

Village Head 321

Chapter 321 The Revelation

Given this, Stronghold Leader Zogar decided to skip that question and proceed to his next intention for being present.

"Now that our discussion is concluded, I'm keen to witness your growth as a warrior," Stronghold Leader Zogar expressed, pivoting on his heels to walk away from Orion.

"While I understand that a proper assessment should wait until you've created your first container, giving me a measure of your strength, the fact remains that your dangerous gift aligns well with the path of a warrior," he continued, his voice trailing back to Orion. "It's only fitting that I gauge your current level now, and then witness how much you progress by the time your first container takes form. It will depend on the location you choose for its creation, perhaps a month or two after your initial warrior training."

Stronghold Leader Zogar paused, his gaze fixed on Orion's attentive figure, absorbing every word. "Whether it's formed in your heart or in your brain," he concluded. Suddenly, he activated his gift, causing his hand to radiate an intense violet luminescence.

Bending down, he touched the ashen-black ground, a transformation flowing through his limbs, turning them into solid rock with a deep brown hue. The change enveloped him, from his attire to his face, leaving only the pocket watch dangling around his neck untouched.

In a matter of minutes, Orion's eyes widened in amazement as he witnessed Stronghold Leader Zogar's transformation. The man, who had once stood in human form, now resembled an entity of pure rock, from head to toe. The curiosity about the silver chain and the circular metal dangling from it gnawed at Orion, but his immediate concern was uncovering the secret of the Stronghold Leader's gift.

Orion asked, "Stronghold Leader Zogar, can your gif..."

However, before he could fully articulate his question, Stronghold Leader Zogar expected his curiosity and cut through his words. "My gift," he began to explain, "...allows me to absorb the properties of any material I come into contact with. Initially, when I awakened this gift, I could only do so through my hands. But upon becoming a warrior, the infusion of Vylkr energy shattered those limitations."

"Now, I can seamlessly absorb and wield the properties of various materials throughout my entire body. Moreover, I've gained the ability to hold onto those properties for an extended duration before my strength wanes due to exhaustion."

As Stronghold Leader Zogar's words flowed, Orion's mental gears spun at full speed. He couldn't help but perceive the parallels between Stronghold Leader Zogar's gift and Grandma Derry's own, yet a fundamental distinction emerged. While the full scope of Grandma Derry's gift remained elusive, he had observed her ability to integrate her body with the matter she touched, in contrast to Stronghold Leader Zogar, who seemed to absorb the properties of materials into himself.

After his thoughts had settled, his curiosity began to nag at him, and he couldn't hold back his question any longer. "The silver piece around your neck," he questioned, "why didn't it also transform into rock, like your tulga?"

Recognizing Orion's inquisitiveness, Stronghold Leader Zogar understood that this peculiarity had intrigued him as well, having explored this facet of his gift before. Cradling the object in his palm, he elaborated, "This is a pocket watch I acquired from the Caravans through a barter involving some kalna fruits and other items of mine. Although my gift doesn't directly affect it, there's still something interesting I can do."

With a swift activation of his gift, Orion observed as the solid rock texture of Stronghold Leader Zogar's arm effortlessly shifted back into its human form. Just as quickly, the transformation occurred once more, and Orion watched the arm undergo a metamorphosis, taking on the timeworn silver sheen and metallic essence of the chain resting in his grasp.

Meanwhile, Orion's eyes were still wide open in shock as he processed Stronghold Leader Zogar's words. As he watched Zogar flip open the lid of the pocket watch to reveal the small, moving serpentine hands within its scratched glass, his brain temporarily halted as he connected all the points together. I think you should take a look at

First, there was the plastic, something he had put aside under the assumption that perhaps someone in the village possessed a gift capable of crafting such a material. Then came the enigma of the table at the Village Chief's hut, which he had tentatively set aside as evidence that the Caravans might be a neighbouring tribe of a slightly advanced group.

The paintings and the collection of trinkets discreetly displayed within the confines of the Village Chief's compound had caused him to reevaluate his assumptions about the Caravans.

And now, gazing at the timeworn pocket watch presented to him by Stronghold Leader Zogar, the tender threads of Orion's understanding began to fray.

It was not just that these Caravans hailed from a more sophisticated society; it was now shockingly apparent that their technological capabilities far surpassed anything he had ever imagined.

'Damn it, this changes everything,' Orion's internal curse reverberated as he felt an urgency to unveil the mysterious origins of the Caravans.

However, Orion recognized the necessity to control his emotions when he saw the Stronghold Leader's footwear, which had transformed from leather to rock. He quickly glanced at the pocket watch once again.

"What are you waiting for? Come at me!" Stronghold Leader Zogar's command snapped through the air, punctuated as his metallic arm dissolved, reverting back into solid rock.

Orion formulated a plan, deciding to patiently await the next appearance of the Caravans. Simultaneously, he made up his mind to extract every fragment of information he could gather from the village regarding these mysterious individuals. Once he solidified this resolve, he took a step forward, his purpose shifting, and he stooped to gather the lifeless remnants of the one-star Vylkr vines. To consume them and replenish his Vylkr energy.

After a brief span of minutes, Orion sensed his Vylkr energy being revitalized, drawing his focus towards Stronghold Leader Zogar, who had been patiently waiting for him.

Activating his gift, Orion's lightning erupted from both his arms with a resounding "Crackle!!"

A single thought guided him as he manipulated the lightning's nature, sculpting it into a three-meter blade of electric brilliance on his right side and a 40-inch shield on his left.

Without a moment's delay, Orion lunged forward, his lightning-forged blade leading the charge. He aimed to strike with a powerful swing before shifting his tactic, strategically positioning the shield to potentially stun the Stronghold Leader through impact.

Chapter 322 Help Anara!

Stronghold Leader Zogar effortlessly lifted his hand, halting the lightning-forged shield in its tracks, and then delivered a powerful punch, resulting in a resounding "Bam!" The impact jolted through

the shield, causing it to shatter into numerous lightning tendrils that recoiled back toward Orion's arm before dispersing into aimless sparks.

Unfazed by the shield's destruction, Orion pressed forward, swiftly manoeuvring to bring his lightning-forged blade down upon Stronghold Leader Zogar.

To Orion's surprise, the leader simply elevated his hand and caught the blade between his fingers. With a firm grip, Stronghold Leader Zogar shattered the blade into a deluge of lightning, the tendrils flickering out from Orion's arms. Seizing the moment, Orion quickly reshaped the lightning into a new shield, forcefully propelling it towards Stronghold Leader Zogar in his next move.

