

Village Head 331

Chapter 331 Rightward Stronghold Leader Drakar

The only instances when Shadow Talon demonstrated reluctance to comply were when he went out to the borders. Although he was initially concerned about the creature being discovered, its knack for melding with the shadows showcased its capacity to fend for itself. The beast's seamless assimilation into its surroundings allowed it to shadow him, remaining inconspicuous and unseen by others.

Of course, his concern about Shadow Talon being exposed stemmed from the Village Chief's rather foolish decision to restrict trade with the Caravans solely to objects.

This approach was a glaring oversight, as possessing several creatures like Shadow Talon could have greatly fortified their defences. With a handful of these beasts at his disposal, guarding the Village would have transformed into a far more manageable task even for a warrior who had just formed his first container.

Unfortunately, the Village Chief exhibited a notable absence of wisdom!

This would have posed a significant issue if he were still waking up each day with a fresh array of plans on how to efficiently eradicate the Vylkr vines, or if he were still committed to remaining in the Village and retaining his role as the Stronghold Leader of the Rightward Stronghold.

However, the reality was far from that ideal scenario.

At present, the only thing consuming his thoughts was devising an escape plan from this village, to finally witness the world beyond its borders.

"Runaway Cities, creatures daring enough to challenge the Vylkr vines, individuals striving to etch their names into history," Stronghold Leader Drakar mused. These were the insights from the information he had traded a significant portion of his wealth for.

With newfound knowledge of the world that lay beyond this seemingly insignificant place they called home, how could he not be driven to leave?

Why linger here, spending his days pondering the never-ending predicament of the Vylkr vines, until his existence fades and he reunites with Naka in the afterlife? Why not seize the opportunity to experience the truths he's heard firsthand?

The only viable means of escape involved tracing the path the Caravans took to reach the village. However, this posed a problem as they were unwilling to share that information, leaving him vulnerable to the possibility of losing his way.

An alternative plan emerged; to create his own route.

Regardless, the challenge lay in the fact that he lacked any guidance on how to achieve this unless he embarked on an exploration. Unfortunately, obtaining approval for such an expedition rested solely with the Village Chief.

However, the likelihood of the Village Chief allowing him, a Stronghold Leader, to venture out on an expedition rather than safeguarding the village's borders, was next to impossible. The Stronghold Leader's primary focus lay in guarding the village's border, making it inconceivable for him to prioritize a Stronghold Leader's personal exploration over their collective safety.

After extensive planning and careful consideration, an unexpected solution seemed to have fallen into his lap. The possibility emerged that if the young man named Orion could indeed construct what he claimed, then the Stronghold Leader needn't worry about his own departure from the Village or the daunting uncertainty of the world beyond, as described by the Caravans.

And should he manage to leave successfully, perhaps he could also find a suitable partner for Shadow Talon. With his strength and gift, Stronghold Leader Drakar had no reservations about his capability to fend for himself in the outside world once he finally left the confines of this village.

Amused, Stronghold Leader Drakar smiled as Shadow Talon dove into his own shadow, just as the door to his workspace swung open.

With a resounding "click," a warrior pushed the door wide and stationed himself in the doorway. "The water for your bath is ready, Leader Drakar. Additionally, Caretaker Ivor has eaten and gone to sleep," he informed.

"Very well," Stronghold Leader Drakar responded as he rose from his seat, gently rolling his neck from side to side to ease the tension in his body.

He moved toward the door, saying, "And don't forget to bring me another bowl of Kalna fruits for the night."

While the warrior remained perplexed by the Stronghold Leader's newfound habit of requesting a bowl filled with Kalna fruits every morning and night, he observed as the leader strode past and exited through the door. With a nod, he assured, "Yes, Leader Drakar, I'll make sure to remember."

As he watched the leader's departure, Stronghold Leader Drakar's thoughts meandered, settling on a single name -Orion.

A contemplative expression spread across his face. "I think it's time to meet him," he mumbled to himself. "That young man might just hold the key to my way forward."

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The farm

Morning

"Alright, alright... Let's all settle down," Orion's voice commanded, cutting through the vigorous debates and discussions among his women. He cast his gaze upon them, watching as each one eagerly expounded on the limitations of their gifts. His eyes briefly flickered to the darkness beyond the small wooden window.

He had been caught off guard by the early rising, but soon realized it was orchestrated to allow them to see him off as he returned to his warrior training.

Refocusing his attention, he met the eyes of his women, who gradually began to quiet down.

However, since there was a bit of time left before he and Ursa left for training, he saw this as an opportune moment to delve into understanding their gifts, a curiosity he had harboured for some time.

"Who's up first?" Orion asked, observing as Lyra's hand eagerly shot up, volunteering to go first. He nodded, his left arm firmly wrapped around Fifi's waist. "Alright, Lyra, let's see what your gift can do," he encouraged.

