very well," she said with an intent tone, capturing everyone's attention. "Since we are all gathered here, let us hear what he has to say." The others nodded in agreement, their expressions curious and expectant. Even the Village Chief turned his gaze towards me, signalling for me to proceed.

Feeling the weight of their gazes, I took a deep breath and began to express my thoughts. "Thank you all for allowing me this opportunity," I started, my voice carrying a sense of firmness. "I have given considerable thought to the options presented to me, but I believe there might be another path worth exploring." I continued, "And although, it may seem unconventional or even delusional to some. But if you can suspend judgment and truly listen to what I have to say, I assure you that it will not be a disappointment, and your time will not be wasted."

"Alright, don't keep us waiting any longer. Tell us what you have in mind," the man who appeared to be the oldest in the room expressed, his voice carrying a sense of urgency and impatience. His words seemed to echo the sentiments of the others, as they leaned forward, their eyes fixed on me, eagerly awaiting my response.

"I would like for us to come together and grow the village," I expressed, my voice filled with decisiveness.

The woman in her early thirties raised an eyebrow, clearly intrigued. "Doesn't that mean you choose the first option, or is there something else I'm missing?" she questioned. I shook my head, a hint of scepticism in my expression. While the idea of their support and financial backing for my endeavours to fuck with as many willing women as I desired seemed enticing, it also raised concerns.

The contradiction of their willingness to fund my pursuits while simultaneously setting limits made me question their true intentions.

I pondered the hidden motives behind the options presented to me. Were there traps or ulterior conversations hidden within the options? As key individuals of the village, it seemed unlikely that the situation was as straightforward as it appeared.

I wanted to uncover any underlying complexities or potential risks before making a decision. After all, a simple agreement with such influential figures was bound to have more layers than met the eye.

Chapter 213 Orion's Unconventional Choice (2)

"What I propose is that we unite our efforts to not only ensure the growth of our current village but also establish a brand-new settlement," I revealed. The room fell into a momentary silence as my words hung in the air.

The old man, with a deep furrow in his brow, voiced his thoughts, "You mean another stronghold to shield us from the relentless Vylkr Vines?" I empathetically shook my head, a hint of weariness in my sigh, and clarified, "No, not just a stronghold. I mean an entirely new village."

"Another village," the woman in her fifties interjected, her voice tinged with a hint of confusion. "So, if I understand correctly, your alternative proposal is for us to collaborate and construct a completely new village -a separate settlement that will accommodate the increasing numbers of our community. Is that what you're suggesting?"

I responded, my voice filled with conviction, "Yes," as I nodded in understanding. "I am well aware that the exponential growth of our village could lead to undesirable consequences for obvious reasons," I acknowledged, observing their heads turning towards the Village Chief, likely surmising that he had briefed me on the adverse effects that their expanding population had previously caused.

Undeterred, I pressed on, their attention returning to me. "However, what if we were to establish another settlement, separate yet connected to this village, located at a considerable distance -around eight hours or a day's walk away? This would provide a separation zone, preventing the Vylkr vines from perceiving our collective presence and launching a unified invasion. It would also allow us to maintain proximity, enabling efficient management and protection in case of any unforeseen incidents."

I emphasized the advantages of this approach, capturing their interest. "By dividing their attention, we can weaken the strength of the Vylkr vines. I have witnessed firsthand that while they may be overwhelming in numbers, they require time to refocus their attacks on a previously subjugated area. Hence, as our village continues to grow, we can seize the opportunity to construct a secondary stronghold nearby."

"This will serve to safeguard the expanding population and prevent their destruction. Importantly, the new village will remain connected to the main village, strategically designed to reduce the burden of Vylkr vine attacks. By channelling their assault towards the secondary settlement, we can alleviate the strain on this village. This way, our warriors can effectively protect both areas, dispatching any infiltrating vines with ease. Even if a few Vylkr vines manage to breach the secondary village, the presence of numerous skilled warriors will render their attacks negligible and easily manageable."

I concluded, hopeful that my proposal had sparked their imagination and consideration for this alternative path.

As their gazes shifted away from me, I could sense the room enveloped in a perceptible atmosphere of contemplation. The village Chief and the elderly man, whom I presumed to be the oldest among them, seemed lost in their own musings, their eyes distant.

It was as if they had delved into the depths of their thoughts, exploring the possibilities and ramifications of my words. Although their eyes were no longer focused on me, I couldn't help but feel that their ears were attuned, eagerly catching every syllable that escaped my lips.

The subtlest cues revealed the intensity of their engagement -slight nods, furrowed brows, and the occasional stroking of chins. It was evident that my words had struck a chord, igniting a flurry of thoughts and considerations within each individual present.

"But why should we stop there..." I seized the opportunity, my words flowing seamlessly, revealing the blueprint of my carefully planned thoughts. "If we envision this other village as a protective wall surrounding our main village, alleviating the pressures upon it, then why not continue? Let us construct additional settlements strategically positioned on each side of our village, maintaining a similar distance or, at most, a two-day journey away -exercising caution and prudence. Alternatively, we could reduce the distance to a one-day or six to eight hours' walk, once we have established a firm understanding and confident grasp of the task at hand."

