

## Village Head 311

### Chapter 311 The Leftward Stronghold

Ignor furrowed his brow in confusion, "Are you sure? Although the wood is extremely flexible, considering that Caretaker Shani told me that you would be needing some wood for construction, I don't think that its flexibility would be a good thing," he asked, sceptically raising an eyebrow.

Although Orion intended to use regular wood at first, the sticks were more than enough, so he would happily exchange the wood to be used as part of the fire pit instead. "Yes, they are perfect for what I intend to construct," he responded. "How long will it take you to bring eight more bundles of these sticks?" Orion asked as he looked at the twelve bundles of the same stick that were laid on the ground and evenly stacked up, after mentally counting them.

Ignor nodded his head defeatedly. Since he didn't know what kind of construction Orion wanted to make, he might as well let him do as he pleases. "We can get more of these sticks from other sections of the farm, however, we would first have to take permission from the supervisors or the Caretakers themselves. And that would take us anywhere from tomorrow evening to midnight," Ignor said.

Each Caretaker is held responsible for their sections of the farm, and even their harvest, no matter how big or small, is something they need to be accountable for.

Orion opened his mouth to speak, however, he immediately stopped himself and inwardly shook his head, deciding that it was best to work on this task for now and see how well he progresses before the next bundles arrive tomorrow.

"Okay, just make sure to inform Caretaker Shani so that she can let me know immediately when it arrives," Orion said. He gestured for Ignor to step aside before he held the bundles of wood together and began throwing them to the empty path, one by one.

Once he was done, he told Ignor to inform Caretaker Shani that he would be staying here to start his construction and see how much progress he could make. He also asked Ignor to convey the message to help him inform his family that he would be returning home late today.

Although Ignor was hesitant to leave at first, he had wanted to see if there was any way he could help with the construction, given his experience. However, Orion simply sat down on the ground and responded, "It's not that I don't need any help, however, it would be extremely difficult for

anyone else to understand what I am trying to do, and also, the fewer hands, the better," as he began to unbundle the sticks.

Though Ignor didn't fully understand Orion's last sentence, seeing his reluctance, he simply nodded his head in understanding and left the large storage hut.

With Ignor's footsteps fading away, Orion focused on the task at hand. He took out some of the sticks and arranged them as though he wanted to craft a basket. Grabbing and cutting some ropes for the bottom of the basket, he decided to apply some of the 'DIY' tricks he had learned in his former world.

"Let's see how many baskets I can create in a day," Orion said to himself as he started to weave the sticks together, slowly and gently.

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The leftward stronghold I think you should take a look at

"Knock!!!" "Knock!!!"

"Come in."

Listening to the gruff voice emanating from inside the room, Caretaker Ivor didn't waste any more time and immediately reached out to pull the door open. Stepping inside, he closed the door behind him and set his gaze on the bulging muscular man sitting on top of a very thick reddish and white carpet, with a raised platform in front of him.

"Is that?" Caretaker Ivor unconsciously voiced his thoughts. However, before he could hold himself back, an answer to his question came, "Yes, it is," said the man with piercing blue eyes, a full rough unkept beard on his chin, along with a faintly visible scar that stretched from the middle of his right cheek, over his nose, and straight to the end of the left cheek, all while wearing the traditional village attire.

"Since the Village Chief decided to get a ta... a table, then I decided to get one myself since I am also as busy as he is," he said, focusing on Caretaker Ivor, who had just walked into his workplace, before gesturing towards the space opposite him. "Although I certainly wasn't expecting your visit, why don't you come and take a seat, and tell me the reason behind your unannounced visit."

Caretaker Ivor shook his head at the man's words, his eyes still wandering around the room filled with various sizes of cutlasses, spears, and shields hanging on the wall.

Eventually, he walked over and settled himself on the thick, stretched-out carpet, locking eyes with the leader of the leftward stronghold, Stronghold Leader Zogar.

Zogar folded the paper in front of him, stared up at Caretaker Ivor, and asked, "Are you going to keep on staring at me like that, or are you going to tell me the reason for your visit early?" He maintained eye contact, adding, "And since you came unannounced, then I take it that it must be something of importance."

Caretaker Ivor nodded solemnly in response to Stronghold Leader Zogar's statement. As he prepared to explain the pressing matters concerning the village, Zogar interjected, his eyes narrowing with seriousness, "Is it about the newborns?" he asked, mirroring Caretaker Ivor's expression.

Hearing the question, Caretaker Ivor couldn't help but frown, "How did you know?" he asked, doubtful of Zogar's apparent awareness of the situation.

Stronghold Leader Zogar smiled at Caretaker Ivor before he folded the remaining piece of paper and spread-out cloth on the table. "You were supposed to send me a report on how many newborns had been arranged for the diversion this time, two days ago. Since you didn't, I figured that something bad might have happened or the Village Chief decided to handle it himself again," he explained, locking eyes with Caretaker Ivor after finishing the task. "But since you are here, it seems like it's the former."

Placing his hands on the table, Stronghold Leader Zogar asked with a firm tone, "Caretaker Ivor, what is going on in the village?"

## Chapter 312 The Leftward Stronghold (2)

Caretaker Ivor shook his head at Stronghold Leader Zogar with a tired sigh escaping his lips, "Don't worry, it's not what you think," he said, "In fact, it's something else entirely, one which I am sure that you haven't yet thought of."

Stronghold Leader Zogar's face fell into a frown. If something had indeed happened with the newborns, then it might be bad news. However, he considered the possibility that he might be wrong, so he patiently waited for Caretaker Ivor to finish explaining.

Caretaker Ivor began by telling Stronghold Leader Zogar about Orion, though he was already aware of the young man's impressive feat of awakening a six-star potential for inner strength. Then, Caretaker Ivor delved into the changes in the village, including the secret of Orion's extreme fertility, which was now being kept under wraps to avoid causing an uproar.

As Caretaker Ivor watched, Stronghold Leader Zogar's expression shifted from a frown to one of shock as he absorbed the information. Continuing, Caretaker Ivor explained Orion's proposition for constructing a new village, including the method he intended to use to reunite the remaining newborns with their families without causing a negative uproar.

And when Caretaker Ivor had finished his explanation, detailing everything there was to know about the current state of the village, the whole room fell silent for a moment.

