

Village Head 291

Chapter 291 Trying Again

Fifteen minutes later

"Is it here?" Orion asked as he and Greta entered another section of the farm, which was under the care of Caretaker Nala. According to Greta, this was the place where the Village Chief was currently resting, and where the Village Chieftess wanted to meet him. Orion didn't know who Caretaker Nala was since they hadn't bothered to introduce themselves to him the last time they met.

"Yes," Greta replied, looking at Orion. "Although you were supposed to meet her at the Village Chief's compound during the day, there's no need to worry about it since you weren't around. Just tell her that you were asleep and had only just woken up after feeling better if she asks why you arrived late, okay."

Orion nodded his head in understanding, acknowledging Aunt Greta's words. Since he had been sandwiched between Grandma Vivian and Grandma Derry throughout the day, there were a lot of villagers who hadn't bothered looking in their direction, so he was at least sure that the Chieftess wouldn't be able to find out whether he was lying or not unless she didn't assign anyone to actively watch and follow him around.

"Are you ready?" Greta suddenly asked, observing Orion's silent and thoughtful expression, wondering if he was nervous about meeting with the Village Chieftess so suddenly.

Orion nodded his head in affirmation, "Yes, I'm ready. I was just clearing my head a bit," he responded while looking at the hut they had just arrived at. "Just follow my lead and you'll be alright, okay?" Greta said, as she stretched her hand and knocked on the door.

After a while, a loud yet calm voice passed through the door, "Come in."

Giving Orion one last reassuring smile, Greta pushed the door open and walked in, with Orion following closely behind her.

As they entered, they beheld the Village Chieftess sitting on the floor, indulging in some kalna fruits from a wooden bowl, while a toned and muscular female guard stood to guard behind her. Meanwhile, the Village Chief remained in his previous position, appearing sound asleep.

"Don't worry, I sent Lola away to take some rest," Chieftess Zara reassured Greta, noticing her searching gaze as she looked around the room for her companion, the Village's second-best healer, Lola.

Greta let out a tired sigh, realizing that Lola might have indeed grown exhausted and decided to take a rest.

Observing that both Greta and Orion were still standing, Chieftess Zara turned to Greta and said, "You may leave as well. I'd like to have a private conversation with the boy." With a beckoning gesture, she invited Orion to sit beside her.

As Greta watched the Village Chieftess turning her head towards the guard and instructing her to leave the hut, she wisely refrained from saying anything that might get her into trouble.

Instead, she replied, "If that's the case, then I'll be waiting outside in case you need anything, Chieftess," noticing the Village Chieftess giving her a scrutinizing look with a raised eyebrow. With that, Greta turned around and left the hut, standing outside with the guard.

Now, with Greta and the guard outside, Orion was left to have a private conversation with the Village Chieftess. The Village Chief remained unconscious and lying on the mat by the side of the room. The first words that escaped Chieftess Zara's mouth were, "Stretch your hand forward." "I think you should take a look at

She set aside her half-eaten Kalna fruit and grasped his outstretched right hand firmly with her left hand.

"Close your eyes," Chieftess Zara commanded. He followed her instruction, slightly curious as he could already guess what she was about to do and the results that would follow soon after.

As she activated her gift, a sudden warmth enveloped his hand, and the room filled with an overwhelming radiance. He had to squeeze his eyes even tighter to shield himself from the brightness, feeling as if he were being plunged into a pitch-black abyss. It was as if every attempt to open his eyes was futile.

But then, a hand yanked him forward, seemingly pulling him out of the darkness. Unlike before, instead of slamming into what he perceived as a door, his body came to an abrupt halt, and a loud banging sound echoed around him, far more intense than before.

"BBAAAMMM!! BAMMMM!!!"

"BAAMM!!!"

Once the intense banging abruptly ceased, Orion's vision cleared up, and he felt a brief pang of dizziness before it quickly disappeared. The Village Chieftess released his hand from her firm grip, and he observed as she took a hidden rag to wipe the beads of sweat that had accumulated on her forehead.

Once she finished, she dropped the rag onto her lap and turned her attention back to Orion. "Did you see anything?" she asked, her gaze locked onto his.

Orion shook his head and responded, "Nothing. Just like the last time, I didn't see anything."

The Village Chieftess let out a deep sigh and turned her gaze towards her sleeping husband. Then, she refocused her attention on Orion and said, "I just wanted to make sure, because after what had happened, I decided to look into the Village Chief's future, and can you guess what I had witnessed?"

A sense of foreboding washed over Orion as he braced himself for her answer. "What did you see?" he asked, trying to hide the uneasiness in his voice.

The Village Chieftess smiled wryly, her expression tinged with concern. "Several weeks ago, I glimpsed into his future, and what I saw was him handling the village's issues as usual, solving problems among the villagers, and having meetings with either the caretakers or the stronghold leaders. However, after yesterday's incident, I decided to look into his future once more and see when he would awaken and if such a dangerous event would ever take place again..." She paused for a moment, her eyes fixated on Orion, "I didn't see anything."

She stared at him in a daze, before abruptly shaking her head, "There was no door that led me to a specific path in his future. There was no light... Just like yours, the only thing that I could see was pitch-black darkness at every corner, sealing all the doors, locking them shut before they were ultimately consumed."

Chapter 292 The Chieftess's Bet

Even though Orion understood what she was trying to say, he still couldn't help but ask for clarification, "What are you trying to say, Chieftess?"

Chieftess Zara narrowed her eyes at Orion and explained, "What I am trying to say is that just like you, my husband has no future. Just like you, I was unable to see and predict his coming days, how he would handle the village, the potential dangers that may befall him or the village, the decisions he would take and how they will affect both him and the village. I am unable to see anything, not even a glimpse of it, just like you."

She shook her head in discouragement, then paused and dropped her head before raising it again, taking a deep breath of fresh air and exhaling deeply once more. Focusing her eyes back on Orion, her voice suddenly became firm as she continued, "In the grand scheme of everything that involves the village's safety and the Village Chief's life, you, Orion, have made my gift useless."

Orion swallowed down his saliva silently, understanding that this was a problem that went far beyond him rescuing Fifi on the other side of the river. "Although I'm not sure about others, it's clear that anyone who has been around you or interacted with you for an extended period has their future slowly but surely ripped away," Chieftess Zara explained, leaning forward and settling her arms on her crossed legs.