Continuing, my tone now a soothing cadence, I added, "Once we have carefully put all the necessary elements in place, including well-established communication routes between the settlements, we can devote our time and efforts to the collective growth of our village. It will become abundantly clear that our main village, fortified by these secondary settlements, will stand as a stronghold of security and prosperity."

Having unveiled my thoughts, I exhaled deeply, allowing the weight of my words to settle upon the room. Time seemed to stretch as each person absorbed the magnitude of my proposal. Their composed demeanour and astute manner of processing my thoughts revealed the calibre of individuals they were -the very architects of our village's fate.

And suddenly, breaking the reverie, the village Chief's voice resonated through the room. "You've brought forth the idea of building another village, a vision that impresses me greatly. None of us had ever envisioned such a thought to tackle the challenges posed by our growing numbers -a sentiment you surely understand, considering the dangers that surround us."

He paused, allowing his words to sink in before continuing. "However, besides the issue of increasing our numbers, which we might be able to manage considering our warriors have already unearthed plentiful clay sands to rebuild our village during their explorations, what about

sustenance? Surely you don't believe that a thriving village relies solely on flourishing numbers alone?"

"Yes," the woman in her thirties retorted, her gaze piercing and focused on me. "Since it appears that you arrived here with all the solutions preconceived, then surely you have a solution for that as well." Her words carried a hint of mistrust, challenging the feasibility of my plans.

However, not everyone in the room shared her scepticism; some were lost in deep contemplation, their attention drifting away from me.

In response to her challenge, I met her gaze directly and replied, "Expanding the farm is the answer. As the pressure on our main village decreases, we will extend the farm's territory to cover the entire forest." Memories of my training with Warrior Jean flooded my mind, recalling the trees I had encountered that bore both Kalna and Lipry fruits.

Chapter 214 Seed Of Potential

Considering that the vast wooden fences already acted as a boundary between the farm and the forest, it was not far-fetched to imagine that the rest of the forest could yield additional edible fruits. The only hurdle we needed to overcome was the Vylkr Vines, but once we dealt with them, it would no longer pose a significant problem.

"And what about the water?" the man in his sixties interjected, his voice filled with concern. "We can transport food, but water, on the other hand, poses a major challenge if we intend to build another village."

Acknowledging his valid point, I nodded and proceeded to address the issue. "If our warriors have already discovered numerous clay reserves during their explorations, which can be used to rebuild our village, it stands to reason that they would have also come across other water sources. It could be smaller rivers, or perhaps even larger ones, comparable to our own water supply."

I paused for a moment, allowing my words to sink in and contemplating the implications. The discovery of additional water sources would be crucial in sustaining the growth of a new settlement. With multiple rivers at our disposal, we could divert the water flow to support both the main village and the secondary settlements.

"Furthermore," I continued, my voice gaining confidence, "if we strategically position the new villages near these water sources, it would ensure a steady and sufficient supply for each settlement. We could implement systems to collect and distribute water efficiently, guaranteeing that all our villages thrive without putting undue strain on our main water supply."

The man in his sixties appeared eager to respond, but the village Chief swiftly interjected, not giving him the chance. "Yes, you are right. The warriors have indeed discovered various potential water sources," the village Chief replied, his tone reflecting both hope and caution. "However, some of these locations are also infested with Vylkr vines, and they are distant from the majority of the clay reserves we have unearthed. If we proceed, we must find a way to address these challenges."

As the village Chief finished speaking, I noticed a peculiar exchange of blank stares between him and the old man. It was evident that something was transpiring, something of which I was not yet aware. Sensing this underlying tension, the old man turned his gaze towards me, his eyes narrowing with a probing intensity. He posed a crucial question, one that had implications for the success of the new village.

"We have addressed the issues of food and water, and we have identified a suitable location for the new village," the old man began, his voice filled with doubt. "However, what we truly need are villagers willing to leave the comforts and security of our current village to venture into uncharted territory, amidst the ever-present threat of the Vylkr vines. Do you know anyone who would be willing to take such a risk?"

I beamed at the old man, sensing a moment of realization dawning upon him. Before I could even utter a word, his eyes widened as though a lightbulb had flickered to life in his mind.

Just as he was about to interject, the other older elder sitting across from him suddenly spoke up, his voice filled with awe and admiration. "I see. Brilliant... I see," he exclaimed, shaking his head in a mixture of defeat and exhaustion. A smile emerged on his face, seemingly appearing out of nowhere, yet radiating a genuine sense of joy. It was as if his countenance had been revitalized after years of solemnity.

The man turned his attention to the Village Chief, his smile growing even wider. "What do you think of this, Chief?" he asked, excitement lacing his words. "While we can certainly agree to this plan and start planning for this vision in the coming years, it still requires your approval." The Village Chief, weariness evident in his sigh, nodded in response. He shifted his gaze from the old man to me, his eyes reflecting a mix of surprise and gratitude. It seemed that my proposal had surpassed his expectations.

"When you mentioned wanting to see the Caretakers, when you hinted at another option," the Village Chief began, his voice tinged with exhaustion, "I never anticipated something as intricate and brilliant as this. While implementing such a plan will demand years of careful planning, it brings me reassurance to know that we have talented and creative individuals like you among us."

Although I quietly acknowledged to myself that my unique perspective as someone who had transmigrated from Earth allowed me to see the bigger picture, I deemed it unnecessary to reveal such information. Thus, I buried those thoughts deep within the recesses of my mind, focusing on the task at hand.

