

Village Head 241

Chapter 241 [Bonus]The Search

As they took off into the air, Orion noticed Warrior Jean narrowing his eyes at him. However, he realized he wasn't the only one, as Tala was also giving him an intense look. Orion acknowledged them with a quick nod before turning his head to see Grim and Gorg staring at him from the corner of his eyes as he flew out of their sight.

With Ursa flying at her best, they reached the Village Chief's Compound in less than two or three minutes. Just as Ursa was about to descend in front of the gate, Orion held her back and urgently ordered her to fly over it, to which she complied. Swiftly, before the guards stationed at the gate could notice them, Orion and Ursa landed silently inside the compound, right in front of a particular hut.

"Wait for me here," Orion said to Ursa, his words trailing behind him as he swiftly dashed into the hut designated for the Village Chief's meetings and work. He left a feeling of hurry in the air, promising, "I will be back soon!"

Ursa watched Orion's hurried departure, her eyebrows furrowing in confusion. She couldn't help but wonder, "What's gotten into him today?"

Meanwhile, Orion navigated the complicated halls of the Village Chief's second large hut with ease, having been here on numerous occasions before. "Knock! Knock!" he rapped on the door politely, aware that he couldn't simply barge in unannounced. Waiting patiently for the resounding response of "Come in," Orion pushed the door and entered the room.

He found the Village Chief, who appeared slightly annoyed, gazing back at him with a furrowed brow. As Orion closed the door behind him and approached, he noticed the Chief letting out a tired sigh, "I wasn't expecting an audience with you this late, Orion. What happened? Did Anara just drop you off at the Village and you decided to have a talk with me after you've calmed down..." The Village Chief motioned for Orion to take a seat before continuing, "...or is it about something else?"

When Orion settled on the mat spread out on the floor, he cleared his throat to gather his thoughts. Locking eyes with the Village Chief, he spoke up, saying, "There's something else I want to discuss."

The Village Chief's expression shifted, his gaze filled with curiosity as he asked, "And what might that be?"

Without skipping a beat, Orion swiftly replied, "I've heard rumours about Fiona, the well woman, going missing, and I wanted to find out if she has been located and if there is any information on her whereabouts."

The Village Chief meticulously gathered the scattered papers, organizing them together and then heaved a weary sigh, shaking his head. "Unfortunately, no, she hasn't been found yet..." His tired expression suddenly turned sharp as he fixed an intense gaze on Orion. "But don't tell me that's the first question on your mind, after everything that has happened today... Or," he added, "Is there something about Fiona's disappearance that you know and I should be aware of?"

The room filled with tension as Orion fell silent, his hesitation speaking louder than words. The Village Chief's intuition flared, and he couldn't help but probe further, "Orion, is there something I should know about?" Although the Village Chief didn't want to accept it, he had been having a nagging feeling in his mind that Orion somehow had something to do with Fiona's disappearance.

No matter how much he tried to brush off these feelings, it was hard to shake them, especially when the possible culprit was sitting right in front of him, asking about her.

Meanwhile, Orion racked his brain, desperately trying to come up with the right words to tell the Village Chief. However, he couldn't help but show a weary smile as he observed the Chief's once firm and nonchalant expression turning increasingly solemn, with a hint of annoyance and doubt flickering in his eyes.

"Orion...." the Village Chief's voice trembled slightly, "Please, tell me that you have nothing to do with this....".

.....

"WHOOOOSSSSHHH!!" The Village Chief's wide owl wings unfurled, and he flapped them with rapid intensity, his talons firmly gripping me as he carried me above.

When we soared higher, I peered down and shouted towards Ursa, "I WILL SEE YOU TOMORROW!" Her response echoed back, "OKAY!" while the Village Chief continued to lift me even higher into the sky.

From this height, everything below appeared like tiny dots, yet I knew the Village Chief's eyes could discern every detail below us. Suddenly, we plunged downwards, slicing through the air, until we came to a hovering halt above the dead forest, as if he was searching for something amid the dense Vylkr vines-infested forest.

Suddenly, my eyes found a group of young men and women, moving with remarkable ease as they cut down several two-star Vylkr vines in their path.

The Village Chief quickly noticed them as well. He dived down and gently placed me on the ground before transforming back into his human form. Just then, a loud masculine voice echoed through the area, saying, "Chief," and I saw them approaching us.

There were six of them in total – three tall, muscular men clad in traditional male tulgas, and three slightly muscular, slender women wearing the traditional female tulga. Among the women, one had a curvier figure, standing out from the rest with a little more meat in her assets.

"Have you seen her, yet?" The Village Chief immediately asked, posing the most crucial question at the moment.

The man glanced at me briefly before refocusing his gaze on the Village Chief and replied, "No Chief, unfortunately, we haven't. But we did find something..." He hesitated for a moment before continuing, "Around the first border, we found several dead one-star Vylkr vines. However, after that, the trail of the dead Vylkr vines led a path forward, signifying that she..."

"....Is heading towards the second border," the Village Chief interrupted, finishing the man's sentence, his voice filled with worry.

Chapter 242 I Came To Rescue You

"Actually, Chief, we have already checked the second border. However, her trail didn't end around it either; it kept going straight forward," the man said, his expression looking defeated as he recounted the current situation to the Village Chief.

"And so, at the end of it all, we decided to wait for more teams to arrive so that we could form a group and keep heading forward," the man added, shaking his head dejectedly, "However, if she had truly gone towards the third border, considering the amount of time that she has been gone, Chief, I don't think that..."

The Village Chief immediately raised his hand to stop the man from speaking more, quickly turning his head towards me. "Orion, let's go," he said, as he shapeshifted back into his giant horned owl

form and took off into the sky, his talons firmly holding onto me as we pierced forward at breakneck speed, his resounding, piercing "SSCCRRREEEECCCCHHHH!!!" filling the air.

We soared back and began to fly around the dead forest that surrounded our village, gradually moving deeper into the Vylkr vines-infested forest. With each passing minute, I could feel my body growing cold, and my worries increased as I realized we had been flying for close to an hour, yet there were still no signs of Fiona...

"THEEERRREE.... CHEIFFF..... RIGHT THEREEE...." I screamed at the top of my lungs, my heart pounding as I spotted the movements of an ongoing battle. I had witnessed numerous fights between the warriors and several formidable three-star Vylkr-vines as we soared through the sky, each one revealing the amount of effort and work they had put into protecting the village and its people.