She used her right hand to massage her head as she continued, "I don't know how to say this, but the most logical explanation for all of this is that you are the problem..... Orion, you are the problem."

Looking at her as she stared deep into his eyes, Orion was about to say something when he was unfortunately cut off by the Village Chieftess. "And as you know, problems are things that need to be solved before they, unfortunately, become much bigger than they currently are," Chieftess Zara said, causing Orion to hold his guard up and keep his senses on high alert.

"But because of my husband's words as the Village Chief, instead of finding a solution to this problem and preventing it from escalating further, I am willing to place a bet on you, Orion," Chieftess Zara added, her voice carrying a sense of decisiveness.

Orion took a deep breath to calm himself, understanding that this was a very important conversation that required his utmost attention. "What kind of bet are you talking about, Village Chieftess?" he asked, his voice steady despite the nerves inside him.

"A simple one, actually," Chieftess Zara responded with a knowing smile. "In return for rendering my gift useless in the grand scheme of the safety and future of this village and the Village Chief, I am willing to bet the future of this village on your shoulders."

"And you don't have to do anything much, except make sure and promise me that you will work hard in reaching your full potential as a warrior with a six-star potential. We need you to take care of the Vylkr vines surrounding the village and the forest with ease, and proceed with the plan that you presented the other day with the Village Chief and Caretakers, and make it come to fruition"

She continued, "While I agree that your potent semen is indeed valuable for both the village and the creation of this new settlement, I'm certain you'll also agree that the village needs your strength more than your exceptional fertility. Since you would be spearheading the development of this new village, and no one else would dare to volunteer or even think about taking your place, it's essential for you to depend on your strength and show us what it truly means to be a warrior with a six-star potential." "I think you should take a look at

Orion's gaze never wavered as he absorbed the weight of the Chieftess's request. "So, in exchange for rendering your gift useless, you want me to bear the burden of the village's future and ensure it moves in the right direction," he repeated thoughtfully.

"Yes," Chieftess Zara responded with a swift nod, her gaze never leaving his.

"If that's all you're worried about, Chieftess, then you don't have to worry," Orion replied, his smile brimming with confidence. He knew that with his outstanding potential as a warrior, he wouldn't be allowed to laze around idly in the village.

He had planned to deal with his family matters first and resolve any lingering issues before fully dedicating himself to training. Now that his whole family was introduced to each other and Ursa's situation was being taken care of, Orion was ready to shift his focus.

"However..." Orion continued, causing the Village Chieftess to pause and listen attentively, "...now that my family is safe and soon to be relocated, I would like to address the matter concerning the newborn babies under Overseer Anara's care before fully committing to my training."

"Oh," Chieftess Zara exclaimed in surprise, not expecting Orion to bring up such a critical issue during their conversation. Nevertheless, considering Orion's composed demeanour and thoughtful response, she shouldn't have been surprised. "And do you have any solution for the children?" she asked further.

Orion shook his head, "Not yet," he replied honestly. "I am still working on finding a way to ensure everything is in order before presenting my plan. Because my priority is to move the children back to their families as soon as possible."

Realizing that Orion was still pondering how to reunite the children with their families, just as her husband had informed her, Chieftess Zara smiled widely and said, "If that is the case, then you have until tomorrow morning to devise a solution. Present it in the presence of both me and the Caretakers, and we will work together to implement it."

"Huh," Orion's lips hung open in confusion. Of course, he was aware of the time pressure they were facing; however, wasn't this still a little too much?

Chapter 293 The Time-Limit

"Chieftess, I don't think one night would be enough to come up with something well-detailed," Orion responded promptly.

Chieftess Zara nodded in agreement, "That is why I want you to give it your all and present your ideas to the Caretakers. They can figure out a way, or even add their own ideas to improve it further if possible. Do you understand what I am suggesting?" she asked, her gaze fixed intently on Orion.

Resigning, Orion nodded his head in defeat, realizing that he couldn't win this argument, no matter how he stretched the conversation. It was better for him to leave and focus on the plan for reintegrating the children back into the village. He needed to figure out how to present his ideas to the Caretakers and hear their input.

"Alright," Chieftess Zara responded with a smile, pleased that he wasn't pushing his luck and accepting her decision. After what had transpired yesterday, she knew that both Fiona and Orion needed to be punished.

However, her husband had advised her on how to handle the situation, and this was the least severe punishment she could give at the moment, even though she wanted to make it a little more memorable since their actions had endangered the Village Chief's life.

'You really have to stop pampering this boy like this, or else your son could become jealous,' Chieftess Zara thought, predicting the potential arguments between father and son when their son returned home from his exploration.

She remembered one more thing and immediately added, ".....and before I forget, I want to let you know that the new hut for you and your family, including Ayla, will be ready by tomorrow. In the evening, while everyone is at rest, some warriors will guide you all to your new location, where your partners and the women pregnant for you will stay until they are ready to give birth."

"I will be sure to inform them, Chieftess," Orion immediately responded, wondering if there was anything else the Village Chieftess wanted to discuss. As he had expected, she wasn't done yet, and after giving him a moment to absorb her previous words, she continued, "Also, since there is a holiday today and tomorrow, I want to remind you that you should use tomorrow to prepare for your return to warrior training."

"Your six-star potential and the current circumstances demand that you don't skip a day of training. Falling behind your peers would be undesirable, and as a warrior, you are vital to the village. So please, do your best, alright?"

"Don't worry, Chieftess," Orion responded confidently, shaking his head to dismiss any doubts the Village Chieftess might have had about him. He continued, "I can definitely assure you that I won't lag behind my peers or play catch up with anybody. Instead, you should be more worried about how they will feel when they are overtaken by their fellow peer who missed several days of training."

"Hmph!" Chieftess Zara snorted in response, "We will see," she replied, not entirely convinced by Orion's words. "In the meantime, you can leave and inform your family of the latest arrangements for tomorrow, while you also get ready for the meeting with the caretakers." "I think you should take a look at

With the meeting finally over, Orion stood up from the floor and nodded in understanding, giving the Village Chieftess a final acknowledgement. "See you tomorrow, Chieftess," he said before turning around, walking towards the door, and leaving.