"However, correct me if I'm mistaken," the Village Chief interjected, his voice filled with curiosity, "but are you implying that you want to be responsible for the growth in these new villages?"

Without a moment's hesitation, I nodded in response to his question. "Yes," I affirmed, my voice persistent. "Considering the fertility of my semen, which can impregnate women, just after penetrating them once, regardless of age, I see this as a perfect chance. If none of the villagers is willing to take the leap and establish these new settlements, then my family, children, and their mothers will gladly step forward to develop this new village."

The Village Chief's brows furrowed in concern. "And you believe you can make that decision for them because..." he trailed off, seeking an explanation.

I met his gaze with persistent decisiveness. "Because I know that once I present this plan to them, they will choose to follow me willingly," I asserted. The conviction in my words was genuine, as I could vividly imagine the range of emotions that would play out on the faces of my loved ones upon hearing my intentions.

From my mother, my sisters, Sura and Ursa, Grandma Vivian, Ingrid, and Celia, to Derry, and even Fiona whom I had yet to meet, the thought of informing them that I intended to leave and settle in a new village with fellow volunteers from our village would surely elicit a fierce response.

Chapter 215 A Skyward Journey

I had no doubt that they would employ every means at their disposal to dissuade me from going. And in the event that their efforts failed to halt my resolve, I could envision them hastily packing their belongings, determined to accompany me on this journey.

The man in his sixties scrutinized me with a frown, his voice laced with doubt. "If this is the choice you've settled on, why didn't you choose the first option instead? It seems you have no objections to engaging in kushi with multiple women, as evidenced by your willingness to propose a plan for increasing the numbers of a new village."

His words struck a nerve, and a frown mirrored on my own face. Their options seemed suspiciously geared towards favouring me, contradicting the warnings and caution the Village Chief had shared

with me. "Before I answer, Chief, there's something I need to understand," I interjected, my voice tinged with frustration. I locked eyes with the Village Chief, who narrowed his gaze in response. "Why did you present me with these options after all the warnings and revelations you shared with me?" Confusion clouded my expression, and frank bewilderment coloured my words.

To be honest, I had expected only the second option, but with a multitude of strict restrictions and limitations. Therefore, the mere fact that the Village Chief presented both choices raised my suspicions.

The Village Chief had already cautioned me about the potential dangers of having Kushi with my potent semen. Thus, being presented with these alternatives without additional clarification left my heart unsettled. I was aware that I wouldn't find peace until I uncovered the underlying truth behind it all.

"I will be taking my leave," a sudden sound caught my attention, and I turned my head to witness the old man rising from his wooden seat and making his way towards the exit. The deepening frown on my face matched the gravity of his words. "The child has presented us with an idea far beyond our imagination. Yet, if you all remain hesitant to give it a chance, then I willingly step down from my role as a Caretaker and allow a younger generation to take charge, just as Tor and Bram did."

His gaze shifted towards the woman in her thirties and then to the young woman in her mid-twenties, before retracting his gaze and closing his eyes. A tired sigh escaped his lips, and he wearily shook his head. "I've grown tired of the same old routine we've followed for countless years, Chief," Opening his eyes, he fixed his tired, worn smile upon the Village Chief, a smile that contrasted starkly with the radiant one he had worn before.

"Hrok....." the Village Chief began to utter, attempting to address the old man by his name. However, Hrok shook his head and interrupted, "I am tired, Chief. Very tired. I've been meaning to express this for quite some time, but I couldn't bear to burden someone else as those before us had been burdened."

He released another deep sigh, his worn face revealing the burden of age. "I am tired," he confessed, the weight of the world seems to weigh upon him. "And if you all still refuse to consider the plan the child has devised, then you might as well explain to him personally why you handpicked those two options for him."

"As for me, I have made my decision," the man declared with a firm tone, his voice echoing through the room. "I will be departing and stepping down from my position as a Caretaker. It has become evident to me that my health no longer allows me to tend to the farm as I once could." With

those words, he turned away and proceeded towards the thick curtain that bathed his face in a gentle stream of sunlight. His countenance revealed a blend of serenity and relief as he exited through the door.

The other man in his sixties wore a deep frown, his face contorting even further. Meanwhile, a contemplative silence fell upon the room, and one by one, heads bowed in deep thought. Even the Village Chief, now wearing a scowl, appeared visibly displeased.

Observing the scene unfolding before me, I raised my voice once more, directing my words directly at the Village Chief, saying, "Chief," but before I could finish my sentence, he raised his hand and calmly interrupted, saying, "It's okay."

His sudden composure grabbed my attention, but he quickly redirected his focus towards the four remaining individuals in the room. Two of them clenched their fists tightly, expressing deep emotion, while the other two—the man in his sixties and the woman in her fifties—closed their eyes in deep contemplation.

"I will allow each of you time to consider the young man's proposed plan," the Village Chief declared as he rose from his seat. "I'll also send someone to speak with Hrok, to see if there's any chance of changing his mind or if his decision is final."

He then walked down the crimson carpet, stopping in front of me. "In the meantime, Orion, come with me. I want to show you something," he said, a sigh escaping his lips as he motioned for me to follow. Without counting the number of times he had sighed, I cast a final glance at the room before rising from my seat and trailing behind him, parting the heavy curtains.