But this time was different, entirely different.

The shattered landscape was scattered with the remnants of two-star Vylkr vines, and a behemoth three-star Vylkr vine was wreaking havoc in a specific area. This was highly unusual, as they typically mindlessly slithered towards the village. However, the fact that they had deviated from their usual path and considering the distance we had flown from the village left no doubt in my mind as to who was at the centre of this chaos. 'FIIOONNAAA!!!' I shouted at the top of my lungs.

The Village Chief swooped down with incredible speed, and a powerful, ear-piercing 'SCRRREEEECCCCHHH!' emerged from his beak, echoing through the air. I prepared myself for a rough landing as I felt his talons loosening their grip around my waist. However, to my surprise, the talons abruptly released me a few meters above the ground. Thanks to my enhanced strength, I quickly directed my feet downward, rolling as I hit the ground before coming to a stop.

When I regained my balance and stood up, another piercing screech assaulted my ears, causing me to collapse back onto the ground, clutching my ears in pain. The very earth trembled beneath me, and I turned my head in the direction of the sound. There, I beheld the Village Chief facing off against the three-star Vylkr vine, directing its attacks towards him.

"SCCCRRREEEECHHHH!" The piercing sound echoed once more, but this time, I gritted my teeth and rose to my feet, pushing through the irritation in my ears. With my sharp reflexes, I leapt backwards, narrowly evading an attack from a two-star Vylkr vine. In a split second, I activated my gift, feeling the surge of electricity coursing through my arms. Deciding to tap into the Vylkr energy flowing within my body, I blended it with my ow.....

What the hell?

My eyes widened in surprise as I realized that I couldn't sense the usual abundance of the Vylkr energy within me. There were only faint traces of it, barely..... noticeable!

"Damn it!" I cursed under my breath, my instincts kicking into high gear. I leapt once again, making full use of my enhanced physical prowess as I quickly dodged yet another attack from a two-star Vylkr vine. Manoeuvring sideways, I landed on a section of the two-star Vylkr vine, my feet crushing it with a satisfying crunch before somersaulting through the air and landing in a different spot.

Surveying my surroundings, my eyes locked onto a tall, muscular figure wielding a battle axe with reckless abandon. She was a sight to behold, drenched in the blood of numerous cuts and wounds that covered her arms and legs. Her once-intact turga was now in tatters, exposing the sheer power of her thunderous thighs as she relentlessly struck down another two-star Vylkr vine. "SHIT!" I couldn't help but let out an irritated curse as I finally spotted who I had been searching for and the state she was in.

In a frenzy, I spotted a swarm of dead one-star Vylkr vines in a nearby area and charged towards it, agilely jumping and dodging through the debris until I reached the heap of tangled vines. Without hesitation, I knelt beside the pile and grabbed two pieces of the one-star Vylkr vine, shoving them into my mouth and chewing voraciously, as if my very life depended on it... because it did.

Driven by the situation, I quickly gathered more pieces, not stopping until I felt I had consumed enough. As the rush of Vylkr energy surged through me, I could feel its power intertwining with the strange energy. Calming down my body with newfound resolve, I activated my gift once more, seamlessly blending the chaotic Vylkr energy. The force of my lightning erupted from my hands with a deafening "CRACKLE!!," scorching the ashen ground beneath me.

Taking a deep breath, I focused my mind and tried to recall the feeling that I had experienced when my lightning had shaped into two colossal hands. Because now, I needed something simpler, more precise. I needed two blades... Blades that could slice through the Vylkr vines blocking my path. As I delved into my memory, that familiar sensation resurfaced, and the knowledge of wielding this aspect of my gift flowed through me instinctively, like a lesson ingrained during the awakening ceremony.

Chapter 243 I Came To Rescue You (2)

As I bent down, positioning my body towards Fiona's direction, I launched myself forward with a tremendous burst of energy. Two hand-sized craters formed where my feet had firmly stood

moments ago. Lightning crackled and surged in both of my hands, extending and flickering with a destructive glow.

Gradually, that raw energy combined, taking shape on either side of my hands. Two distinct blades emerged, crafted from bluish, ever-moving lightning that undulated like serpents, aimlessly seeking out a possible victim. These blades resembled machetes but without their handles.

"BOOM!" The impact reverberated through my body as I landed, my right leg plunging deep into the fleshy mass of a two-star Vylkr vine. The blackish spikes pierced through my feet, sending a searing jolt of pain up my spine.

Notwithstanding the initial shock, I gritted my teeth and quickly adapted to the force, harnessing it to my advantage. Twisting my body slightly, I unleashed a whirlwind of motion, my legs smashing through the organic flesh and tearing apart the two-star Vylkr vine. The spike that had impaled my leg snapped in half, leaving behind a numbing cold sensation that threatened to cripple my limb.

"SHIITT!!" I exclaimed, my voice echoing with both frustration and pain. Utilizing the momentum of my spin, I extended my hands upwards, feeling the bluish lightning blades mirroring my movements.

The blades effortlessly pierced through the stubborn resistance of the two-star Vylkr vines. However, when one of the blades became lodged, I clasped my hands together, channelling both energies simultaneously. I watched as the lightning flickered, splitting and merging like a force of nature, combining with the trapped blade to form a larger, more oversized blade.

"CRACKKKLLEE!"

I released the force of my injured foot upon the ground, and with a booming, "BAAAAMMM!!" my feet sank into the earth, sending another jolt of searing pain up my spine. My widened eyes mirrored the shock and agony I felt at that moment. But without missing a beat, I summoned my resilience and grit.

With another resounding "BAAMMM!!," my foot struck the ground once more, serving as my anchor and launching pad. Utilizing the strength of that foothold, I hunched my body down and propelled myself forward, entering a full sprint.

"CRACCCKLLEE!!!"

"BAMM!!!" The ground cracked open once again as I propelled myself forward with sheer force. With each step, the excruciating pain reverberated through my body, causing my teeth to clatter in agony. As I tore through the surrounding two-star Vylkr vines, the aching pain overwhelmed me. Unable to contain it any longer, a resonating scream escaped from my throat, "AAARRGGGHHHHHH!!".

Nevertheless, I continued running, maintaining my focus on her well-being, ensuring she was safe as I quickly manoeuvred around her. Whether she stood there in disbelief or shock, I pressed forward with a stubborn resolve, brandishing a towering three-meter blade forged from lightning. With each precise cut, I left behind a trail of scorched and dissected Vylkr vines.

