

Village Head 221

Chapter 221 The Tree Nymphs' Overseer

After a few minutes, the voice of the tree nymph broke the silence, assuring, "It's okay, you can open your eyes now and stand up."

As I cautiously opened my eyes, I beheld the sight of her having completed whatever she had set out to do. Steadily rising to my feet, I watched as the vines retracted back into the earth. A deep soothing sense of calmness soon enveloped my entire body, accompanied by the disappearance of the scratches that had previously marked my arms and legs, making it clear to me what had transpired.

As such, I acknowledged the kneeling tree nymph before me, offering a grateful nod and expressing my gratitude by saying, "Thank you."

She shook her head and responded with a hint of weariness, "No problem. Besides, with the plan you've devised, many burdens weighing on my shoulders will also be lifted." A smile played across her face as she rose to her feet and made her way towards the seated Village Chief. "Your turn, Chief."

"It's merely a minor scratch," the Village Chief reassured us, his voice filled with resilience. "I just need to soak in the pool, and I'm confident I'll be alright."

"Hmph!" The Tree nymph scoffed, lowering herself to the ground beside the Village Chief. With a motioning gesture, she beckoned him to lie down on his back, firmly stating, "You should know by now that I don't do half-measures. It's either a complete healing or my abilities won't work."

Resigned, the Village Chief nodded and reclined on the ground, preparing to undergo the same treatment I had just experienced. As the tree nymph worked her healing magic on him, a frown creased my brow as her earlier words resonated in my mind. Unable to hold myself back, I blurted out, "What did you mean by 'burdens weighing on your shoulders'?"

She snapped her head towards me and directed her gaze at the two massive huts in the distance, wearing a warm yet weary smile, "Since the Village Chief has already revealed everything to you, why don't you go there and see for yourself?" As she finished speaking, the Village Chief let out another audible sigh, for the umpteenth time, clearly worn out, and closed his eyes, allowing the healing process to continue.

With a sense of apprehension weighing on my heart, I turned my attention to the two huts for a moment before mustering the courage to approach them. Each step felt heavier than the last as I made my way closer, unaffected even when the tree nymph cautioned me, "The ones on the left are asleep, so please don't disturb them."

I pressed on until I stood in front of the wooden door of the first hut, the one on the right, and gently pushed it open. The door let out a creak, revealing a sight that widened my eyes in shock -a room filled with several newborn babies nestled upon beds made of the same vibrant green vines that had once enveloped me.

As I entered the hut, my eyes were immediately drawn to the sight of countless green vines clinging to the walls, adorned with lush leaves, creating a mesmerizing indoor garden that defied conventional expectations. Surprisingly, the floor remained untouched, covered by the same grassy scenery as the outside. With cautious steps, I ventured further into the hut, my gaze fixated on each peacefully sleeping infant.

Fortunately for me, the serene and comforting encounter I had with the vines just moments ago prevented my mind from spiralling into a completely different train of thought at this very moment.

With my eyes scanning the room filled with baby boys and girls, I reached the far end before I knew it.

Counting over sixty, or perhaps even fifty babies, my heart swelled with concern as I silently retraced my steps back to the doorway. However, before leaving, I couldn't resist taking one last glance at the children. Suddenly, the tree nymph's voice resonated near my ears, startling me and causing a brief jolt of dread. After regaining my composure, I turned to see her standing there.

"Don't worry," she reassured me, "they are as healthy as they appear."

"Come on," she continued, turning around and gesturing for me to follow, her fingers guiding the way through the air. "Before you leave, you need to cleanse your body to ensure the complete healing process. Although it's not something I typically offer, considering you came with the Village Chief and the circumstances he explained, I'll make an exception and allow you to swim in my pool just this once."

Casting one last glance at the closed door, I gently shut it and then proceeded to follow the tree nymph. However, instead of responding directly to her, I couldn't help but ask, "Now that it's clear we won't be using the babies as a distraction anymore, what will happen to them?"

In a sudden motion, the tree nymph turned her head towards me and responded, "I don't know." Before fully facing me, she continued, "As the current oldest Tree nymph on the farm, my role is to assist the warriors in protecting the farm and oversee certain aspects of its operations."

Her gaze shifted towards the huts, and she added, "Taking care of the little ones until they're carried away, to the other side of the river, is just one of the tasks I assist the village with. It benefits all of us, and I can handle it without any issues." She then refocused her attention on me and asked, "But since you've posed that question, I assume you already have an idea of what to do with them, right?".

Nodding in agreement, I proceeded to explain how the growth of each child would be advantageous in fostering the development of the new settlement. Instead of diminishing our numbers, allowing them to grow and dividing ourselves once our numbers reached a certain limit would prove more beneficial.

"Then again," I suggested, "we can simply reunite them with their parents."

Chapter 222 The Oldest Tree Nymph, Anara

"We can't," the Village Chief's voice resonated loudly from a distance as I watched him emerge from the pool of thick liquid that resembled water, flowing down his skin as he stepped out. "Unless you possess the gift to turn back time and present your plan to us several months or years ago, returning the children to their families now would be catastrophic, especially after they were declared dead."

Internally acknowledging the Village Chief's words, I opened my mouth to speak, but before any words could escape, the tree nymph beside me abruptly raised her hand, signalling me to stop. Her narrowed eyes darted between the Village Chief and me, as if contemplating her options. Eventually, she settled her gaze on the Village Chief and uttered, "Chief, I believe you can make your way back to the village on your own. Once the young one has calmed down and is ready to return, I will ensure his safe journey back."

My eyes averted as I noticed that the Village Chief stood naked, granting him much-needed privacy. However, I listened intently as he responded, "Very well. I will leave him in your care then."

With that, I turned my head to witness him adjusting his tulga just in time for him to morph into his giant Green Horned Owl form. With a powerful beat of his wings, he took off, soaring into the wind, and vanishing in the direction of the village.

As the Village Chief disappeared from my line of sight, I let out an exasperated sigh and refocused my attention on the tree nymph.

"You see, the Village Chief and the others did what was necessary to protect the village," the tree nymph remarked.

"I know," I replied, nodding in agreement.

The tree nymph pressed on, her voice filled with concern, "As a warrior, you will eventually be part of a team or a group. And, I sincerely hope that you never find yourself in a situation where you have to make the same difficult decision as the Village Chief and the others -to sacrifice the life of one for the sake of many."