However, confusion immediately furrowed my brow. "Huh! Where is he?" I muttered to myself, perplexed by the Chief's sudden disappearance. Yet, in an instant, a thought crossed my mind, causing me to gaze upward. There, I beheld a colossal Green Horned Owl, blocking the sun and casting a mighty shadow upon me. It swooped down swiftly, snatching me up with its massive talons. A deep, resounding scream escaped my mouth as I was carried into the sky, "WWWAAAAIIIIITTT...."

As the Village Chief emitted a piercing screech, we soared over the farm, vanishing into the forest at a speed that defied detection. In mere seconds, we reached the forest's edge, descending into the decimated region consumed by the menacing Vylkr Vines.

Chapter 216 The Truth

Flying relentlessly, the Chief guided us to the river and dove to the opposite bank. The Village Chief showed no signs of stopping, continuing our journey deep into the unfamiliar terrain on the other side of the river.

Frustration and agitation consumed me, causing my body to twitch as I managed to position myself to scream, "What is happening? Where are we going?" With no response coming, my mounting frustration reached its peak, and I screamed once more, "CAN YOU FUCKING TELL ME WHAT IS GOING ON?".

However, the only response that greeted me was a piercing screech that assaulted my ears, causing me to wince in discomfort and take several minutes to regain my composure.

Choosing to remain silent, as there seemed to be no current way to escape from the firm grip of the Village Chief's talon, I contemplated activating my gift to shock him into releasing his hold. Yet, as I glanced down from our current altitude, the idea of plummeting to the ground didn't appear favourable. Even with my enhanced body, landing safely on my feet seemed highly unlikely.

Regardless, we continued our aerial journey for what felt like through the sky for what felt like several minutes. The Village Chief, in his Green Horned Owl form, soared at such a height and speed that it seemed as though we had covered distances that would require hours to cross on foot. His flight was swift and unreachable, leaving no chance for anyone to catch even a fleeting glimpse.

Eventually, our flight came to an abrupt halt. The Village Chief circled a specific area before descending to the ground. As my feet touched the earth, and the firm grip of the Chief's talons released me from his waist, I quickly stepped away, putting distance between us. With a prudent gaze, I glanced back at the Village Chief, who shook his head wearily, a tired sigh escaping his lips.

With a deep breath, I opened my mouth to address the Village Chief directly. Locking my gaze with his, I questioned, "Chief, what is happening? And where exactly have you brought me?" The Village Chief, his eyes fixed upon me, started moving toward me deliberately. "I have brought you here to reveal the truth behind the options presented to you and why the Caretakers, including myself, selected them for you," he replied, his voice firm and unperturbed.

As the Village Chief continued to advance, unaffected by my concerns, I quickly decided to take action. Without hesitation, I activated my gift, causing brilliant waves of blue lightning to crackle and dance along the surface of my arms. The electric tendrils writhed like venomous snakes seeking their prey.

Unsurprisingly, the Village Chief came to an abrupt halt, his indifferent gaze now replaced with a look of approval as he observed my gift. With a nod of his head, he acknowledged my gift and remarked, "With a gift as dangerous as yours, added to your immense potential for inner strength, it's evident that Naka has blessed you beyond imagination."

His gaze locked onto mine once again as he pressed forward, in the face of the flickering arcs of lightning spreading across the ground.

"However, before we go into that, do you recall our discussion about the need to maintain control over the village's growing numbers, ensuring it never exceeds a thousand or falls below five hundred?" The Village Chief's hands rested clasped behind his back, a thoughtful stance that contrasted with his advancing steps towards me.

Aware of his own strength, I instinctively took a step back, recalling the effortless manner in which he had sent warrior Jean hurtling into a tree with a mere flick of his arm. Nevertheless, I nodded in acknowledgement of his question.

"Very well," he replied, a deep sigh escaping his lips as he nodded in return. "That is precisely why I have brought you here -to allow you to witness firsthand the tremendous effort and tireless commitment we pour into ensuring the safety, and prosperity of our village, shielding it from the merciless attack of the Vylkr vines."

As his words hung in the air, I suddenly found my left leg teetering over a gaping hole, prompting me to hastily withdraw it and regain my balance, narrowly avoiding a potentially dangerous fall.

Though I was uncertain about what awaited me, the realization that every crater or hole I encountered so far had been infested with a swarm of Vylkr vines, particularly the one star Vylkr vines variety, sent an involuntary gulp down my throat. The tension thickened in the air, mirroring the whirlwind of thoughts swirling inside my head as I desperately sought an escape from this precarious situation.

Unexpectedly, the Village Chief came to a sudden halt once again, commanding, "Turn around." His authoritative tone compelled me to glance sideways, checking if there was anything lurking behind me.

Yet, as if he had effortlessly perceived my doubts and penetrated the depths of my mind, the Village Chief shook his head and reassured me, "Don't worry. I have no intention of causing you harm. In fact, as the Village Chief, it is in my best interest to protect you." With those words, he proceeded

forward, steadfastly walking until he stood beside me, his gaze fixed ahead. Meanwhile, I faced the opposite direction, my back turned to the path that he was staring at.

"You have asked me a question, and now I present to you your answer. Turn around, Orion," the Village Chief's commanding voice echoed through the stillness, infused with an uncharacteristic touch of constraint as if his emotions had momentarily retreated.