Finally, I came to a sudden stop in front of Fiona with a deafening "BBOOMM!!". My chest heaved as I struggled to catch my breath, releasing a loud, exhausted exhale, "Haaaaa!!! Haaaaah!!". As I loosened my grip on both hands, the blades of lightning separated into their previous distinct forms, hovering near each side of my arms and pointing downwards.

"O...O...Orion," I heard Fiona's weak, dull voice, and I turned my head to look at her. Regardless of her battered figure, I knew Aunt Greta's gift would be able to mend her injuries.

"Considering how mature you are, I expected a more mature decision from you," I said, still trying to catch my breath. "....Nonetheless, the promise I made to you wasn't simple, so I apologize." I refocused my attention on the scene before me, observing as the remaining two-star Vylkr vines in the area swarmed towards us, accompanied by swarms of one-star Vylkr vines emerging from the forest to join them.

Looking to my right, I witnessed the same chaotic scene spreading. The same held true when I glanced to my left. Even behind me, though on a smaller scale, because Fiona had been holding her ground before my arrival.

"This is torture," I muttered to myself, feeling the searing pain in my leg amplify. Too frustrated to look down and examine the gaping hole left by the spike that had pierced my foot, I focused my attention on the Village Chief. I witnessed just in time as his wings sliced through one of the four legs of a three-star Vylkr vine.

He then clamped his enormous talons onto its tangled mass of vines that served as its head, resembling more of a twisted decoration. However, even as the Village Chief tore it free, the monstrous amalgamation of Vylkr vines persisted, unceasingly extending its tendrils toward the Village Chief with alarming accuracy.

Sighing once more, I could finally witness firsthand the immense impact that an endlessly overwhelming enemy like the Vylkr vines could have on one's psychology.

"Orion... what are you doing here?" Fiona's voice trembled as she spoke, her words punctuated by cracks of emotion. "Don't worry...run.... save.... yo..ur life..... I... I have forgiven you." Her voice continued to falter, and I turned my head to face her, taking in her fearful and conflicted expression.

It was a stark contrast to the fierce and aggressive attitude she had displayed when I proposed to her. With an exhausted smile, I stretched my arms apart, allowing my lightning to scatter into countless tendrils, forming a net-like structure that poured backwards, making it appear as though the sky itself had woven a dome-like net to envelop Fiona.

Seeing that the net had been created, I finally opened my mouth to speak "Fiona, whether you like it or not, I am your partner.... So. I. will. Not. Leave. You.."

I noticed her trembling, shivering intensely at my words. "Orion... the vines," her eyes shifted away from me, and when she refocused her gaze and said, "Please... run... run," I could hear the desperation in her voice.

"Fiona... I came to rescue you."

Chapter 244 A Dire Situation

However, she continued. But this time, before she could utter another word, she collapsed to the ground, kneeling in disbelief. Witnessing her stunned state, Orion felt a sense of relief that she had finally stopped speaking, recognizing that she was in no condition to continue.

Moreover, although what he had agreed to, was originally a favour, the circumstances and conditions had transformed it into something much more serious.

If he had simply left her alone to carry out her work, she wouldn't be in this perilous situation. In the end, it became a promise he had failed to keep, and now it was his responsibility to face the consequences. With the Vylkr vines inching closer, Orion controlled the net to extend itself further, enveloping him and creating a protective barrier.

"CRACKLE!" Positioned at the forefront of the lightning dome, it became obvious to Orion that if the Vylkr vines were to breach the net or even attempt to force their way through, he would be the

first to face their wrath. Nonetheless, he understood that his primary objective was to buy precious time for the village chief to come to their rescue.

'How ironic?' Orion couldn't help but smile at that thought.

"BOOMM!!" "BBOOOOMMM!!!"

As the Vylkr vines pressed against his net, creating echoes as the lightning repulsed them backwards, Orion exerted all his strength to hold them in place. He channelled the strange energy within him, alongside the stubborn and chaotic Vylkr energy, pushing his gift to its limits. More and more lightning surged from his hands, intertwining and strengthening the lightning dome net. The strain consumed his stamina, causing a pounding headache that grew increasingly intense.

The consequences grew increasingly significant as the strain on his body and mind increased.

"RRRROOOOAAAAARRRR!!!"

Orion's attention was momentarily interrupted as he swiftly turned his head towards the direction of the beastly scream. His eyes widened in astonishment as he took in the new scene stretching out before him. The Village Chief, who had previously been in his large owl form, had now transformed into yet another formidable form.

Having witnessed Grim's multiple forms, Orion was aware that shapeshifters possessed more than one transformation. However, seeing the Village Chief's additional form, he couldn't help but think that this was a bit too much.

In his field of vision stood a magnificent creature that could easily be mistaken for a Komodo dragon, if not for its jawline adorned with menacing rows of perpetually open razor-sharp teeth. Its impressive size and robust physique, accompanied by the striking array of brown, white, and orange feathers resembling bird-like wings, created a breathtaking yet solemn sight.

Orion found himself questioning whether those wings alone would be sufficient to lift what he could now undoubtedly call a dragon, especially considering that the wings weren't even twice the size of its own body.

Regardless, as the monstrous beast lunged at the three-star Vylkr vine, its jaws clamping down with a bone-crushing force, tearing off a section of the Vylkr vine's body and devouring it in one swift

motion, it became evident that the battle, which had been fiercely raging for several minutes, would be over within seconds. And all Orion needed to do was hold on for a little longer.

"BOOOOMM!!!" "BBBOOOOMMM!!!" However, Orion found it increasingly difficult to hold on as the one-star and two-star Vylkr vines began to engulf and slither on top of his net. Despite being repulsed and scorched, causing them to be thrown backwards, a wall of several lifeless Vylkr vines soon formed around him.

Whether the Vylkr vines were charred by his lightning net or not, the other incoming vines pressed against the barrier, piling on top of the lifeless vines, exerting immense pressure on Orion. His gift had already been pushed to the limit, and the only thing that kept him standing was the remaining Vylkr energy. However, even that was about to be depleted as Orion could feel it growing fainter and fainter.

"...Or...rion...." Fiona's voice reached his ears, sounding weaker and more strained. Time seemed to slow down as the Vylkr vines closed in, enveloping them in darkness. Their surroundings transformed into a tower of several Vylkr vines, obscuring their view of the outside world.