As she continued to speak, seemingly doubting if I had truly calmed down, I quickly interjected, "I understand their actions and the reasons behind them." I exhaled deeply, stretching my body and arms. "It's just that being confronted with all those revelations and bombarded with that information so suddenly, it was only natural for me to react the way I did," I admitted, sighing.

Furthermore, considering the plan that I have devised, it means I will be responsible for the welfare of the village, even if it's on a smaller scale.

This also means that I will inevitably encounter challenging situations where I will have to make decisions that could greatly impact the lives of others, whether they approve or not.

Even if it is a tall order for someone like me, adapting will be the only option I have if I want to continue enjoying the benefits of this world. But hopefully, I won't have to make a decision like that too soon.

Upon hearing my words, the tree nymph's face lit up with a radiant smile. "So, where were we?" she exclaimed, her enthusiasm infectious. "Oh, that's right! You still need to immerse yourself in my pool to finalize the healing process."

Nodding my head in understanding, I made my way toward the small shimmering lake, setting aside my tulga nearby. As I dipped my foot into the liquid, a sudden wave of coldness rushed through my body, causing me to jerk back instinctively. Glancing at the tree nymph, who wore an amused smile, I couldn't help but ask with apprehension, "What's in this lake?" Considering the unusual texture and the unexpected sensation, I couldn't help but wonder if something had been added to the lake or if it was something entirely different from water.

"This lake contains a unique substance that has been accumulated over millennia from the flowers of myself and the previous overseers, who were the oldest tree nymphs of their time," she explained, her expression alternating between seriousness and amusement. Once she was done speaking, my eyes widened in realization, and I couldn't help but feel astonished.

If what she said was true, then I was about to bathe in the vagina juices extracted from the flowers of several tree nymphs. However, before I proceeded to immerse myself in it, I felt compelled to ask, "By the way, you still haven't told me your name."

The tree nymph knelt down beside the lake, her gaze focused on me as she spoke. "Child, my name is Anara," she introduced herself, then asked, "And what's yours? I believe the Village Chief may have forgotten to introduce us to each other?"

Despite being addressed as a child, my mind was no longer burdened by the intrusive thoughts from hours ago, allowing me to appreciate the stunning sight of Anara's nipples protruding through her net-like dress. "My name is Orion," I responded, feeling a surge of blood rushing through my body, causing my once-limp penis to quickly become erect.

"Alright, Orion," she said jovially, "just go ahead and take a dive, that is, of course, unless you don't want to fall sick a few days later," with her hand reaching towards my hair to ruffle it up before she retracted it.

"Alright," I responded. Before I thought silently, 'If immersing myself in some ancestral pussy juice can calm down my mind and bring me some rest, why not give it a try?'

With that thought in mind, I gently dipped my foot into the thick liquid, enduring the biting cold that caused my teeth to chatter. Emboldened, I submerged my other foot, preparing myself for the impending icy shiver that would shoot up my spine, and without hesitation, I fully submerged myself in the depths of the lake.

After I had quickly dived in, I swiftly realized that I had underestimated its viscosity. The dense liquid clung to my skin, making it difficult to breathe. But, surprisingly, despite the lack of air, I felt my body filled and nourished, as if there was no deficiency.

Chapter 223 Ancestral Essence

And strangely, instead of floating to the surface as one would expect, I found myself sinking towards the bottom of the lake, thereby defying logic.

And added to the fact that I had no experience in swimming, a crucial piece of information which I may have temporarily forgotten due to my current circumstances, made it difficult for me to swim back to the surface.

Fortunately, a beacon of bright yellowish light penetrated through the dense liquid, guiding my gaze upwards. And before I knew it, several vines emerged from beneath the lake's floor and entwined around my body, effortlessly lifting me towards the surface.

As soon as I resurfaced, I clung to the land, pressing my palms firmly against its surface to keep myself afloat. Despite the absence of any perceived need for air, as the lake had provided me with an ample supply of one, as if I had never been deprived of it, I exhaled loudly, relieved to be back on solid ground.

"Don't worry, It's a common experience during the first time," Anara reassured me, her voice breaking the silence. I turned my head to face her, charmed by her ever-amused expression.

My attention then shifted downwards, drawn to her slender, exquisite legs that were now fully revealed as she squatted down. At that moment, all nonsensical thoughts dissipated from my mind, allowing me to focus on what truly mattered.

But, suddenly, a peculiar sensation washed over me, as if the water has transformed from a chilling cold to a soothing warmth, caressing my body and alleviating any traces of frostbite. Choosing to let go once more, I observed with surprise that I could now float effortlessly in the dense water.

Anara, observing my actions, asked, "How do you feel now?".

I responded, "It's refreshing," feeling an enjoyable sensation coursing through my body.

As my gaze remained fixed on her, I watched her dip her feet into the liquid before settling on the soft grass at the edge of the lake. "Well, I can't keep you here for too long, or the Village Chief

might suspect that I didn't fulfil my promise of returning you to the village before the end of the day."

Seeing the seriousness etched on her face, I grasped the earnestness behind her words. Nevertheless, I couldn't deny that my current state of mind urged me to stay here a little longer, postponing whatever awaited me beyond the serene confines of this place.

Observing Anara as she leisurely played with her legs in the water, patiently waiting for me to conclude my time in the lake, a sudden thought ignited within me, compelling me to propel myself towards her with a gentle combination of arm and leg strokes.

Reaching her position, Anara tilted her head, meeting my gaze, and asked, "Are you done?" Shaking my head, I replied, "No, I'm simply curious about how you guys managed to fill this lake with just your flowers," feigning a touch of interest in my voice, even though a genuine spark of curiosity still lingered within me.

Anara provocatively parted her legs in front of me, and my eyes were drawn to the sight of her mini net dress tightening around her slender, perky thighs as they peeked through the dress's openings. I watched with genuine interest as she delicately touched her flower, her gaze never leaving mine.

In response to my question, she began to explain, her voice laced with a hint of wisdom.

"Well," she said, "In order to ensure that this lake remains filled for the benefit of the farm and doesn't run dry, we Tree nymphs have to focus on maintaining a steady release of our essence. And, as the current oldest Tree nymph, it's my responsibility to make sure my flower releases several times a week to keep the lake replenished."

Realizing that she had to contribute to this lake's maintenance several times a week, to keep it at a specific level, I didn't dwell on asking her why only the oldest tree nymph was responsible for such a task. Instead, as my curiosity heightened I couldn't help but ask, "Can you show me how you release it from your flower?" now that I had the chance to.