As the door closed, Zara turned her head towards her sleeping husband with an irritated frown. "How long are you going to pretend to be unconscious?" she said, her voice tinged with annoyance. "You do understand that you have to wake up sooner or later so that I can brief you on what took place today and so you can resume your position as the Village Chief tomorrow. Also, there's a meeting set with Orion and the Caretakers that you might need to attend."

It only took a few moments before the Village Chief's body finally moved. Instead of replying to his wife, he turned to the side of the mat, his back facing her, and let out a loud yawn. "You did a good job today, so I think you'll do even better tomorrow," he said, making sure his wife, Zara, could hear

every word. "And besides, not just anyone can get the chance to enjoy the Village Chief position for a few days. I'm doing this because you're my partner, and I want you to enjoy it for longer."

He added, "Oh, and on your way out, tell Greta to prepare more sleeping herbs for me. Also, it seems that Lola is improving with her medicinal herbs. I think it's best to allow her access to more of the farms so she can train better and we can see how much she can grow."

"YOU!!" Zara's brows twitched as she listened to her husband's words. While any ordinary villager might dream of being the next Village Chief and relishing the position for even just one day, Zara knew the tremendous burden it had placed on her partner. The time and energy consumed by the Village Chief's responsibilities left him retiring to his mat exhausted every day.

As such, having witnessed firsthand the toll it took on him, the thought of taking his place, even for a day, made her feel extremely tired. She had no interest in holding the Village Chief's position, and the mere idea of doing so was enough to make her want to relinquish it back to him as soon as possible.

The weight of the village rested on his shoulders, and she respected his dedication and sacrifice, but she was content being his partner and supporting him from behind the scenes.

"You know..." Zara sighed tiredly, "Sometimes I can't help but feel that you're pampering this child just to groom him for the moment when he can take over and manage the development of the new village we've planned. It's as if you want him to reach his full potential precisely when the burden on your shoulders becomes too heavy." She looked at her husband, expecting an immediate response or a retort to her statement.

However, he remained silent.

Chapter 294 Plans For A Non-Existent Future

As a frown creased her forehead, Zara heard the Village Chief's words resonate in the air, "Don't worry, your husband hasn't become lazy, nor is he burdening the future of this village on the shoulders of a young man who barely knows how to handle authority or run a village," he assured her.

He paused for a moment, then continued, "But... to have someone else who is more capable than me, someone with the potential to become more powerful than any warrior in the stronghold, protecting this village against the Vykr vines, is something that I can't be against."

Zara raised her eyebrow, a glimmer of curiosity in her eyes, "So you are saying that you are willing to give him a chance," she asked.

"If he succeeds in his task and proves his capability, then yes, I am willing. However, if he shows no signs of being capable enough, then he has a better chance of becoming a stronghold leader than even thinking about holding the Village Chief's position." the Village Chief replied with a hint of amusement in his voice.

Exhaling once more, Zara thought, 'So that's what has been on your mind, huh?' She then opened her mouth to speak, "I agree with you, and that is why I think it's even better for you to be there at the meeting with the Caretakers tomorrow so that you can witness more of his shortcomings and potential."

The Village Chief snorted loudly, "Handle it for me. Besides, since you met with the Caretakers today and perfectly took care of everything with no noticeable problems, just do the same tomorrow and tell them that the Village Chief has already recovered but will be taking a few more days to rest before he returns to his position."

He said, "That will sort things out, so you don't have to worry about anything going wrong during that time period."

Instead of replying this time around, Zara took the half-eaten Kalna fruit that she had kept back in the wooden bowl to speak to Orion, aiming it in the direction of the Village Chief before she threw it forward, releasing it from her tight grip.

Without turning to look back or bothering about the current position of the flying fruit, the Village Chief immediately stretched his right hand upwards and perfectly caught the fruit the moment it reached his position. Bringing it down towards his mouth, he took a bite and savoured its taste before saying, "Thank you."

"You are welcome," The Village Chieftess proceeded to stand up from her position on the floor as she added, "I will send someone to relay your orders to Greta and also see what I can do for Lola. However, before tomorrow ends as the Village Chief of this village, I want to see you present at your workplace in the Village Chief Compound so that I can inform you in detail of everything that has happened during your absence," she said before walking towards the door. "But, if you still choose to be lazy, then you may have Thak fill in the gaps for you before you continue with your work. So until then, get well, Chief."

Hearing the sound of the door opening and closing, signifying that his wife had just left, the Village Chief, turned around and laid flatly on the mat, stretching his aged bones apart, as he thought about how stiff his wife had become ever since she found out there was a young man whose future she couldn't read.

And now, that his own future had also begun to show signs or may have already become non-existent, it wasn't hard for him to understand how stressed she was currently feeling while also handling the position of the Village Chief. I think you should take a look at

'Maybe this is for the best,' The Village Chief thought, understanding that there was nothing that they could do in such a situation except carefully watch their steps now that one of their upper hands was gone.

Still, a loud, tired exhale escaped from his mouth as he thought about what had happened yesterday between Orion and Fiona. In fact, when Orion had told him the truth that he had proposed and failed to keep his promise to Fiona, which led her to do something as foolish as abandoning her task and running over to the other side of the river, he had thought that the young man was lying or only telling him a half-truth about what had really happened.

However, during his battle with the three-star Vylkr vine, as he watched Orion risk his life to save her, he began to understand that Orion wasn't lying and that he had genuinely proposed to Fiona and made her his partner.

"Haha," a short laugh escaped the Village Chief's lips. Though he couldn't imagine where Orion had gotten the courage to propose to a muscular, bulking woman like Fiona, he was still happy for her. He, of all people, knew how hard Fiona had worked to find a partner for herself and how miserably she had failed at it.

In fact, now that he thinks about it, with Orion's taste in women, it might be best if he arranged all the 'ugly' and unattractive women in the village and introduced them to Orion for the creation of the new village, where they could live together.

However, he quickly dismissed the idea, as the consequences of such an action were obvious once the villagers found out what their Village Chief was trying to do.