They could only catch fleeting glimpses of flickering light from the diminishing lightning net, compelling Fiona to crawl towards Orion's position despite her mounting fatigue.

"I..... can't hold it..... any... longer," Orion's voice shook, his body weakening under the strain. The once-powerful lightning net began to falter, crackling and flickering with each passing second. His hands fell limp at his sides, and just as a sense of defeat threatened to consume him, he felt a pair of arms wrap softly yet tightly around his injured leg. Orion looked down and saw Fiona clutching him tightly, her voice trembling as she pleaded, "Orion... run..."

And as the lightning retracted back into his hands, Orion shifted his attention upwards. Just when the slithering Vylkr vines collapsed upon them, he struggled to respond, his voice strained, "...Haaaa! I... can't..."

"BAAAMMM!!!".

.....

"... should be alright... Although I don't think that his feet would be..."

Voices and murmurs echoed in Orion's head as he slowly regained consciousness. With a weary effort, he opened his eyelids, but in an instant, his eyes widened with a surge of shock. Startled, he sat up abruptly and leapt backwards, his lower body still grounded on the floor.

"Haaaaaaa!!!!" "Haaaaaaa!!!!!" Orion exhaled deeply, his breath carrying exhaustion and relief, as he tried to calm his racing body and understand the events that followed after the wall of Vylkr vines had collapsed upon them.

"If you're wondering how you managed to survive, you owe your thanks to the Village Chief and the Village Chieftess," Greta explained, her gaze fixed on Orion as she observed his pupils dilating and contracting before returning to their normal state.

"Aunt Greta," Orion finally spoke up, his eyes scanning the room only to realize that it was filled with numerous young men and women whose exact count eluded him.

Chapter 245 The Massage

Greta decided to ask, "Have you calmed down now?" after noticing that Orion had regained his composure shortly after calling out her name.

Orion nodded, realizing that he had momentarily fallen into a daze earlier. Slowly, he shifted his gaze downwards and realized he was currently naked, his tulga missing. However, his mind didn't dwell on that fact as he immediately focused on his left foot, inspecting it for any injuries or wounds.

Finding none, he let out a relieved sigh and then turned his attention to Aunt Greta, nodding appreciatively. "Thank you," he said.

Upon hearing Orion's expression of gratitude, Greta shook her head and replied, "Don't worry about it." Although she had been initially shocked and taken aback by his condition when she had hurriedly arrived after hearing the news, seeing him now and hearing his words of appreciation brought a smile to her face.

Orion's attention suddenly shifted as he noticed that Fiona was not present in the room. "Where is Fiona?" he asked, his voice filled with concern.

Greta furrowed her brows, already aware of which 'Fiona' he was referring to.

Regardless of her reservations about Fiona's involvement in Orion's predicament and her intention to have a conversation with the former warrior when the time was right, Greta replied, "She is doing much better than you and woke up a few hours ago. As a warrior with three-star potential who has already reached her full potential, I can confidently say that in a few more hours, she will be up and running as if nothing happened." Her gaze then shifted to his feet, which had been impaled by a two-star Vylkr vine.

"However, you still have a long recovery ahead of you before you can return to your normal routine," she added, observing as he attempted to rise to his feet but faltered immediately upon his left foot touching the ground, causing a sharp jolt of pain to shoot through his body, ultimately leading him to land back on the ground.

"Ouch!" Orion cried out, feeling a tingling numbness spreading from his left leg up to his lower waist, leaving his buttocks feeling oddly numb after the impact.

Suddenly, a ripple of muffled chuckles filled the room, followed by more laughter, much to Orion's annoyance. He remembered that they weren't alone in the room, as his gaze shifted towards five individuals dressed in the village's traditional tulga -four women and one man.

"Ahem!" Greta cleared her throat, addressing the situation. "Why don't you all take some rest and prepare for the day ahead?" she suggested. "As for your payment, I will discuss it with the Village Chieftess, so there's no need to worry about it."

The group nodded wearily and let out tired sighs as they rose from the ground, making their way back to their huts for some much-needed rest. After all, they had been tirelessly working since yesterday noon.

However, despite their weariness, a glimmer of satisfaction shone through their eyes. They knew that the payment they were about to receive for their efforts far surpassed anything they could have earned in a mere week or two.

With a hint of joy in their hearts, they departed the room, their thoughts already drifting towards the next time they might be summoned to tend to Orion's grave injuries.

Once the door was securely closed, Orion let out a long exhale, feeling uncomfortable under the scrutinizing gazes. The situation was already challenging enough, and being naked added another layer of discomfort. Because, while it might not have held any particular significance for them, it still held some weight for him.

"Come and lie down so that I can massage your leg a bit more," Greta offered, patting the mat where Orion had previously been lying. Despite her exhaustion from tirelessly using her gift throughout the night, she remained committed to ensuring his complete recovery.

Although unintentional, the fact that she had accidentally awakened him brought a sense of relief to her heart. It reassured her that there were no overlooked complications in his body and that her healing efforts had been effective thus far.

Meanwhile, Orion crawled back to the mat and settled down beside Aunt Greta, who patiently positioned herself on the ground with her knees to the left side of the mat.

Greta extended her hand, and as soon as her palms made contact with his leg, she activated her gift. Gently, she began massaging his left leg, her hands gliding over his muscles, ensuring that every inch was covered. "The slight discomfort you may feel is just your muscles regenerating and realigning themselves," she explained, reassuring him. "So don't worry and bear with it. It will be over soon."

Orion nodded in understanding, already sensing a tingling sensation as if something were shifting inside him. However, the level of pain wasn't as intense as Greta had initially warned him about, leading Orion to suspect that she had exaggerated it out of concern for his well-being.

After a while, a gentle vibrating sensation coursed through Orion's body, providing him with a peculiar and relaxing feeling. As he surrendered himself to Aunt Greta's therapeutic massage, his mind couldn't help but wander towards the imminent morning.

Although he had no idea how many hours were left until then, Orion couldn't shake off his promise to Ursa that he would visit her by morning. Yet, rather than dwelling on how he would reach her house with only one functional leg, he pushed that thought to the back of his mind, choosing to fully immerse himself in the massage Aunt Greta was providing.

However, his tranquil state was abruptly interrupted when a thick scent wafted into his nostrils.