Anara shook her head, an amused smile playing on her lips, "When the Village Chief mentioned your insatiable curiosity, I thought he might be exaggerating," she sighed wearily. Placing her hand in the eye-sized holes near her buttocks, she dragged it up, and unsurprisingly, her net dress came alive, unravelling thread by thread from her inner thighs until she could freely widen her legs.

The dress stopped just above her flower, exposing her lower stomach. "But since you've made such a tremendous contribution to the village with your idea, I suppose I can satisfy your curiosity this one time," she said, extending her hand toward me and beckoning me to come closer with her finger. "Come closer, so you can have a better look. I won't be repeating this, though."

I didn't need to be told twice. I immediately positioned myself at the gap between Anara's open legs, near her knees, and eagerly watched as she cautioned, "It may take a little time for the release to occur, so please be patient, okay?"

I nodded with understanding, "Don't worry," assuring Anara, "I'm ready to witness the full process of how you fill up the lake." Anara's smile widened as she glanced down at her flower, her eyes filled with amusement and confidence. She extended her right hand toward her flower, delicately pinching it between her thumb and index finger.

With gentle movements, she began to move her fingers upward, as if she were gently straightening the petals.

Suddenly, her left hand joined the movement, reaching forward to hold the tip of her flower. My expectations grew, as Anara's right hand, with its nimble fingers, glided sensually against the back of her flower. Each movement seemed smooth as if she were coaxing something precious from within it.

Chapter 224 Ancestral Essence (2)(R18)

As she closed her eyes and trembled slightly, I could discern the electrifying sensations coursing through her body. It was a sight I had noticed before with Dariya, and it only heightened my expectations. And as Anara's fingers increased the intensity of their touch, I couldn't help but feel captivated by the scene as she bit her lips firmly and continued to stroke the back of her flower gently.

Suddenly, feeling a surge of arousal coursing through my own veins, my hands instinctively gravitated towards my throbbing penis. I couldn't resist the temptation any longer; my fingers wrapped around it, and I began to stroke, mirroring the rhythm and intensity of Anara's movements, while I was still submerged in the lake.

Anara soon retracted her hand from her flower and placed it behind her on the soil, using it as leverage to raise her waist slightly off the ground, her flower still directed towards the lake. With her fingers, she rubbed and pinched the back of her flower, incorporating a gentle back-and-forth rocking motion as if her waist was sitting on a swing.

Truthfully, from my vantage point below, the sight alone of Anara pleasuring and getting herself off, stretched my desires to a certain limit. And, as I began to indulge in some vivid and intense sensory imageries, my imagination ran wild, prompting me to increase the intensity of my strokes on my erect penis without hesitation.

Nonetheless, what made these all the more enticing was that Anara was surely oblivious to the explicit nature of her actions. She continued to stimulate her flower, rocking her waist back and forth, completely absorbed in the moment of release so that she can showcase to me 'how she fills up the lake with her ancestral juices.

After several minutes of waiting and enjoying the sensual scene, I finally witnessed a thick liquid substance emerging from Anara's golden-coloured fleshy floral vagina. It flowed steadily, teasingly, as if reluctant to leave its source.

But then, within seconds, it flowed out, dripping into the lake with a force that exceeded what I had witnessed with Dariya.

With pleasure painted all over her face, and her vibrating body, Anara's expression transformed, as she uttered a sultry, "Ahhh~," indicating the heightened delight she experienced as her cum sprayed out, resembling a beautiful waterfall pouring into the lake.

After her intense release into the lake, Anara opened her eyes and returned to her usual seated position. "Haaa....." She breathed out tiredly, gazing down at the lake and observing the meagre amount of liquid she had produced. A hint of disappointment crossed her face as she remarked, "I knew I wouldn't release much, given my exhaustion, but this is too little." She sighed and began to close her legs.

Sensing her intention, I quickly withdrew my hands from my throbbing member and firmly grasped both of her knees, preventing her from closing them.

"What are you doing?" Anara questioned, her eyebrow raised in surprise as she scrutinized my unexpected behaviour. "Don't tell me you aren't satisfied?"

Expecting her reproach, I quickly interjected, "Actually, I think I might be able to help you increase the volume of your release."

Her eyebrows shot up even higher, scepticism evident in her expression. "Are you sure?" she asked, a hint of doubt lingering in her voice.

I nodded my hand enthusiastically, "Absolutely."

But instead, she let out a long, deep exhale, her fingers reached out towards me, causing her saucy bare buttocks to shift slightly. She ran her hand through my hair and spoke, "Don't worry about it. Although I find it surprising that you're concerned enough to offer your assistance..." She quickly retracted her hand, shaking her head with a weary sigh. "...unfortunately, this is something only I can do. Now start preparing as I have to take you back to the village."

Observing her legs retracting from the lake and watching her rise to her feet, adjusting her net dress to cover back her buttocks and inner thighs, I couldn't help but also feign my response, "It's a shame. I thought I could assist you in releasing your essence, just as I had helped Dariya with hers. But it seems yours is different, so my approach wouldn't work."

Suddenly, she halted her steps and pivoted to face me, her eyes narrowing as she locked her gaze onto mine. "Dariya let you touch her flower?" she asked, a frown etching across her face as she scrutinized me suspiciously.

Feigning a look of surprise, I acted as though my words had slipped out unintentionally, quickly clasping my hand over my mouth. Anara's gaze intensified as she continued to approach, eventually reaching the edge of the lake. She then squatted down, granting me another glimpse of her slender, seductive legs.

Extending her hand toward me, she gently grasped my chin with a sceptical expression. "Child, tell me, did Dariya give you permission to touch her flower?"

No longer concealing my expression, I met her gaze with sincerity. "Yes, I asked for her permission, and though she was hesitant at first, she eventually agreed, and it turned out well," I explained. Knowing that Tree nymphs were more acquainted with each other than us villagers, I didn't have to speculate on how Anara knew about Dariya, especially considering her title.

Anara withdrew her hand abruptly, her eyes widening with surprise. She scrutinized me intently, her curiosity evident. "How did you and Dariya cross paths?" she asked. "She oversees the eastern side of the forest and rarely associates with even other tree nymphs due to her perceived lack of attractiveness. So, for her to allow you to touch her flower, something must have transpired between you two, right?"

