

Village Head 261

Chapter 261 The Anticipation

Orion watched, his erection now glistening with Ursa's release, as she unexpectedly succumbed to unconsciousness.

"Ursa?" Orion gently rubbed her cheeks, tapping them lightly in an attempt to rouse her from her unconscious state. However, met with no response, a slight smirk tugged at the corners of Orion's lips. He understood that the overwhelming experience of losing her virginity, coupled with the intensity of the kushi, had rendered her temporarily incapacitated.

While he didn't want to boast, he couldn't help but think that if Ursa had remained conscious long enough for them to switch positions, he would have given her something even more thrilling and intoxicating.

Turning his gaze towards the mesmerized onlookers, Orion spoke, his voice cutting through the hushed atmosphere, "It seems like Ursa has fallen asleep." Instantly, their dazed expressions shifted as they realized he was addressing them, their attention drawn to Ursa's unconscious state. Lyra, in particular, swiftly rose from her seat and hurried over to check on her daughter.

Bending down to assess Ursa's condition, Lyra let out a sigh, "As expected, she couldn't endure the pain and intensity of her first penetration. It's understandable that she's in this state." Leaning closer, she planted a gentle kiss on Ursa's cheeks and whispered, "You did your best."

Then, Lyra shifted her attention to Orion, carefully examining him from head to toe. She nodded slightly and proposed, "Why don't you clean up in my backyard? You're in quite a mess." Almost immediately, she assured him, "Don't worry, we were just bathing before you arrived, so there's water ready for you to use."

As there was no reason to decline the woman's generous offer, Orion nodded in understanding and rose to his feet. His gaze briefly swept over Grandma Vivian, but it was Grandma Derry's figure and the pool of liquid forming beneath her that caught his attention. A mischievous smile played on his lips as he locked eyes with her and posed a playful question, "Grandma Derry, would you like to assist me in cleaning up?"

Grandma Derry's eyes lit up as she heard Orion's words. Without hesitation, she stood up, disregarding the fact that her juices had stained the area where she had been sitting. The wetness was visible on both the front and back of her tulga, unapologetically showcasing her excitement.

Even Lyra and Grandma Vivian couldn't help but notice the sight of Grandma Derry's soaked lower body. While Grandma Vivian simply shook her head with a resigned expression, Lyra's surprise was evident as she observed the copious amount of vagina juices released by the woman.

She opened her mouth to say something, perhaps offering the use of the water in her backyard, but the realization that there wouldn't be a tulga for Grandma Derry to wear made her quickly close her lips. She decided to let them handle the situation themselves. After all, she would have to wait for Orion to finish bathing before helping Ursa with washing her unconscious body.

Then, she planned to have a conversation with her son-in-law to learn more about their relationship and the duration of their friendship before he proposed. Ursa always seemed to omit that part whenever she narrated their story, adding hints of falsehoods, even though Lyra had personally witnessed their proposal. I think you should take a look at

However, Lyra made up her mind to use the remaining time to extract whatever information she could about Orion before he left her hut.

Meanwhile, Grandma Derry eagerly took hold of Orion's hand, allowing it to rest on her shoulders as she led him towards the backyard. As they reached the door and stepped outside, Orion discreetly closed the door, ensuring they would have the privacy they desired. The reason he chose Grandma Derry was obvious from the desire in her eyes, the way she looked at his engorged penis -it was clear that she hungered for him, craving his touch and the pleasure he could provide.

Besides, Grandma Vivian would keep Lyra company until they were done, and that was something Orion was certain of.

However, Orion's task of impregnating all the mature women around him was nearly complete, with just two more remaining after he took care of Grandma Derry. As for his two Fionas, he planned to meet them later, but he would need to come up with nicknames to avoid confusion. He also had to prioritize Sura, ensuring her virginity was taken care of to avoid any feelings of exclusion.

Once that was settled, he could focus on sharing his ideas about raising the children and catching up with Warrior Jean and the rest of the group. Orion acknowledged that he had missed a significant amount of training, but his priority was ensuring the well-being of his pregnant partners before and after their pregnancies.

With so much responsibility resting on his shoulders, Orion couldn't complain. After all, his future hinged on solving and taking care of these tasks, especially with the alluring sight of the large, wet ass swaying before him.

'I will always say it..... I will always be thankful for transmigrating into this world,' Orion thought, his hand reaching forward to grab onto Derry's curved buttocks, while she arranged the clay pot for him.

Grandma Derry wanted to remind him to stay in one place, wash up, and then return so they could continue with the next round of penetration, which was hers this time around.

However, when she felt his hands firmly pressing against her buttocks, her eyes widened in realization. She understood his intentions without a word being spoken. Without hesitation, Grandma Derry maintained her position, her body trembling with anticipation. "Finally," she whispered to herself, her mind filled with excitement.

However, as soon as his touch ceased, Grandma Derry's brows knitted together in confusion. Uncertain of his intentions, she contemplated straightening her back and turning around. But before she could act, a strong hand firmly pressed against her back, halting her movement. "Stay in that position for a moment, Grandma Derry," Orion commanded, his voice both authoritative and gentle. As he skillfully freed the fabric of her tulga that had been caught between her ass cracks, he adjusted it smoothly across her buttocks.

Chapter 262 Wet Seduction

Orion's eyes fell upon the delicate clay bowl nestled inside the pot as he peered over Grandma Derry's shoulder. Can you pass me the bowl, Grandma Derry?" he requested. Although Grandma Derry didn't quite grasp his intentions, she promptly obliged, scooping up a bowlful of water and extending it back to him.

Grasping the bowl firmly, Orion moved closer and poured the water gently over Grandma Derry's back.

"Ahhh!" Grandma Derry gasped in shock, her body tensing as the rush of cold water streamed down her back, sending a shiver down her spine. Instinctively, she tried to straighten her back, but her efforts were quickly thwarted as Orion's firm hands pressed her back down, preventing any escape from his touch.

Meanwhile, nestled between her plump buttocks, Grandma Derry could feel the scorching heat of Orion's throbbing penis pressing insistently against the damp fabric of her tulga. It slid along

shapely butt cheeks gradually inserting itself into her butt gap, causing another rush of sensation to course through her body, as the fabric yielded to the forceful intrusion.

"Orion.... Haaa... What are you doing?" Grandma Derry couldn't contain her mounting confusion and questions, so she immediately voiced them. However, instead of receiving a response, she found a familiar clay bowl shoved within her line of sight. Behind her, Orion's voice resonated, "Fetch me another bowl of water, Grandma Derry."

Grandma Derry's body shivered intensely as the cold water continued to linger on her skin. Swallowing a mouthful of saliva, she reluctantly scooped up another bowl of water and passed it backwards to Orion.