However, even though the shield shattered upon impact, Stronghold Leader Zogar took two steps back before coming to a stop, standing tall with an erect posture. He turned his head from side to side as if attempting to shake off the arcs of lightning that were dancing around him.

Simultaneously, Orion swiftly retreated, the lightning still crackling from both his arms. He observed as Stronghold Leader Zogar held his position, allowing the lightning to descend toward his stony leg before radiating out, encompassing the ground in a shimmering display of lightning energy.

"It appears that this form is both advantageous and disadvantageous for you," Stronghold Leader Zogar remarked, retracing his steps to his original position. "Feel free to make another attempt." He gave a slight smile, "Let me personally guide you through some of the aspects of becoming a warrior."

At his words, Orion, who had increased the distance between them, decided to give his best effort. Unable to directly harm the Stronghold Leader, he aimed to experiment with new approaches. He launched forward, conjuring his lightning into two colossal forged hands.

With a resounding "boom," he slammed them ahead, causing the ground to tremble momentarily and a cloud of dust to engulf the surroundings, concealing his presence.

"Smart move," Stronghold Leader Zogar mused, a raised eyebrow accompanying his observation as the cloud of dust obscured Orion's presence.

However, his ears soon caught a distinct sound. His eyes widened upon spotting a bolt of lightning hurtling his way. Swiftly evading, he watched as the lightning struck beside him.

"Booom!!"

He raised an intrigued eyebrow, realizing it was merely a piece of lifeless two-star Vylkr vines.

In the next moment, time seemed to slow down as Orion burst from the dust, his massive fists resembling mountains, aimed at Stronghold Leader Zogar's face.

Stronghold Leader Zogar clenched his fist, merging it into a single pestle-like shape, meeting Orion's lightning-covered fists head-on with a resounding "bam." Orion quickly repositioned his other fist toward the ground, using it to propel himself over Stronghold Leader Zogar, landing behind him.

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The farm

"Ha..... Haaa... What's happening?" Overseer Anara exclaimed, stepping out of her hut. She had made sure the babies were asleep before she left. I think you should take a look at

Holding her belly, she made her way to the ancestral essence pool. Rapidly, Overseer Anara dove headfirst into the lake, deliberately sinking instead of floating. As she descended to the pool's very depths, her hands commanded the surrounding vines to coil around her body. She became encased in her own roots, activating an ability inherited from her tree nymph ancestors.

At first, Overseer Anara had only intended to utilize the vines for a brief period, hoping to alleviate the persistent agony of the sore that throbbed within her body like a pulsing heartbeat.

This unfamiliar sensation was entirely new to her as a tree nymph since they lacked the type of heart that the villagers possessed. It was a mystery she struggled to articulate or control, each throb inducing a torrent of tearing sensations rippling through her body.

Amplifying the intensity of the yellowish radiance, Overseer Anara pushed her ability to its very boundaries. Concurrently, she intensified the number of vines encircling her, prompting the luminous glow from the dense waters to spill outward, casting an illuminating halo over a small section of the surrounding vicinity.

Suddenly, the brilliance of light extinguished, and the vines encircling Anara released their hold, rapidly retracting into the earth as she swam upwards, breaking the surface.

Using the nearby terrain for support, Overseer Anara pushed herself upright, only to lose her balance and fall forward, landing in an involuntary sprawl.

"Haaahh..... My legs," Anara gasped, attempting to rise and move, but her efforts proved futile. Paralysis seemed to have seized her from the waist down, while from her upper torso, it felt as though a sharp object was tearing open her stomach, only to be immediately healed.

This was precisely why she had sought refuge in her ancestral pool and used her vines, hoping for a complete cure.

Yet, her judgment appeared to have been mistaken; her condition had worsened.

Now, returning to her tree was impossible due to the considerable distance.

"Haaa... Haaa..." The sounds escaped Overseer Anara's lips in ragged gasps as driven by instinct, she inched along the grass with her body flat, her gaze locked on her distant tree. Struggling to reassert her control over her vines, she observed them detach from the ground and curl around her form.

Nonetheless, as a searing wave of agony surged through her, her mouth fell open in a silent cry of shock and torment.

Immediately, she relinquished her hold over the vines once more, fearing that she might lose control and inadvertently harm the newborns. After all, all the vines that covered them were naturally linked to her.

"Orion," Overseer Anara's trembling voice trembled, her body contorted as she curled onto her side atop the grass. "Orion..." she called again, recalling when all of this had begun, when he had released his semen into her flower. It had started as a mere burning sensation, something she believed she could alleviate on her own.

However, the agony grew, compelling her to immerse herself in the ancestral essence lake in a futile attempt to quell it. But instead, it intensified, spiralling into a situation where she couldn't walk, and even her healing powers were powerless.

Chapter 323 Help Anara! (2)

For the very first time in her existence, Overseer Anara found herself opening her mouth and uttering the word ".....help."

Recognizing that her initial plea hadn't carried far enough, she suppressed her shivers, striving to make her voice clearer. She drew a deep breath, summoning her strength, and then, with all the power she could muster, she cried out, "HELPPP MMEE!"

Out of the corner of her eye, she immediately noticed something wet sliding onto the grass below her. Frozen in shock, she used her fingers to touch the moisture that had come from her eyes.

"....What is this?" she whispered to herself. Tree nymphs could experience sadness, but that didn't translate into shedding tears. They couldn't sleep either, though they could induce a trance-like state resembling sleep. Their bodies were impervious to harm, except when attacked by warriors or if their trees were harmed. Regardless, even in light of all these peculiarities, they couldn't shed tears.

So what was this liquid?

However, almost instantly after her plea echoed and reverberated throughout the various surrounding trees behind her, a radiant light emanated from one of the trees. Emerging from the glowing source was a tree nymph, her lower body adorned in a light shade of grey while her upper body glowed in a vibrant azure hue.

Following this lead, the neighbouring trees illuminated with an array of dazzling colours, and one by one, tree nymphs manifested from within them, stepping forward in succession towards her location.

In a matter of minutes, a complete assembly of tree nymphs had gathered, illuminating their surroundings. Several of them reached Anara's side, forming a collective presence around her.

Observing her with a combination of curiosity and a sense of impending unease, the tree nymphs instinctively took action. With care and concern etched in their gazes, they gently lifted Overseer Anara from the ground and carried her towards her own tree.

Once she found herself in the comforting presence of her tree, Anara managed to summon a faint, appreciative whisper, "Thank you," before her form became ethereal, melding seamlessly into the tree.

Meanwhile, encircling her tree, the other tree nymphs gradually settled onto the grass, their collective concern tangible as they awaited confirmation that the Oldest Tree Nymph would be restored to health.