I nodded in response before carefully selecting some of the events that had transpired between Dariya and me, ensuring to keep our most intense and personal moments concealed. In short, I chose one particular event and elaborated on it to the fullest extent.

Once I finished recounting the story, Anara's expression became even more inquisitive than before. She squatted down in front of me, pulling up her net dress as she had done previously. I watched as the vines sprang to life, allowing her legs to move freely.

Chapter 225 Ancestral Essence (3)(R18)

She then opened her legs in front of me and said, "Alright then." She gently pinched her folded flower and traced its edge upward, continuing, "I will allow you to touch my flower and see how well you can increase the volume of my release." Withdrawing her hands, she placed them on the ground behind her, reclining her body slightly, fully exposing her golden-coloured legs and private part to me.

"But be careful," she added suddenly, her voice laced with caution, "the sensitivity of Tree nymphs can vary, so you'll have to be even more gentle with my flower."

I nodded, my face reflecting a serious and understanding demeanour as I positioned myself beneath her legs on solid ground. Gazing up at her flower, adorned in its glistening golden hue, its fleshy hole mirroring the same captivating colour, I acted without further ado.

Raising both of my hands, I pinched the edge of her flower upward with one hand while using the other to gently guide it downward. Glancing upward, I met her scrunched-up face, her frown fueling a strange sense of satisfaction within me. With my fingertips grazing the lower end of the back of her flower, where it had enticingly protruded from, I couldn't deny the feels that ran through my fingers.

Anara attempted to utter a word, "Take it e..." but my hand swiftly accelerated, eliciting a moan from her lips, "Ahh~~," as she gradually lowered her back onto the ground, supported by her elbows. With her eyes no longer fixed on my every move, I leaned forward, bringing my head closer, and teasingly nibbled on the tender tip of her flower with my lips.

Despite the temptation to use my newly developed tongue skills, I knew it would be in vain since her sensitivity lay solely in the depths of her flower. With that in mind, I gently cupped both sides of her tender blossom in the palms of my hands. Leaning in closer, I positioned my head over her flower, ensuring that my tongue could reach the sensitive backside before tackling deeper to explore its lower end.

And as my saliva mingled with my touch, a surge of amplified pleasure rushed through her, causing her body to shiver and tremble, vibrating with pleasure, "Haaaa~~~" she uttered. It was obvious that the combination of my gentle caress and saliva had intensified her experience in ways she couldn't resist.

Regardless, as my wet tongue slithered seductively around the depths of the flower, I couldn't resist the urge to gently insert two of my thumbs at the tapered end of the fleshy flowery pussy, carefully widening its lips, sensing that she was on the brink of cumming.

And just as I had predicted, the moment her hands could no longer support her body, her body softly slammed back onto the ground, leaving her two folded legs still in the same position. They immediately clamped down on my face as I felt her fleshy golden flower hole begin to spasm and twitch involuntarily, indicating what was about to happen.

Nevertheless, although I could feel that Anara's tightly clasped legs around my head had loosened slightly, I didn't entertain the thought of letting go or releasing her slender thighs from my head, especially as her essence started to trickle down onto my lips and eventually flowed into the lake.

Because, I mean, if Dariya, who was presumed to be younger than Anara, could calm the Vylkr energy in my body with her essence -a thought that had been swirling in my mind ever since the Village Chief brought me back to the farm, as it was the only peculiar thing I had experienced before today -then the mere uncertainty of the wonders Anara's juices, with her unique qualities as the oldest tree nymph she claimed to be, would work in my body, was enough to make me gulp down my saliva in anticipation.

With a gentle touch, I placed my tongue on the lower end of her floral vagina lips, eagerly allowing her flower's sweet juices to trickle into my mouth, much like a stream flowing from a loosely leaking tap. The liquid glided down my throat and settled in my stomach, heightening my anticipation as I pondered the effects of her essence and the potential differences it held compared to Dariya's.

And even though I had other ways to validate those thoughts, as I found myself immersed in the vast lineage of ancestral tree nymphs' sacred juices, why would I opt for anything other than the source right in front of me?

Anara trembled and vibrated with such enticing intensity that I couldn't resist showering her floral vagina lips with passionate kisses before indulging in the essence that came out straight from her sacred hole.

The moment I finished and her juices ceased flowing, Anara's grip on my head loosened, allowing her body to arch upward. "AHHH~~~," she exclaimed. Suddenly, a final stream of her satisfying juices sprayed over my head, anointing my face with them.

Exhausted, her body stretched backwards, and her legs, once bent beneath her, now dangled freely in the serene dense waters of the lake. "Haaa~~ Haaa~~~ Haaa~~" She breathed heavily, audibly attempting to regain her composure after the overwhelming intensity of her climax.

I patiently awaited her recovery, observing as she gradually regained her composure and sat upright. "You..." she uttered, her eyes betraying a hint of tremor, as she swiftly shook her head and directed a serious gaze towards me. Her gaze travelled from my glistening face, adorned with remnants of her release, to the traces of her essence lingering on my lips. She massaged her temple with a hand, contemplating her next words.

"I can hardly believe you chose to swallow all the essence I released," she said, releasing a weary sigh. "However, I must admit, this was one of the most prolonged and intense releases I have ever experienced. So, it seems you weren't lying."

"But if you were to let those essence be poured into the lake, then I wouldn't have to worry about releasing more into the lake for the next two days," Anara remarked, her voice carrying a hint of resignation. She rested her palms on the grass on either side of her body, shaking her head once more with an air of defeat.

Chapter 226 The Sacred Lake (R18)

Yes, it was evident that Anara usually went through some significant amount of struggles just to find release, as she had vividly demonstrated to me. However, in a moment like this, I couldn't resist the urge to play along and feign a gasp of pain, "AHH!" My hands swiftly plunged into the water, cradling my member as if I were experiencing a sharp ache.

As expected, Anara noticed my abrupt movements and observed the pained expression etched on my face. She voiced her concern with a loud exclamation, "Orion, what's wrong?" Deciding to maintain the charade, I replied, "My penis... my penis is too hard. I need a hole..... I need kushi....." After all, since the possibility of impregnating Tree nymphs seemed non-existent, I saw no reason not to indulge in the fantasy of my rigid penis rampaging into Anara's pleasing golden flower.