"So, you're saying he came up with all of this in just a few days? Solving the problem that has plagued our village for over a century?" Stronghold Leader Zogar asked, seeking confirmation of his thoughts and processing all he had just heard.

"Yes," Caretaker Ivor affirmed, "And trust me, we were all just as surprised as you are now."

Taking his time to digest the words, Stronghold Leader Zogar exhaled deeply, allowing his mind to settle afterwards. Tapping his fingers on the table, he seemed lost in deep thought before he finally spoke, "I think I could use a break back at the farm before I return to the stronghold to continue my work," his eyes fixed intently on Caretaker Ivor.

Caretaker Ivor had expected this response, knowing that anyone would want to meet Orion after hearing such outstanding news. However, he replied, "Feel free to do as you wish. As the stronghold leader, it's not my place to control you. But perhaps you should send someone to discuss with Orion first and then make time to speak with him, considering all the work you constantly have to deal with."

"Nonsense," Stronghold Leader Zogar retorted, "who said I am too busy to meet him right now? I can easily arrive at the farm in a few minutes, talk to him, and find out for myself what this young man is like before returning to the stronghold to prepare for another wave of Vylkr vine attacks." He scoffed at Caretaker Ivor's suggestion, and then his eyes shifted to the weathered silver chain around his neck.

He grabbed a small round metal object hanging from it, wiping the cloudy crystal surface with his fingers, revealing the complex details of the metal's design, including two slender serpentine hands

fashioned from polished steel delicately sweeping across the weathered white surface, each pointing towards a number. I think you should take a look at

"I believe it would take less than a few minutes to head to the farm, speak with him, and return to work, all of which should take less than an hour, or an hour and a half," he continued, his eyes fixed on the unique timepiece.

Caretaker Ivor narrowed his eyes at the metal object in Stronghold Leader Zogar's hand. He had noticed it hanging around Zogar's neck from the moment he entered the room, but he had assumed it was just a decorative piece, given how well it complemented Zogar's appearance as it rested against his chest.

Unable to contain his curiosity any longer, he pointed at the metal and asked, "What is that? .... Did you perhaps get it from the caravan?"

Stronghold Leader Zogar's smile widened as he nodded, explaining, "Well, while the table was easily constructed here at the stronghold after taking a look at the Village Chief's own, this....." He paused for a moment, trying to recall the name correctly, "Ah yes, Mr Kaelen called it a wash... I mean a pocket watch. It might not be as large as the sundial in the Village Chief's compound, but with this, I can easily read and tell the time perfectly."

He held the pocket watch up for a moment before gently letting it fall back against his chest. "Although it might have cost me some wealth, it was worth the trade since I can easily track the time of the day with this."

Once Caretaker Ivor listened to Stronghold Leader Zogar's explanation, he nodded with deep understanding, considering if he should also try to get a similar metal object once the Caravans arrived.

Apart from the beautiful paintings he enjoyed staring at, having something like that would be useful in his daily life.

"Alright then, do as you wish," Caretaker Ivor said, noticing Stronghold Leader Zogar's eagerness to meet Orion at the farm. "I just came to inform you about the situation so that you would be aware of it. Now, I need to head over to the Rightward Stronghold and inform Stronghold Leader Zarak of the same thing before I return to the farm, as there is now a pile of tasks that I need to take care of."

Hearing his associate's name, Stronghold Leader Zogar frowned a bit in displeasure, observing as Caretaker Ivor stood up from the carpet. "....So please, while you are at the farm, also make sure to find out if there is any material or help that you can provide to the boy so that he could easily progress with his third plan," Caretaker Ivor urged, "Because the way I see it, if he does make such a thing possible, then it would benefit you and your warriors the most."

As Caretaker Ivor turned his head from side to side, his bones popped along with the ones in his arms and legs.

### Chapter 313 Visiting The Farm

"In the meantime, I will be taking my leave, Stronghold Leader Zogar. Please don't forget to be around for the next meeting," he said, walking towards the door.

However, he stopped abruptly in front of it and added, "and also, we will be counting on you to flawlessly carry out your part of the plan, as we all know what is at stake if one of us fails." With that, he pushed the door open and stepped out of the room, leaving Stronghold Leader Zogar alone to ponder within his thoughts as the sound of the door closing resounded in the air around him.

"Haaahhh...." Stronghold Leader Zogar exhaled deeply as he unfolded the piece of paper and spread the cloth over his table again. He meticulously marked out the areas and time for the next wave of two-star and three-star Vylkr vines, planning to send some warriors there to destroy them before they overpopulate the borders.

However, Caretaker Ivor's explanation of Orion's construction plan for the village kept replaying in his mind, causing him to lose focus on his work.

With another sigh, he folded the paper and cloth back on the table. "I think it's time that I meet this Orion," he muttered to himself, standing up from his seat and walking towards the door.

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Scrutinizing my constructions, I couldn't help but grin with satisfaction. It had taken me hours, even the entire day, to create them, but now I felt a sense of accomplishment.

"It's perfect," I said to myself, lifting one of the large baskets that could easily hold my entire body, just to double-check for any errors or missed steps. "Perfect," I repeated, carefully placing it back on the ground.

Then, I selected a smaller basket, one large enough to hold three or four newborns, and nodded with approval. Going through each basket one by one, I carefully checked for any flaws or issues.

After examining all sixty-six baskets, I took a moment to check my fingers to make sure they were unscathed, and thankfully, they were. In fact, with my heightened durability and strength, I felt like I could go on for hours, non-stop crafting baskets, moving on to the next one immediately after completing the last. The only thing that reminded me to take a break was a mild hunger, signalling that I needed to eat something before getting back to work.

But despite the effort, it was all worth it in the end!

Afterwards, I packed the baskets one by one, arranging them according to their sizes to maximize space. Once they were neatly stacked, I left the storage hut, ensuring the door was firmly closed behind me.

When I stepped outside, I decided to head towards Mrs Shani's hut to inform her that I had finished crafting the baskets and to ask her to look after them until the next bundles of sticks arrived.

However, just as I was about to reach her hut, a sudden realization hit me -I had completely forgotten to inform the women about our move to the new home tonight. "Dam....!" I almost cursed aloud.

"I hope the warriors haven't arrived yet," I murmured to myself as I raced towards our hut, clinched to make it in time to help them pack up before heading to Caretaker Shani's place to deliver the news.