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"Looks like that did the trick," Stronghold Leader Zogar remarked, clapping his hands to shake off the lingering dust. "I might have broken a few bones, but a dose of Vylkr energy should set things right and make them even stronger. Although the immediate difference might not be very noticeable at first, but when you create your first container and the ones that follow, you'll easily sense the improved control you gain over the chaotic Vylkr energy," he continued, walking toward Orion, who lay on the ground, his back to the earth, gasping for breath.

He leaned over Orion and added, "And once you've fully reached your potential, you'll wield the Vylkr warrior's form with ease, without the need to subdue it with the strange energy in your body."

"Haaa... Haaaa..." Orion nodded and continued to audibly catch his breath as he prepared to leave the training session with Stronghold Leader Zogar and head back to his hut for some well-deserved rest. Slowly, he pushed himself up and sat upright on the ground, his gaze shifting to the extended arm of the Stronghold Leader. I think you should take a look at

Using it as a support, Orion managed to pull himself up onto his feet. Once he was standing, Stronghold Leader Zogar's eyes swept over Orion's entire body, scrutinizing him from head to toe.

An approving nod accompanied Stronghold Leader Zogar's words, 'When you resume your training tomorrow, utilize the techniques I've taught you. This way, both your peers and instructor will witness your dedication and not assume you've been slacking during your absence. Focus on your training, and I assure you, that you'll easily secure a spot among the best warrior group, without a doubt.'

Then, with a shift in tone, he asked, "Now, about the materials you mentioned for your third plan, what do you need? If possible, I'd be glad to contribute. I doubt the farm has everything you require."

Exhaustion lined Orion's features as he wearily acknowledged the Stronghold Leader's words with a nod. He went on to detail the materials needed for his third plan to come to fruition.

Upon hearing Orion's rundown, Stronghold Leader Zogar's brows knit in contemplation. "I can certainly offer assistance," he replied, though a hint of hesitation permeated his words. "However, the process will take some time. The materials must first be melted down, and the warrior possessing that particular gift is presently recovering from an injury. But I expect him to be back on his feet within a day or two."

Orion shook his head and responded, "No worries. Take the time you need to arrange everything, as long as the materials don't arrive too late."

"Alright," Stronghold Leader Zogar nodded, his understanding clear as he shifted his gaze to the oncoming horde of two-star vines. Exhaustion etched across his face, he redirected his attention to Orion.

Quickly, he hoisted him onto his shoulders, and with a powerful leap into the air, he said, "It's already late; let's get you back to the farm."

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As my feet touched the ground and I readied myself to regain stability after the sudden and quick ride, I watched Stronghold Leader Zogar ascending into the sky once again, his voice echoing behind him, "I will be seeing you later, Orion!"

Shaking my head tiredly at the paradox of a single man wielding such immense power while dedicating it all to controlling the relentless growth of life-draining plants, deepened my appreciation for the tight-knit bond shared among the villagers.

Turning on my heels, I made my way back to my new large hut since the Stronghold Leader had left me not too far from it.

When I stepped into our yard, a closer glance revealed the voluptuous muscular physique of Fifi, sitting cross-legged at the centre. My eyes then discerned several figures peacefully slumbering against the wooden wall of our new hut.

Chapter 324 The Caring Wives

Sensing my approach, Fifi's eyes snapped open, and I headed in her direction. Her eyes widened as she rose from her seat. She blurred into motion, appearing before me in an instant.

She enveloped me in a tight hug, her well-defined bulging muscles pressing against my body, and my head finding a resting spot on her two enormous breasts. I spoke, muffled by her embrace, "I thought you'd be asleep by now. Don't you have to fetch water from the well tomorrow?"

"I told you I'd be awake until you returned," Fifi chimed, her hug still firm before she let go and assessed my condition, her brows furrowing. She began to ask about my condition, but I quickly cut in, saying, "Don't worry, it was just an intense exercise."

Fifi regarded me with a raised eyebrow but eventually agreed with a nod. "Alright, let's head back inside."

I assented and followed her as we made our way back to the hut. Upon arrival, I noticed that those sleeping outside included Sura, Grandma Ingrid, Gina, and Lyra.

"Everyone wanted to stay outside and wait for you, but Greta used her gift to make them go to bed after giving them herbs for their pregnancies," Fifi said with a smile, glancing at the women who were using each other's shoulders as makeshift pillows while they slept. "They were the ones that stubbornly remained outside to wait for you," she added, letting out a sigh.

"Let's get them inside so we can get some rest," I said to Fifi, noticing her resigned expression. She nodded defeatedly, bending down to lift Gina first, holding her securely before turning and walking into the hut to lay her on the mat.

Meanwhile, as I bent down to lift Lyra, she stirred awake, adjusting her head against my shoulder with her curvy body snuggled in my arms.

Her sleepy eyes met mine, and she yawned, rubbing her eyes briefly before widening them in surprise the moment she focused on me. "Orion!" Lyra exclaimed, her arms shooting out to wrap around me, causing me to stumble back and fall onto the grass as I was still holding her.

"Orion," she called my name again, hugging me tightly before releasing me and placing her hands on the ground on either side of my head, her gaze sincere. "Did you just get back?"

"Yes, I just returned," I replied, my attention momentarily shifting as I noticed Sura and Grandma Ingrid stirring awake, likely due to Lyra's scream.

Refocusing on Lyra, I saw her nod in understanding before she continued, "I wanted to let you know that Ursa wanted to wait outside with me for your return, but I convinced her to go rest for the sake of her baby." I couldn't help but smile at her concern and joke, "But aren't you pregnant too?"

Lyra responded with a snort, her tone amused. "Well, true, I might be expecting a child also, but I'm confident I'll manage better than her. Besides, she's still quite young. It's better for her to get some peaceful sleep instead of waiting up all night for your return."

Lyra's gaze then shifted over my body, her eyebrows furrowing at the patches of dirt that clung to me. She focused on me, her expression serious as she said, "Why do....."

"Orion...."

"Orion..." I think you should take a look at

I was called by both Sura and Grandma Ingrid, their voices pulling me from Lyra's words. They quickly stood up, eyes wide, and ran over to where I was lying down.

"What are you doing, Lyra?" Grandma Ingrid's voice held a disapproving tone as she scolded Lyra.

Sura gently guided her upright, while Grandma Ingrid took the opportunity to give her a light knock on the head. "Can't you see he's injured?"

"Ouch," Lyra winced, holding her forehead and giving Grandma Ingrid an annoyed look. "Well, I was just about to ask him that before you two showed up."