As she released her grip, she didn't have a chance to prepare herself before the water streamed over her back, causing her entire body to momentarily freeze before succumbing to shivers from the cold. But then, she felt Orion's hand pressing and moving back and forth over her back, as if he was gently washing her body with the water.

"Another one," Orion said, extending his hand towards Grandma Derry for her to grab the clay bowl from him. Unbeknownst to her, he had begun to subtly grind up and down her ass cheeks, his movements carefully masked by her focus on the cold water rushing over her back. The sensation of the chilly water, coupled with the subsequent shivers and the hairs on her body standing on end, held her attention entirely.

Grabbing the bowl for what felt like the umpteenth time, Grandma Derry's whole body trembled as she scooped up another bowlful of water and extended her hand backwards to hand it to Orion.

However, just as she was about to release her grip, her hand instinctively tightened, refusing to let go. With confusion etched on her face, she managed to muster a breathless question, "Orion..... Haaaaa... What is this that you're doing?" But before she could receive an answer, Orion's strength overpowered her, snatching the bowl away and maintaining silence for a moment. Suddenly, his hand wrapped around her waist, and he began to lift her up.

As her upper body straightened, Grandma Derry's breathing grew heavy as she regained her composure. Orion's lips brushed against her ear, his voice low yet compelling enough to make her tremble slightly. "You've been feeling agitated since we arrived. It's time to cool down and release the tension from those words you spoke earlier today." With a mischievous glint in his eyes, he raised the bowl above Grandma Derry's head, positioning it as if he were aiming for her face next. I think you should take a look at

Grandma Derry's eyes widened in shock as she watched Orion's actions unfurl. Her pupils dilated as the cold water streamed over her face, sending a cold shiver down her skin. The sensation spread through her body as the front of her body became drenched, and the water was quickly absorbed by her tulga.

Before she could react or utter a word, Orion's hands reached out, firmly grasping her large, elderly breasts through the fabric of her tulga. The sensation of his hands moulding and shaping them caused Grandma Derry to lose her composure, her breathing becoming erratic as she succumbed to the overwhelming pleasure coursing through her.

"Haaaa... Haaaa... Hold on, Haaaa... let me remove my tulga so that you can easily penetrate me," Grandma Derry said, feeling Orion's rigid veiny penis deeply inserted into the gap between her buttocks, pressing against the fabric of her tulga and rubbing against her sensitive open butt hole.

Orion, revelling in the arousing sensations of grinding against Grandma Derry's prominent ass and fondling her globe-like breasts, couldn't resist the temptation any longer. With a quick gesture, he lifted the soaked, long tulga, revealing her waist and exposing her clean private part.

With his hand spread wide, he firmly pressed it against her dampened vagina, using his thumb to delicately caressed the soft lips of her labia, ensuring every inch received his touch. He then inserted his second finger into her drooling pussy, smoothly thrusting it in and out with controlled passion, while maintaining his grasp on her private part with his palm.

Meanwhile, Grandma Derry's body was at the mercy of Orion's competent touch, causing her to release a wave of moans and gasps that silently spread through the backyard. "Ughhh... Ahhh~~~~ Orion!" Each touch provoked a distinct reaction, ranging from soft sighs to sharp intakes of breath, as her most sensitive areas responded eagerly to his caresses.

The intensity of the sensations made her thighs quiver, and a surge of stimulation coursed through her vagina, saturating Orion's fingers with her arousal. Some of the fluids intermingled with the water in the clay pot, originally intended for their bath.

"..... Haaaa.... Haaa..... Orion....." Grandma Derry's breaths escaped her lips in heavy gasps as she struggled to regain her composure. "Orion," she pleaded, her voice filled with desperate longing. "Please..... Please stop this... Please penetrate me..... I can't bear it any longer. I need you." Her legs trembled beneath her, threatening to give way as she leaned back against Orion's chest.

He, too, was struggling to maintain his balance, standing on only one foot. His strong physique was the only thing preventing him from collapsing under the weight of her fuckable body.

Chapter 263 [Bonus]Wet Seduction (2) (R18)

Shaking his head in response to her plea, Orion gazed into her eyes with a naughty grin. "You still don't understand, do you?" he whispered, his warm breath caressing her ears. "It seems you're only after my semen, and I must say, I'm quite proud of its capabilities. But, Grandma Derry, even though we made a promise that I fully intend to keep, did you really think I would simply penetrate you and release my semen right away?" His voice held a playful tone, teasing her with a hint of what was yet to come.

Seeing her silent response and the quivering of her lips, Orion clicked his tongue against his cheek, expressing his disappointment. "Grandma Derry, let me assure you that I will fulfil your desires. I will release my semen in your vagina and every other hole in your body. But, even when you're pregnant and ready to give birth, you'll crave only one thing -to be penetrated by me again and to taste my semen, whether it's in your mouth or your soaked vagina."

With his words hanging in the air, Orion plunged his second finger deep into her drenched vagina, evoking a gasp of pleasure from her as he skillfully stroked her sensitive walls, fully aware of the sensations she was experiencing after her release.

Just one more touch, just one more brush of his fingertips against her tight mature vaginal walls, and she would surrender to another release. But just as Grandma Derry felt herself teetering on the edge of pleasure, Orion abruptly withdrew his fingers, leaving her gasping for breath and hungering for more. With her head dropping back onto his shoulders, she let out a long, frustrated exhale, her body yearning for the release that was denied to her.

"Haaaa... Haaaaaa....," Grandma Derry exhaled loudly, her voice filled with both frustration and longing. The intense pleasure had left her so weak that even Orion's strong body couldn't keep her upright. Slowly, she descended to the ground, surrendering to the overwhelming sensation that had drained her of her strength.

Noticing Grandma Derry's weakening state, Orion swiftly reacted, deftly catching her in his arms. His strong grip secured her around the waist as he instinctively leaned back, hopping backwards toward the fence to maintain his balance.

Pressing his back against the makeshift fence, he smoothly rotated, seamlessly turning Grandma Derry in his grasp. Gently, he placed her back against the fence, positioning them face to face.

Observing Grandma Derry's ongoing struggle to regain her composure, Orion couldn't help but be captivated by her attractive vulnerability. With a glint in his eyes, he voiced his desires, "There were so many things I wanted to do to you before I penetrated your vagina."

His gaze lingered on her form, from head to toe, as he contemplated his next course of action. "But for now..." Orion's hand tightened around her vulva, slowly dragging it upward, revealing her glistening soaked pussy that still dripped with its intoxicating juices. As he caressed her moist pink folds with his hand, a surge of excitement washed through Grandma Derry's lower body, causing her vagina to release even more, forming an enticing stream that pooled in Orion's hand before spilling to the ground.