The midnight hour shrouded the village in darkness, and as I darted through the empty farming paths, I remained undetected until finally reaching our home. I think you should take a look at

Gasping for breath, I faced two imposing figures flanking the hut's entrance. Their muscular frames and composed stance marked them as warriors, allowing me to recognise them immediately. Without hesitation, I approached as they fixed their intense gaze upon me.

Coming to a stop in front of them, I locked my gaze on the guards. Before I could say anything, one of them spoke up, "Are you Orion?"

Without beating around the bush, I nodded firmly and replied, "Yes." Then I asked, "Did the Village Chieftess send you two?" Both the man and the woman nodded in unison without hesitation.

The woman explained, "The Village Chieftess sent us to show you and your family where you'll be staying. We arrived a few hours ago, but the woman refused to leave until you were present. Please go inside and prepare your belongings so that we can depart immediately. We've already wasted enough time here waiting." Understanding their urgency, I nodded in agreement and silently walked forward, pushing the door to our current hut open and quickly closing it behind me.

"OOORRION...." A soft voice suddenly yelled into the air, and before I knew it, someone had abruptly run into me.

Thankfully, my senses were on high alert, and I quickly recognized that it was Gina who had hugged me tightly. "Orion...." Another voice chimed in, causing me to stretch my arms open and shift Gina to one side as Sura ran into me.

But it didn't stop there; soon after, Reena followed suit, wrapping her arms around me. And just when I thought it was over, "Orrionn..." I noticed Grandma Vivian running towards me.

My arms were already full, and I had failed to notice her on time, so I ultimately fell backwards the moment she crashed into me, followed by Grandma Derry, who came right after. Without a doubt, I could swear that I saw a huge smile on her face as she joined the group hug while I was now lying on the floor.

"Orion, why are you home late?"

"Orion, where have you been?"

"How did the meeting with the Caretakers go?"

"What did you talk about with them?"

"Why didn't you tell us first before you went?"

"Orion....."



As the questions came pouring in, my mind was racing to keep up. They all wanted answers, but it was hard to process everything at once. I nodded my head absentmindedly, trying my best to attend to each of them, even though I didn't hear all the questions properly.

#### Chapter 314 Family Argument

Just when I thought the barrage of questions would overwhelm me, a commanding and firm feminine voice pierced through the air. "Alright, all of you should get up, can't you see that he isn't hearing anything you're saying?"

Recognizing the voice as Fifi's, I awaited her appearance, relieved by her intervention. She entered my line of sight and began coaxing the women to their feet.

With gratitude, I took her outstretched hand, allowing her to assist me in rising.

Her broad palms brushed away the dust from my back, offering a gentle pat as if to console me. Together, we moved towards the side of the room, where my mother, Ursa, and her mother were seated, surrounded by the rest of my women.

Settling in beside them, I was on the cusp of speaking when my mother preemptively interjected, her tone was unsurprisingly harsh, "Orion, you have a lot of explanation to give us. Why didn't you tell us that you were going to meet with the Caretakers and the village chieftess this morning? Do you understand how worried we've been? You left in the morning and didn't return until now."

Her eyes were fixed intently on me, and if I didn't know my mother well, then I wouldn't have noticed the worried expression on her face.

Fortunately, I did!

With a response already in mind, I replied, "I knew you all would be worried. Since you were all still asleep, I didn't want to disturb any of you. My plan was to inform you of the results upon my return, rather than occupying your minds with it throughout the day."

"Hmph!" Gina's voice chimed in from beside me as she huffed disapprovingly. She averted her gaze, clearly miffed. "Well, we were all concerned anyway." Extending my hand to tousle her hair, I slipped my arm around her, turning my attention to my women. I watched them as they each lent their agreement to Gina's and my mother's sentiments with nods.

"Don't worry, I won't make that mistake again. If a similar situation arises, I'll let you all know in advance," I assured them, recognizing that this was the only way to ease their worries.

"Please do," Alya said, her voice tinged with a combination of weariness and relief, a sigh escaping her lips. "So, what did you discuss with the Village Chieftess and the Caretakers?" she asked. As soon as her question hung in the air, everyone in the room turned their gaze towards me, their curiosity apparent in their attentive expressions as they awaited my response.

Yet, I was acutely aware that I couldn't simply divulge the details of the newborn situation or the contents of my conversation with the Village Chief and Chieftess during the meeting.

It wasn't a matter of mistrust... I did trust them. I think you should take a look at

But I cherished them just as much as I trusted them. Hence, it would be a cruel weight to burden their hearts with such news. And so...

"Not much," I lied, flashing a convincing smile. "Our discussion mainly revolved around my training and the need for me to fully reach my potential as a six-star warrior. So, starting tomorrow, I'll be throwing myself back into intensive training." I watched as the women around me nodded in understanding, realizing the importance of honing my skills as a warrior.

I then continued, "And also, in a few...." I launched into an account of the new village construction and my role in spearheading its development.

"YOU WHAT?" Aunt Greta's scream pierced through the room, a vocalization of the shock that rippled across the faces of my mother, Gina, Alya, Sura, Reena, Ursa, Grandma Meldra, and everyone else present. Their eyes widened into a combination of disbelief and astonishment, as though they were grappling with the weight of the words I had just revealed.

"Let me finish first," I said, shaking my head at their expectant expressions.

However, this time, Grandma Meldra responded, "What else do you want to explain, Orion? If we heard correctly, you mentioned that the village will assist you in establishing a new settlement that you'll be responsible for developing in a few years, is that correct?" Her voice held a hint of tiredness as she rested her right elbow on her lap and massaged her forehead with her fingers.

I nodded and replied, "Yes." I observed Aunt Greta gritting her teeth in frustration.

"Which means that you'll have to venture to the other side of the river and establish this new settlement in the midst of Vylkr-infested lands, correct?" Grandma Meldra inquired again, her frown mirrored by the others around me.

"Yes, exactly. But before that time comes, I'll have the strength to move freely in and out of the area due to my potential," I replied, expecting her line of thought.

Grandma Meldra nodded in understanding. "We understand that part. However, what we're hesitant to accept is the idea that you'll also need to leave this village," she remarked, "Because that would also mean leaving us behind just to develop this new settlement."