Observing the two women engaged in an argument, I found myself enjoying the scene from below, my gaze drifting towards both of their shapely asses. While Lyra's shapely buttocks might not have been her most prominent feature, as her assets were more concentrated in her huge motherly breasts, it was still a delight to appreciate her matured butt cheeks from the perspective of the traditional tulga's thin bottom.

Meanwhile, Grandma Ingrid's aged protruding buttocks were, as always, partially exposed, granting me a glimpse of the rear through the somewhat scanty simple mini gown she was wearing, which barely managed to cover it.

Shifting to the side as Sura came rushing toward me, I also noticed her still maturing wide hips pressing against her traditional tulga, creating a distinct dick-erecting outline.

She leaned down, her body close to mine, and exclaimed, "Orion, you're back!" as she attempted to hug me. Well, her efforts were in vain since I was still lying down.

I released a sigh of relief as she settled back on her feet, her gaze sweeping the dirt around me. Her face displayed concern, indicating that she was worried something bad had occurred. I mirrored her actions, sitting up and lifting a dismissive hand to wave away her anxiety. "Don't worry, I'm fine. The Stronghold Leader was just demonstrating some warrior techniques, nothing to be concerned about."

Sura's head bobbed with curiosity as she nodded, leaning in and suddenly hugging me tightly once again. I ran a soothing hand along her back, allowing her to enjoy the hug. Meanwhile, the ongoing argument between the two women captured my attention.

My face twisted into a frown as I watched the heated exchange between the two women, their voices escalating rapidly. Recognizing the potential for the situation to escalate further, I quickly intervened before their disagreement could turn physical.

"Enough, both of you!" My voice cut through the tension, silencing their quarrel.

They paused, swallowing back their words, before both of them slowly turned around and looked at me with shame and embarrassment.

Grandma Ingrid was the first to break the silence. "I apologize for that. You didn't need to witness our argument," she muttered, her fingers tugging at the edge of her tulga, inadvertently drawing my attention to her beautiful voluptuous thighs.

Chapter 325 The Enforcer

"Sorry, Orion," Lyra said with a slightly embarrassed tone. I couldn't help but notice that the left side of her nipple had become exposed from beneath her tulga top, likely a consequence of her vigorous movements during the argument.

Before Lyra could fully express her remorse, Fifi emerged from the hut, casting us an irritated look. She closed the door behind her, presumably to muffle the noise we had been generating. As she approached us, her expression was clouded with a clear disapproval of the situation.

"What's all this commotion about?" Fifi's voice carried a blend of annoyance and concern as she confronted us, coming to a halt in front of us. Her gaze shifted between Lyra and Grandma Ingrid, both of whom were still appearing contrite and avoiding eye contact.

"You two," Fifi continued with a heavy sigh, her fingers automatically finding their way into her smooth long black hair, combing through it in frustration. "What am I going to do with the two of you?"

I arched an eyebrow at Fifi's words, sensing that there was some underlying tension between Lyra and Grandma Ingrid that I had been oblivious to. My brow furrowed in confusion, though, as I pondered how such a situation could have escalated in just one day since Lyra and Ursa had arrived.

Shifting my gaze towards Fifi, I directed my question to her, seeking clarity. "Fifi, could you please fill me in on what's been going on between the two of them?" As I spoke, Grandma Ingrid appeared ready to speak up, but I raised my hand to gently signal her to hold off. I wanted to hear Fifi's perspective first, hoping for an unbiased account of the situation before delving into the versions presented by both parties.

Fifi nodded in understanding, a faint blush gracing her cheeks when I used her other name. She soon regained her composure and began to explain, painting a vivid picture of the events that had led to the drama between the two.

She started by recounting how Grandma Ingrid had unintentionally closed the door on Lyra and Ursa when they first arrived. Mistaking them for part of the healers working under Aunt Greta, who had informed them about the herbs for their pregnancies, so Grandma Ingrid had gone to alert Greta about their presence.

Lyra, however, had interpreted this action as a sign of disgust towards her two large breasts. Finding it ironic because Grandma Ingrid herself was endowed similarly, and was not making an effort to fully cover her body like Grandma Derry did, Lyra sarcastically remarked on Grandma Ingrid's attitude when she discovered that both she and Ingrid were pregnant with my child.

Aunt Greta and my mother intervened, attempting to clarify the misunderstanding and welcome Lyra especially since they and everyone else present were also pregnant. But the situation had spiralled beyond control, with Fiona, Meldra, and Ayla joining forces with Aunt Greta to quell the

escalating argument. The exchange between Lyra and Grandma Ingrid had quickly turned into a volley of harsh, unfiltered insults.

The insults they hurled at each other made my ears cringe the instant I heard the words they had used.

If I hadn't just heard this, I might have believed that some of the insults back on Earth were too harsh. A deep sigh left my lips as I recentered my attention on both of them, watching as they lowered their heads further, their chins almost touching their bodies. I think you should take a look at

Sura, in the meantime, began to gently rub my arm, her touch providing a soothing massage as if she were coaxing me to take it easy on them.

I turned my head to towards her and gently locked her nose between my two knuckles, I rubbed her cheek playful at her gesture, understanding that Sura would never support or be part of such an action. Sura chuckled at my actions, before massaging my arm with more force, as I focused my attention back on the two women and said, "Now you two can go on and tell me what really happened. I want to hear your side of the story?".

Lyra immediately beat Ingrid as she opened her mouth first and began to explain. Once she was done, I shifted my attention to Grandma Ingrid as she continued by telling me her own part of the story.

After they were done, I consistently released tired exhales while simultaneously shaking my head at them to show them how disappointing I was at them, and at their decisions.

Directing my gaze back at them after one last sigh, I said, "Both of you should squat."

They both stared at me, their surprise apparent, prompting me to add, "Do I need to repeat myself, or did you not hear me correctly?" A frown etched itself onto my face as my words entered their ears.

I felt a pressing need to address this issue quickly and make sure that it was never repeated. I knew that things could escalate quickly if their argument turned physical.

Moreover, I was the one who wanted a group of beautiful, bountiful, and voluptuous women around me to fully cherish my new life in this new world. So, I needed to handle it as reasonably as I could to prevent it from happening again.

Upon hearing my stern words and seeing my frown, their countenances quickly dimmed. They obediently assumed the squatting position, though it seemed a tad challenging for them to maintain their balance, perhaps due to their well-endowed fuckable figures.

My gaze shifted to Lyra, and I couldn't help but notice her beautiful fully exposed thighs as her tulga had ridden up to her back. The curve of her hip was visible, and she widened her legs slightly to steady herself, placing her arms on her lap to maintain her balance and prevent any trembling while in the squatting position.