Following the trail of the scent with his nose, Orion turned his head towards Aunt Greta and noticed her wiping off her sweat with a damp rag before placing it on the ground, inadvertently near him. Judging by the wetness of the rag, he deduced that she had been using it during his treatment, which accounted for the distinctive odour that had caught his attention.

However, the scent wouldn't have been bothersome if Orion hadn't been lying naked on the mat, enjoying the massage. Yet, there he was, the aroma of Aunt Greta's sweat tickling his nostrils as he observed her meticulously tending to his leg. With each stroke and touch, she treated his leg with such care and tenderness that he refrained from doing anything that might distract her or shift her attention away from the task at hand.

Finally, a slight, lingering ache tingled through Orion's left leg as Aunt Greta reached for the piece of rag, wiping off her sweat before turning towards him with a warm smile. "That should do it. Now all you need is some rest so that by morning your mother and the rest of your family can come see you," she chuckled, before continuing. "Celeste's face turned ashen when she heard the news, so you better start preparing an explanation for why you did such a thing, alright?"

Observing Aunt Greta preparing to rise while reaching for the wet rag, Orion swiftly feigned a sneeze, "Achhhoooo..." However, he quickly realized that he had underestimated Aunt Greta's genuine care for his well-being as she immediately bent down and placed her hand on his forehead. "What's the matter? Is your nose hurting? Do you feel any discomfort in your muscles?" she asked, her voice laced with worry.

Orion turned his head towards Greta, his gaze meeting her worried eyes. He replied, "Don't worry, I'm fine. It's just a little itch in my nose." He quickly looked downward, realizing that Greta was squatting in front of him. The close proximity allowed him to catch a glimpse of her plump thick inner thighs, and combined with the lingering scent that seemed to intensify, it stirred something within him.

Inhaling once more, he watched Greta nodding and kneeling beside him, revealing a hint of her bushy vagina hairs. As she activated her gift, a wave of bluish light emanated from her hands. Orion watched as she gently placed her hands on his forehead, then withdrew them after a few minutes, sighing in relief. "You were right, it's nothing," she reassured him.

Seeing Aunt Greta's relieved expression, Orion picked up the damp rag that had been beside her and began gently cleaning her legs, moving it gradually upwards to her thigh. "You seem to be sweating a lot, Aunt Greta," he remarked casually.

Greta glanced at Orion, surprised by his unexpected gesture. She watched as he used the rag to wipe off the sweat from her thighs. "Well, as I mentioned earlier, I have been working tirelessly throughout the night, using my gift and preparing herbal remedies to assist in your recovery," she explained, exhaling tiredly as she felt the soft touch of the rag caressing her skin.

Orion finally understood why his mouth tasted sour, as if he had consumed something bitter. Regardless, he expressed his gratitude once again, saying, "Thank you for taking care of me, Aunt Greta." Greta's smile radiated with warmth as she listened to Orion's heartfelt appreciation once more. "It's no problem at all. In fact, I would have done even more if I could," she replied.

Orion nodded in understanding and suggested, "Since you've been working so hard, why don't I help you wipe off your sweat?" He looked up into Aunt Greta's eyes, observing her reaction as she stifled a chuckle.

"Don't worry, Orion. I'll take a bath after this and rest once morning arrives," Greta assured him. But Orion shook his head in disagreement, insisting on assisting her as he proceeded to clean her other thigh.

"No, it's the least I can do. it's nothing worth mentioning," Orion replied, his attention focused on cleaning the area where Greta's thick wide thighs met. As he continued, he casually instructed, "Aunt Greta, could you please open your legs a bit wider?"

Greta gazed at Orion for a moment, her brows furrowing as she contemplated his stubborn countenance. Letting out a resigned sigh, she shook her head, aware that he would persist in finding another way to show his gratitude. Rather than allowing him to overexert himself mentally, she decided to adjust her position.

Recognizing that simply spreading her knees apart on the ground wouldn't allow the rag to effectively clean her thighs and legs due to their size, she lifted herself into a squatting position with one hand supporting her body, providing better access for the cleaning.

Greta widened her legs, making sure to lift the tulga tied around her waist to prevent any hindrance. "Alright, go ahead and help me wipe off the sweat," she said, adding a reminder, "But let's make it quick. Remember, you still need to rest." She observed as Orion nodded earnestly, displaying his understanding.

Internally, Greta couldn't help but release a deep exhale, finding his gesture sweet, even if she refrained from expressing it aloud.

Meanwhile, as Greta's legs were spread open before him, Orion was greeted by a rich, intoxicating scent emanating from her body. Strangely, he found himself oddly drawn to the scent as he carefully extended his hands towards the centre of her thighs, starting to wipe away her sweat. With gentle movements, his hand ventured further up, reaching the upper thighs, and he used the cloth to

delicately brush against her bushy vagina hairs, taking extra care to remove any trapped sweat within.

Greta, noticing Orion's struggle to wipe off the sweat from her vagina hairs, apologized with a slightly awkward smile. "Sorry that it's a bit overgrown. I haven't cut down there in a while," she said, making a mental note to attend to it later.

Since Greta didn't have a partner or have anyone bartering with her for Kushi due to her prominent protruding buttocks and large breasts, she focused primarily on using her healing gift to sustain herself. As a result, cutting down her vagina hair wasn't a priority unless it grew excessively long and caused inconvenience or discomfort.

However, seeing Orion's efforts, she realized that it would be more convenient for both of them if she cut it down for easier access in case such a situation were to arise again.

Chapter 247 The Devoted Cleaner

Orion took his time, realizing that he had no reason to rush. With his injury limiting his mobility, he knew his performance when taking Ursa's virginity would be affected, and that was not something he wanted, especially since it would be her first time.

He believed that every action and effort he invested in pleasing her would benefit him in the future, as he had experienced the irresistible appeal of his skills on women in this world. And using those skills on a virgin like Ursa would make the experience even more irresistible.

Therefore, in order to gain insight into what would work best, Orion decided to test his performance with Aunt Greta. Knowing that she was the best healer in the village, he had the assurance that she could heal him if things didn't go as planned.

However, this was also an opportunity that he couldn't ignore. After all, Orion had become skilled at reading between the lines, ever since he impregnated his family and neighbours. He sensed that Greta might also have a desire to have a child with him, but the villager's cultural norms likely prevented her from openly expressing it due to potential shame.