"Yes," Aunt Greta added promptly, her head nodding vigorously as she aligned with Grandma Meldra's sentiments. "While I do agree with Celeste that it might have been preferable if you hadn't become a warrior or possessed such potential, the reality is different. I can come to terms with you embarking on explorations across the river. Yet, how will I manage to treat you if you're overseeing another village, juggling its responsibilities while simultaneously battling waves of Vylkr vines?"

"Or do you truly believe you can survive without my gift? Do you understand the countless warriors who almost met their demise – losing limbs, having flesh torn apart – after months of combating the Vylkr vines, whom I managed to save, or those who succumbed because they couldn't return to the village in time?" Aunt Greta's voice grew hoarse with emotion as she pressed on, "And let's not even delve into the fact that you'd be living amid the Vylkr-infested territory. How would you.....?"

#### Chapter 315 Family Argument (2)

"Greta..." Fiona's voice broke the tension as it reverberated through the room, her expression filled with genuine concern. She extended her hand, gently gripping Aunt Greta's hand and soothingly rubbing the back of it with her fingers. It seemed she was attempting to placate Aunt Greta, who was now breathing rapidly as if her emotions had taken over.

However, Aunt Greta swiftly withdrew her hand, apologizing, "I'm sorry for losing control." Her gaze fixed on me, her eyes narrowing as she asked, "But I still want to know what he has planned. You do have a plan, don't you?"

I responded to her question with a firm nod, gathering my thoughts before taking a deep breath and articulating, "I want all of you to come with me," making my intention clear.

This time, not a single furrowed brow or look of shock graced their faces. Instead, they gazed at me with blank expressions, clearly taken aback. "Once the foundation has been laid," I elaborated, "I

want each of you to join me in building this new village. By that time, I'll have grown strong enough to protect us all, ensuring that you won't need to worry about danger or harm."

"PPFFTTTT!" A burst of muffled stifled laughter abruptly filled the air, interrupting me and catching everyone's attention. We all turned towards the source and found Miss Lyra with her lips contorted into a smile, trying to hide her amusement behind her hand.

"Mom, what's so funny?" Ursa's brow furrowed deeply as she echoed the question that hung on everyone's lips.

"I'm sorry if I embarrassed you," Lyra said, apologizing with a smile as she playfully pinched her daughter's cheek, only to have Ursa slap her hand away, rubbing her reddened skin.

Then, Lyra shifted her gaze towards me, her eyes twinkling, and said, "Well, for me at least, this plan seems like a chance to start life afresh. And that's saying something considering I'm not exactly growing younger. So, it's either this or returning home to share the same hut with my lovely daughter."

While I couldn't be certain whether Lyra's tone carried a hint of sarcasm when she referred to Ursa as her 'lovely daughter,' the transformation of Ursa's expression into a stern one and her subsequent playful pinch to her mother's leg gave me a hint. I couldn't help but suppress a chuckle, all while absorbing the rest of Lyra's words.

"Moreover," Lyra continued, "since I'll soon be expecting a child as well, I fail to see a reason why I should stay behind when the father of my child is working towards securing our safety by creating a new village. Why not be with him, especially when he assures us he can protect us?" Lyra's gaze dropped to her stomach, her hand tenderly caressing it momentarily before her eyes lifted to meet mine.

"And from what I have heard, Orion is not one to break his promises, is he?" Her eyes twinkled with a fierce glint as she looked at me.

Following the subtle smile that tugged at the corners of her lips and hearing her final words, I nodded in agreement. "Yes," I confirmed, "By that time, I'll have gained the strength to protect you all, making sure that none of you or even our children need to fear the Vylkr vines. I promise." I grasped Lyra's underlying intentions. I think you should take a look at

Lyra's smile then broadened as she continued, "With that being the case, I don't see any valid reason to stay behind." She extended her arms upward, adding, "I can't speak for everyone else, but I'm definitely on board. When the time comes, I'll be joining Orion in settling the new village."

Her gaze shifted to me as she elaborated, "Considering Orion will be leading the development of this village and, hence, will become its new chief, it follows that I'd have the opportunity to potentially become the Village Chieftess. So, I can't find a single reason not to follow him, even if it's just in my dreams."

After her last words hung in the air, every woman's eyes in the room popped wide open. Whether they were moved by Lyra's words, my own words, or the enticing prospect of securing the position of Village Chieftess in the new village, I couldn't be sure.

Nonetheless, their expressions shifted into deep contemplation, indicating that Lyra had managed to shift the entire mood and focus of the conversation.

'She's quite something,' I mused internally, my gaze fixed on Ursa, whose mouth was hanging open in astonishment. "YOU!!" Ursa exclaimed, jabbing an accusatory finger at her mother. "So this was your plan all along? To become the village chieftess..... YOU!!"

Lyra couldn't hold back a snort at her daughter's reaction, retorting, "Well, it seems I'm currently the only one raising my hand, so I don't see any other candidates capable enough to take up the mantle of the new Village Chieftess."

Hardly a moment after her statement concluded, a throat-clearing voice chimed in beside me. I turned toward the source, discovering Grandma Ingrid also raising her hand. "I can't speak for others, but I'm also of the opinion that I'll be accompanying Orion to this new settlement when the time comes," Grandma Ingrid expressed. Her eyes met mine briefly before she averted her gaze, almost as if she was directing it at something else.

Although I failed to return home on time to talk with her, I decided to sort things out this night before I leave for training tomorrow.

"In that case, count me in too," Grandma Derry chimed in, her hand swiftly following Grandma Ingrid's gesture and raised into the air. Her gaze locked with mine, a warm smile playing on her lips. "I'll be right there with Orion when the time comes for us to head to this new settlement," she added, her confidence apparent. "I won't need to worry about those Vylkr vines, not when I know my Orion will have the ability to protect me."

"Ahem!" The next voice echoed through the room, considerably firmer and louder. "Considering that I'm the only capable warrior here, I believe it's wise for Orion and me to scout the settlement first and ensure its safety before the rest arrive," Fifi said, her expression stern as she locked eyes with each person present.

## Chapter 316 Coming To An Agreement

Folding her muscular arms, she positioned them atop her toned, veined thighs. "Moreover, I'll be the one guarding him, not the other way around. So, for everyone's sake, I think it's best for just the two of us to go initially. In essence," Fifi directed her gaze towards me, closing her eyes momentarily before reopening them, and exhaling as though she was bearing the burden of a tough decision, "I'll be joining Orion in this new settlement when the time comes," she concluded, raising her right hand in agreement, to follow me.