Taking a glance at the exposed outline of Lyra's pussy, before shifting my gaze to Grandma Ingrid's squatting form, I quickly noticed that her simple mini gown had ridden up, draping over her superb large ass cheeks, leaving it exposed.

Chapter 326 The Punishment (R18)

While at the front, the hem of her short gown covered her vagina lips, obscuring my view, while her legs were also spread apart like Lyra's, as she attempted to maintain her balance while squatting.

'Beautiful,' I mused inwardly, my hand pressing against the bulging portion of my tulga to draw their gaze and show the length of my still growing shaft, all the while contemplating a fitting punishment for them.

Of course, I wasn't about to jerk myself off right in front of four beautiful and incredible women. While I had entertained the idea of Sura using her newfound skills from Aunt Greta to assist me, I opted to postpone that idea for later and let the two ladies in front of me handle the situation.

"You see how hard the two of you have made me," I said as I rose from my spot. Their eyes snapped wide open at my remark. Although Grandma Ingrid's expression quickly regained its composure, Lyra's face retained a hint of disbelief as she questioned, "We made you hard... with our bodies?"

I nodded my head at her words, "Of course, you made me hard with your bodies, just look at it." I responded, using my right hand to cover it up before I proceed to stroke it forward, stopping in front of her, I allowed my throbbing penis to be pointed in front of her face and continued, "If you still don't believe me then you can go ahead and touch it."

Lyra took a deep gulp of saliva, letting it slide down her throat as she stretched her hand upwards and allowed her palm to graze the veiny surface of my shaft.

It throbbed lightly under her touch until she quickly retracted it, raising her head and experiencing a new wave of understanding. While I wasn't aware of the thoughts crossing her mind, I was certain that her greater understanding... the allure of their full-figured, voluptuous bodies wasn't repulsive but appealing to me, more than enough to make my penis stand and rigid, unlike the other men in the village.

Shifting my attention to Grandma Ingrid, I posed a question, "And what about you? Would you like to verify it yourself?"

Our eyes met before she lowered her gaze and tiredly shook her head. "No, I'm confident you're telling the truth."

Her response wasn't particularly surprising, as I could tell that she had already gleaned insights about my character through discussions with the other women in the hut. Furthermore, given the fact that I had already sucked her off and fucked her during our last session, her answer was quite predictable.

With a nod, I was on the verge of instructing them to get on all fours so that I could spank them. However, a memory of my mother's stern gaze and her displeasure when I spanked her in front of Gina made me reconsider my plan. I wasn't sure how they would react, particularly in the presence of Fifi and Sura.

Recognizing their maturity despite their occasional childish behaviour, I knew I needed to find a nonviolent solution to the issue.

With a thoughtful expression, I pondered the situation. Since physical force wasn't an option, my mind turned to an alternative. Kneeling before Lyra, I briefly entertained the amusing image of Grandma Derry and Lyra conspiring together. Shaking off the idea, I silently hoped such a scenario wouldn't occur.

And if it did, I could only hope it wasn't a plan for mischief.

Meeting Lyra's gaze, I knelt before her and spoke, "I want you to maintain that position while I penetrate you." Pausing for emphasis, I continued, "And if you happen to lose your balance, you'll

find yourself responsible for washing everyone's clothes, sweeping the hut, and cleaning the plates for quite a while."I think you should take a look at

Shifting my gaze to Grandma Ingrid, I made it clear that my words applied to her too. Redirecting my attention to Lyra, I observed her widening eyes as the punishment sank in.

She heaved a resigned sigh and nodded, a hint of defeat in her expression. "Alright," she agreed, before her lips curled in a slightly self-deprecating plea. "Even though we do deserve it, take it easy on us..... please," she requested, accompanied by a soft, faint sigh.

Regardless, I placed my palms on both of her thighs and slid my fingers all the way down to her inner thighs, touching her tulga. Wrapping my arm around her waist, I proceeded to insert a few fingers between her butt hole, while I massaged her clit with my throbbing penis between my fingers, with my other arm.

I don't know if she predicted that she would be unable to withstand the upcoming hammering. Nevertheless, I couldn't let such a thing slide. After feeling her vagina lips getting wetter and realizing that she was also sensitive to my touch, I slowly inserted my veiny penis deep into her pink-folded inner lips.

Feeling her body starting to collapse onto me, I pinched her buttocks, making sure she maintained her position. With a grin, I added, "You can't lean on me either."

She nodded her head in understanding and proceeded to hold both of her thighs with her two hands, as I immediately slammed the remaining half my throbbing member into her depths.

"PAHH!!

Taking it out again, I thrust it back in with a wet and satisfying "pahhh," I carefully adjusted the force of my thrust – not too hard to push her down, yet not too soft to make it seem like I was taking pity on her.

With another "PAH," I withdrew my engorged penis and thrust it in once more, making sure that I stirred her insides by moving gently. A smile played on my lips as I observed her legs vibrating in response.

Noticing my smile, Lyra quickly bit her lips and tensed her legs, heightening the sensations deep inside her drooling vagina as I thrust in and out with a bit more force.

Witnessing her commitment to seeing this through, I inwardly acknowledged her efforts with a nod, realizing that maintaining her position while a thick veiny penis penetrated her wasn't an easy feat.

"Pahh!!"

"Paahh~~~"

Chapter 327 The Punishment (2) (R18)

From the way she restrained her moans, it was clear she was fighting the urge to lose herself in the moment. "PAHH~~~"

However, a few "uhh" managed to slip from her lips, which was unfortunate for her. I didn't really hold back my release, and as soon as I sensed that my balls were about to burst, I let go.

"Ahhhh!" Lyra's mouth finally parted in a genuine gasp, a deep and resonating moan escaping her lips as she experienced the sensation of my warm, thick semen gliding down into the depths of her womb.

I slowed my movements, gradually withdrawing my wet shaft from her inner shrine, and then rose to my feet.

My eyes were fixed on the spectacle as my semen from within her narrow wet pussy trickled out, leaving a residue of wetness on the tip of my still erect penis. With a satisfied smile, I looked at her and praised, "You did well."

Lyra's head bobbed in agreement, her breath still rapid, "Haa..... Haaa...." She eased back onto the grass, using her hands to support herself on either side. Once more, Lyra released a pronounced "Haaa....." accompanied by a sharp intake of air, her strained legs apparent from the visible effort etched across her face.

But our session wasn't over yet. I approached her, my pulsating penis still throbbing with energy, and I held it close to her lips. "We're not done," I said, my voice tinged with desire. "Lick it clean, so I can move on to Grandma Ingrid."