"....I'll save them for later," Orion added, his smile widening at the scene unfolding before him. He took a moment to relish in the knowledge that he had succeeded in stirring her longing and igniting her craving for his touch. However, he also recognized the limits of her endurance, realizing that pushing further would only result in her collapsing to the ground. I think you should take a look at

The image of her lying unconscious on the ground flashed through his mind, causing him to reconsider his plans.

'Yeah, that wouldn't be a good idea,' Orion admitted to himself, recognizing the impracticality of carrying her with the help of Grandma Vivian. 'But it's good to see that she no longer sees me as just a young man with miraculous semen.'

And that especially applied to Grandma Derry, for in that moment, the mere thought of Orion impregnating her took a backseat. All that consumed her mind was the burning desire for Orion to penetrate her, to satisfy the insatiable itch that had taken hold of her entire body, but most intensely in her drippy matured vagina. As she nervously licked her lips, struggling to find her voice, Grandma Derry's plea finally escaped her quivering lips.

"...Orion... Please... Please, penetrate me..... I feel strange..... I feel as though my body won't be able to... won't be able to move until I have your erect penis..... Please, Orion, penetrate me..... I want your erect penis."

Though her words trembled and cracked in between, Orion could still discern her desperate plea. It brought a satisfying warmth to his heart, as he silently affirmed, 'It is time.'

Orion carefully lifted her right leg, positioning his veiny member near her juicy fluid pussy lips. As he looked up at her half-lidded eyes, with her arms spread apart and clinging instinctively to the makeshift fence for support, he couldn't help but hope that Ursa's neighbours were still sound asleep or occupied with their various tasks.

With a deep inhale, Orion pulled his waist forward, unleashing a powerful thrust that drove his whole hardened cock into her drowning pussy in one swift motion. The collision of their waists echoed with a resounding "Pah~~," accompanied by the sensation of her left fleshy juicy thigh being gently but firmly held in his other hand. In the midst of it, Orion marvelled at the outstanding satisfaction of squishing her succulent thigh while passionately fucking the gylf before him.

"ahhh~~" Grandma Derry stifled a passionate moan, her eyes shooting wide open as the object of her intense desire found its place deep within her tight untouched vaginal walls. Ignoring the neat yet furious plunge of Orion's long stiff penis into her matured vagina, Grandma Derry's sole focus was on how long he would continue to use it to massage her dripping sensitive depths.

It had been far too long since she was last penetrated, and in her current state, she wasn't ready to let go of his penis anytime soon.

Chapter 264 Succumbing

"PAHH~~" Orion withdrew his waist, feeling the forceful clenching of Grandma Derry's vagina. He muttered under his breath, "Damn!" before succumbing to the inevitable pull and diving back into her pussy with a vibrant, "PAAHH~~".

"aHHH~~~ Uhhhh~~~" Grandma Derry's moans echoed through the air as her body sank deeper into the support of the makeshift fence. Orion effortlessly held her leg forward, allowing him to continue his relentless fucking with ease. With each withdrawal and fierce thrust, Grandma Derry's moans grew louder and more uninhibited.

Suddenly, a whisper tickled her ears, causing her to shiver with a mixture of pleasure and caution. "Grandma Derry, all I ask is for you to moan softly. Unless you want Miss Lyra or Grandma Vivian to see your current state," Orion playfully warned, his waist never ceasing its rhythmic movements. In fact, he increased the pace, causing Grandma Derry's soaked and dripping pink lips to be stirred and filled to the brim with his raging penis.

"PAH~~" "pah~~~" "mmmHHH~~"

Inwardly, as Grandma Derry attempted to suppress her moans, her thoughts raced with realization. She had been fixated on the wrong things all this time. Orion's touch, his skilful movements, and the way he amazingly cooled down her wet body ignited a craving within her that surpassed her initial expectations.

It wasn't just about the pleasure of having Orion's semen deep inside her womb; she now craved his presence, his penis, and the relationship they had. So, the mere thought of being alone for an

extended period of time without attempting to reinsert his throbbing penis inside her vagina seemed unimaginable.

"Pahh~~" "pAHH~~" "pahhh~~~"

"Mhhhh~~" "ahhhh~~~ Mhhhhmm~~"

'How.... how can a penis feel so delicious?' Grandma Derry's mind was consumed by the overwhelming sensation as she experienced Orion's penis growing increasingly hot. It expanded within her already tightly clenched vagina, causing her inner walls to stretch and widen dramatically.

Suddenly, a surge of liquid erupted from his scorching penis, forcefully tearing through her insides, only to gradually subside as it delved deeper, finding solace within the confines of her womb.

And to her surprise, Grandma Derry felt every inch of it, her wet hole clenching tightly around Orion's stiff penis, coaxing even more pleasure from him. Orion, who thought he was already finished, couldn't help but mutter, "Fuck!" under his breath as he felt his throbbing member being squeezed relentlessly. Every last drop of his semen escaped, causing his body to collapse onto Grandma Derry's, his hands instinctively gripping the side of her ass cheeks for support.

In the aftermath, he delicately traced his fingers along her drooling pussy lips, still connected to his engorged penis.

After a few seconds, Orion could sense Grandma Derry's body trembling fiercely. Suddenly, she threw her head back against the makeshift fence, accompanied by a surge of liquid that engulfed his shaft. With a satisfied smile, Orion observed the ripples of pleasure washing over her as Grandma Derry's breaths became erratic and sharp.

Finally, she collapsed her head onto his shoulder, seemingly surrendering to the overwhelming sensations, rendering her momentarily unconscious.

I think you should take a look at

Witnessing the reaction he had caused, Orion quickly wrapped his hand around Grandma Derry's waist once more, applying gentle pressure. With his other hand, he playfully tapped her cheeks, causing a slight shiver to course through her body. "Grandma Derry," he whispered, tapping her once more, this time allowing his middle finger to glide against her labia.

"MMhhmm~"

A soft, muffled moan escaped her lips, causing her body to jolt before slipping back into unconsciousness, melting into Orion's arms once again. Orion sighed, contemplating his next move and pondering how to proceed from this point onward.

After all, Orion's plans to stimulate one final release from Grandma Derry before taking a break, having their baths, and heading back into the hut to meet Miss Lyra and Grandma Vivian had completely backfired on him.

"Haaaaa..." Orion released a deep, audible breath, realizing that Grandma Derry's desire for him went beyond the need for his semen. She would always yearn for his touch, seeking him out whenever she had an insatiable itch that demanded his attention.

"CLAPP! PAHH!" He slapped her left protruding ass cheeks and gave it a firm squeeze before releasing his grip.