Once Fiona finished speaking, I expected a few more responses from the other women in the room. However, my expectations proved mistaken.

Immediately after her words, Gina's right hand shot into the air, saying "If that's the case, count me in as well." In quick succession, Grandma Celia, Sura, Fiona, and Ursa followed suit.

Soon, a chorus of raised hands depicted their unanimous willingness to follow me. I shifted my attention to the three individuals who had yet to voice their decisions - my mother, Reena, and Aunt Greta.

I regarded them both with an arched eyebrow, prompting Aunt Greta to release a loud, exasperated sigh. She raised her right hand in the air and spoke, "Allow me to make my stance clear. I have no interest in the Village Chieftess position. My role has always been that of a healer, and that won't change even in this new village. I'm certain my gift will remain indispensable when we arrive there."

Her gaze remained fixed on me, a challenging glint in her eyes as if daring me to prove my ability to emerge unscathed by the time we established ourselves in the new territory. I wisely chose not to engage in a contest of wills with her at this moment; after all, it's never wise to quarrel with your doctor, particularly one who provides care free of charge.

Turning my focus to my mother, I observed the intensity in her gaze as she locked eyes with me. She held my stare firmly, her fists clenched in anger.

Despite the tempting prospect of becoming the Village Chieftess, it was unsurprising that she remained unswayed by it.

A heavy sigh soon escaped her lips, the tension in her clenched fist releasing as she looked down momentarily before fixing her gaze back on me. "While I might have preferred if the construction of this new village was put on hold and the idea discarded," she began, her voice carrying a blend of resignation and understanding, "I realize that it's aimed at improving our village's safety, and by extension, the safety of all of us."

"Despite being a stubborn son who often chooses to make his own path, which I respect even if it leads to some reckless decisions, I can't let you go on your own. As your mother, I'm convinced I would regret it deeply if I did." "I think you should take a look at

She shifted her gaze away from me and directed it towards the other women in the room, sweeping her eyes across their faces one by one. Then, with a raised right hand, she expressed, "So, like Greta, I have no interest in becoming the Village Chieftess. Instead, I'll be accompanying you to this new village to make sure you don't put yourself in dangerous situations or, worse, act impulsively."

Her gaze then fixed on Fifi, who intentionally shifted her focus elsewhere. Continuing, she said, "Aside from myself, it would be regrettable if this obsession with the Village Chieftess position consumes everyone or misleads them into thinking they're suited for it just due to their strength." She went on, "Moreover, we're heading to the new settlement with our children. This means that our entire families are relocating together. So, while I appreciate the competitive spirit among all the women here, I don't believe it should be our primary reason or sole focus as we prepare to enter an entirely unfamiliar area infested with Vylkr vines."

Once her words settled, a collective sigh of exhaustion filled the room, and nods of comprehension rippled through the women. Observing their shoulders slump in defeat, it quickly dawned on me that my mother had established herself as the unofficial leader of the group.

Well, considering she was the one who had pinned me to the ground to keep me from becoming a warrior in the first place, it wasn't all that surprising.

However, with the room now settled, my gaze shifted to the last person, Reena.

Apart from Gina, whose figure was taking after that of our mother, considering her curvaceous hips and the enticing outlines of her breasts against her tulga, Reena easily stood out as the most striking woman in the room, if I were to measure by the beauty standards of this world.

With everyone's attention fixed on her, including mine, she met our collective gaze with folded arms and an air of confidence that indicated she was quite accustomed to being the centre of attention.

"First and foremost, let's get something straight," Reena's voice sliced through the air, compelling everyone's focus in the room. "We all know the truth, if there's anyone capable or has the potential to become the Village Chieftess," she extended one hand, her index finger pointed firmly at herself, "it's me." Smoothly, she folded her hand back.

"That's the truth we're aware of. However, since we're all now part of the same family, I'm open to a friendly competition to see how well you all fare before I ultimately claim the title of Village Chieftess." Her declaration was unapologetically bold. "It could be a great way for us to bond and understand each other better. So, let's give it our all and contribute to the growth of this new village," Reena continued with confidence.

"Also, as my mother has said, we shouldn't get too carried away or distracted. We still have a family to care for." A warm smile graced her lips. She turned that same smile towards every woman in the room before fixing it on me, raising her right hand high in agreement.

## Chapter 317 Moving In

Shaking my head in amazement at how Lyra had single-handedly shifted the conversation's dynamics, igniting everyone's spirits, and how my mom and Reena had expertly steered it back to the original topic with a different tone, it was hard not to be somewhat impressed. Particularly Lyra, who had initiated this whole torrent of events.

And catching her sly wink aimed at me, I couldn't help but conclude that it was all very much intentional.

"Ahem!" I cleared my throat, drawing their attention back to me, "You can all lower your hands now," and one by one, their hands descended. Just as I was about to resume speaking, "Knock!! Knockk!!!" the resounding sound of knuckles rapping against the door reverberated, followed by a booming voice, "Is everyone ready?"

Upon hearing the warrior's voice, I realized that we didn't have enough time to keep talking. I looked at all of my women and said, "Given the limited time we have, let's begin moving, everyone." The women nodded in agreement and, one by one, stood up from their seats, proceeding



to the adjacent room. Each woman emerged holding a clay pot filled with Kalna fruits and a bundled sack of cloth, presumably their tulga, all wrapped together.

Observing Gina struggling under a load much larger than her frame, I rose from my seat and walked towards her. "Let me help," I offered, extending my hands to take the weight off her. As she handed over the hefty bundle of two sacks of clothes, probably both hers and mine, along with a collection of Kalna fruits nestled within, I positioned the load against my chest and supported it with both hands, as I was not accustomed to balancing things on my head.

Even with her insistence on carrying it herself, I managed to persuade her to let me help.

Given that we were uncertain about the duration of the route to our new hut, I wanted to prevent her from falling behind or struggling to catch up with us.

Seeing everyone ready and carrying their belongings, with those who had less helping others, I turned to lead the way to the door. After pushing it open for everyone to pass through, I closed it behind us.

I then faced the guards who had positioned themselves on either side of the doorway, patiently waiting.

"We're prepared to leave," I informed them. Both guards simultaneously nodded their heads, and one turned to say, "Follow us. We'll guide you to your new hut."