But in the end, just imagining entrusting the safety of the village to a young man like Orion, who would courageously risk his own life for his partner and even stay and be buried with her once he discovers there was no hope of their survival, was enough to make him realize that Orion would do the same for the village given the right circumstances.

Oh, he could sleep right now in peace and never wake up, if Orion still retains the same character and behaviour once he reaches his full potential and becomes a six-star warrior. But there was no need to rush, and he could only pray to Naka that Zara cools down her temper and takes her time to understand the future without using her gift.

'Maybe I should ask him to give Zara a child,' the Village Chief thought to himself since the last time that he had seen his wife focused on anything other than herself was when she was pregnant.

"HUMPH!!"

Chapter 295 Man Of The Hut

The meeting had turned out to be more serious than I had expected, leaving my head full and buzzing with thoughts, especially since I would have to present a plan to the Caretakers and the Chieftess tomorrow.

Despite the seriousness of the situation, I couldn't help but feel a sense of relief, knowing that I might have gotten away with a lot after what happened yesterday.

As I crossed my leg over a fallen tree branch, I turned to look at Aunt Greta, who was walking beside me, and asked, "How long was I in there?"

Aunt Greta turned her head to look at me and responded with a thoughtful expression, "Although I don't know what you and the Chieftess were talking about, I would say that you spent several hours in there, about three or four to be exact."

I nodded in agreement, understanding that the Chieftess's gift had distorted our perception of time, making the minutes feel like hours. Focused on creating a workable plan to present tomorrow, I moved closer to Aunt Greta, wrapping my arms around her waist and placing my hand downwards under the helm of her tulga, brushing my fingers against her bushy vagina lips, which helped me think faster and more comfortably.

Aunt Greta turned her head to smile at me before refocusing her gaze downwards, towards my hands. Lightly, she properly positioned my fingers, guiding me to move them in and out of her vagina instead of just rubbing her pussy lips.

Once she was satisfied with the adjustment, she straightened her posture and continued walking as though nothing unusual was happening.

As the fingers moved in and out of Aunt Greta's pussy, I delved deep into my thoughts, attempting to formulate a specific plan that would flawlessly address my upcoming challenge with the Caretakers and the Chieftess tomorrow. Drawing from my past experiences back on Earth, I used them as references since there was little I could directly apply in this world.

Initially, it felt like I was piecing together fragments of different puzzles, unsure if they would fit. However, as I expanded my understanding of this world's nuances, the plan started to take shape and make sense. I carefully tweaked and adjusted it, making it more relevant and feasible within the context of this world.

"Orion..." Aunt Greta's voice softly called out, pulling me back from the depths of my thoughts. I turned my head towards her, observing her weary and drained expression, as if she had just finished running a marathon.

When I redirected my attention to my hands, I noticed they were wet, and when I glanced down at Aunt Greta's legs, I saw that it was her vagina juices that had stained my hand and her inner thighs.

"We're already back at the hut," Aunt Greta said, still catching her breath. She pointed towards the hut ahead of us. Realizing how lost I had been in my thoughts, I released my hands from Aunt Greta's wide hips and followed her lead as she walked forward and opened the door, leaving me to close it once we were inside.

Stepping into the hut, I glanced over to see if Sura was still awake. However, a smile spread across my face when I noticed she was already fast asleep. I think you should take a look at

"You're back," a voice echoed through the room, pulling me from my thoughts. I glanced around and saw Ayla's sleeping figure, sharing the mat with Gina and some other women who were either sleeping alone or in pairs. My attention shifted to the source of the voice, and there was Fifi, sitting cross-legged in the corner of the room.

"Oh, I was getting quite anxious and even considered searching for you, but now that you've returned in one piece, I guess you handled everything as you promised," Fifi said, rising from her cross-legged position on the ground and stretching her body, causing her bones to pop.

She settled down on a nearby mat, preparing to sleep early for her task at the well the next day. "By the way, I've already told your mother about how you approached me and proposed," she added, locking eyes with me and smiling naughtily.

"So be prepared for some strange questions from her, just like she asked me. And thank you for keeping my bag safe," she continued, producing the bag from somewhere beside her and giving it a playful swing.

"Good night, husband," she mimicked a silent kiss and closed her eyes, gently snoring as she drifted off to dreamland.

Immediately, a tired sigh escaped my lips, and almost instantly, a soft chuckle emanated from beside me. I knew it could only be Aunt Greta before I even turned my head towards the source.

She looked at me with a cheeky smile and said, "Although I still don't know where you learned to talk to women and charm them, regardless of their age, it seems like you've successfully charmed a handful of interesting women and made them your partners."

She then turned her gaze towards all the women in the room and continued, 'And although I don't think it's my place to say this, however.....' She then leaned in towards me, giving me a mouth-watering kiss, her tongue rubbing against mine as we explored each other's mouths.

After a moment, she pulled back and said, "Please, make sure that the next woman you bring back home is a beautiful young woman."

Immediately, my eyes darted towards Sura, causing Aunt Greta to sigh tiredly before adding with an exhausted smile, "Come on, you know what I mean."

Dropping my shoulders in defeat, I watched as Aunt Greta walked into the other room, probably to get another mat.

Then, I walked a little and bent down near Sura, stretching my hands towards her and gently shaking her awake. It only took a moment for her eyes to flutter open, but they immediately widened when she saw me. "You're back," Sura said, her voice tinged with tiredness.

Chapter 296 The Discussion

I nodded in response and said, "Do you still want to talk, or are you too tired and want to go back to sleep?" As soon as my question ended, Sura swiftly shook her head vigorously and replied, "Don't worry, I'm already awake. How about we go outside and talk, so as not to disturb the others."

However, just as she was about to prop her body upwards and stand on her feet, Aunt Greta emerged from the adjacent room with a folded mat in her hand. With a frown on her face, she looked at us and said, "Where are you guys going?"

Seeing her patiently waiting for our response, I helped Sura to her feet and replied, "We are just going to talk outside, Aunt Greta, and we'll be back once we're done."

Upon hearing my explanation, the frown on her face deepened as she responded, "By this time of the night? Can't you get some rest and wait till tomorrow? Besides, after your meeting with the Village Chieftess, you should be really tired to stay up late."