Yeah, Orion didn't have any regrets about his actions.

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The Farm

"What do you mean?" Mrs Shani asked, her gaze sweeping across the other Caretakers in the room. Having carefully listened to everything they had shared with her, she couldn't believe what she was hearing. The information was so astounding that she found herself questioning her own perception, wondering how she was still able to remain seated among them, amidst the shocking revelations.

"What is there not to understand?" Caretaker Ivor, the old man who appeared to be in his sixties but was actually ninety-seven years old, leaned forward and fixed a piercing gaze on Mrs Shani. His words carried a weight of wisdom and experience as he continued, "While I acknowledge that Hrok saw potential in you due to your previous farm management experience, being a caretaker requires

more than just practical skills. It demands a strong mental fortitude. If you feel unprepared for this responsibility, I suggest stepping down and relinquishing your position as a caretaker."

"However, I must emphasize that whatever you have heard here today must remain a solemn secret, bound by an oath to never disclose it to anyone, including your partner, children, friends, or family, in the name of Naka."

Meanwhile, as the man's words echoed in the room, Mrs Shani's face twisted into a deep frown. After years of tireless effort and earning numerous promotions, she had finally secured her place among the esteemed Caretakers. How could she willingly give up a position she had fought so hard to achieve?

Still.....

"I apologize for not expressing my words properly, Caretaker Ivor," showing respect to the elderly man who had been caring for the farm for longer than she had and was the oldest among the Caretakers in the room, excluding the retired Caretaker Hrok.

"But..." she continued, carefully framing her question, "are you suggesting that all this time, the children..... the newborn babies who were declared dead because they couldn't withstand the strain of birth, were actually given sleeping poisons to stop their hearts and then taken away to be fed to the Vylkr vines?"

Chapter 265 The Caretakers

"Yes," a firm and authoritative voice resounded from the left, capturing Mrs Shani's attention and causing her to divert her gaze from Caretaker Ivor. Her eyes wandered past the peculiar wooden structure of the tree hut, carefully crafted with the assistance of the four-eared people, until they settled on Caretaker Naida, who was nearing the age of seventy in just a couple of years and held the position of the second oldest Caretaker in the room.

"But, as Caretaker Ivor has already explained, we didn't undertake these actions on a whim. We did it because it was the only way to safeguard the village," Caretaker Naida interjected, her voice tinged with a hint of weariness. Being a caretaker came with numerous responsibilities, and burdens that weighed heavily on their shoulders.

Nevertheless, they persevered for the sake of the village. Compared to those in charge of the two strongholds, they were in a more favourable position. Despite the toll it had taken on her appearance, Caretaker Naida pressed on.

"Caretaker Shani, after hearing all of this and considering the potential for similar situations in the future, do you wish to relinquish your position as a Caretaker and pass it on to the next preferred elected candidate? Or do you choose to participate in our next meeting, taking an oath to keep everything you have seen and heard a secret, thereby solidifying your role as a Caretaker?"

Once the question was asked, Mrs Shani found herself engulfed in a whirlwind of conflicting emotions, rendering her speechless. The gravity of those responsibilities left her physically drained and weakened.

"Ahem!" Another voice reverberated through the air, cutting through the tension-filled atmosphere. Mrs Shani's gaze shifted towards the source of the interruption, her eyes landing on Caretaker Zola. Despite being the youngest and perhaps the least attractive person in the room, Zola commanded attention with her remarkable intellect and strong-willed personality.

"Apologies for the interruption, but we have gathered here to finalize an important decision," Caretaker Zola stated firmly, her eyes locked onto Mrs Shani's. "While we had originally planned a grand ceremony to mark your new role as one of the farm's caretakers, our current challenges have left us with little time. Some of these challenges, you will soon be briefed on."

Caretaker Zola wearily shook her head and released a tired sigh, emphasizing the urgency of the situation. "So, please, make your decision quickly. Every moment counts, and we can't afford to waste any more time."

Listening to the young lady's words, Mrs Shani felt her eyebrows twitching almost incessantly, reminding her of Caretaker Zola's notorious blunt tongue. Nonetheless, despite the weight of the responsibilities on her shoulders, Mrs Shani took a moment to collect her thoughts. She averted her gaze from Caretaker Zola and closed her eyes, inhaling deeply to regain her composure.

In that brief moment of reflection, Mrs Shani pondered the situation with utmost concentration. After more than a minute of deep contemplation, she opened her eyes and directed a determined nod towards Caretaker Naida. The resolve in her eyes was clear as she spoke, "Former Caretaker Hrok chose me as his successor, and I will faithfully carry out my duties, just as he succeeded his predecessor. Caretaker Naida, let us proceed with the meeting."

While Caretaker Shani uttered her words, her gaze shifted to Caretaker Ivor, who nonchalantly clicked his tongue and averted his eyes.

"Alright," Caretaker Naida nodded in agreement with Caretaker Shani's response, her eyes scanning the room before she addressed everyone present. "Let us proceed then." "I think you should take a look at

Caretaker Ivor cleared his throat, capturing the attention of the room as he delved into the plan proposed by Orion the previous day.

Each caretaker shared their thoughts on the potential consequences and benefits of implementing such a plan. Displeasure and concerns were voiced in some areas, while agreement resonated in others, aligning with Orion's suggestions. As the discussion unfolded, it became clear that there was little to add or modify to the plan, except the need to construct additional storage huts.

These storage huts would facilitate the storage of a greater quantity of their harvest, along with other storable herbs, in preparation for the future development of the village.

When the words of the plan reached Caretaker Shani's ears, her eyes widened in astonishment, nearly betraying the composed facade she had meticulously maintained. In spite of her efforts to rein in her emotions, it was a challenging task, and she teetered on the brink of losing her composure. And who could blame her?

If everything she had just heard was true, it meant that in a few short years, the village would embark on an exploration that would shape the growth and stability of an entirely new village.

So, how could she possibly maintain her composure and not be overwhelmed by the magnitude of the situation?

"Given that the fate of the plan rests in the hands of the stronghold leaders, as they hold the authority to make any significant changes, I will personally arrange meetings with each of them to discuss the situation," Caretaker Ivor stated, addressing the entire room. Wrapping up the conversation, he emphasized, "In the meantime, let us all prioritize the safety and abundance of our harvest until the time comes when it will be required."

Shifting his gaze across the room, his eyes settled on the middle-aged woman seated near Caretaker Shani. "Caretaker Nala, have you checked on the children and informed Overseer Anara about the current situation?" he asked.