The woman guard took the lead, while the man slowed his steps, making sure he protected us from behind. As we progressed, we entered what I assumed was Caretaker Shani's section of the farm, having left the production hub about thirty minutes ago. Now, we were heading deeper into the farm, likely approaching Overseer Anara's section.

After an hour and ten minutes, we stopped in front of a large wooden hut, easily three times the size of both the huts we had used in the production hub and our regular hut in the village. I think you should take a look at

Even though we had covered the distance in an hour and forty minutes, despite walking at an incredible pace, we were all visibly exhausted. As we stood there, ready to finally collapse onto our mats and catch some rest – well, all except me due to my physique – I gazed at the large hut before us. It was nestled amidst towering trees and lush bushes, with a small cleared area that resembled a wide yard.

I couldn't help but think that the trek was worth it, and I was certain the women shared my sentiment. They began placing their belongings on the ground in front of them, taking the opportunity to stretch.

Just as I was preparing to lead the way towards the hut, the guard abruptly extended her arm, halting me. "There's someone else here," she stated, her gaze narrowing as she scanned the surroundings.

I was on the verge of asking whether they might be the tree nymphs we had encountered earlier, considering our remote location within the farm, when I turned my head to the side. I could see a few of them perched on lofty branches, observing us from above.

However, before I could say anything, the guard suddenly let out a loud scream, "ARE YOU AWARE THAT THIS PLACE IS OFF-LIMIT BY THE ORDER OF THE VILLAGE CHIEF HIMSELF? IF NOT, THEN COME OUT BEFORE I SEARCH FOR YOU MYSELF. MY GIFT CAN HELP ME PICK UP THE DISTINCT SMELL OF ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING, SO YOU BETTER DO YOURSELF A FAVOR AND COME OUT. LET ME ESCORT YOU BACK TO THE VILLAGE, OR ALLOW ME TO SEARCH FOR YOU AND FACE THE CONSEQUENCES!!"

Instantly, the other guard abandoned his position at the back and hastened to stand beside his companion.

Hearing the mention of her gift, I thought it best to remain silent. I watched as the woman nodded discreetly at the man, seemingly communicating without words.

He returned the firm nod, poised to step forward and likely search our surroundings. Meanwhile, the woman chose to head in the opposite direction, her movements more subtle.

But then, a commanding voice boomed through the area, putting an abrupt halt to the growing uneasiness, "It's alright!! I am coming out." We all redirected our attention to the source of the voice, focusing on a man emerging from the back of one of the trees on the opposite side, near the grassy yard of the large hut.

As the moonlight bathed him in its glow, his rugged, muscular frame and scarred face became clearly visible, revealing his identity to everyone present.

"LEADER!!" The guards' simultaneous cries rang out as they sprinted forward, leaving us behind as they hurried to greet the man. While they rushed to his side, the women and I remained behind. I found myself standing at the forefront, my expression stunned as I gazed upon the man before me.

'What the hell?' I thought, almost saying it out loud.

#### Chapter 318 The Meeting With The Leftward Stronghold Leader

Observing the man's presence, my attention was drawn not only to his physique, which was notably muscular, though not quite reaching Fifi's level, but also to an interesting detail that caught my eye – a worn-out silver metal chain hanging around his neck.

This wasn't something that appeared to be crafted within our village's capabilities. Furthermore, the circular metal object hanging from the chain, gently swaying with his movements, was something I was certain no gift could create.

Also, not only that but when I looked at his legs, what he had used to cover his feet, my eyes couldn't help but linger on it as it made countless thoughts race through my mind all in a single second as I saw him walk towards us along with the two guards flanked by both of his sides.

However, just before he had arrived in front of us, I turned my head to the side and noticed Fifi coming from my back to stand beside me.

Coming to a halt before us, the man's presence prompted an immediate reaction from Fifi, who didn't hesitate to address him. "Leader Zogar, I'm surprised that you're here," she remarked, her eyes narrowing as she extended her left hand, gently pushing me behind her protective stance.

Noticing Fifi's guarded stance, the man responded with a knowing smile, his gaze briefly flickering toward me before he turned his attention back to Fifi. "Fiona, it's been a long time. How have you been?" he asked.

"I'm doing well," Fiona replied, her head nodding in acknowledgement.

He nodded, a sense of understanding in his expression. "Glad to hear that," he responded. "While I would have liked to catch up and learn about your retirement or the tasks assigned by the Village Chief, my purpose today is to speak with the young man behind you."

Fifi was just about to address him as "Stronghold Leader Zo..." but was interrupted by the man, who waved his hand dismissively. "No need to worry, I'm here solely to chat with the village's future warrior, one with the most exceptional potential I've ever come across," he stated, his focus shifting from Fifi to me. "Although I would have preferred to postpone our meeting until he visits the stronghold, allowing for a more leisurely conversation, since I'm already here, I see no reason to miss this opportunity."

Fifi attempted to interject once more, but this time I gently placed my right palm on her back, delivering a light tap as a sign to hold her thoughts.

I then stepped forward, positioning myself alongside Fifi and facing Stronghold Leader Zogar, whom I assumed to be the leader of the Stronghold.

With my palm gliding gently over Fifi's beautiful muscular back, I maintained a steady gaze on Stronghold Leader Zogar. "Good evening, Stronghold Leader Zogar," I greeted with a nod. "It's a pleasure to finally meet you."

Zogar's eyebrow arched in response, and he offered a nod of acknowledgement. "Good..... Good, seems you have some manners and aren't trembling in fear," he commented, his scrutiny first shifting to Fifi and then back to me, finally scanning the other women gathered behind me. His attention circled back to me once more, and he asked, "Are they all your partners?"

"Yes," I responded, "they are." "I think you should take a look at

"Even her?" he asked again, his finger aimed at Fifi.

"Yes," I confirmed with a firm nod, emphasizing my response. "She is also my partner."

Stronghold Leader Zogar fixed his gaze on me, his face inscrutable, like he was sifting through my expressions for some hidden meaning. After a moment, his stern expression cracked into a smile. "Humph! You haven't even officially become a warrior yet, and you're already adopting some unusual behaviours," he remarked with amusement. With an exhale, he continued, ".....Well, that just means you'll fit right in once you join the stronghold."

Without further ado, Stronghold Leader Zogar turned on his heel and strode away in the opposite direction, his final words trailing behind him, "Follow me, Orion. I need to speak with you privately."