Meanwhile, a sense of apprehension flickered in Anara's eyes, and she wasted no time leaping into the pool, quickly swimming toward me. Her voice laced with concern, she called out, "Orion... are you okay?".

However, understanding that I couldn't abruptly abandon my charade, I made an effort to appear composed as she grasped my shoulders, while my hands continued to tenderly hold onto my veiny, erect member. With a pained expression, I gritted my teeth and confessed, "My penis feels too hard."

"Have you ever experienced such a situation before?" Anara asked urgently, her voice filled with genuine concern amid my facade of agony.

Reacting quickly, I nodded my head fervently. "Yes," I responded, wincing in fake pain, "there was this one time... ahhhh!" A sudden, involuntary yelp escaped my lips, boosting the illusion.

Understanding my plight, Anara nodded empathetically and extended both her hands towards my throbbing, scorching member. She rapidly intercepted my hands, which were engaged in an attempt to alleviate the stiffness, and began to stroke it gently. "So, how did you resolve it?" she inquired with a touch of calmness in her voice, though her concerned expression conveyed her earnestness to tackle the situation head-on.

"Kushi..." I replied, momentarily scrunching my body in pain before continuing, "It subsided after I penetrated a vagina." I added, exhaling tiredly as if my entire being was engulfed by the torment.

I observed as a distressed expression clouded Anara's expression, followed by a fleeting moment of contemplation. Her gaze then met mine with a willingness that sparked a glimmer of hope within me. "It might take some time to return you to the village, and since the situation appears too overwhelming for you to endure, why don't I lend you a hand?" she suggested.

"How do you believe... that you can assist me?" I expressed, struggling to maintain a convincing facade while secretly revelling in the soothing yet wilful strokes of Anara's palm on my erect penis.

Anara let out a deep sigh. "Though it may not be identical to that of a human woman," she replied, "my flower's hole can replicate the sensation and provide a similar experience... I think."

"Alright... mmmm..... anything.... anything is worth trying at this moment," I responded. Anara nodded intently, her face filled with earnest decisiveness, as she placed her right hand on me and guided me towards the edge of the lake. Once in position, Anara repositioned her hand around my waist, her gaze fixed on my contorted expression. "Go ahead. Let's give it a try," she urged, but not without a cautionary note. "But, take it slow, okay? This is my first time attempting something like this, so we need to be careful."

I nodded in accord, my hands instinctively wrapping around Anara's waist, gripping her firm and modest ass cheeks before tracing a path down her long, slender legs, gently parting them as I lifted her lower body into a seated position while we were still submerged in the lake.

As if she had tapped into my thoughts, Anara swiftly wrapped her golden-coloured, slender legs around my waist, her soothing grip guiding my hardened member towards her attractive, fleshy flower. She began to utter, "Alright, yo--" but her sentence was abruptly cut off as I thrust my waist forcefully into hers.

"SPLASSH!" "PAAH~"

I observed as her tongue momentarily became trapped in her mouth before she quickly nodded at me in mutual understanding. Her exotic hands wrapped themselves around my shoulders as her face pressed against mine.

"PAH~~" I firmly gripped both of Anara's incredibly soft buttocks, applying a moderate amount of force as I lifted her waist outward. Without hesitation, I rammed my dick inside her floral pussy, aligning our movements to intensify the impact of our union.

"PAH~~". The water vibrated, creating small waves that rippled across its surface, while I savoured the sensation of fucking Anara's insides. Her fleshy insides felt warmer and more alive surpassing that of Dariya's pussy. The otherworldly grip of her fleshy insides around my erect member left no doubt that I would not be able to sustain this pleasure for long within Anara's vagina.

After a few thrusts of penetrating Anara's hole with my stiff member, she began to synchronize her movements with mine. Anara skillfully manoeuvred her waist, alternately withdrawing and impaling herself upon my pulsing penis while maintaining a firm grip on my shoulders for support.

"PLOOP!" "PAH~~" "PLOP!" "PAH~~".

"PLOP!" "PAH~~~ PAHHH~~~".

With the water's surface quivering from our passionate movement, it was obvious that anyone passing by would easily detect our intimate actions. However, that was the least of my concerns, as Anara unleashed a surge of relentless power, driving her waist upwards until her supple buttocks emerged above the water's surface.

With a resounding splash, she forcefully collided with me, propelling me backwards and evoking a sensuous moan, "aHh~," to escape my parted lips. At this point, I found myself relinquishing control, as Anara's uninhibited movements revealed her fervent desire for me to delve deeper into her pussy, until I was fully satisfied and relieved of my agony.

"Pah~~" "SPLASHHH!" "PAAHH~~"

"SPLAAASSHH~~" "PPAAHHH~~~"

She raised her waist once more, revealing her exposed ass cheeks above the lake's surface, before forcefully slamming it back down with enough force to create a resounding impact, accompanied by the sound, "PLOOP!" and a moan escaping from my parted lips, "AHH~~," causing our submerged bodies to sway.

Chapter 227 The Sacred Lake (2)(R18)

"Is that enough? Do you still need more?" Anara's sultry voice brushed against my ear, her hands wrapping around my neck, sending a tingling and pleasurable sensation down my spine. The passionateness at this point made it impossible for me to think of any other reason or person than her.

Meanwhile, Anara patiently awaited my response, her gaze locked with mine, seeking to know if I desired further indulgence.

"I can still feel it arching, but it seems that penetrating your insides is helping. But, it looks like I still need more time for it to fully subside," I gasped, struggling to catch my breath. Anara acknowledged my words with a nod and assured me, "Don't worry, leave it all to me. I will take care of it." Before I could fully understand her intentions, Anara turned her gaze towards the water behind her and moved her hand through the liquid, guiding both of us towards the lake's edge once again.

As we reached the shore, Anara leaned forward, her grip on the grassy soil firm, while raising her waist in anticipation. Her intentions became crystal clear, causing a surge of expectations to flood through me. Involuntarily, my body floated closer to the edge of the lake, my hand gripping the soil tightly, bracing for what was to come.

With a slight mix of tension and excitement building inside me, Anara's left hand wrapped around my neck, and in an intense motion, she slammed down on my waist with force, creating a reverberating "SPPLAASH!" accompanied by a heartfelt "PAH~~~." My throbbing peni plunged deep into the centre of her flower without missing.