Nevertheless, Orion had keenly picked up on the subtle hints and cues she had intentionally and unintentionally dropped. With these hints in mind, he had already made plans during his frequent visits with Aunt Greta. She was a woman he willingly intended to impregnate. Having the best healer and a woman of her calibre by his side was an appealing package that he wouldn't hesitate to seize upon.

As such, Orion took his time cleaning Aunt Greta's legs and running his fingers through her bush. He found her bush increasingly alluring as each second passed. Withdrawing his hands from the middle of her thighs, he spoke up, saying, "Let me help you clean the top as well."

And this time, Greta didn't even bother to argue with him. She closed her legs and knelt down again, slowly removing her tulga top from her enormous heavy breasts and slipping it off her head. Her long flowing black hair poured down her back as she held it in place and tied it into a knot. Bending her upper body towards Orion, her long soft oversized nipples pointed towards him, making it easier for him to access and clean her upper body. With a gentle smile, Greta said, "Here you go."

Orion proceeded without hesitation, his hands gliding over Greta's back, diligently wiping away the sweat he found. As he moved his hands towards her enormous breasts, he carefully cleaned the sides and gaps, using one hand to gently hold apart the meaty breast and wipe away any remaining sweat. He remained focused on his task, paying no mind to the fact that his penis had already stiffened, rising from its semi-rigid state.

He even took extra care in attending to her excessively long soft nipples, delicately the damped rag back and forth, thus, causing it to lengthen and harden even further.

"I'm done," Orion expressed, a hint of satisfaction in his voice, as he completed the cleaning process by gently wiping the sweat from Aunt Greta's left nipple, which was the last area he attended to.

Greta, although feeling a bit fatigued, was grateful for the refreshing sensation of being less sticky and damp. However, as she was about to put on her top and prepare to leave, she was taken aback when she felt a hand grasping her inner thigh and slowly moving upwards towards her vagina hairs.

Surprised by this sudden action, Greta glanced at Orion from the corner of her eye, before fixing her gaze upon him and firmly stating, "Orion, you need to rest," while sensing his fingers playfully entwining with her vagina bush.

"I know," Orion responded, nodding his head with a feigned expression of understanding. "But what am I going to do about my erect penis? You know that I can't waste my semen as I please currently, right?"

Initially, Greta intended to maintain a strict demeanour, prioritizing Orion's well-being as his healer. However, her eyebrows shot up in surprise as Orion mentioned his erect penis. She quickly turned her head towards his lower body, to see his long veiny penis standing erect, only to realize that she had missed this detail while being focused on his overall condition.

However, despite what she was witnessing, one burning question lingered in her mind: How in the name of Naka was Orion still experiencing an erection in this situation?

Sure, she had already attributed his constant ability to get erect to his highly potent fertility. However, she still couldn't understand how a young man who had nearly lost his life could now be experiencing an erection just an hour after waking up.

"Aunt Greta," Orion called out, breaking the silence. "I'm sorry, but I don't think I can rest like this. In fact, it feels very uncomfortable when I try to."

Meanwhile, Greta listened to Orion's plea and couldn't help but hesitate. If it were any other patient, she would have gone to find a young woman willing to have kushi with him and include it as part of their payment. However, because it was Orion, she made the decision to handle it herself. But the reason for her hesitation was that this was the same penis that had impregnated every woman it had penetrated.

And, above all, Greta had heard during the discussions among the women, especially the older ones, how having kushi with Orion had been the most euphoric and pleasurable experience they had ever encountered.

So, it wasn't that she wasn't tempted to feel the same sensations they had or to take this opportunity to let him penetrate her and see if she could also become pregnant. But that was precisely the reason she couldn't do it, no matter how much she desired it.

As both his healer and his trusted family friend, there was no way she would allow herself to engage in such an act when there was a definite possibility of getting pregnant without going through the proper route of fairly bartering for his semen.

Chapter 248 Here, Have My Child (R18)

Or, maybe, seeing as Orion had decided to have multiple partners, then maybe.....

"No!" Greta's mind screamed in protest. Despite her scheming to find a way to become Orion's partner, she couldn't entertain such a thought. She valued their relationship too much to jeopardize it by crossing that line.

Meanwhile, observing the conflicted expression on Aunt Greta's face, Orion began to feel the strain of maintaining his sincere demeanour. "Aunt G...." he started, but before he could continue, Greta

interrupted, shaking her head vigorously. "I can't do it," she expressed, "I can't have kushi with you."

Orion's eyebrows shot up as he quickly understood the reason behind Greta's distracted state. His mind raced to find the right words to respond, and he blurted out, "I didn't mean to suggest using your vagina to relieve my penis. Actually, I was considering if I could calm it down with your large butt cheeks, then when I want to release, I can easily empty my semen in your mouth."

Greta's eyes widened in surprise at Orion's words as she struggled to conceal the fact that she had entertained an entirely different thought. Trying to maintain her composure, she forced a smile and nodded in understanding, choosing to remain silent. Without asking any further questions, she swiftly stood up, pulling her tulga up to her waist. With her face turned downward and her back facing him, she positioned herself above him and began to squat down below his waist, as if she intended to straddle him.

Seeing Aunt Greta squatting down, Orion watched as she widened both of her outstanding butt cheeks with her hands, holding them apart for his erect shaft to enter into her ass crack. Orion felt his engorged penis sliding into the confines of the protruding butt cheeks, touching what he presumed to be her butt hole before it also slid downwards past it.

And within seconds, Orion sensed his blood coursing through the penis, surging with greater intensity as she squatted on top of his lower waist.

His penis, firmly lodged between the curves of her butt cheeks, glided sensually, caressing the thick bushes of her vagina hairs and its inviting lips.

Turning around to ensure Orion was comfortable with the weight she was putting on top of him, Greta barely had time to open her mouth to ask her question when Orion abruptly reached out and firmly grasped her protruding butt cheeks.

Suppressing her words, Greta understood his unspoken remarks and proceeded to rhythmically move her hips up and down, straddling his lap. Although she felt a tinge of awkwardness at the notion of using her protruding buttocks in such a manner, a quick glance over her shoulder confirmed that he was thoroughly enjoying the experience.

And although she had already confirmed to herself that Orion viewed her differently from other men, Greta still hesitated a bit before she decided to let herself be a little more liberated and explore what other things she could do with her body, particularly her large buttocks and breasts.

'Besides, I can't leave him alone, considering that he might struggle to fall asleep again after the treatment he received,' Greta thought, feeling somewhat giddy as she justified her reasons for staying. Meanwhile, she continued grinding her fat buttocks on his waist with his erect penis deep inside her.