She wrinkled her forehead momentarily, but then she extended both legs outwards on the grass. Her palms remained pressed against the ground as she let out a deep exhale. She stretched her head forward and opened her mouth wide, ready to swallow down the remnants of our session.

"SLURPPP!!"

Once her warm saliva and tender tongue caressed my skin, and my shaft gradually disappeared into her throat, a satisfying shiver coursed through me. The sensation was amplified as she awkwardly maneuvered her tongue around my scorching penis one final time, before pulling her head back, a deep sigh escaping her lips.

With a smile tugging at my lips at the combination of exhaustion and regret on her face, I almost broke into a broader grin when her eyes met mine. But, her face turned to the side in a mock display of anger.

Given what I had come to understand about Lyra's character, I realized the act was nothing more than a facade. Still, it pleased me that my point had been made.

Turning my attention to Grandma Ingrid, I made my way toward her and knelt down, asking, "Are you ready?"

Grandma Ingrid answered with a simple "Yes," yet her face carried a pleading expression. It was hard to determine whether her plea was for a quick release or a change of heart on my part. Unfortunately, I couldn't play favourites at the moment; she would have to experience the same straining exercise that Lyra had just endured.

As a result, I observed her expression tense the moment I uttered the words "Get ready." With my left hand on my bulging veiny penis, I repeated the same action I had done with Lyra, rubbing it around her vagina lips. Then, I stretched my hand behind her, spreading open her protruding butt cheeks to access and stimulate the area around her butt hole.

"Uhh~~" Grandma Ingrid let out a sudden grunt as my fingers penetrated her butt hole, which intrigued me and caused me to raise an eyebrow. It wasn't the same reaction I had received from Lyra. Sliding my index finger deeper into her butt hole, I watched her eyes widen, prompting me to withdraw it quickly as I felt her swollen pussy lips flood with her juices.

Furrowing my brows in thought, I reflected on the various reactions of the women. While Ayla appeared to transcend into another realm whenever I made her squirt and Fifi relished the sensation

of her vagina hairs being pulled, it seemed I had now discovered Grandma Ingrid's weakness as well. I think you should take a look at

However, since this was a punishment for her and a means of pleasure for me, I didn't want to take her to cloud nine just yet. My attention remained on the task at hand, and I concentrated on filling her amazing wet vagina to the brim.

I scrunched my face in response to the tightness, finding it similar to Lyra's pussy, but I quickly realized that their lower bodies were so tense at the moment. This tension must have caused her insides to contract against my raging penis, I guessed.

Without hesitating, I slid it in and out of her pussy lips, sensing the power of her contractions amplify with each passing moment.

"PAH~~" "paahh~~~"

"Pah!!"

And although Grandma Ingrid attempted to hold on, perhaps due to the earlier stimulation I had provided, she exhibited less restraint than Lyra. Her moans escaped slowly each time I hammered my engorged member into her wet drooling pussy.

"Auh~~"

"PAhhh~~" "Sqquenchh~~~"

"Pah~~~~"

"Uhh~~"

After a few minutes, though it took slightly longer than I had anticipated, possibly because I had just finished with Lyra, I could sense the release building up within my balls. So, I quickly announced, "I'm about to release....."

"PPAAH~~~"

Almost instantly, I sensed her drooling vagina constricting with even more force, and in no time, my balls were being emptied as my hot, fertile semen poured onwards, breaking into her womb with intensity.

Watching her recline onto her soft comfy buttocks, with her moist lips releasing my raging member, I rose to my feet and remarked, "You still need to clean it up."

After regaining her composure and catching her breath, Grandma Ingrid lifted her head, furrowing her brows in contemplation. She then let out a deep sigh, lowered her head, and opened her mouth, providing me with a familiar and amateurish sensation similar to Lyra's and the rest of my women.

However, I paid no mind to it and revelled in the feeling for a moment. Eventually, she withdrew her head, wiping our fluids off my now flaccid penis with one last lick before leaning back.

Chapter 328 Keeping The Commitment Till The End

Once I rose to my feet, I observed Grandma Ingrid wiping the remnants off her mouth. Shifting my attention back to the two women seated on the grass before me, I noticed the defeated expressions etched on their faces. My punishment, although not overly severe, had undoubtedly achieved its purpose.

"So, how was it?" I asked of both of them, before adding with a knowing tone, "Not very pleasant, I assume?" Answering my own question, I could see both Lyra and Grandma Ingrid nodding in agreement.

"To avoid such a situation in the future, I need you both to promise that you won't engage in such silly fights or quarrels again," I stated firmly, directing my gaze toward both Grandma Ingrid and Lyra simultaneously. "You're practically like sisters now, and I won't tolerate a repeat of today's drama. Do I make myself clear?"

Lyra and Grandma Ingrid exchanged understanding nods, their expressions indicating that the lesson had been learned.

"We promise not to repeat such behaviour," Lyra spoke up, releasing a lengthy sigh that showcased her exhaustion. "If any issues arise in the future, we'll approach each other first and try to resolve things peacefully."

Grandma Ingrid followed suit, adding, "I make the same promise as well."

Smiling at the positive outcome, I turned to the side and noticed Fifi, fingering herself, with her tulga shifted slightly, revealing that she had remained in her position all throughout, attentively observing our interactions from start to finish.

Shifting my gaze further, I spotted Sura was engaged in a similar activity. She sat down, her legs spread wide as she moved her two index fingers in and out of her soaked valley. A glistening trail of her juices indicated that she had just experienced the same pleasure.

'Looks like it's going to be quite the night,' I mused to myself as I approached Sura first. I squatted down in front of her, locking eyes. "You know, if you want me to penetrate you right now, then we could make it happen," I suggested.

Sura shook her head with a chuckle and replied, "Haven't I already told you? I'm waiting until after everyone gives birth. I'm not looking to get pregnant just yet."

"Are you sure?" I asked once more, my intentions clear. It was one thing to offer help, but I was determined that no woman under my roof should suffer from sexual frustration. "You're aware that I can penetrate you without the risk of getting pregnant, right?" I added.

Sura's amusement danced in her expression as she responded, "And why would I need you to penetrate me without the chance of pregnancy?" She then shifted her gaze to Fiifi, who was assisting Lyra and Grandma Ingrid in getting back on their feet. "Even Fifi is still a little pestered that you won the bet yesterday without impregnating her. So, if you're looking for someone to penetrate tonight, it should be her."