Being the sole recipient of her vigorous movements, as Anara's sensitivity was confined to the back of her flower, I felt no need to suppress my moans any longer. "Ohhh~~ ahhh~~" escaped my lips, unabashed, as it was my body being ravished at this moment, with Anara exerting all her efforts to bring my hardened penis to a flaccid state.

"SPLASH!" "PAAAHH~~"

"aahhhh~~"

"SPLASH!!!" "PAHHH~~~"

"uHHH~~ AH~"

"SPLASSH!!!" "PPAAH~~~"

"AhhhHH~~"

With each powerful plunge, my moans grew loud, echoing in the air as Anara effortlessly impaled my hard rock penis deep within her pussy. She ensured that I reached the deep depths of her floral private part, only to withdraw her intoxicating warmth from my scorching veiny rod before slamming back onto it with a reverberating impact, "SPLAASHH!!!" "PPAAAHHHH~~~." "Uhhhh~~ ah~~~," I gasped breathlessly, unable to contain the fantastic sensations coursing through my body.

"PLLOOP~~" "PAAAHHH~" "SPLAAASH!!!"

The persistent tempo of Anara's movements solidified my undeniable guess that her vagina was indeed alive, a vibrant entity with a mind of its own, gripping my erect dick with an insatiable force. There was no break between her powerful plunge, as she continued to take me again and again, demonstrating the boundless stamina of a Tree nymph and her unwavering resolution to see this plan through.

"Pahh~~" "SPLASHH!" "PAHH~"

Each moment, with every descent and powerful slam, sent tides of bliss coursing through my body, causing my raging rod to tremble and twitch uncontrollably. Another puffed-out gasp escaped my lips, "ahHHH~~", as her movement reached its peak, overwhelming my senses. Instinctively, I grasped both of Anara's firm, modest buttocks with a desperate grip, urging her to slow down.

"What's wrong? Are you okay?" Anara's concerned voice filled the air, sensing that something was amiss. "I'm about to release," I managed to utter between gritted teeth, realizing there was no way to hold back the inevitable climax any longer.

Suddenly, Anara released her hold on the grassy soil and shifted her grip to my shoulders, firmly anchoring herself to me. Without warning, she pulled her waist back and discharged one final powerful plunge downward, resulting in a resonating, "SPLAASSH!!" "PAAHHH~~~".

Without hesitation, she proceeded to wrap both her legs around my waist, crossing them tightly behind me. In a hushed and enthusiastic whisper, she stated, "I'm ready."

The mere utterance of those words triggered an eruption of my release, as my semen gushed onward with an extreme longing, pouring into her floral private part. And the moment the realization hit her, Anara's astonished gasp filled the air, her limbs tightening around my body, binding us together. "Oh! I can feel something..." she exclaimed, her voice brimming with astonishment. "Apart from your penis... mmmh... I can feel something hot... Is that your semen?"

My palms clenched around her charming golden buttocks, parting them as my fingers delved into the recesses of her ass crack. With a breathless voice, I confirmed, "Yes, that's my semen." Another gasp escaped Anara's lips, capturing my attention. I stole a glance at her, catching sight of her extended tongue, hanging in the air as she let out a soft, "Ehhhhhhmm~~~," before taking a deep breath to continue, "This is the first time I've felt something else in my flower.... And it's your semen... Ehhh~~~ Orion... Your semen.... Your semen is too hot.... Uhhh~~~ Orion.... Your sem.... Ahhh~~~ Uhhh~~~."

At that moment, a strange sense of satisfaction washed over me, realizing that my release had managed to evoke a genuine reaction from Anara. Throughout the entire session, it felt as though she had been fucking me with all her might, a notion supported by the stark contrast between her response and mine.

Yet, as Anara continued to moan and gasp, struggling to catch her breath while describing the scorching heat of my semen searing her insides, I joined her in releasing one final breathless gasp, "Uhhhhhh~~~~ AAHHHH~~~," as my semi-flaccid penis completed its climax within her vagina.

Meanwhile, Anara's body continued to shiver, tremble, and occasionally vibrate. Eventually, she grew still and pressed her body even closer to mine. Her limbs tightened once more before gradually relaxing, accompanied by rapid, heavy breaths escaping her lips, as if she had just completed a marathon.

"Are you alright?" I asked, my right hand gliding through the cool water, propelling us towards the shore, while my left hand maintained a firm grip on her, ensuring her stability.

Chapter 228 A Father's Ambition

"Ahem!" Anara cleared her throat, producing an audible gulp as she prepared to speak. She hesitated for a moment before responding, "I'm alright. It's just that this is the first time I am feeling something other than my essence in my flower. It feels a bit uncomfortable, but I will try to adjust to it."

While she shared her thoughts, I cupped the back of her head, running my fingers through her long, shimmering green hair that was adorned with vine bounds. My other hand gently encircled her waist as I carefully lowered her onto the soft grass.

Her legs remained spread open to accommodate my slowly withdrawing penis, which I carefully removed. With enough space created, I positioned myself beside her, and settled on the ground with a soft "thud."

"Haaaa!!! Haaaa!!!" I focused on regulating my breathing while Anara turned her body towards me, both of us still lying on the soil. "So, how are you feeling now?" she inquired. Expecting her question, after already noticing her from the corner of my eyes, I responded to her with a warm smile gracing the side of my lips. "I'm fine now. Surprisingly, using your flower hole worked even better than we expected. My penis doesn't hurt anymore."

A sigh of relief escaped Anara's lips as she nodded, her face lightly grazing against the grass. Then, she abruptly suggested, "Since everything's okay, I think it's best to inform the Chief about what happened. Perhaps he can find a way to prevent such occurrences in the future, considering how painful it was."

My eyes widened in alarm as I quickly turned my head towards Anara. "I don't think it's a good idea to bother the Chief with this issue right now. Besides, I believe this happened because I was too exhausted and drained..... Actually, I had already planned to visit Greta, the village healer, for treatment. Knowing her expertise, I'm sure the Chief would consult her first. So, it's better if I take care of it myself."

Anara let out another sigh, nodding in understanding. "Alright, I suppose you're right," she said. "But now that we're finished, I should get....."

"Waaaawwww... WaaaaaaaaaaaaWW!!!"

"WAAAAAAWWW!!!"

My body jerked upright the moment I heard the excruciating, piercing sound that penetrated my ears without obstruction, causing me to wince in pain as my ears instinctively twitched. But, as the cries continued, I slowly regained my composure, only to hear a deep exhale next to me, rushing into my ears.