However, contrary to her expectation, Orion had other plans in mind. He knew that waiting for her to be ready for him to penetrate her pussy might take some time.

So, after savouring the experience for a while, Orion decided to take charge. He firmly grasped her hips and effortlessly lifted himself to sit upright.

The grinding was something that brought Orion immense pleasure. However, he decided to take control of the rhythm and intensity. He wrapped his hands firmly around her waist, gently halting her movements as she continued to massage his erect penis with her buttocks.

"Orion... What..." Aunt Greta tried to ask, but before she could finish her sentence, Orion inserted one of his fingers deep inside Aunt Greta's vagina.

"OOOOHHHHHH~~~~" A moan escaped her lips as she felt the sudden intrusion. Shocked and confused, she wondered what was happening as Orion continued to move his finger within her, stimulating her and making her increasingly wet.

Regardless of her desire to get up, she found herself unable to move, her legs seemingly glued in the squatting position.

And it wasn't until Orion abruptly ceased his actions and withdrew his finger that Greta mustered the strength to push herself up, and decided to put an end to the escalating session. But in her haste, as she rose to a certain height, releasing the grip of her protruding butt cheeks from around his veiny hardened shaft, he forcefully thrust it back inside, tearing through her vaginal walls.

"AHHHHHHHH~~~~" A sharp cry escaped her lips, followed by several gasps of breath, "aUUUH~~~~ Auh~~~~" Once she regained her breath, she pleaded, "Orion... stop.... Or else... I... I am going to get pregnant."

Hearing her words, Orion brought his mouth to her ear and nibbled on it before he responded, "Exactly, Aunt Greta. I can't hold it in any longer. I want you to carry my child." His tone was firm and honest, conveying the reasons behind his sudden actions.

However, Greta found herself stunned, never before having been in a situation where a man, especially a young man like Orion, would willingly and aggressively express his desire to impregnate her.

It..... it left her feeling a blend of excitement and confusion, a strange sensation that made her vagina grow wetter at the thought of being desired so intensely.

Suddenly, Orion plunged his hands into her pubic bush, deliberately catching a few strands between his fingers as he gently tugged them, trying to regain Aunt Greta's attention from the daze she had fallen into. Feeling the sensation of her thick vagina hairs being pulled, Greta snapped back to her senses and uttered, "Orion..." before she heard him say, "What are you doing, Aunt Greta? If you stay like that, my erection might soften, and I'm afraid I won't be able to impregnate you again."

Chapter 249 Here, Have My Child (2) (R18)

Greta's mind raced with conflicting thoughts. How could she possibly resist such a tempting proposition? The desire to have Orion release his semen into her vagina was undeniable, but the fact that he was willing to do it voluntarily and eagerly added an entirely different thing for her.

"Are...are you sure, Orion?" Greta managed to ask, her voice filled with a spark of hesitation. Despite having heard and understood his words clearly, she needed reassurance that she hadn't misunderstood his intentions.

Orion, who was still playing with her bush, pulled on it once again, causing Aunt Greta to exclaim, "Uhhhh~~~" and thrust her waist forward in response. The sudden movement caused his erect penis, which was still tightly lodged inside her vagina, to twitch furiously.

"Haaa~~~ hAAAAA~~~" Greta breathed out loudly, trying to stabilize the intense sensation that erupted from below her waist and spread throughout her entire body. She looked down at Orion's fingers, which were still playing with the thick strands of hair below her waist and occasionally brushing against her vagina lips.

Stretching her right hand towards his hand, she attempted to grab it and remove it from her vagina hair. However, as she gripped his hand tightly and began to pull it away, Orion suddenly jerked his hand in the opposite direction, exerting even greater pressure on her hairy bush.

That caused Greta to let out a louder yet shorter gasp of air, "HHHAAAH!!" She hunched forward, breathing heavily once more, her legs no longer squatting but now straightened and resting on top of Orion's legs, while her inner walls were stretched apart by the girth of his erect penis.

"I have said it many times, Aunt Greta, so I don't understand which part of my words you don't understand," Orion whispered, his breath tickling her ear as he nibbled on it gently. His fingers continued tracing the lips of her vagina, while his shaft was still inserted deep inside her already damped pussy.

"However, if you want to hear it again, or even hear it repeatedly, then yes..... Aunt Greta, I want you to bear my child... I want to impregnate you... I want you to be the mother of my child," Orion added, watching as Aunt Greta gradually regained her composure. Although he knew that pulling her thick pubic hair might have caused her some discomfort, he couldn't resist indulging in this newfound desire.

After all, he had discovered many surprising aspects about himself since his transmigration into this world, and this was just one of them.

And, if anything, Orion would happily declare that the freedom in this world, with its minor cultural flaws, had been more than enough to reshape his preferences and broaden his horizons.

Meanwhile, Greta, having regained her composure once again, remained silent as she carefully pondered the situation.

At this juncture, it dawned on her that she had unwittingly fallen into Orion's carefully devised scheme to impregnate her and have her carry his child. It seemed logical now, considering his circumstances.

However, reflecting on her own elaborate schemes, she couldn't help but wonder if staying silent and minding her own business would have ultimately resulted in her getting pregnant with Orion's child anyway.

Well, her question had already been answered.

"Haaa..." A soft sigh escaped her lips as she let go of those thoughts. In the end, she realized she had fallen into his own trap.... a scheme that she had secretly desired all along.

She couldn't help but laugh at herself, realizing how foolish she had been. However, there was no reason for her to hold it against herself. Orion had made his desires abundantly clear, and there was no room for shame, doubt, or guilt. This was an opportunity for her to embrace her freedom.

Seeing how much Orion enjoyed her body, a body she had once despised, Greta saw no harm in allowing him to enjoy it to the fullest. In fact, Greta found herself wishing she could offer even more.....

But that was a plan for later, as for now, Greta decided to take control of the situation and ensure that every drop of his semen would find its way into her womb.

With that intention in mind, Greta cast a sidelong glance at Orion, tilting her head to get a clearer view of his face. Finally, she spoke, "If you want to release your semen in my womb and get me pregnant, lie down on your back and let me stimulate your penis with my vagina until you're ready to release your semen," her words were direct and to the point. "This way, I can ensure your well-being, considering your injury."