Swallowing hard, acutely aware of the gravity of the moment, I immediately deactivated my gift, after seeing that they merely caused the Village Chief to briefly flinch in discomfort.

Taking a deep breath to steady myself, I mustered the courage to turn around, ready to see....

My mind came to a screeching halt as my gaze fixated on the scene before me. Deep within the abyss of the crater into which I had almost fallen, a multitude of one star Vylkr vines slithered and writhed, their presence expected yet still unnerving. However, it was not the vines that seized my attention, as I had already prepared myself for their presence. What held my gaze captive were the countless small stone figures, eerily resembling infants.

Chapter 217 The Truth (2)

Straining my eyes to discern the details, it became clear that some of these miniature statues were infants who were several days or even a few months old. This realization halted my thoughts until the truth struck me with an unsettling force. "Chief," I uttered, my voice devoid of emotion, as I turned my head to the side, catching sight of the Village Chief struggling to part his lips, as if they were glued shut. Streams of tears poured down his face, his gaze transfixed upon the pit before us.

"To safeguard the village, we devised a strategy to divert the attention of the Vylkr vines towards the surrounding forest, all while diligently managing our numbers," the Village Chief finally spoke, his voice accompanied by yet another floodgate of tears streaming from his second set of eyes.

"However, as lives continued to overflow within the forest and on the farm, we realized it was only a matter of time before history repeated itself. We witnessed a sudden surge in the assaults from the Vylkr vines, their continued attempts to breach the forest's defences and consume everything in their path, just as they had done before and would continue to do so. And so, we made a difficult decision..."

He paused, audibly swallowing a lump in his throat as he fought back the overwhelming emotions. "Chief Rovak, appointed for his merit, resolved not to fall into the same dire predicament as his predecessor. Alongside other key figures who had survived the previous onslaught, they reached a decision: to sacrifice a portion of the forest and alleviate the burden of the available warriors so that they could easily protect the remaining areas without stress. Yet, realizing this alone would not

suffice, they needed a diversion, much like the forest served as a distraction for the village. And thus, beneath the unsuspecting eyes and ears of every villager..."

As the Village Chief's revelation unfolded, a wave of unsettling understanding washed over me, leading me to piece together the final fragments of the puzzle. "You all did the unthinkable decision to use newborn babies as a means to control the population growth and divert the attention of the Vylkr vines," I interjected, my voice carrying a tinge of disbelief in them.

"Yes," the Village Chief confirmed, his tears now streaming down his face, leaving a trail of anguish on the ground beneath him. "Though we tried to search for other alternative options, we knew we needed a viable solution. Thus, whenever a child is born, or a few days or months after their birth, a select few are administered a special herb that temporarily halts their heartbeat, rendering them seemingly lifeless. These infants, along with various plants, fruits, and herbs, are then placed in cages and discarded into this pit for the insatiable hunger of the Vylkr vines to satiate their endless cravings...."

"How many?" I demanded, my voice reverberating through the air with an intensity that matched the raging fire in my eyes. The seconds ticked by, each one amplifying my growing anger as the Village Chief remained silent. "HOW MANY?" I roared, unable to contain my fury any longer.

"When the situation becomes dire, and the Vylkr Vines pose a significant threat to the forest, we send twenty infants, accompanied by an abundance of freshly harvested fruits and plants. However, if the situation is not as urgent, we wait until the number reaches fifty or even a hundred," the Village Chief finally responded, his voice heavy with weariness as he let out a deep sigh, his tears no longer staining the ground below us.

With my mind racing, I opened my mouth to speak, my words heavy with the weight of my realization, "So, those options...".

However, the Village Chief quickly interjected, his voice filled with earnestness. "The options were not solely my suggestions. While I may have considered them during the time I left you at Mrs Shani's hut, I understood that burdening you with such a heavy responsibility at such a young age would only bring more harm than good to both you and the village."

"Yet, the choices were also thought upon and carefully selected by the Caretakers and reached through a collective agreement. As the weight they bear on their shoulders is also the weight I bear on mine, it would be hypocritical of me to oppose their decision now. However, to our surprise, you have gone beyond our expectations, envisioning a future that surpasses our fear of the Vylkr vines -

a future that we can strive to achieve in the years to come once all the necessary conditions are met."

The Village Chief's weary expression softened into a small, appreciative smile. "The choices were ultimately yours, and as always, you have exceeded even our highest hopes."

However, as the Village Chief's words carried on, a realization struck me like a bolt of lightning -I was worried about becoming a breeder for the wrong reasons. And just thinking about what would have happened...

Was enough to prevent my brain from thinking any further!

"I had intended to wait a while longer before revealing this to you," the Village Chief continued, a hint of respect in his voice, "but considering your insatiable curiosity and the various feats that you have always managed to pull off, it wouldn't surprise me if you had already uncovered it before I was prepared to..."

"Chief," I uttered, my lightning surging forth from my arms. At that moment, I realised how effortlessly the Vylkr energy fused with the strange energy coursing through my body, with a newfound harmony between the two.

But before I could fully grasp the implications, the Village Chief shook his head and began to speak. "Orion... I know--".

My attention, however, veered away from his words as my hand clenched into a fist, hurtling toward his face. The crackle of lightning filled the air, and his eyes widened in surprise as my fist hurtled toward his mouth.