"They are awake..." Anara's voice broke the silence, answering the question lingering in my mind. And I didn't need to guess who 'they' were, as Anara had already warned me not to disturb 'the ones on the left' because they were asleep. Now, it seemed that they had awakened, and I couldn't deny my curiosity about how Anara cared for them.

However, with my mind now settled, I actively searched for a solution for the babies. Although these babies would contribute to the growth of a new settlement and their awakened gifts might be useful, there was a challenge. Raising over 60 children discreetly would require the cooperation of the Village Chief, the caretakers, and other key figures, without the whole village becoming aware.

But the real problem would arise when the new settlement was fully built and occupied because the villagers, known for their tight-knit nature, would undoubtedly sense that something was amiss. The sudden appearance of over 60 individuals would be unsettling for them, if not entirely unnatural.

And one undeniable truth was that, despite their different culture and way of life, they were far from being stupid, just as the Village Chief and others had demonstrated.

Honestly, the only plans that currently occupied my thoughts were enough to frighten me personally when I contemplated how to execute them. It was also enough to make me sigh in defeat, as not everything in this world was straightforward. Letting my sense of righteousness guide me might lead to more harm than good.

'Ahhhhhh!' I screamed, scratching my head within my mind. 'Where is the HR that fires thousands of people without hesitation, regardless of their jobs or circumstances?'

"Orion..." Anara's voice suddenly resonated in my ears, snapping me out of my contemplation and redirecting my attention towards her. "I'm still experiencing some discomfort in my flower, and it's affecting my ability to walk properly. I'll need your help to stand up and soothe the babies, so they don't disturb the other tree nymphs nearby."

Without uttering a single word, I rose to my feet and extended my hand downwards for her to grasp, helping her stand up. As she regained her footing, she immediately wrapped her hand around my neck for support, and I placed my arm around her lower waist as we proceeded towards the left hut.

Upon reaching our destination, I pulled the door open and was met with a scene similar to the one in the right hut, except all the babies were now awake and screaming at the top of their tiny lungs.

Anara let out a tired sigh, freeing herself from my shoulders, and limped towards the children with some effort in her steps. She extended her right hand and began to make fluid swinging gestures through the air, causing the vines to mimic her movements.

Surprisingly, the vines started to uproot themselves from the ground, cradling the babies within their vine-formed embrace. They swayed back and forth, soothing some of the infants and quieting their cries.

Noticing that some of the babies remained inconsolable, I spoke up, breaking the silence. "Can I give it a try?" Anara turned her head towards me and responded with a warm smile, nodding in agreement. "Sure, go ahead. Just be careful. My vines can only soothe or lull them to sleep for a limited time before they awaken again, so removing the vines will only agitate them further."

Fully understanding the challenge, I nodded in acknowledgement, before my gaze settled on a baby within close proximity. Carefully, I scooped the infant into my arms, gently detaching it from the comforting embrace of the vines. And in an instant, just as Anara had warned, the volume of the child's screams escalated, reverberating through the air with a piercing force.

Chapter 229 A Father's Ambition (2)

With a mischievous grin, I began to swing my arm in a playful, rhythmic motion, captivating the baby's attention. "Who's the man?" I teased, my voice filled with childlike enthusiasm. The infant's eyes blinked open, curiosity shining within them as his cries gradually subsided.

Encouraged by the positive response, I continued my antics, gently rubbing the baby's stomach while engaging in playful banter. In my best baby voice, I playfully repeated, "Yooou arrr... Yooou d maan," drawing out giggles from the little one.

The atmosphere soon transformed into a delightful game of Tom and Jerry, with me assuming the role of Jerry, prompting peals of laughter from the baby as his tiny hands playfully attempted to catch mine.

With a sense of satisfaction, I gently returned the first baby to the safety of the vine cradle, observing as his movements gradually ceased. Without wasting a moment, I moved on to the next baby, prepared to repeat the process.

Nonetheless, while I engaged with each child, I reminded myself that this experience served as a valuable preparation for my future role as a father. Frustration didn't find a place within me when the technique didn't immediately work for every baby; instead, I adapted and switched to another, understanding that it was all part of the learning process.

As I continued with the task at hand, a deep sense of responsibility washed over me, prompting thoughts about the safety and well-being of both my children and their mothers. Furthermore, while assisting Anara in restoring the babies to a serene state within the vine cradles, I couldn't help but contemplate the challenging task of seamlessly integrating these children back into the village, ensuring their acceptance and a smooth transition.

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After soaring through the skies for a few minutes, allowing the wind to clear his mind, the Village Chief decided it was time to descend and return home. Deliberately reducing his speed, he approached his compound and flew over the gates. When he touched the ground, his wings slowly folded, seamlessly transitioning him back to his human form.

With a soft landing near the entrance of his first hut, he caught sight of Thak engaged in a conversation with some of the guards.

"Chief, you have arrived," Thak quickly acknowledged, his attention shifting to the Village Chief's presence. The two guards standing alongside Thak echoed their greetings in unison. "Welcome, Chief," they exclaimed.

The Village Chief acknowledged the guards with a nod before turning his attention to Thak, posing a question that lingered on his mind. "Did you handle everything?" he inquired, his tone a blend of interest and authority.

Thak nodded in response, wearing a wry smile as he shook his head tiredly. "Yes, Chief," he responded, "However, there's still a problem that I don't think I can currently solve myself."

The Village Chief raised an eyebrow in curiosity. "You still haven't seen her," he stated, a tinge of doubt in his voice. This was an unprecedented occurrence, and the more he pondered about it, the more he realized that several unprecedented events seemed to be unfolding. He could only hope that Orion wasn't the primary catalyst behind this one as well.

"Yes, we still haven't seen her," Thak replied with a hint of frustration. Despite thoroughly searching her hut and the entire village, there were no signs of Fiona. Her absence had created a problem as well, as without her to draw water from the well, the market square well was becoming overcrowded. Villagers were forced to endure outrageously long lines, making it difficult for some to fetch their water.

The Village Chief looked doubtful. "Are you sure you've checked every inch of the village thoroughly?" he questioned, knowing Fiona was not the type of woman to cause unnecessary chaos without a valid reason.

"Yes, Chief," Thak replied honestly, "We even searched the two strongholds, but no one has seen her there either."

The Village Chief's gaze intensified as he weighed the situation. "So, if Fiona isn't in the Village, the farm, the forest, or even the two strongholds, does that mean she has crossed the river?"