Understanding her concern, I assured Aunt Greta, "Don't worry, Aunt Greta, we will be back in no time. Besides, I can protect both myself and Sura if anything bad were to happen to us." Although the village had an almost non-existent crime rate, I couldn't say the same thing when it came to the tree nymphs.

Aunt Greta furrowed her brows for a moment, a thoughtful expression clouding her face. Then, she refocused her eyes on us and suggested, "Why don't I come with you two then?"

"Huh!" Sura and I uttered in confusion, exchanging glances as Aunt Greta gently tossed the mat into a space on the ground. She then walked towards us, halting her steps in front of us, and focused her eyes intently on both of us.

"Since your mother and everyone else is asleep, except for some of us pretending to be asleep," she gave a sly glance to Fifi, who was still quietly snoring, indicating she was pretending, "I don't think your mother and the rest of the family would like it if I just went to sleep while you two wandered around the farm at this time of the night."

I turned my head to the side to catch Sura's weary smile before I agreed to let Aunt Greta join us. "You can come along, but you'll have to remain silent and not interrupt my time with Sura," I said, sensing a hint of jealousy as she furrowed her brows once more.

Before she responded with a small smile on her face, "Don't worry, I won't be interrupting your moments together. Just think of me as old Aunt Greta, silently watching over you, and learning how to gain my own moments with my partner."

"Spfff..." A small chuckle escaped Sura's mouth, and I couldn't help but feel the urge to smile. Nevertheless, I composed myself and only pressed my lips together, trying to maintain a serious expression. "Alright, let's get going then," I replied.

However, Aunt Greta's puckish smirk, as she licked the space between her beautiful teeth, made it hard for me to keep a straight face. Turning around, I immediately let the smile show as I walked towards the door, with only Sura catching the subtle grin on my face.

As we stepped outside, Aunt Greta closed the door behind her as she followed, we strolled along the quiet path of the farm. The cool breeze wrapped around us, refreshing our minds and bodies. Savouring the tranquillity, until Sura finally broke the silence and asked, "You know, I thought Reena was your first partner." I think you should take a look at

I wanted to speak, however, Sura immediately responded, "I know," she continued, "You introduced your mother as your first partner, but I assumed you said that to demonstrate how close you two are. I never thought she was genuinely your first partner and carrying your child."

Keeping my lips sealed, I allowed her to continue, curious to hear what else she had to say.

"And surprisingly, that almost got me into trouble with your mother. Also, I thought all those women were either your aunts or grandmothers, but it turns out they are all your partners." Suddenly, she paused and turned her head to lock eyes with me, catching me already staring at her intently. "Did you really have to go that far?" she questioned.

My brows furrowed in confusion, and I couldn't help but ask, "What do you mean by that?" I was genuinely perplexed by her question.

Exhaling a deep breath as though she was trying to rearrange her thoughts, Sura asked once more, "What I mean is, you have partners who are extremely unattractive, both young and very old. Are you trying to prove something to anyone..... or...." She paused, hesitating for a moment, before gently biting her lips and continuing, "...or do you really love them the same way you love me?"

Suddenly, I became serious and looked at her as I responded, "Are you implying that I have some hidden agenda behind all of this?"

"No," Sura immediately responded, shaking her head vigorously, "I didn't mean that. What I meant is, even if you don't judge people by their appearance and are capable of looking way beyond that,

don't you think that a day would come when you would no longer be able to look beyond that, or regret..."

"Sura," even if I wasn't holding her, I could sense her figure trembling and shivering the moment her name left my lips.

"Orion, I just..." She wanted to say, however, I swiftly cut her off. "Let me talk, Sura," I stopped and turned towards her, while she did the same, but her eyes were trembling and getting moist as I continued, "Sura, I....."

However, Aunt Greta immediately interrupted, "Orion, I think that you two should enjoy the silence for some time."

As I looked into her eyes, seeing the pleading look in her expression, I immediately dropped my facade. With a calmer expression, I focused my eyes back on Sura and asked, "How are you currently feeling?" My previous serious demeanour had been nothing more than a mask.

Chapter 297 My Love Is.....

Sura quickly picked up on it and let out a sigh, "Scared," she responded, "I was very scared."

"Why?" I asked with a raised brow, already guessing what her response would be.

Sura hesitated for a while, her lips trembling as she opened to speak, but she ultimately replied, "Because I felt that you were angry at me and suddenly didn't want to have anything to do with me because I had brought up such a question?"

Stretching my right hand towards her face, I watched her carefully as she flinched the moment my hand grabbed her nose, twisting it lightly as I responded, "What you just said now, will you promise me that you will never come to such a conclusion again?"

Finally realizing that I meant no harm, I watched as her expression softened, and she slowly nodded her head, responding, "If you say so, then I promise that I will never think or come to such a conclusion again."

Although I can't deny that I always found Sura cute whenever she went into her timid character, I knew her response wasn't something that I found appealing.

Wrapping my arm quickly around her shoulders and pulling her close to me, I made her look up as I pointed my other hand to the sky, "Sura, can you count the number of stars in the sky?" I asked, waiting for her response.

"No," Sura responded, shaking her head vigorously.

"Why?" I asked, focusing my attention on her as I awaited her response.

"It's too many..." Sura replied, locking her eyes with me, "There are too many, innumerable for me to count."

"Good," I responded sharply, "Just like the stars, my love for you is innumerable..... never diminishing.... ever plentiful. I will shower you with more than enough love that you will never be able to keep track of. And just when you think you can count my love for you and put it into mere days, I will overwhelm you with a love that is as vast and beautiful as the stars."

I watched as her eyes brightened up, taking in my words, but I wasn't done yet. Pointing my hand downwards, I said, "How about the soil under our feet? Can you fill it all in one clay pot?"

"No," Sura replied, her tone and voice much firmer and confident this time.

"Why?" I asked again. I think you should take a look at

"It's too much to be contained in one clay pot," she said, staring at me intently as she waited for my response.

"Good, then I guess you'll need an entire field of clay pots to hold all my love for you," I responded with a smile, looking deeply into her eyes. "None of you, not you, or anyone else, would be able to fathom the full extent of my love, because just like the soil beneath our feet, your hearts would be unable to contain it. I want you to understand that neither your doubts nor anyone else's thoughts, can change the love I have for you all. But..."