Meanwhile, Orion noticed the seriousness in Greta's gaze and sensed that she was more composed than before. Appreciating her newfound demeanour, he decided to entrust the situation to her and observe how she would handle it.

After all, considering how he was supporting her weight and the dexterity of his fingers, there were no immediate concerns for him to address before heading to Ursa's house, except for the duration of his stamina in his current state. Feeling confident in his progress, Orion withdrew his head from her pubic bush and lay on his back on the mat, stating "I am ready, Aunt Greta."

He could sense that the few seconds he had given her to compose herself were more than sufficient.

"Okay," Greta nodded in response. Uncertain of what to do next, she quickly realized that the current position felt awkward. With Orion's erect penis still deeply inserted inside her, she swiftly turned around until she was facing him, locking eyes. Shaking her head in disbelief at the intensity of desire she felt for the young man beneath her, Greta positioned her knees on the ground and raised her hands upward, placing them on either side of Orion's head as she leaned closer to him.

To her relief, Greta didn't have to extend her hands too far before her long pointed hardened nipples were brushing against his face.

Chapter 250 The Breastmilk Promise (R18)

"Here, I can tell from the way you appreciate my protruding buttocks that you also have a fondness for my large breasts," Greta said, emphasizing her words by swaying her body from side to side, causing her full breasts to sway and graze against Orion's face.

Orion, with a smile on his face, extended his hands upward and gently cupped Greta's breasts, holding them in place before delicately taking one long overwhelmingly stiff nipple into his mouth, playfully nibbling on it with his teeth.

Greta observed this with a knowing smile, and as she began to move, she raised her voluptuous buttocks and forcefully brought it down onto his waist with a resounding "CCCLLLAAPPPP~~~ PAHHH~~~" The connection between their bodies intensified as his rigid erect penis slid in and out of her wet vagina walls, before she thrust it back in with a forceful "CCLLAAAAPP~~~ PPAHHH~~~" that reverberated through her womb.

This time, she felt a delightful sensation as Orion easily manoeuvred his fingers underneath her fat inner thighs, caressing the lips of her hairy vagina, causing her to slow down her movements as she lowered her protruding buttocks onto his lap.

Meanwhile, he tightly squeezed and caressed her breasts, sucking on them with a passionate zeal as if expecting milk to be released.

Though that was her only regret now, Greta wished that she was already pregnant so she could feed Orion with milk from her breasts. She knew that due to his family's financial situation, Orion had never had the opportunity to taste milk before.

As she raised her plentiful buttocks, having felt the sensations of his fingers on her moist vagina lips, and then slammed it down again with a resounding "CCCLLAAPP~~~ PAHHH~~~", a weary smile formed on Greta's face. She couldn't help but ponder the thought, knowing that considering Orion's numerous partners, almost all of whom were pregnant, he would have an abundance of breast milk at his disposal.

But still, Greta made it her top priority to be the first to feed Orion with her breast milk. The mere thought of her milk being the first he would taste, aside from the time he was born and fed by Celeste, sent a wave of unknown pleasure throughout her body and made her narrow leaking vagina grow even wetter. Every hair on her body stood on end in anticipation.

With that, she would be his first, and that was more than enough for her.

"CLLAAPP!! CLLAAAPPP!!!"

"CCCLLAAPP!! PAAHHH!!!"

"uAAHHHH~~~~" Greta couldn't help but let the moan that she had been holding in after Orion forcefully bit down on the nipple of her left breast, "~~~UahHhh~~ Orio... ahhhh~~~aunty's breasts, don't bite aunty's nipples like that....." She slammed her buttocks down on his rigid penis once more with a resonating "CLLAAPPP~~~" before she regained her composure and continued speaking. "I am not able to produce milk yet, so when I am able to do so, you can bite it as much as you want, okay?" She lifted her buttocks and slammed them down again, "CLAPP!! PAH!!!".

Her voice quivered as she added, "Ahhh~~ for now..... aunty's breasts ~~Ouhhhh~~~ Don't bite aunty's breasts that hard, ~~~auuhhh~~~ be gentle, okay?"

Meanwhile, Orion's eyes lit up at those words. While eating kalna fruits never tired him and always delighted his taste buds with their tangy flavour, he couldn't deny that the opportunity to taste something different made his taste buds tingle with expectation. Breast milk, in his circumstances, was still milk, and whether he had to suck it from a lactating mother or his pregnant partners, it didn't matter to him.

As he looked forward to the exact moment when his partners would start lactating, Orion's body seemed to be enthusiastically counting down the days.

But suddenly, as he was about to nibble on Aunt Greta's breast again, Orion halted and released her long hard nipple from his mouth, prompting him to ask, "Aunt Greta, how long does it take for a pregnant woman to wait before she is able to give birth?"

He pondered this question considering that fetuses in this world seemed to mature at an accelerated rate, and individuals who were close to a hundred years old appeared much younger, resembling individuals in their fifties or forties.

"CLAPPP!!! PAAHHH~~~~"

Greta gave one last thrust, her protruding buttocks bouncing on his lap as she tried to compose herself to explain, "Well, although there are different stages, in total, they usually give birth after nine months."

Listening to her explanation, Orion let out a deep sigh of relief, grateful that the duration of pregnancy was not vastly different from his previous world.

However, Greta noticed his expression and couldn't help but furrow her brow. Initially, she wanted to inquire about why he had asked such a question all of a sudden. But as she realized that Orion had other women who could provide him with breast milk, including his experienced mother who had given birth multiple times, Greta focused her gaze on Orion, locking eyes with him intently. She proceeded to voice her concern, saying, "Don't tell me you're considering getting breast milk from someone else before I can produce mine, Orion?"

Given the time difference between her pregnancy and the pregnancies of his other partners, Greta had a strong suspicion that this was what he was currently thinking about.

Meanwhile, Orion, caught red-handed, could sense that Aunt Greta had seen through his thoughts. Nevertheless, he chose to remain silent, instead placing Aunt Greta's erect nipples back into his mouth and resuming his sucking.

Observing his behaviour, Greta couldn't help but sigh wearily. "Orion, I understand that the other women, especially Celeste and Celia, may want you to taste their breast milk as soon as they start producing it. However, I need you to promise me that you'll wait for my breasts to start producing milk first," she said, firmly holding her breast and gently squeezing it, causing more of it to find its way into Orion's mouth. He licked and sucked on it, feeling the throbbing sensation of his penis within her tight hairy vagina.