Thak nodded solemnly. "Yes, Chief, that seems to be the only logical conclusion we've reached. However, we still can't make sense of why she would have crossed to the other side of the river." He paused for a moment, deep in thought, before hesitantly continuing, "Chief, does this mean Fiona is coming out of retirement? She was the best in her generation. However, if she intends to return as a warrior, who will....."

"Don't worry about it," the Village Chief interjected abruptly, understanding what Thak was about to say. Without Fiona, the villagers might resort to fetching water from the river surrounding the village, which would be dangerous considering the lurking threat of the Vylkr vines. "The first thing we need to do is assemble a team of warriors, those with two-star potentials and above, and have them search the borders for any signs of Fiona. If she is still alive, bring her back to the village so that I can understand what went wrong."

"And if she is dead?" Thak asked, solemnly.

"Then we will pray that Naka blesses us with someone possessing a similar gift during the next awakening ceremony," the Village Chief replied, his tone carrying a tinge of resignation. "That's all we can do for now. In the meantime, inform the warriors to deter anyone from attempting to fetch water from the river. We don't want any sudden attacks at this time." With those words, the Village Chief walked inside the hut, with his thoughts becoming more convoluted as he thought about the current issues.

While Thak focused his attention on the two guards before him, preparing to carry out the Chief's commands, the Village Chief himself made his way to the room where he handled the affairs of the village. When he opened the door, a tired sigh escaped his lips when he laid eyes on the person he had already anticipated would be there.

Chapter 230 The Village Chief's Thoughts

"I thought you would catch up with us at the farm once you woke up," the Village Chief remarked to his wife, who was seated in the room alongside Ayla, patiently awaiting his arrival.

Zara, wearing a calm expression, replied, "Well, considering that you left the hut early, I decided to wait for a while, assuming you would return quickly. To my surprise, only Thak returned and informed me that you were still occupied with the child. Shortly after, some servants who had gone to gather today's fruits informed me that Hrok had announced his retirement, with Shani taking over his position." She observed her husband's furrowed brow, which gradually relaxed as he settled into his seat. "It seems something eventful occurred at the farm today. Care to fill me in on the details?"

Listening to his wife's curiosity, he turned around to look at the several guards and servants in the room, including Ayla, and said, "You all can leave." They nodded in understanding and exited the room, knowing that this was not something they should eavesdrop on. When Ayla and the other servants left, Zara's expression immediately turned serious as she focused her gaze on her husband and asked, "Is it that serious?"

The Village Chief nodded solemnly, "Yes, it is."

Seeing her husband confirming her thoughts, Zara pressed on, asking once more, "So, what happened?"

"It's that child. Not only does he have a very strange taste, considering the kind of generation of women that he had both penetrated and impregnated, but it seems that he also has a very sharp mind," the Village Chief said, before he explained, "We went to meet with the Caretakers because the boy was not happy with the options that he had been given."

"Do you mean the options that you talked about yesterday?" Zara asked, curiously.

"Yes, but I wasn't the one that brought it up."

Zara nodded her head in understanding; after all, her husband had already mentioned to her last night that there was a higher per cent chance of the Caretakers also considering such an option.

"So instead of laying down his options, which I expected he was going to do, he went ahead and gave us a whole new vision for the future," the Village Chief's face brightened up the moment he thought about the detailed plans that Orion had presented.

"Which is?" Zara asked, her voice filled to the brim with curiosity the moment she saw her husband's face light up from the previous solemn expression, wondering about the kind of plan Orion had proposed and how much of an impact it must have had for Hrok to step down from his position as a Caretaker on the same day.

"He talked about expanding the village."

"But...."

"Let me finish," the Village Chief raised his hand to silence his wife's words. Seeing her patiently waiting for him to continue, he proceeded to explain Orion's plan for expanding the village.

Meanwhile, the village chieftess's eyes widened after every sentence, until the Village Chief finished speaking, to which she couldn't help but exclaim, "That's genius. But then, the children...." Her eyes suddenly opened wide as she deeply contemplated what such a plan entailed.

"Yes, the plan to divert the attention of the Vylkr vines this week will be put on hold as it seems that we will no longer need to sacrifice the children to divert their attention. Instead, they would be useful in helping us build this new settlement once they are old enough," The Village Chief explained, confirming his wife's thoughts.

However, this revelation made Zara's eyes widen as another thought entered her mind. "Does this mean that he also knows about them?" she asked cautiously.

Contrary to her expectations, her husband nodded his head in acknowledgement. He then proceeded to tell her everything that had transpired before and after he had shown Orion the pit. Zara, however, stared at her husband up and down for a few seconds before she said, "And you let him off just like that?"

Listening to her question, the Village Chief understood what she meant and asked, "What did you expect me to do?" shaking his head helplessly.

Zara furrowed her brows in confusion as she said, "What do you mean? Aren't you the Village Chief? Didn't he attack you?".

"You don't understand, Zara," The Village Chief said, shaking his head at his wife's words. "As the Village Chief, it is my job to do what is best for the village. Not allowing that child to let out his anger at that moment would be as disastrous as letting his bitterness fester in his heart and develop into something harmful that could threaten the village in the future."

Sensing what her husband meant, Zara wanted to respond, but she paused to take a minute to sniff the air. She caught an invisible trail that seemed to lead directly to her husband. "You went to the Overseer's Essence Lake, didn't you?" Zara asked with a frown, her eyes narrowing suspiciously at her husband.

Seeing no need to lie to his wife, as using the Overseer's Essence Lake normally leaves a trail of thick flowery scent on one's body, and since his wife already knows the smell, it wouldn't be hard for her to accurately detect it.

The Village Chief nodded and admitted, "Yes, I went there," but before he could continue, he quickly raised his hand to stop his wife from asking further questions. "Before you ask anything else... Yes, I went there because I was injured, though it wasn't a serious injury, just a bloodied nose. And I took Orion to the Overseer's Essence Lake to cleanse his body and improve his health."

Zara's eyes narrowed even further as she listened to her husband's explanation. She couldn't believe everything she was hearing. "So you mean to tell me that this child attacked you, challenging your authority as the Village Chief, and you simply dropped him off at Anara's tree for healing in her lake," she said, her voice filled with incredulity. "Meanwhile, our own son made a thoughtful decision and you made him lead a group of warriors for an exploration?"