Before I moved to join Stronghold Leader Zogar, I turned my head to catch Fifi's gaze. She shook her head with a resigned look, sighing as if reluctantly agreeing. Her eyes met mine, and she spoke with a tone of reassurance, "You can go with him. I'll be awake, waiting for you to come back."

She then shifted her attention to Stronghold Leader Zogar, who stood by our new hut as though he expected my presence. "And if anything goes wrong, I'll come to find you. So, don't worry," she added, her gaze returning to me along with a faint smile.

While I had complete faith in Fifi's strength and her promises, the reality was that this man was the Stronghold Leader – it would be stupid to assume he was any less powerful than Fifi, or that she could easily match up against him. It was clear I needed to shift my focus to preventing any potential trouble rather than placing Fifi in any unnecessary danger.

"I don't have all day to wait!" Stronghold Leader Zogar's impatient voice echoed across the distance as he eyed me from the corner of his eyes.

"Don't worry, everyone should concentrate on settling in. If any issues arise, I'm capable of handling them," I reassured her before stepping forward toward his position.

Though I held doubts that anything threatening or dangerous would occur, it had become a habit for me to brace for the worst before embracing the best, given the recent string of events.

Standing beside him, I met Stronghold Leader Zogar's gaze as he turned his head towards me. "Are you ready?" he asked.

I nodded firmly and replied, "Yes."

His attention was fixed on the large hut, I barely had time to process the situation when I heard his voice, "Hold on tight." In an instant, his arm snaked around my waist, pulling me close to him. We soared into the sky, veering to the side instead of passing over the hut, and descended back onto the grassy ground.

Before the impact could settle, we were airborne again, rising high enough for me to catch a glimpse of a portion of the farm. It became obvious that our trajectory was taking us not toward the gates, but towards the massive wooden wall that encircled the farm.

Chapter 319 The Meeting With The Leftward Stronghold Leader (2)

Shutting my eyes tight as we neared the wooden wall, I braced for impact, only to feel the rush of wind against my skin as we sailed through the air. Blinking them open, I peered downwards, my gaze locking onto the edge of the colossal wall just before we cleared it. "Haah!" An instinctual breath escaped me as we rose and I exhaled, shutting my eyes again as I sensed us descending toward the thick forest.

With another rapid landing and takeoff, I kept my eyes open, observing the recurring sequence of descents followed by ascending into the sky again. Soon, we crossed the river and ventured further into the area on the opposite side.

Finally, Stronghold Leader Zogar suddenly halted his leaping, the echoing "boom" of his descent rippling through the ground like spiderwebs. The impact should have been greater, considering the immense force he must have used to propel himself into the sky.

.....

"Now, you can stand on your feet," Stronghold Leader Zogar commanded, releasing his grip on Orion and allowing him to regain his balance on the ground.

Orion, however, landed on his feet only to stumble backwards onto the ground. Quickly regaining his balance, he pushed himself up onto his knees before rising to his full height. Crushing a one-star Vylkr vine that had attempted to approach, Orion quickly moved closer to Stronghold Leader Zogar, noticing several swarms of two-star Vylkr vines advancing towards them.

"I believe this might not be the best spot for our conversation, Stronghold Leader Zogar," Orion said, his gaze fixed on Stronghold Leader Zogar's right hand, which had transformed into a curved blade. The weapon appeared to be hewn from rocks and stones, with its smooth, sharp edges contrasting with the rough, unpolished sections along its length.

However, without uttering a word, Stronghold Leader Zogar's form surged forward with incredible speed. His right hand swung in a sweeping arc, cutting through the plant-like tissue of the one and two-star Vylkr vines.

The vines were torn apart and shredded as he moved, leaving a trail of afterimages in his path. His rock blade appeared to carry immense force as it cut through the onslaught, efficiently cleaving through more than a dozen vines.

"SWWISSSHH!!!"

"SWWWISSSHH!!!"

"SWISSSHH!!!"

Meanwhile, Orion watched with a gulp that seemed almost involuntary, his eyes wide open as if he didn't want to miss any part of the scene unfolding before him.

Once the Vylkr vines surrounding them were sliced into oblivion, Orion's mind raced to decipher the nature of Stronghold Leader Zogar's gift.

He observed Zogar's hand relinquishing its blade-like form, reverting back to its normal state. Before he could utter a word, in the blink of an eye, Stronghold Leader Zogar materialized right in front of him, his afterimages trailing behind him. I think you should take a look at

"Now..." Stronghold Leader Zogar's said as he fixed his gaze on the young man before him. "...It's the perfect place for us to talk."

Orion stayed silent, his focus entirely on the muscular man, sensing that the Stronghold Leader had more to say.

Stronghold Leader Zogar continued. "Orion, during the awakening ceremony, you displayed a six-star potential, the highest potential I.... we have ever witnessed," He added, "And not only that, but you awakened a dangerous gift, one highly suited for becoming a warrior. This implies that when you fully realize your potential as a warrior, you could easily be considered the strongest and most dangerous man in the village."

He paused, a thoughtful breath escaping him as if he himself was coming to terms with the implications of his own words. Then he pressed on, "Moreover, your extraordinary semen has the power to impregnate even the most infertile women, a feat that defies norms."

"You've not only played a role in resolving a village issue that has persisted for over a century, but you've also aided in mitigating its consequences, making sure that they don't harm the village. On top of it all, you are tasked with developing a new village to counter the Vylkr vines, ultimately making our main village safer. Am I correct?" He asked, his eyes probing Orion's. "Or have I overlooked any of your numerous contributions?"

Orion shook his head slightly, "No, you haven't," he responded. He then asked, "But, is that all you wanted to talk about?"

While Orion was well aware that all the key figures were informed about the changes he had introduced or was about to introduce in the village, he was more interested in understanding the reason behind this special meeting.

The fact that they had gone to the trouble of crossing the towering wooden fence and venturing deep into the other side of the river suggested a more important discussion.

"Of course not. I simply needed to hear it directly from the source," Stronghold Leader Zogar's lips curved into a wry smile as he gazed at Orion. Then, with a slight narrowing of his eyes, he continued, "Although I must admit, I managed to keep my composure and not be utterly shocked when I first learned of your plans, I still needed to hear about your third plan in bringing back the newborns..... to confirm if such a daring thing is genuinely possible."