Caretaker Nala's head bobbed in agreement, and she proceeded to share the information she had received from Overseer Anara. She explained that the village Chief had personally informed Anara

about the ongoing situation, and Anara, using her tree roots, had ensured the children's perfect health.

"Regarding the children, Anara mentioned that Orion has some plans of his own," Caretaker Nala continued, "So, we have two options: we can devise a plan to handle the children ourselves, or we can wait for the Village Chief to awaken and hold another meeting with Orion to learn more about his intentions."

Chapter 266 The Revelation

Caretaker Ivor's gaze sharpened as he voiced his opinion, "I say we wait for him. If his previous ideas were any indication, there's no reason not to give him a chance to share his intentions."

Caretaker Naida nodded in agreement, "I, too, believe it would be wise to hear what the boy has to say before making any decisions."

Caretaker Nala noticed the unanimous support for waiting and proposed a vote, "Let those in favour of waiting for Orion's arrival before making a decision raise their hands." One by one, from her to Caretaker Zola, to Caretaker Ivor, to Caretaker Naida, their hands rose in agreement.

After a moment of acknowledgement, they lowered their hands. "And those in favour of making a decision without waiting for Orion, raise your hands."

This time, no one raised their hands, indicating a clear alignment with the decision to wait for Orion. However, there remained one individual who had yet to voice their stance. "Caretaker Shani, you have yet to make a decision," Caretaker Naida addressed, her gaze fixed on Caretaker Shani, who stared back with wide eyes.

Caretaker Shani shook her head internally, attempting to regain her composure. She cleared her throat loudly before speaking, "Caretaker Naida before I make a decision, I feel the need to understand more about these children, and why their situation requires a decision. Could you please provide further clarification?" she requested.

Caretaker Naida, anticipating this response, motioned for Caretaker Nala to clarify the situation. Caretaker Nala nodded her head in understanding and began to explain the predicament.

She detailed how the children, who were intended to be offered to the Vylkr vines, were still under Anara's protection. The dilemma they confronted was determining the best course of action for the children, as reintroducing dozens of newborns who were previously declared dead would undoubtedly raise suspicions and potentially cause disruptions and conflicts within the village.

While Caretaker Shani absorbed the information, her eyes widened in disbelief. Caretaker Nala anticipated this reaction, as it was expected given the circumstances. After Caretaker Nala concluded her explanation, Caretaker Naida raised an eyebrow and asked, "Is there something else you would like to know, Caretaker Shani? Feel free to ask your questions, and we will do our best to provide answers."

Finally finding her voice, Caretaker Shani's trembling lips formed a question, "Caretaker Naida, do the children under Overseer Anara's care include those from a year ago?"

Caretaker Naida's brows furrowed with a sense of unease as she responded to Caretaker Shani's question. "Yes," she nodded solemnly, "In fact, to ensure the desired numbers and maintain the plan's success, the babies are fed to the Vylkr vines every three to two years."

Caretaker Shani's hands clenched, her fingers folding into a tight fist, visible to everyone in the room. Observing her reaction, the other caretakers couldn't help but furrow their brows.

"Caretaker Shani," Caretaker Naida said, her frown deepening, "Is there anything else you would like to say?"

Caretaker Shani took a deep breath to calm herself before speaking, "Last year, I became pregnant and was expecting to give birth. However, my child couldn't survive the strain of childbirth and passed away shortly after being born." Her voice trembled, and her eyes began to well up with tears.

Meanwhile, the other Caretakers in the room shared a deepened frown, except for Caretaker Ivor, who let out a frustrated sigh. I think you should take a look at

"Caretaker Shani....." Caretaker Naida quickly began to speak.

"Caretaker Naida..." However, Caretaker Shani interrupted, her voice croaking as tears streamed down her face, ".... Where is my child?"

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Meanwhile, Celeste found herself at a loss for words as she gazed at the tree nymph sitting before her, radiating a bright and infectious smile. Though she recognized the tree nymph, having seen and

heard stories of her during her early days, she never imagined she would be sitting face to face with an Overseer tree nymph who seemed more engrossed in her son than anything else.

Initially, the tree nymph seemed eager to deliver some important news she claimed was from Orion. However, as soon as she learned that she was Orion's mother, her face lit up with excitement. So, before Celeste could even grasp the situation, the overseer tree nymph had already sat down to engage in a conversation with her, seemingly forgetting the purpose of her visit.

'Orion...' Celeste's mind raced, a headache forming as she pondered the kind of young man her son had become. The fact that he had forged such a close connection with not just any tree nymph, but an Overseer tree nymph within a mere month after his awakening ceremony was both impressive and bewildering. Celeste's eyebrows twitched as she realized the social prowess her son possessed.

'No wonder he managed to attract so many partners in such a short amount of time' Celeste thought. While she knew her son treated everyone equally and without discrimination, the sight of all the women gathered around her and Dariya, seated at the centre while the overseer tree nymph continued to converse, finally shed light on their infatuation with him.

Her troublesome son was simply too irresistible for anyone to resist!

"Ahem!" Celeste cleared her throat, prolonging the sound until the tree nymph finally stopped speaking. "What is it?" Dariya asked, her curiosity piqued as she looked at Orion's mother. This was the woman who had raised a son capable of putting her, a being who had lived for centuries, to sleep -a feat she believed no one else could achieve.

As a result, Dariya was genuinely interested in the woman who had given birth to Orion, as his personality and behaviour must have originated from somewhere, right?"

"Can you please tell me the important information that Orion asked you to deliver?" Celeste asked.

Upon hearing Celeste's question, Dariya nodded in understanding, realizing that her excitement had momentarily caused her to forget the purpose of her visit.

Taking a deep breath to compose herself, she replied, "Orion told me to inform you that this morning he would be heading to his partner's hut, accompanied by Grandma Vivian and Derry, whom he convinced to join him."

Chapter 267 A Storm In The Farm

Once Dariya finished speaking, the whole room suddenly went quiet. From Reena to Gina, Ayla, and Fiona all had their eyes opened in surprise, meanwhile, Celeste, Grandma Ingrid, Meldra, and Celia all had a deep frown appearing on their faces.

"You mean to say that despite his injuries, he still managed to leave his hut?" Grandma Celia asked, her brow furrowing with concern at the idea of Orion exerting himself in a weakened condition. And as for Vivian and Derry's decision to join him in such a reckless act, Grandma Celia's frown deepened further when she noticed Celeste's grim expression.

"Yes," Dariya nodded in response, "He even instructed me to assure you that there's no need to worry about him or search for him. He will return once he's finished with his visit." Sensing the tension in the air and the furrowed brows on everyone's faces, she couldn't help but frown and ask, "Is something wrong?"