Sura leaned in and wrapped her arms around me, planting a kiss on my lips. Her tongue soon slipped into my mouth, and our tongues danced together, mingling our saliva. As she pulled back, traces of my saliva lingered on her lips, and she withdrew her face. I think you should take a look at

"I'm okay with this arrangement for now," she said, stretching her body as she rose to her feet. "Aunt Greta will teach me how to mix the herbs tomorrow. When she gets too pregnant to move easily, Grandma Meldra and I will take over the tasks. So, I need to sleep early and wake up for the training," she added, walking toward the hut. "And you, my husband, better get some rest too since you have to go to training with Ursa tomorrow."

Her voice trailed behind her as she pushed the door open, looking back one last time to smile at me before disappearing inside and closing the door.

Meanwhile, I kept my gaze fixed on the door for a few minutes, a weary smile playing on my lips. "That girl is something else," I murmured.

At this juncture, if Sura remains committed to her decision until the end, I'll make sure she relishes these upcoming months before I take her virginity, and even after she's become pregnant. And I have no doubt that the other women will also be there for her during that time, ensuring she's well taken care of.

However, to be on the safe side, I'll still need to have a conversation with my mother about this, to make sure that Sura's dedication doesn't go unnoticed.

Glancing to the side, I observed Fifi struggling to support both Lyra and Grandma Ingrid as they attempted to walk forward. Chuckling in amusement, I approached them and intervened as Fifi's frustration led her to try to lift Lyra onto her broad muscular shoulders. I suggested that Fifi take Lyra inside while I helped Grandma Ingrid.

Seeing the discontent on Lyra's face as she was carried like a sack of fruits, I stifled a laugh. Beside me, Grandma Ingrid expressed her gratitude with a relieved smile, "Thank you. I definitely didn't want to be carried like that."

Well, she was only lucky that Lyra's turn came before hers. Nevertheless, I said, "Come on, let's get you inside," as I lifted her left arm on my shoulders and secured my hand around her waist. Confirming that my fingers slid under her tula and grabbed onto a substantial portion of her fleshy ass cheeks, I used it as support to steady her and helped her move forward a bit.

Though we moved a bit more slowly than Fifi and Lyra, likely because I had parted her butt cheeks and had spent time exploring the area around her ass hole, I couldn't resist the temptation to stop after making such a discovery.

Likely for the same reason, I couldn't resist sucking Alya off to make her squirt quickly.

My goal has always been to bring my women to the highest level of pleasure they can achieve, and what better way to accomplish that than to make use of their weaknesses?

Chapter 329 The Rightward Stronghold

Nonetheless, I had to halt and retract my fingers as we finally entered the hut. I needed to assist her in getting to her mat and didn't want her to inadvertently release her juices all over the place, especially on someone, as everyone was still asleep.

After getting her settled, I decided to postpone our conversation until tomorrow, considering the punishment I had administered to both her and Lyra tonight.

"Goodnight," I pressed a gentle kiss on her lips, extending the same sentiment to Reena who was nearby. Then to Aunt Greta, followed by my mother, and I didn't forget to give Gina a kiss on her cheek, bidding her goodnight as well.

I repeated the process with all the women in the room, moving along until I reached Fifi, who had been observing me from the side.

However, before doing so, I requested her to fetch some water from the ground for me. I wanted to take a bath before retiring for the night and preparing for tomorrow.

"Not until you kiss me now too," Fifi retorted, her index finger grazing her lips as she stared at me with a feigned frown.

Arching my body upwards, I leaned in and pressed my lips against hers, granting her a brief and affectionate peck. "Goodnight, Fifi," I murmured, pulling away after the kiss.

When I looked at her, a radiant smile spread across her face, though she turned around, perhaps attempting to mask her flushed cheeks, and mumbled, "Come on, let's go."

.....

The Rightward Stronghold

Having waited for several hours, and even dozed off for a brief period, all in anticipation of meeting the Rightward Stronghold Leader, Caretaker Ivor finally conceded defeat.

He made the decision to head back to the farm, hoping to find a few hours of more restful sleep. With tomorrow and the days ahead promising to be some of the busiest of his life, he needed all the rest he could get.

Rising from the deep bluish carpet, Caretaker Ivor indulged in a satisfying stretch, cracking his neck and releasing a weary yawn. He then ambled towards the door, ready to make his way back.

The door swung open suddenly, as if anticipating his move, revealing a man stepping into the room, shutting the door behind him. Caught off guard, Caretaker Ivor halted, his gaze locking with the newcomer.

The man's eyes held a momentary scrutiny before he spoke, "I've heard that you've been waiting for me for quite some time now." He sighed, head shaking slightly, "Apologies for keeping you waiting. My warriors and I have been destroying some waves of three-star Vylkr vines near our borders."

Caretaker Ivor wearily shook his head, "Don't concern yourself, Stronghold Leader Drakar," he responded. "While I did have an important message waiting for you, it pales in comparison to the burdensome tasks you've tackled during these hours. And yet, you've managed to find the time and energy to see me even after returning late." I think you should take a look at

Caretaker Ivor's gaze shifted to the cutlass in Stronghold Leader Drakar's hand and the one still at his waist. He understood that the Stronghold leader had hurried to see him right after returning from across the river, even after dealing with waves of three-star Vylkr vines.

'Another reason to be thankful I'm not the Stronghold Leader,' Caretaker Ivor mused.

While he knew that if he had awakened enough potential to become a warrior, he would gladly lay down his life for the village and ensure its survival, the reality was different. The mere idea of confronting a one-star Vylkr vine, let alone a formidable three-star Vylkr vine, was enough to send shivers down his spine and quickly erase any thoughts of venturing into such territory.

Stronghold Leader Drakar merely smiled and responded, "No need to feel that way, Caretaker Ivor. Your responsibility in maintaining the farm, and providing us with essential sustenance and materials, is invaluable. Your choice to wait for my return speaks of your dedication, regardless of the workload awaiting you there."

Caretaker Ivor let out a sigh. "You're right," he replied with a nod.

"Then let's get to the point quickly so you can explain why you chose to deliver the message in person instead of sending a guard," Stronghold Leader Drakar's voice held an edge as he activated

his gift. A faint, silvery glow enveloped his right hand as he extended his two index fingers toward the cutlasses strapped to his waist and in his left hand.

Quickly redirecting his fingers toward the weapon hanger across the room, close to the wooden wall, the two cutlasses obediently leapt from his hand and side to hook themselves onto the metal pegs, joining the array of weapons already present.

Shifting his attention to the tulga he had placed on the hanger earlier, Stronghold Leader Drakar beckoned it towards him. In response to an unseen force, the piece of clothing floated gently to him.