"Yes, it is," Orion replied, his head nodding with the confidence now clear in his words.

While he was honest enough with himself to admit that his experiments had mostly involved lighter objects rather than the substantial weight of newborns, he clung to the belief that, with the appropriate materials, he could achieve success.

The worst-case scenario would entail a few of them not functioning as he had intended.

Stronghold Leader Zogar's nod carried an air of appreciation for the confidence in Orion's response. It was clear that this wasn't just a casual conversation for Orion; he had genuinely considered the implications of his plans. Stronghold Leader Zogar leaned forward slightly, his expression eager as he continued the discussion, "Once you've completed this task, do you think it might be possible to extend your innovation for the use of our warriors?"

His gaze remained fixed on Orion, his expression tinged with hope. "I realize the challenge that lies in that, but if such a feat could be achieved, you would not only be saving the lives of our warriors and villagers but also change the way we explore, protect our village, and battle against the Vylkr vines."

Chapter 320 The Incipient Creator's Contract



Listening to his words, Orion couldn't help but think, 'Help the warriors.' Of course, given that he would soon become a warrior himself, he had every reason to decide whether he wanted to assist them or not.

However, even if he attempted to refuse, given the way Stronghold Leader Zogar was regarding him with hopeful eyes, it probably wouldn't bode well if he sent the leader of the stronghold back displeased.

Then again, there might be an opportunity for him to gain something from this conversation.

"Well, what's your opinion?" Stronghold Leader Zogar asked Orion once more, the hopeful expression on his face gradually fading.

"Stronghold Leader Zogar, it's not that I'm opposed to helping, but handling such a task would demand a significant amount of materials, time, and effort. Therefore, I don't think it would be fitting for me to engage in such work without some form of compensation," Orion stated, shaking his head tiredly at Stronghold Leader Zogar's words.

While his willingness to deal with the newborns stemmed not only from a lack of confidence in the Caretakers and the Village Chief but also his desire to establish his influence and power improving his strength, he wasn't willing to do so without some form of benefit.

This mindset also guided his decision to take on the leadership and development of the new village, which would grant him more authority as the village chief.

Just considering the various types of rules he could establish was enough to make him smile internally, knowing that his throbbing shaft would undoubtedly be occupied during that period.

"Oh!" Strong Leader Zogar said, his eyebrow raised as he finally grasped the reason behind Orion's hesitation. Straightening his posture, he continued, "Humph! If that's what's been concerning you, then put those worries aside. I'm not asking for your assistance for free. Given the complexity of the task, we'll supply all the necessary materials you require for the job. Upon completion, I'll compensate you for your time and effort, and for each subsequent use as well."

"Since it's your ingenious idea, you'll receive a fair share of the operating costs. Consider this - with just this opportunity, you'll amass enough wealth to provide for your family even before your warrior status is achieved. And once you've become a warrior, it's not far-fetched to imagine you as the wealthiest warrior in the village. That is, of course, if you're serious about increasing your

wealth as a warrior." Strong Leader Zogar concluded with a grin, fixing his gaze on Orion expectantly.

Certainly, the appeal of holding the title of the wealthiest warrior had a distinct appeal to Orion. However, as he mulled over Stronghold Leader Zogar's proposal, he found himself drawn to the deal, except for one key aspect. "Could I also maintain a degree of influence over the management of the construction?" Orion asked.

Despite the compensation he would receive, it was essential for him that he possess some level of authority over the direction his invention would follow.

However, Stronghold Leader Zogar's face darkened. He cast a scrutinizing gaze upon the young man who stood confidently before him. With narrowed eyes, Stronghold Leader Zogar's voice held a tinge of suspicion as he retorted, "You're not suggesting you doubt our capability to manage your creation, are you? Or could it be that the payment falls short of your expectations?" "I think you should take a look at

"No, it's not that," Orion quickly countered, shaking his head. "I actually think it's wiser to entrust the management to me. After all, I'm the one who imagined and constructed it. Doesn't it follow that I'm the most equipped to handle any problems that might arise?" He paused, letting his words linger for Stronghold Leader Zogar's contemplation.

Even though Orion intended to contribute his creations to the village and receive substantial compensation in return, he wouldn't entirely relinquish control, especially considering his family's dependence on the village as their primary source of livelihood.

"True.... True..... You raise a valid point," Stronghold Leader Zogar admitted, his brows furrowed as he delved into Orion's proposal. Upon reflection, he realized that even if Orion were to deliver his inventions and entrust them to the village, the question of maintenance and repairs still remained.

They lacked the expertise to address potential faults or to handle any unforeseen issues that might arise. The more he considered it, the more he recognized the wisdom in Orion's request to retain control.

Stronghold Leader Zogar's demeanour shifted as the realization settled in, and he nodded in agreement with Orion's perspective.

Seeing Orion's strong commitment to helping the village, Stronghold Leader Zogar internally sighed. He responded, "Though I had thought of this initially, I refrained from adding more on your shoulder due to your numerous tasks. But since you've raised the matter, I find it fitting to further reward your dedication." Stronghold Leader Zogar's lie lent an air of evaluation to his words as if he were testing Orion's character.

"When the time comes, you won't just receive payment for your inventions, but also for your mindful maintenance of them, making sure they remain in optimal condition," he continued, his words cloaked in the facade of scrutiny.

Gazing at Orion, he asked, "Does this arrangement meet your expectations, or is there something else you'd like to add?" Stronghold Leader Zogar sought to ensure that all terms were clear and satisfactory to Orion.

"No, I don't want to add anything. It's okay this way," Orion responded with a nod.

"Then, we have a deal," Stronghold Leader Zogar said, extending his hand for a handshake. He observed Orion's response, pleased to see the younger man reciprocating the gesture. Their hands firmly gripped each other's, the shake lasted a few moments before they released their hold.

While the curiosity to ask about the origin of this innovative idea had crossed Stronghold Leader Zogar's mind, he ultimately decided against it. He had conducted his own prior investigation upon arriving at the farm, gathering pertinent information from Caretaker Naida about Orion.

Though the details weren't extensive or particularly remarkable, combined with the insights provided by Caretaker Ivor, the evidence pointed toward the idea being genuinely Orion's. Any suspicion that this might be the creation of someone older seemed to dissipate. Stronghold Leader Zogar acknowledged that regardless of its origin, the idea itself held the potential for a significant impact.