Celeste shook her head, masking her true emotions from the Overseer tree nymph. "No," she replied, her smile attempting to conceal the boiling anger simmering within her. "We're simply surprised that he managed to get up and walk after what we heard last night."

"Yes, you are right," Dariya nodded, understanding the gravity of the situation. Although she was tempted to say more, she decided to shift the conversation to a lighter topic, not wanting the sombre atmosphere to linger. "So, you are Orion's sister, right?" Dariya directed her attention to the slender and beautiful young woman seated beside Celeste. Her eyes sparkled with curiosity as she continued, "Tell me, how did Orion behave when he was still a child?"

Reena, still grappling with her brother's reckless actions and dreading her mother's reaction, quickly composed herself and smiled at Dariya. She began sharing ordinary stories from Orion's childhood, although they held no particular significance. However, as she noticed Dariya's genuine interest and engagement, Reena hoped that Orion would have enough energy left when he returned to the farm to face the consequences of his actions.

In the meantime, she shifted her focus to building a connection with Dariya, recognizing that having an overseer tree nymph as an acquaintance could bring more benefits than drawbacks, especially considering her upcoming promotion and the uncertainty surrounding her chances due to her absence from the farm activities.

Meanwhile, Celeste rose from her seat, with Ayla, Fiona, and Grandma Meldra trailing closely behind. Together, they left the hut and began their walk towards the location where Orion was staying, having obtained the information from Greta the previous night.

As anger seethed within her, Celeste muttered under her breath, "Wherever he has gone, he better be fast asleep by the time I reach there..." Her words dripped with frustration and a hint of threat.

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"Are you awake?" Orion whispered, his fingertips lightly brushing against Grandma Derry's cheeks as he gently tapped them. Sensing the discomfort of their current position, he tapped her again and asked, "Grandma Derry, are you awake?"

Gradually, Grandma Derry's eyelids fluttered open, revealing a hint of tiredness. She surveyed their surroundings and realized they were still in the same position she had fallen unconscious in.

"Wha....?" Grandma Derry started to question what had happened before her unconsciousness, only to be overwhelmed by a sudden rush of memories flooding her mind like a bolt of lightning. The surge of recollection caused a mild headache, which she dismissed by shaking her head slightly. I think you should take a look at

Once she regained her composure, Grandma Derry turned her gaze towards Orion, who had patiently waited for her to recover. With a composed tone, she asked, "How long was I unconscious?"

Orion shook his head gently. "I'm not certain," he replied, "But I started counting a few minutes after you passed out, so I would estimate it to be around fifteen minutes."

After hearing Orion's response, Grandma Derry's eyes widened in surprise. She let out a sigh, realizing that she had been unconscious for quite some time.

Feeling the discomfort of being held against the wooden fence, she decided it was time to release herself from Orion's grip.

Orion leaned back slightly, allowing Grandma Derry some space to move. She glanced at her clothes, grateful that the excess moisture from their previous activities had somewhat dried. However, her brows furrowed in confusion as she asked her next question, "And didn't they come looking for us?"

Knowing exactly who Grandma Derry referred to as 'they,' Orion nodded with tiredness etched on his face. A faint smile formed on his lips as he spoke, "Yes, they did come looking for us. But I had

to come up with some excuses, and Grandma Viviann also offered her assistance. Without her help, I doubt we could have prevented Miss Lyra from barging in and finding you unconscious."

Orion's smile widened as he recalled how Grandma Vivian had taken the opportunity to occupy Ursa's attention when she found out what was going on. However, with the way Ursa was looking at him while he embarrassingly held onto Grandma Derry's unconscious body, hanging from the makeshift fence with her pussy still stuffed up with his shaft, he knew he would have to give her an explanation when he walked back into the hut.

Realizing the potential embarrassment she had been saved from, Grandma Derry let out a weary sigh, acknowledging her debt to Grandma Vivian for averting that situation. The thought of being found unconscious and half-naked by Lyra was a scenario she was relieved to have avoided.

"Alright, let's hurry and take our baths so we can head inside," Orion quickly suggested, his mind racing with the awareness of the other voices he had overheard from inside the hut. It seemed that someone had come to visit Miss Lyra, so it would be unwise for them to still be here when the visitor left. Therefore, they had to finish up quickly.

Grandma Derry, comprehending the situation, approached the small water tank that resembled a large clay pot, its height barely reaching her waist. She retrieved more water from inside the clay pot and arranged everything carefully.

Soon, she began assisting Orion in washing himself, their hands working together as water flowed over his body. Not to be outdone, Orion reciprocated the favour, ensuring Grandma Derry was thoroughly cleaned before they both made their way back into the hut.

Chapter 268 The Breast Milk Offering

As I swung open the door and stepped into the hut with Grandma Derry, my body instantly froze in astonishment at the sight before me.

There, gathered at the centre of the room, were Ursa, Miss Lyra, and Grandma Vivian, their attention focused on an unfamiliar woman. She was pregnant, her slender figure emphasized by her condition, and I couldn't recall ever laying eyes on her before.

'It looks like she is Miss Lyra's visit....' I was about to think, but Grandma Derry immediately exclaimed, "Tina!" Her surprised tone caught me off guard, and I nudged Grandma Derry forward, urging her to approach. Together, we made our way towards the group, and I quickly retrieved my tulga and put it on before settling down on the floor beside Ursa, grateful for a moment's rest after standing for so long.

It was obvious from the expressions of Grandma Derry and Vivian that they were familiar with this woman. As she shifted her gaze from Grandma Derry to me, a glimmer of recognition flickered in her eyes, confirming that she knew who I was. However, despite her familiarity, I remained clueless about her identity.

Once Grandma Derry settled down, her slightly damp tulga caught some attention, but she effortlessly provided an explanation, claiming it was because she took her time cleaning me up. Tina and Miss Lyra seemed easily convinced by her explanation, but Grandma Vivian silently scoffed at it.

Meanwhile, Ursa's eyes continued to dart back and forth between Grandma Derry and me, as if searching for answers.

Sensing Ursa's curiosity, I wrapped my hand around her shoulders and pulled her closer, whispering softly into her ear, "I will explain everything to you later, okay?"

Although she initially seemed reluctant, her face immediately softened a bit after I planted a kiss on her cheek, and she nodded her head in understanding.

Shifting my attention away from Ursa, I surveyed the others and realized that they had been observing my every move intently. Lyra wore a wide, beaming smile that threatened to showcase all her teeth, while Grandma Vivian and Tina, Miss Lyra's visitor, had more reserved smiles gracing their lips.

"Ahem!" Tina's throat-clearing voice caught everyone's attention, causing us to turn our gaze towards her. With a smile on her face, she directed her words specifically to me. "When Lyra informed me that her daughter had found herself a good partner and mentioned his name, I never imagined it would be the Orion I once knew," she chuckled, her hand delicately covering her mouth.