Lyra rose from her sleeping spot on the mat. She walked toward the designated area at the centre of the room, with mats arranged around it in a circle—an arrangement they had devised to observe each other's gifts after Orion's suggestion, now that they were living together.

"Alright, go ahead," Orion announced, nodding to acknowledge Lyra and granting her the stage to showcase her gift.

Chapter 332 Showcasing Their Gifts

"You're aware that I need to get to the well early, right?" Fifi quipped, her gaze dropping to Orion's face. She felt his arm tightly embracing her waist, his fingers teasingly tracing along her taut thighs and occasionally giving her vagina hairs a playful tug.

Orion maintained his silence in response to her words, his fingers playfully twirling through her private hairs before giving them a gentle upward tug once more. Fifi couldn't help but shiver slightly, her attempts to resist the sensation proving futile due to their bodies being snugly pressed together and his arm still wrapped around her.

"Well, considering you managed to wake up both me and everyone else in the process, I don't see why you can't make it slightly late to the well," he remarked. His voice held a light, teasing tone. "Plus, you're undoubtedly stronger than I am, so if you really want to leave, I doubt I could prevent you."

However, his true motive behind this exchange was to seize the opportunity to impregnate her before he went for his training.

Also, amid the playfulness, he sensed a hint of frustration in her actions, her hands jostling with Fiona's as they vied for the chance to stroke his groin and massage his balls. It was obvious she sought someone to blame for her late appearance at the well.

Having divulged his intentions to her in a whispered confession, he understood why she had become more subdued compared to her earlier fiery reaction. Notably tamer than Gina, she could only offer muttered complaints, likely stemming from her expectation for his advances to escalate from mere fondling to penetrating the depths of her hairy valley.

However, fueled by curiosity to understand the gifts of his women, Orion paid little heed to Fifi's reaction. She scoffed and turned her head aside while her right hand continued to be locked in a playful rivalry with Fiona over his gritty penis. His attention shifted as he observed Lyra stepping forward to showcase her gift.

Suddenly, her long red crimson hair defied gravity, beginning to ascend and radiate a gentle glow. It extended, growing larger and larger until it enveloped her, stretching sideways and backwards. The flowing strands became a vibrant curtain, concealing her entire back and obstructing the view of those positioned behind her. Those in front were equally obstructed, their gaze unable to pierce through the display of her gift.

Orion's eyebrow arched at Lyra's gift, leaving him genuinely impressed. Strangely, he felt that her gift suited her perfectly, though he couldn't quite pinpoint why.

When Lyra extended a thick strand of her hair toward him, Orion observed curiously as she used it to gently rub his chin. The sensation was oddly pleasant as the silky strands caressed his skin.

He followed her movements closely, his eyes locked on her actions as she performed an array of impressive feats. Her hair snapped out like a whip, gracefully twirled around like a dancer, and even took on the semblance of a fist and a hammer.

After finishing her demonstration, Lyra withdrew her gift, allowing her hair to revert to its usual state. Turning her attention to the gathered women, she addressed them, stating, 'That's my gift, everyone, along with its capabilities.' With a wink and a blown kiss towards Orion, she returned to her mat.

Amidst her actions, he couldn't help but detect several snorts emanating from the women around him, particularly Fiona and Fifi, both sitting on either side.

Their hands grew more eager on his shaft, and a building intensity hinted that he was about to release as Grandma Derry stepped forward to showcase her gift. However, Orion wasn't taken aback since he had witnessed her gift before; he remained composed as he saw her merge seamlessly into the wooden floorboard.

However, even with prior knowledge, he couldn't help but feel a twinge of surprise when she emerged from the floor, transforming into a jelly-like figure and then blending seamlessly into a nearby mat. This caused the mat to shift and stand upright, subsequently performing a curious dance on its edges.

Orion found himself wanting to smack his forehead at his oversight—how had he not realized the extent of Grandma Derry's gift? As he watched the possessed mat perform its quirky dance, he couldn't help but feel amused, nodding in response as Grandma Derry returned to her spot and addressed the gathered audience, including him.

"That's my gift," Grandma Derry said before returning to her mat.

The next person to step forward was his mother, holding a clay pot in her hands, showcasing how she could mould and control clay with her gift. Once her demonstration ended, Reena moved to the centre of the room. Curious and eager, Orion watched intently as she activated her gift, causing her hands to emit a radiant glow.

Although minutes ticked by without any immediate effects, Orion remained captivated. Although he was starting to feel a bit disappointed, he kept his eyes peeled, determined not to miss a single detail of the gift she had been keeping a secret from him.

'Reena didn't hide her gift from me because it wasn't anything worth mentioning, right?' Orion pondered. He considered the idea that his sister might have kept her gift a secret due to its insignificance.