My fist collided with his mouth, sending a resounding "BAMMM!" that reverberated through the atmosphere.

Chapter 218 Unexpected Growth

With each fierce blow connecting with the Village Chief's mouth, he staggered further backwards, his balance disrupted by the sudden attack.

But Orion was far from finished. Charging his other arm with lightning, he unleashed another devastating punch, this time aiming for the Chief's nose. The impact was fierce, shattering his nose, and sending shockwaves of pain and confusion through the Village Chief's body.

"BAM!" "BAMM!!" BAMMM!!!"

Again and again, his fists enveloped in torrents of electrifying energy, he advanced towards the staggering Village Chief. Each punch carried a tremendous force, fuelled by his burning rage.

Finally, the Village Chief succumbed to the relentless assault, losing his balance and crashing backwards, with his back facing the ground. Seizing the opportunity, Orion swiftly moved to pin him down, ensuring he could not escape the onslaught. "BAMM!" "BAMMM!" Without hesitation, he continued his relentless barrage of lightning-coated punches, each landing with a deafening boom that resonated outward, mirroring the barrage of emotions raging within Orion himself.

After a few seconds, during which Orion unleashed a torrent of lightning-fast punches, the resounding rain of blows abruptly fell silent as the Village Chief swiftly intercepted Orion's attack, catching his punches with his right hand. "I know, I deserve this..." the Village Chief admitted, his grip tightening around Orion's left arm.

However, before he could say another word, Orion interjected with a swift strike from his other hand, delivering a powerful blow to the Chief's face. "You deserve more!" Orion exclaimed, his voice laced with frustration.

"BAMM!" "BAMMM!"

The relentless punches continued for another five seconds until the Village Chief summoned his strength and swiftly turned around, overpowering Orion and pinning him to the ground. Holding his blood-stained nose, he struggled to recover as he morphed into his giant Green Horned Owl form and took flight into the sky.

However, Orion was not deterred. He immediately rose from the ground, his eyes fixed on the retreating giant owl. Just as he was tempted to give chase, the owl abruptly changed direction, executing a nimble sideways turn. In a split second, it snatched Orion within its powerful talons, preventing him from moving any further. With a powerful thrust, the owl ascended higher and higher, seemingly aiming for the clouds.

Witnessing this, Orion released his constraints on the Vylkr energy coursing through his body. But to his surprise, the Vylkr energy calmly intertwined with the strange energy within him once more, allowing him to think about what would happen if he deactivated his gift and stopped using the strange energy. Meanwhile, he let the Vylkr energy run as rampant as it wished.

However, he had no time to think about the consequences of this option as he swiftly put it into action.

The crackling lightning subsided, retracting back into his arms, but an unexpected phenomenon unfolded. From every pore of his skin, from head to toe, wisps of inky black strands emerged, floating outward from his body, mirroring the same occurrence he had witnessed in Fiona and Warrior Jean.

Not only did Orion notice the blackish strands, but the Village Chief also abruptly halted mid-flight, veering his wings sideways in the opposite direction. His owl-like eyes fixated on his talons, widening with astonishment as they landed upon Orion's body.

Meanwhile, Orion, who instantly felt his body being filled with more strength, quickly activated his gift once again in his transformed state. With a surge of immense power, lightning erupted from his arms, causing the Village Chief's talons to flinch involuntarily, thus releasing Orion from the owl's grasp and sending him hurtling towards the ground.

In a reflexive move, Orion crossed his arms over his face, bracing himself for impact. However, the expected collision never occurred.

Instead, Orion witnessed his flickering lightning, which had extended like countless tendrils through the air, converge beneath him. The lightning coalesced into two enormous bluish constructs resembling hands, seemingly folded in a protective stance, shielding him from harm.

Wide-eyed, Orion marvelled at this extraordinary development. However, with the imminent ground still approaching, a swift thought flashed in his mind. Immediately, he extended his arms toward the earth and watched in surprise as the giant bluish lightning constructs mimicked his movements.

Within moments, a resounding "BOOOMM!!" shook the ground as the surface crumbled and various rock shards scattered, leaving behind an imprint of a colossal palm embedded into the hard soil.

Harnessing the momentum of the devastation he caused, Orion executed a smooth mid-air somersault. Using the two immense lightning constructs as propellers, he soared upward, his feet leading the way with another thunderous "Boooom!" reverberating through the air.

Instantly, Orion soon arrived a short distance away from the dazed Village Chief, still flapping his wings in disbelief at the sight of the wisps of black strands surrounding Orion's body. With a resounding shout, "COME HERE!" Orion's gargantuan lightning constructs latched onto the Village Chief's body, causing him to recoil from the electrifying shock that coursed through him.

"SCREEEECCCH!" The giant owl let out a sharp, ear-piercing scream. Temporarily disoriented and robbed of his ability to fly, the Village Chief plummeted towards the ground before immediately regaining his senses with a forceful gust of wind as he flapped his wings together. He broke free from Orion's lightning constructs as though they were fragile glass. Utilizing his immense sharp talons, he clawed himself away from the grasp of the lightning.

As there was nothing left for him to cling to, Orion plummeted towards the ground once more. His back facing the pit below, he observed the Village Chief struggling to stabilize himself in mid-air, still reeling from the electrical damage inflicted by his gift. With blackish wisps still flowing out from every inch of his body, Orion activated his gift once again, turning around mid-air to face the looming pit below.