"But it seems I was mistaken. So, Orion, do you remember me?" Her eyes sparkled as she locked her gaze with mine.

Shaking my head in response, I immediately replied, "No, I'm sorry, but I don't think I remember you." My eyes took in Tina's distinct features: the sharpness of her round face, and the stylish bob haircut that set her apart from the other women present. Judging by her appearance, she seemed to be in her late twenties. I think you should take a look at

When I shifted my gaze to the three sets of wooden bowls arranged in front of Ursa, Lyra, and Grandma Vivian, I couldn't help but notice the reason that had initially caught me off guard upon entering the hut. One bowl still contained what seemed to be milk, while the others showed signs of residue, indicating they had been emptied.

"Haaaaaa..." Tina let out a disappointed sigh, as if deflating in disappointment. "Grandma Vivian has already told me about your memory loss, but considering how you used to come to my hut and beg me to have kushi with you, I thought you would at least remember," she said, raising her right hand and tracing it from her shoulder to her fingers.

"Am I getting old?" Her light smile suggested that she was trying to lighten the mood.

Her attempt worked, as Grandma Derry, who was sitting beside me, stifled a chuckle and proceeded to explain the situation. She revealed that Tina was the previous owner of the empty hut in our compound, but she had moved out because she was now pregnant and needed to be closer to the farm for the healers to attend to her and prepare her for childbirth.

When Grandma Derry finished, Grandma Vivian instantly chimed in and continued from where she had left off. She explained that Tina had come to visit her mother and father-in-law, along with her partner, and had also brought them some breast milk.

Once they had finished explaining, I nodded in understanding, recalling the conversation I had with Grandma Ingrid about someone named Tina before our steamy session in the hut, while she pretended to clean it.

Nevertheless, I looked at Tina and shook my head apologetically, saying, "I'm sorry for not remembering who you were."

Tina immediately shook her head and responded, "Don't worry, since you had some memory problems, I perfectly understand the situation." With a warm smile, she placed her left hand on top of the right side of her traditional tulga and offered, "Do you want some milk? Don't worry, I won't ask for any payment. Besides, I've heard that breast milk can help with one's memories, so just give it a try and let me know if you notice any effects later."

Inwardly, I gulped at the unexpected offer of her breast milk without any trade or negotiation. "Alright, I'll give it a try," I said, realizing this was a chance to taste something other than Kalna fruits or the tasteless Vylkr vines.

Tina nodded and then opened up the top of her traditional tulga, allowing her breast to hang freely in the air. She held onto it firmly before taking one of the empty wooden bowls and positioning it under her nipple, pressing her breast lightly.

Meanwhile, I observed attentively as her plump breast was squeezed like a soft pillow, resulting in a drop of white liquid staining the tip of her nipple. Mesmerized by the sight, I continued to observe as the tiny drops transformed into a steady stream of white milk, flowing effortlessly into the bowl, resembling an open tap.

Chapter 269 The Breast Milk Connoisseur

Regardless of the size of her breast not being particularly large, the quantity of breast milk filling the bowl to the brim was more than enough for me to appreciate the amazing sight.

As Tina handed me the bowl of breast milk, I cupped my hand beneath it, expressing gratitude with a nod. With anticipation, I slowly brought the bowl to my lips, eager to taste the milk. However, just as I was about to take a sip, Grandma Derry's voice interjected beside me. "AHEM! It appears that everyone now has their own bowl of breast milk, except for me," she remarked nonchalantly, as if trying to be discreet about her desire for some.

"Shameless," I murmured under my breath, my voice barely audible to Ursa, who struggled to stifle a chuckle, and Grandma Derry, who responded with a sly comment, "Look who's talking," her voice hushed as she shot me a disapproving glance. Meanwhile, the others observed as Tina filled another empty bowl with her breast milk.

Once she finished, she handed it over to Grandma Derry, who eagerly accepted it and began sipping it slowly, relishing every drop. In contrast, I had already finished mine in a single gulp and was now savouring the lingering taste of Tina's breast milk.

While I savoured the taste of Tina's breast milk, I was taken on a flavour journey, unlike anything I had experienced before. Thoughts raced through my mind as I identified the distinct notes: creamy, sweet, and even a hint of nuttiness. But just as I thought I had deciphered the flavours, a sudden burst of sourness swept across my tongue, momentarily catching me off guard.

However, the sourness quickly dissipated, replaced by a wave of sweetness that enveloped my entire mouth, leaving it dry and craving for more.

The taste also left me feeling strangely thirsty. Consequently, I turned my gaze towards Grandma Derry, who was sipping her own bowl of breast milk sparingly. As our eyes met, she sensed my intentions and promptly warned, "Don't even think about it."

Turning my gaze back towards Tina, who was engrossed in conversation with Miss Lyra and Ursa, I pondered how I could discreetly request more of her breast milk. However, just as I was formulating a plan in my mind, Tina's attention abruptly shifted, and her gaze landed on me.

"Oh, you've finished already," Tina remarked, her eyes lingering on my figure. Suppressing the urge to nod enthusiastically, I instead replied calmly, "Yes, I am done. Thank you for the breast milk. It might be the best breast milk I've ever tasted." Remembering that in both of my lives, this was the first breast milk I had ever tasted, I added, "Well.... it's also because it's my first."

The women around us burst into laughter upon hearing my response. However, Tina leaned closer and said, "Well, I know Celeste couldn't provide breast milk for you and your sisters, so while I'm here, you can have as much as you want, but you'll have to drink it directly from my breasts. I don't think I'll have enough energy to keep refilling your bowl." Her words were accompanied by a playful chuckle, creating a lighthearted atmosphere in the room.

Meanwhile, I cleared my throat softly, attempting to conceal the hunger in my voice, and replied, "No worries, I can handle it on my own so you don't have to exert yourself too much."

Gradually, I stood up from my seat and crawled forward before settling back down, positioning myself in front of Tina's exposed right breast. It was situated near Miss Lyra, so I had to squeeze myself between them, creating a slightly awkward but accommodating space for me. I think you should take a look at

Tina playfully tousled my hair, giving me a nod of approval. "Go ahead," she said, diverting her attention back to Miss Lyra, resuming their conversation as if nothing unusual was about to occur.

However, with a breast capable of producing such mouthwatering breast milk just inches away from my face, Grandma Derry and Ursa couldn't help but shoot me occasional envious glances. Succumbing to the allure, I delicately grasped the offered breast and guided Tina's nipple into my mouth.