The tulga hovered close to Stronghold Leader Drakar as he proceeded to remove his sweaty, tattered garment, revealing his bare body at the edge of the room.

He exchanged it for a clean, fresh tulga, slipping it on as his previous one was discarded to the floor beside him.

The discarded clothing would later be returned to the farm by the guards for replacement, as was the regular practice.

Stepping onto the carpet, Stronghold Leader Drakar fixed his gaze on Caretaker Ivor. He took his seat atop a small wooden platform that was only a few centimetres high, making himself comfortable. "You can begin, Caretaker Ivor," he instructed, his tone blending curiosity with authority. "I want to know all the details about what led you here."

Noticing the Stronghold Leader's preparedness, Caretaker Ivor nodded and commenced his explanation. He meticulously recounted every event that had unfolded in the village, presenting a detailed report akin to the one he had provided to Stronghold Leader Zogar.

Unknowingly mirroring the reactions of those before him, Stronghold Leader Drakar's brows furrowed in thought. He interrupted Caretaker Ivor with a question that had arisen in his mind. "And if I understood correctly, all of these events took place in less than eleven days?" he asked, seeking clarification.

Chapter 330 The Rightward Stronghold (2)

"Indeed," Caretaker Ivor affirmed, his expression grave. "And due to these events, the entire atmosphere at the farm has undergone a transformation. However, this change is perceptible only to those who are aware of the information I've shared with you."

In contrast to the immediate reactions of Stronghold Leader Zogar, who had rushed to meet Orion, or the initial scepticism displayed by the Caretakers upon hearing the account firsthand, Stronghold Leader Drakar responded with a solemn nod and entered a state of deep contemplation, his thoughts churning as he grasped the gravity of the situation.

Observing this, Caretaker Ivor inwardly sighed, genuinely impressed by the Stronghold Leader's unwavering composure. He proceeded to conclude their conversation, leaving no detail about Orion's plan unmentioned.

This time, the only reaction Caretaker Ivor managed to elicit from Stronghold Leader Drakar was a subtle furrowing of his brow and a quirked eyebrow. "Do you believe he's capable of achieving this?" Stronghold Leader Drakar asked.

"He claims that he can, but only time will reveal whether he succeeds or not," Caretaker Ivor replied. "However, I urge you to attend the meeting where we can discuss the future of our village. Additionally, if your schedule permits, meeting Orion might prove beneficial. His creation could potentially offer valuable assistance to both the warriors and the Strongholds."

Stronghold Leader Drakar promptly nodded in acknowledgement and replied, "Definitely, I'll make sure to have a conversation with him once I'm at the farm. I'll get to know Orion better and understand the kind of individual he is."

While he delivered this statement with the same controlled demeanour that characterized his words, there was an underlying sincerity in his voice that set this declaration apart.

Orion's reputation as the rumoured youth with a six-star potential for inner strength had already reached him. Yet, discovering the extent of Orion's capabilities had stirred something in Stronghold Leader Drakar, a resolve to explore every avenue to bring this young man into his fold, provided he found Orion to be the person he hoped he would be.

"Oh, and don't forget to be quick in your actions as well," Caretaker Ivor chimed in, a playful grin curving his lips. "Stronghold Leader Zogar wasted no time and left immediately to visit Orion once our discussion concluded. There's a chance he might aim to secure all the advantages before you even arrive."

Caretaker Ivor's smile held an understanding of the amicable competition that often unfolded between the two Stronghold Leaders. While the farm and village provided essential resources, there were additional incentives exclusively bestowed upon the stronghold that outperformed its

counterpart. This aspect not only motivated the warriors but also fueled the friendly rivalry between the Stronghold Leaders, who stood to reap the most substantial rewards.

The rivalry over who could gain the upper hand in handling and eradicating the Vylkr vines along their borders was a natural outcome of this dynamic.

Stronghold Leader Drakar arched an eyebrow, a mixture of exasperation and amusement painting his expression. "Well, considering I know him quite well, I should have expected him to act this way." "I think you should take a look at

Caretaker Ivor's lips turned into a wry smile, acknowledging that the blame might fall more on him for the situation. Nonetheless, with nothing more to add, he said, "That covers everything. I believe it's time for me to head back to the farm and get ready for tomorrow." He stood up from his seat, signalling his intention to leave.

Stronghold Leader Drakar let out a tired exhale, his voice reflecting the lateness of the hour. "Caretaker Ivor, it's getting quite late. Why not rest here in my Stronghold for the night and set out in the morning? I'll have some of my warriors fetch fruits and water for you to freshen up, and they can provide you with protection throughout the night."

There was no reason for Caretaker Ivor to decline, as he had anticipated this offer from Stronghold Leader Drakar. He simply nodded in agreement. "Very well then, it looks like I'll be spending the night under your roof."

Stronghold Leader Drakar nodded as Caretaker Ivor accepted, and then he stood up from his seat. He walked over to summon a warrior and instructed them to lead Caretaker Ivor to one of the vacant huts for him to rest. With his instructions given, Stronghold Leader Drakar observed Caretaker Ivor and the warrior as they exited the room.

Settling into a solitary contemplation for several moments, Stronghold Leader Drakar released a deep sigh and pursed his lips to emit a soft, melodic whistle into the air. Suddenly, as if the very shadows were solidifying and sculpting a form, an enigmatic bulge materialized near the door. It seemed as though the darkness itself was coalescing into a tangible shape, rising from the floor.

Emerging from the inky veil, a creature took form—a beast resembling an eagle, yet adorned with pitch-black feathers and two menacing talons that glistened ominously. Its beak boasted rows of sharp ebony fangs, and a lengthy, obsidian crest extended from its head to its tail. Gracefully, it soared to the room's centre, alighting upon the rich, bluish carpet before Stronghold Leader Drakar.

"Have you eaten already?" Stronghold Leader Drakar queried, his hand outstretching to tenderly scratch beneath the creature's beak.

In reaction, the beast unfurled its feathers, creating a striking display, and let out a resounding cry, "Eeeee! Eeeee!" Simultaneously, it commenced tapping its talons rhythmically upon the carpet—a gesture that Stronghold Leader Drakar had learned to interpret as the creature's expression of delight.

Naturally, when he initially acquired Shadow Talon from the Caravans—after some forceful persuasion, a dash of irresistible enticement, and a bit of skilful negotiation—the beast bore no resemblance to its current state.

It had been unrestrained, attempting fervently to tear a chunk of his flesh as a show of defiance. However, once he introduced it to a diet of Kalna fruits and some of the farm's other crops, its demeanour shifted drastically.

It evolved from unruly to docile, almost harmless, obediently heeding his every command.