Stretching his hands wide open, he watched as his lightning gathered to form the same gigantic constructs that stretched wide, with all five fingers open, as he brought them crashing down upon the pit's surface. "BAAAM! BOOOMM!" The thunderous impact sent a flurry of dust and ash billowing into the air, shrouding Orion's surroundings in a dense smoke screen.

Chapter 219 A Piece Of Advice

Still reeling from the impact, Orion executed another rough mid-air somersault, deftly evading the ashen cloud as he landed harshly on the infertile ground.

Rolling forward on the solid terrain, Orion continued until he had escaped beyond the reach of the obscuring haze. Then, his momentum came to an abrupt halt as his gift deactivated instantaneously, accompanied by the dissipation of the blackish wisps that had materialized from his use of Vylkr energy alone.

Soon after, a colossal shadow was cast over his line of sight, and Orion instantly recognized to whom it belonged. Observing the colossal Green Horned Owl morph back into the form of the Village Chief, he braced himself for what was to come. Without wasting a single moment, the Chief thrust his fist forward, connecting with Orion's face. The impact caused him to blink into darkness and succumb to unconsciousness.

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The moment I regained consciousness, the memory of the Village Chief's fierce punch to my face flooded my mind, jolting me back into reality. The pain surged through my body, and a wave of agony and frustration seized me.

Every detail of the intense encounter swiftly slammed into my head without warning. "Arrgghhh!" I yelled my only outlet for the searing pain, feeling it gradually ebb away as a firm grip tightened around my waist.

The rush of wind brushing against my ears soon grew distinct, accompanied by a piercing screech that strained my senses. Struggling to focus my eyes, I gazed upwards and to the sides, gradually discerning the Village Chief's talons firmly clasped around my waist, along with the disconcerting realization that we were descending towards the ground.

Gently setting me down on the soil infested with Vylkr vines, the Village Chief proceeded to tear through the entangled one-star Vylkr vines surrounding us, using his wings to slice through the tougher two-star Vylkr vines. And within a minute, all that remained were scattered, lifeless tendrils of Vylkr vines. Finally, I was able to sit upright and regain my composure.

As the winds whipped around me, the Village Chief's gigantic Green Horned Owl form transformed back into his human shape. He looked at me intently and posed a perplexing question, "How did you do it?" Initially bewildered, I didn't understand what he was referring to until he clarified, "How are you able to harness Vylkr energy in such a way when you haven't even reached your full potential?" It was then that I understood his question.

To be honest, I was at a loss for words as I realized that I didn't have a clear answer. The unexpected harmony I had experienced between the strange energy and the Vylkr energy had caught me off guard.

At that moment, I hadn't dwelled too much on the strange harmony, but now, with the opportunity to reflect, I allowed the Vylkr energy to surge through my body once again.

Immediately, I felt my muscles tense and twitch, yet the movement appeared less violent than I had grown accustomed to, inviting a sense of familiarity.

"If you value your life and your body, it is important that you refrain from solely using the Vylkr energy. Such a form can only be harnessed and accessed as desired when you have reached your full potential. However, in your current state, the Vylkr energy will wreak havoc throughout your body, as it remains underdeveloped and ill-prepared to handle its might," he cautioned, shaking his head, with weariness and resignation colouring his voice.

"As I've mentioned before, Orion, the constant surprises you constantly display are enough for me to understand what kind of warrior you would grow into," he added. Although his words reached me loud and clear, a wave of discomfort washed over me as my muscles and joints began to gnaw and pinch, aching sensations radiating through my upper body, making me regret my decision to rely solely on the Vylkr energy in the first place.

"Nevertheless, it appears that you have made further discoveries about the capabilities of your gift, and that is certainly a positive development," he nodded with an approving smile.

"Now, let us return to the farm for you to recover, as it would be impossible to make our way back to the village in our current condition," he stated before transforming once again into his Green Horned Owl form. With great care, he scooped me up in his powerful talons, and though I was hesitant, I positioned myself as comfortably as I could. As he ascended high into the sky, his colossal wings beating powerfully, we soared through the sky, our destination set for the farm.

After a few minutes of soaring through the sky, we descended towards the farm. Instead of landing near Mrs Shani's hut or the bustling area where Aunt Greta and the other women resided, the Village Chief guided me deeper into the farm, following a path that led towards a towering tree.

It was the same tree I had glimpsed during our previous aerial journey, its grandeur now even more recognizable. With silent wings, we traversed the farm undetected, save for the colossal shadow cast beneath us. Finally, we reached the magnificent tree, whose height seemed to rival that of the entire forest. The Village Chief gently placed me on the ground, and with a seamless transformation, he returned to his human form once again.

Looking around, I marvelled at the serene beauty of the surroundings. The area was adorned with lush green grass, while two large huts stood proudly in the distance. On the other end, a small round lake glistened, its tranquil waters reflecting the vibrant hues of the surrounding vegetation. Towering trees and thick foliage enveloped the entire scene, creating an enchanting atmosphere.

However, my gaze was irresistibly drawn to the main attraction -a colossal tree that stood remarkably tall, easily surpassing a hundred meters in height. As I glanced further, I noticed the farm's massive wooden fences at a distance away from the towering tree itself, making it clear to me just how imposing and substantial the protective barriers around the farm were.