I paused, taking a deep breath before continuing, "If there ever comes a day when I am unable to make you feel or experience the things I am promising right now, you have my permission to stab out my ears and gouge out my heart. I would rather bleed until I am deaf than hear the woman I wholeheartedly love and have chosen to be my partner doubt her position in my heart or ask me.... 'Orion, do you still love me?'"

Once my words came to an end, I observed as her eyes glistened with moisture, but she quickly shook her head to dispel the tears. "Sorry that I doubted you, Orion?" Sura said, her face glowing with newfound reassurance.

Leaning in for a kiss, our lips met for a few seconds before I pulled back and gently said, "And I am sorry for making you feel that way. I promise it won't happen again."

Just as I was about to wrap my arms around her and pull her close for a hug, someone pulled me into their embrace, their hands firmly wrapping around my head and pushing it into the soft embrace of a pair of abundant milky breasts, encased within a thick layer of fabric.

Already knowing who it was, I used a bit of my strength to push myself out of her grip. And although I was successful, her hands immediately caught my cheeks and her lips trapped my lips with a kiss. Savouring Aunt Greta's kiss, I felt her lips eagerly meld against mine.

I watched as she pulled back, separating her lips from mine before she licked the trail of saliva with her tongue and opened her mouth to speak, her eyes locked with mine.

"Those were the most beautiful words that I have ever heard," Aunt Greta said with a tender smile, trailing a finger down my cheeks. "And most of all, it feels even more beautiful when I know that they were also directed at me." Her words stirred a warm sensation in my heart, and I couldn't help but return her smile.

She then added, "Do you want to hear what else I have to say, Orion? It's a secret, so I don't think you'll be able to hear me mention it ever again."

Looking into her slightly dazed eyes, I nodded eagerly, curious to hear the secret she was about to reveal.

As though she felt my head moving, Aunt Greta broke out of her daze and began to speak, focusing her eyes intently on me, "Right now, even if you were to leave us, Fiona, Ayla, Grandma Celia, Ingrid, Vivian, and the rest of us, would still love you with all our hearts and cherish you as the one person within our hearts, even above the love that we might have for our unborn children because, as you have already mentioned and proved, the love that you have shown us is as innumerable and beautiful as the stars and too much for any of our hearts to contain."

Chapter 298 My Lovely Ursa

Aunt Greta turned her gaze towards Sura, lingering there for a moment before refocusing her eyes back on me. She continued, "Unlike your younger partners, we understand the value of the kind of relationship that you have given us because we are more than old enough to appreciate how lucky we are to have ever come across a wonderful young man like you."

"Even if someday you begin to regret your choice of partners, such as us, we will still stand by you and accept any decision you make. And if you ever want us out of your sight, don't worry, because we will never appear before you again, but will always love you from whatever corner we hide in. Surprisingly, we are ready to go through all these things for you."

Unlike Sura, Aunt Greta didn't hold back her tears, and they ran down her cheeks. She continued, "But, why wouldn't we do so, for a man who began to love us before we began to even love ourselves?" She closed her eyes, making her tears stop, and causing some teardrops to cling to her eyelashes.

When she opened her eyes again, she smiled and said, "Just don't do this to your mother, and don't tell her that I told you this secret, okay? Because unlike us, I don't think that Celeste could ever live through to see the next day if such a thing were to ever happen."

Seeing that it had gotten to this, I instinctively embraced Aunt Greta, wrapping my arm around her waist, and drawing her close to me. My hands effortlessly found their way under her tulga, causing it to rise to her waist, while inadvertently revealing her hairy pink vagina and full lower body, exposing it to the lively brush of the wind.

Thankfully, despite being in the middle of a path, there wasn't a soul in sight to interrupt us, creating the perfect moment of privacy. Drawing nearer to her ear, I tightly groped and caressed both of her large fuckable butt cheeks with my palms, whispering, "And would you like to hear a little secret of mine?"

Somehow, Aunt Greta also snuck her hand under my tulga and began to stroke and pump my raging penis downwards, nodding her head silently in response. Her smile widened as I continued, "No matter what happens, I am not going anywhere, and I will never feel disgusted by you, Ayla, Fifi, Fiona, Grandma Ingrid, Celia, Vivian, Derry, or even my own mother. So, you all better get used to me becoming a part of your daily lives, because I am not going anywhere, and I am not sending any of you packing either." I gently bit her earlobe with my lips as the last words left my mouth.

Aunt Greta chuckled in my ears, saying, "Honestly, I know I made a good choice by following you two outside." She broke free from my grip and walked towards Sura with her arms stretched wide open.

I watched as Aunt Greta hugged Sura, burying her into her enormous breasts for a moment, before releasing her and saying, "Thank you, Sura, for giving me the opportunity to share such a beautiful moment with my partner."

Sura's smile widened even more as she looked intently at Aunt Greta and said, "Don't worry about it, healer Greta. It's my job as his partner to bring out the best side of him."

"Humph!" Aunt Greta snorted, "It seems you're smart with words. Very well, I will see how long you can last among the rest of us with such an attitude." She ruffled Sura's hair and continued, ".....and call me Greta." "I think you should take a look at

Seeing Sura's hesitant expression, Aunt Greta sighed and said, ".....Alright, you can go ahead and call me Aunt Greta, just like our partner loves to call me." The playful banter between Sura and Aunt Greta showed the growing bond among them, and I felt a sense of happiness witnessing it.

However, I chuckled a bit, unable to deny that I was already used to calling her Aunt Greta. Their secretive whispers and shared smiles got my curiosity, prompting me to walk over to them to find out what they were discussing.

When I approached them, their conversation came to a halt, and they turned to face me. Perplexed by their behaviour, I observed Aunt Greta looking at Sura from the corner of her eyes before she spoke, "Do you want to tell him, or should I help you do that?"

Sura shook her head in disapproval and said, "Don't worry, I will tell him myself." She then focused her gaze on me and continued, "Orion, Aunt Greta asked me if I wanted to have kushi now that everyone is asleep and we are alone."

I raised my brow and asked, "And what was your answer?" Fortunately, if Sura wanted to get pregnant, then I had no objections, and I even welcomed the idea of recreating the kind of environment I and Dariya had fucked in, now that we were outside and close to the forest.