In an instant, Tina's arm encircled me, her touch firm yet gentle as she positioned it securely around my shoulders. Drawing me closer to her, she began a soothing caress along the side of my hair.

Surprisingly, rather than feeling uncomfortable or put off by being treated like a child in the situation, a wave of contentment washed over me as I savoured the dribbling drops of breast milk pouring onto my tongue.

Also, I couldn't help but smile inwardly, realizing that I hadn't made any promises regarding breast milk with Aunt Greta, thus saving myself from any potential future issues.

Squeezing Tina's breast lightly, I marvelled at how the drops of breast milk transformed into a steady stream that filled my mouth. Rolling my tongue around her nipple, I felt the breast milk shoot in various directions, creating a delightful sensation before it slid down my throat. It was a surprisingly thrilling experience, tinged with a hint of excitement.

Tina's grip around my neck tightened, revealing her pleasure as she felt my tongue teasing and playing with her nipples while I savoured her breast milk. Despite the firmness of her hardened nipples, there was a softness to them that added to the overall sensation.

I could also sense her enjoyment as her hand gently brushed against my head and hair, filled with care and affection

Realizing that there was no better way to express my gratitude for such a delightful treat, I dedicated myself to giving her a pleasurable and memorable sensation as my tongue licked her nipples. Meanwhile, I received my payment in the form of something far more satisfying and intensely flavorful than any Kalna fruit or Vylkr vine could ever be.

However, as is often the case, all good things must eventually come to an end. Thus, after relishing in the steady flow of Tina's nourishing breast milk for what felt like an eternity, I reluctantly released her breast from my mouth and straightened my neck with a sigh of resignation.

Chapter 270 The Prayers

Tina observed my movements and asked, "Are you done?"

I nodded affirmatively and expressed my gratitude, "Yes, thank you for the breast milk. I truly enjoyed it." Despite the mutual pleasure we had derived from the experience, it was only fitting to show my appreciation for the delightful taste of her milk.

When Tina gently tousled my hair once more, I sensed her reluctance to let go, but eventually, she reluctantly withdrew her arm from my shoulders.

"KNOCK!" "KNOCK!"

In that instant, a series of knocks resounded through the door. I found myself wondering who it could be, contemplating whether Miss Lyra had yet another visitor. Yet, as I glanced at the expressions on Miss Lyra's and Tina's faces, it was clear that they knew exactly who it was.

"It looks like Flint is here," Miss Lyra remarked, directing her gaze towards Tina. With a loud voice, she called out, "Come in!" Her words echoed with such volume that I was certain the person outside the door could hear her.

The door creaked open, revealing the entrance of a tall, imposing figure. Standing at approximately 1.8 meters(6ft) in height, the man exuded an air of calmness as he stepped into the room. Slowly, he closed the door behind him, pausing momentarily to cast a sweeping gaze upon everyone present.

"Good morning," his voice resonated, extending his greetings to each of us present. As he made his way forward, his gaze settled on Tina. I gave them some space as I saw him leaning down near her, his smile indicating that he was undoubtedly Tina's partner, from the way he lovingly rubbed her stomach.

With a light smile, Tina asked, "Have you finished meeting your parents? How did it go?"

The man, whom I now identified as Flint, shared, "It went well. In fact, they enjoyed the breast milk, and, above all, they assured me that they will be present at the farm on the day of your delivery. They want to ensure that Naka answers our prayers and keeps our child safe during childbirth."

Tina responded with a radiant smile, assuring him, "Don't worry, I have already offered my prayers to Naka, so there is no need to burden them further. I have faith that our prayers will be answered."

As I overheard their conversation, an exhausted sigh escaped my lips, heavy with the realization that this issue wasn't a natural occurrence but rather a scheme devised by the Village Chief and other key figures in the village. It was a calculated effort to ensure the survival and prosperity of the entire village, even at the cost of manipulating the lives of its residents.

"Don't worry, Tina, the more prayers the better, so Ursa and I will also be joining in to pray for you," Miss Lyra suddenly chimed in, her voice filled with reassurance. Ursa nodded in agreement, her eyes shining with resolve. I think you should take a look at

Inspired by their words, Grandma Derry and Grandma Vivian followed suit, their voices filled with conviction as they promised, "We will do everything we can to support you." Feeling the weight of

the moment, I joined the chorus, adding, "I will also offer prayers to Naka for the safe delivery of your baby."

Tina's eyes welled up with gratitude as she looked at each of us, her gaze sweeping over the entire group. She mustered a smile through the mix of emotions, struggling to contain them all. "Thank you," she whispered, her voice filled with heartfelt appreciation, "You are all truly amazing."

Just as I thought the moment had passed, Flint's hand landed firmly on my shoulder, gripping it tightly as he shook me gently. His gratitude resonated in his voice as he spoke, "Thank you for your prayers." His eyes then shifted to Miss Lyra, Ursa, Grandma Derry, and Grandma Vivian, repeating his words, "Thank you all."

They all nodded in understanding at Flint's words. Suddenly, Tina spoke up, saying, "Since we're done here, let's not waste any time. The healer advised me to take my morning herbs, and I don't want to miss it."

Flint's expression turned serious as he nodded in agreement. "You're right. Let's go," he replied. Rising from his seat, he carefully supported Tina, wrapping his arm around her waist for support. With a final glance at everyone in the room, Flint expressed his gratitude, saying, "Thank you all. We'll take our leave now."

Together, they walked away, gently opening the door and closing it behind them as they stepped outside.

Once they had departed, Miss Lyra's voice broke the silence. "Now that Tina and Flint have left, and Ursa is wide awake," she began, her words directed straight at me, "...would you like to continue where you left off with my daughter?"

Although I was about to steer the conversation in that direction because I knew that I wasn't done cumming, I still appreciated her straightforwardness. Nodding in agreement, I responded, "Yes, I would like to continue, however..." I shifted my attention to Ursa and asked, "...Ursa, are you ready for another round?"

Since I had already taken her virginity close to an hour ago, I wanted to make sure she was comfortable and ready for another experience.

Immediately after my words left my mouth, Ursa vigorously shook her head in disagreement and replied, "I don't think I can right now. My little hole still feels a bit sore."

Miss Lyra let out a sigh of disappointment, her expression reflecting her understanding. "Don't worry, I understand," she said. I also nodded in understanding, as it was the reason why I had asked in the first place.

Turning my attention back to Miss Lyra, I cleared my throat before speaking up, "Miss Lyra, it seems that I will need your assistance with something." I glanced at Grandma Derry, who was still engrossed in sipping her breast milk, and then at Grandma Vivian, whom I had also promised a session. Refocusing on Miss Lyra, I saw this as an opportunity to explore something that had been on my mind before I stroke one more pussy.