Meanwhile, the towering trees that surrounded the area, reaching nearly a hundred meters in height, emphasized the seclusion and hidden nature of this remote location nestled deep within the farm.

Chapter 220 At The End Of The Farm

Suddenly, a radiant glow captured my attention. My eyes widened as I witnessed the appearance of a stunning, tall, slender tree nymph. Her upper body shimmered with a bright green hue, along with her long flowing hair, while her lower half exuded a gorgeous golden glow.

She wore a short, beautiful mini dress woven from thin deep green vines, which revealed captivating glimpses of her figure. It seemed as if the dress barely covered her, with several eye-sized hole gaps allowing me to catch glimpses of her nipples and flower peeking provocatively through the gaps of thread-like vines fabric.

With elegance, she emerged from her tree and approached the Village Chief, with her modest golden buttocks also pressing and peeking out of the various eye-sized hole of her dress.

"Village Chief Brane, I wasn't expecting your visit today..." the tree nymph said before her eyes widened in disbelief. "Oh my, how did you sustain those injuries?"

'Brane,' I silently repeated to myself, finally learning the Village Chief's name. Looking at the tree nymph, I observed the interaction between her and the Village Chief. The tree nymph halted in front of him, extending her hands toward his face as if she intended to adjust something. However, the Village Chief instinctively flinched and averted his head, causing her to retract her hand abruptly.

During their sudden movements, at that moment, the tree nymph's gaze met mine, and her eyes widened as she took in my presence. Without hesitation, she left the Village Chief's side and approached me. Once she reached my location, she squatted down and reached out her slender, verdant hand towards my swollen lips, gently touching them.

Then, she turned her head to glance at the Village Chief, her narrowed eyes filled with suspicion. She alternated her gaze between me and the Village Chief, who now weariedly shook his head, his posture slumping low as he let out several tired repeated sighs.

The nymph furrowed her brow, her expression displaying concern and consternation. "Don't tell me that you two fought?" she uttered, her voice tinged with a frown as she turned her attention back to me. Her fingers gently traced over any injuries that I might have sustained from the rough impact with landing and rolling on the ground.

"It was an accident," the Village Chief finally spoke, his voice carrying a hint of guilt. "I revealed to the boy the harsh reality of how we've been managing our numbers, and understandably, he became angry. However, it seems he has calmed down now. But, since we can't return to the village or seek treatment from the village healer looking like this without raising suspicions, we came here to get

healed so that we can return without causing any trouble." His gaze locked with mine as he finished his explanation.

Yet, despite his words, my gaze involuntarily shifted away from his, my eyes drifting elsewhere. Letting out a silent sigh, I realized that I might have overreacted given the circumstances. After all, he and the others bore the weight of leadership in the Village and were burdened with difficult decisions that they had to make.

And besides, I couldn't entirely blame them, as back on Earth, there were also leaders who resorted to questionable actions behind the scenes to maintain societal order.

And for one, though I felt a combination of sympathy and apprehension at what I had just witnessed, I couldn't help but feel a strange sense of relief that they possessed the courage to take action. The mere thought of what could have happened if they had succumbed to despair and resigned themselves to their fate, resulting in the destruction of this Village, or worse, imagining myself as one of those children being sacrificed to the merciless grasp of the Vylkr vines, sent shivers down my spine.

It made me question whether my transmigration into this world would have been successful at all.

In short, I was feeling a bit conflicted about the whole situation.

Suddenly, the tree nymph's eyes widened in surprise, a glimmer of comprehension shining in her gaze. "Ah," she exclaimed, nodding her head in understanding. "I see." Her gaze lingered on me for a moment, assessing my state, before she turned her attention to the Village Chief. Curiosity dripped from her voice as she asked, "Chief, don't tell me you had a reason for revealing the truth to him. Considering all of you, it seems unwise to show something like that to a young man like this."

The tree nymph, no longer squatting, knelt on the lush grass and motioned for me to lie down, a gentle smile playing on her lips. Without a word, I nodded in understanding and carefully positioned myself on the ground, my back resting against the smooth softness of the grass.

"There is a reason..." the Village Chief began, settling himself on the ground as he noticed me lying down. With a deep breath, he proceeded to divulge every detail of what had happened, from the unexpected pregnancies of women past their fertile years to the desperate measures I had suggested to preserve the village's numbers.

As the Village Chief spoke, the tree nymph's demeanour grew increasingly serious. She listened attentively while extending her right palm, gently guiding it from my head to my toes. Initially perplexed by her actions, I soon realized their purpose as I turned to the side and caught a glimpse of several thin vines emerging from the earth beneath the grass. These vines adhered to my body, slithering and intertwining as they ascended.

Within moments, an abundance of these vines, ranging from thin tendrils to more substantial ones, sprouted from the soil, enveloping my entire form, leaving only my eyes, nose, and mouth exposed. The centre of my face remained uncovered, serving as the only visible part amidst the leafy embrace.

After a while, I noticed how her hands emanated a rich, radiant yellowish glow as she moved them across my body, from head to toe. The radiance intensified as her touch reached my forehead, and before I could fully comprehend what was happening, the vines that encircled me also began to emit a deep, captivating yellow glow. Shielding my eyes from the blinding light, I closed them momentarily, ensuring that I wouldn't be overwhelmed by it.