Sura shook her head as she responded, "I refused. Fortunately, Grandma Meldra had also come to talk to me and asked me the same question if I was planning on getting pregnant right now, along with everyone else. But I also gave her the same response," she refocused her eyes on me and said, "Which was to wait and help her take care of everyone while they were pregnant so that we won't have any problem taking care of the children once they are born."

She smiled widely as though she was proud of her decision. "And then, once everything is over, I will gladly want to get pregnant since I can be sure that I will also have women who will be willing to take care of me, just like I had done for them."

I couldn't help but ask, "Are you sure?" It was very obvious that keeping up such a commitment might be difficult for her.

"Not really," Sura responded, shaking her head gently. "Although I am still a bit upset that Ursa got pregnant before me, I would rather be patient for now and do what's currently best by helping Grandma Meldra, so she won't be too overwhelmed by the work."

Chapter 299 Imparting The Art Of Blow Job

Seeing that she was even more intent on committing to her decision, I couldn't help but feel even more attracted to the young, beautiful woman in front of me. Shaking my head in response, I said amusingly, "You are something else." This caused Sura to giggle at my words.

But before her laughter could die down, I walked towards her and gently grabbed her arm, placing it under my arm and locking it with mine before catching Aunt Greta's arm and doing the same with hers.

"Ummm, Orion, where are we going?" Sura asked, curiosity apparent in her voice as she willingly followed me towards the bushy and dense area of trees. Meanwhile, Aunt Greta merely raised her eyebrows, waiting for my answer with a tinge of inquisitiveness in her expression.

I remained silent until we reached our destination. Taking in our surroundings, now surrounded by thick bushes and trees, I couldn't help but nod my head in approval. Turning around to face the two women in front of me, I finally spoke.

"Since you're not ready to get pregnant yet, how about I feed you some of my semen before we go to sleep?" I said, watching as her eyes brightened up, and she instantly cleared her throat to respond, "Alright, husband, if you don't mind, then I would like to eat some of your semen before I go to sleep."

I nodded, pleased with her response, before turning towards Aunt Greta with a slight grin and asking, "And what about you, Aunt Greta?"

Aunt Greta raised her eyebrows at me and amusingly retorted, "Are you supposed to even ask me that question?" Her lips broadened into a smile as she continued, "If my Orion wants to give me some of his semen to eat before I go to sleep, then who am I to reject such an offer?"

Without wasting any time, I reached under my tulga and took hold of my pulsing penis that had been erect ever since I grabbed a hold of Aunt Greta's soft massive ass cheeks.

Slowly and gently, I squeezed it, provoking a heightened throbbing sensation in my penis. While gazing at them, I wanted to instruct them on what to do; however, their attention was fixated on my engorged shaft already.

Without uttering a word, I saw Sura kneeling and reaching out for my stiff pulsing penis, which I had already released moments before, and to my delight, Aunt Greta followed suit, mirroring her actions flawlessly.

In spite of their fumbling and the comical way their hands kept getting in each other's way while trying to handle my erect penis, I couldn't help but find a certain pleasure in their amateurish movements, which strangely heightened my enjoyment.

However, realizing that they were making no progress, I decided to intervene, suggesting with a smile, "Why don't you give Sura a chance first, Aunt Greta?"

Aunt Greta hesitated for a moment, glancing at me with uncertainty before finally removing her hand from my throbbing shaft, making room for Sura's avid grip. "Alright, now start stroking your hands up and down on it gently and slowly," I instructed, fully aware that giving a blowjob was unheard of in this village.

With meticulous attention, Sura followed my guidance, her strokes slow and soft, as she warmed up my gritty member with her palms, causing it to pulsate lively within her grasp.

Sensing that it would take a while before I could cum, I reached down with my right hand, firmly grasping her tulga top and pulling it upwards, liberating her plump, developing breasts that I hoped would one day rival the size of my mother or Aunt Greta's. I think you should take a look at

As for her hips and buttocks, I had no worries, knowing that Sura's main curves were centred there and were bound to develop even more beautifully in the future.

The mere thought of preparing those wide, birthing hips for an anal in the future was enough to make my raging penis twitch in her grip. My hand, now firmly squeezing Sura's left breast, tried to

contain its full size, yet I was aware of the impossibility of the task, given its larger-than-normal dimensions.

Seeing my erect penis letting out some precum a few moments later, I observed as Sura attempted to wipe off the semen from my veiny shaft cap with her fingers. However, I immediately instructed her, "Lick it with your mouth directly, it's better that way and much easier."

With an understanding nod, she leaned in towards my hardened cock. Stretching her tongue forward, she approached it like a lollipop, thoroughly coating every side of my penis cap with her saliva before drawing her head back.

Nonetheless, I was a few steps ahead, holding her head in place, and I gently instructed her once more, "Use your mouth from now on; it feels so much better."

Silently, she leaned her head back in and devoured my scorching penis with enthusiasm, showing no hesitation. Her movements became more energetic as she bobbed her head in and out, folding my veiny penis with her tongue.

"SLURP~~" "SLURP~~"

"SLURP~~~"

To my surprise, she even took her time to give my scorching erect member a full 360-degree lick, showcasing her dedication to the act.

As Sura continued with her mouth massage, I used this opportunity to think about how to introduce the rest of my women to the idea of giving me a blow job, making it a day-to-day routine, as I couldn't possibly continue fucking them one by one once their pregnancies became obvious.

Meanwhile, my thoughts wandered back to the plan I'd use during the meeting concerning the newborns under Anara's watchful care. Suddenly, I noticed Aunt Greta wearing a slight frown while observing Sura enthusiastically gobble and release my hardened throbbing member repeatedly

While I didn't have to ponder too long about what she might be thinking, my attention was caught as my gaze drifted lower to her waist, where I saw her middle index finger rhythmically plunging in and out of her moist hairy vagina. At that moment, a solution dawned on me.

"Aunt Greta," I called out to her, catching her attention as she immediately stopped fingering herself. Gesturing for her to come closer, I held onto Sura's head and began to guide her on the amount of speed she should use when sucking my veiny penis and when to reduce her speed and intensity. I watched as Aunt Greta's face immediately brightened up, and she stood up to her feet, walking towards me.

Chapter 300 Live Demonstration (R18)

Once she arrived in front of me, I didn't need to shift her tulga as it was already hanging around her waist and resting enticingly just above the contours of her enormous mature buttocks. With a firm grip, I encircled her waist with my arm, drawing her irresistibly close until her body snugly embraced mine.

Extending my hand downwards, it ventured beneath her abundant inner thighs, brushing against her drolling vagina lips. In a gentle but firm voice, I directed Aunt Greta, "Lift your left leg higher," and to my delight, she complied without hesitation.

With her arms encircling my shoulders, she elevated her left leg, her knees reaching for the heavens before finding a gentle perch on my back and the rest of her body found support on mine.

Immediately, I slowed down my actions, sensing the tension building up within my veiny erect penis. Glancing downwards, I noticed Sura's attentive gaze, observing as Aunt Greta tried to meld herself with my body. Her left leg raised, offering easy access for my fingers to deftly explore her thick bushy vagina lips, gently stroking her tight wet vaginal walls, and leaving her longing for more.

"Sur...." Suddenly, just as I was about to warn her about the impending release, it was too late. The torrent had already burst out of my balls, catching Sura off guard. She gagged and hastily withdrew her head, attempting to both swallow my thick fertile semen and catch her breath simultaneously.

However, as soon as she withdrew her head, Aunt Greta quickly noticed the gagging sound, and without delay, she released her grip from my body. She bent down on all four limbs, catching and holding my penis in place to immediately gobble it down her throat.

Gulping down my saliva, I was amazed as I watched Aunt Greta effortlessly drink my cum with my penis shoved down her throat without even pausing for a breath. I started to think that perhaps she had a unique talent for this.

Nonetheless, as I finished cumming, I saw her gradually pull my fertile shaft out of her mouth and take a much-needed breath.

Observing both Aunt Greta and Sura on their knees, with my semen dripping from the corners of their lips, I couldn't help but nod my head in appreciation. "You both did well," I complimented them with a satisfied smile.

Focusing my eyes on Sura, whose eyes were locked onto mine, I asked with a sly smirk, "So, how was it?".

Sura smiled, revealing a set of brightly stained teeth, still decorated with traces of my semen. "Your semen was sweet," she said, and her comment strangely warmed my heart.

Shifting my focus to Aunt Greta, I noticed she had regained her breath and immediately spread her kneeling leg on the lush grass when our eyes locked. "Your semen still tastes delicious, but I enjoy it a lot more when you release it inside my vagina," Aunt Greta remarked, using her index fingers to widen her pinkish-puffed vagina lips.

Without a doubt, Aunt Greta's tempting offer was hard to resist. I couldn't help but imagine my erect penis getting soaked within her drooling matured vaginal walls after I had just received a blow job.

Glancing at Sura, I gestured for her to come closer, so she could learn and understand precisely how to move her body when the time comes for me to take her virginity.

Turning my attention back towards Aunt Greta, I instructed her to stand up and spread her legs for me so that I could easily penetrate her. And she happily stood up on her feet, placing her hands on the floor with her large protruding buttocks positioned upwards towards me. She then turned her head towards me and asked, "Is this okay, Orion?".

"Yes," I responded, nodding my head in appreciation as I saw moonlight casting an ethereal glow on her wide, mature waist, while her glistening cum dripped down onto the grass.

I appreciated the stunning scene, just as I had done with Reena, Ayla, Grandma Celia, my mother, and my other women. Taking my time, I stepped forward, gently gripping both sides of her bountiful fleshy ass cheeks, and squeezed them together, before parting them wide apart. Without a moment's notice, I plunged in fully, my large veiny cock finding its sheath within Aunt Greta's vagina.

"PAAHHH!!"

The sudden and unexpected force made Aunt Greta's body tremble as she let out a grunt, "AUHGGG!!!" her lips parting in surprise. One of her hands lost balance, and she instinctively bent to the side, but quickly recovered, using her elbow to support her body upwards.

However, that was not enough to stop me. I quickly withdrew, then thrust myself back in with another, "pah," showing no mercy to her contracting moist vagina. I could feel the tight grip of her inner walls resisting, but I persisted, "Pahh~~~ pAHH~~." With a powerful slide out, aided by her juices, I then fervently plunged back in. I think you should take a look at

"Paahhh~~~ pahh~~~ Pah~~"

"AUGH~~~AUGH~~ AHHH~~~"

"PAH~~~" "PaH~~~" "pah~~~"

"UH~~ Ah~~~" Though it took some time for Greta's voice to finally find stability, her clear moans echoed around us, blending with the sounds of our surroundings. The tempo of her heaving breaths brushing against the lush, dense grass invigorated me, giving me the vitality I needed to carry on for several more minutes, "Auh~~ Ahhh~~ ahh~~~."

"PAHHHH~~~~"

As I raised my hand high, I spread my fingers apart and brought them down against her enormous ass, creating a resounding "Smack," to see the mesmerizing ripple effect.

To my surprise, that turned out to be a huge mistake! While her heavy mature ass rippled, the internal contractions intensified, making me feel as if my erect hardworking member was ensnared.

Instinctively, I raised my hand in the air and delivered another hefty "Smack," on her enormous ass, hoping to ease the situation.

"PPPPAAAH~~~~~"

"AHHH~~ ORION....." Aunt Greta moaned, screaming out my name.

"Smack~~~ pAAAHH~~"

"Auuhhh~~~"

Not wanting her to feel uncomfortable, I decided to ease up once I noticed the slight redness on her fat ass cheeks. My slaps came to a halt, and I focused on bringing the session to a satisfying climax.

However, due to the abrupt contractions caused by each slap, I knew I was on the brink of cumming.

"Auh~~ahh~~~UHHH~~~"

"PAAHHH~~~ PAHH~~~"

Sensing my ball about to explode, I immediately halted my thrust and held Aunt Greta's waist in place. With her protruding mature ass cheeks pressed against my waist and thighs, I warned, "I'm about to release," as my thick fertile semen, gushed out from my veiny throbbing penis, filling up her narrow pink vagina walls, and womb to the brim.

"AAAhhhhhhh~~~ Unnhhh~~~"

After my cum subsided, I could feel some of my semen trickling down my balls.