However, these thoughts were swiftly shattered into fragments as he witnessed a truly stunning spectacle. His surprise was obvious as a multitude of leaves burst through the open wooden window, swirling around Reena as if caught in a joyful dance.

These leaves twirled like miniature whirlwinds, descending effortlessly to the ground, before arranging themselves on their leafy edges, forming a protective circle around her—a formation akin to loyal soldiers guarding their queen.

After the display, the leaves lifted into the air once more, swirling and twirling before collectively floating back toward the window, vanishing just as they had arrived.

"For those who may still be wondering, my gift allows me to control and command plants," Reena explained, her gaze encompassing everyone, including him. With her explanation given, she returned to her mat, settling back into her place.

The attention then shifted to Aunt Greta. Although some were already acquainted with her gift, she choose to rise and demonstrate it for those who were still unaware. By enlarging and manipulating the movement of her flesh, she momentarily made her arms appear as large as her entire body. After showcasing her ability, she deactivated her gift and returned to her mat.

Chapter 333 Showcasing Their Gifts (2)

After her demonstration, Ayla stepped into the centre of the room and activated her gift, conjuring water from the air and then making it vanish. The motion prompted an audible grunt and muttered words from Fifi, though Orion couldn't quite catch what was said.

However, Ayla seemed to have picked up on Fifi's response, and she returned to her mat with a subtle chuckle hidden behind the back of her left hand.

Following Ayla, it was Grandma Celia's turn. Orion watched with keen interest, as he was unaware of what her gift was. When she activated it, her hands emitted a silver-blue glow.

Suddenly, her form began to shift, growing smaller and smaller until only a diminutive grey-haired fox remained. The fox possessed distinctive orange lines on its fur back and three tails, each tipped with a flourish of orange hair.

As he observed, Orion's thoughts raced. 'So, Grandma Celia is a shapeshifter,' he thought.

He watched as she moved on all fours for a moment, then effortlessly shifted back to her human form. Without a doubt, he saw her begin to transform again. Unlike others who shifted into entirely different creatures upon their second transformation, Orion witnessed Grandma Celia evolve into a larger animal.

She transformed into a 2-meter-tall (6.5 feet) orange fox, the creature displaying sharp, menacing canines and five tails, each adorned with a tuft of grey fur at its tip. Settling back onto her hind legs, Grandma Celia returned to her human form once more.

She let out a sigh and explained, "Those are my two forms. I do possess a third one, but unfortunately, transforming into it consumes a significant amount of energy. So, I'll reveal the last form when I'm prepared." A smile followed, directed straight at Orion.

An unexpected thought abruptly entered Orion's mind, causing him to inwardly scold himself for almost letting it slip his mind. Among his women, there remained a handful he hadn't yet proposed to; Fiona, Grandma Ingrid, Lyra, and Grandma Celia.

Orion's gaze shifted to Fiona, who nonchalantly tossed her hair back to lick the precum that had escaped from his raging penis. Nearby, Fifi had also leaned down, hoping for a taste, but she was a tad too late.

After that, Grandma Ingrid stepped into the centre to reveal her gift. She enveloped her body in flames, and they were charmed as the room filled with warmth, and the air seemed to shimmer. Her hair transformed into a vibrant orange-red blaze, and her entire form appeared to dance with this fiery energy.

She moved from one location to another, transforming into a whirlwind of flames soaring through the air before eventually returning to her previous spot and deactivating her gift.

She then walked back to her mat, and Sura stepped into the centre to display her gift.

Following Sura's display of her magma-fiery volcanic hands, it was Grandma Meldra's turn to reveal her gift. Stepping into the centre of the room, she activated her gift, causing the ground around her to burst into life. Thick green vines surged from the floor.

Although the vines remained confined within the wooden boundaries of the room, Orion didn't dwell on the unusual nature of this manifestation; he attributed it to the mystical aspects of their gifts, which enabled them to transform into mysterious creatures or take on elemental forms while retaining their tulga upon returning to their human forms.

Thus, Orion observed as she returned to her mat, and Ursa stepped forward, activating her gift to show her ability to fly through the air.

Shortly after, Grandma Vivian emerged and activated her gift, surprising Orion with its nature. He arched a curious brow as he witnessed her transform into a humanoid being made of water.

In a manner reminiscent of Grandma Ingrid's elemental abilities, she too possessed a gift that allowed her to assume an elemental form. Abruptly, she coalesced into a sizable water mass, gliding closer to him. With only her upper body emerging from the water, she delicately brushed her watery fingers against his face. As quickly as the interaction began, she transformed back into a substantial

water mass, returning to her initial position. She deactivated her gift, morphing back into her human form.

Orion grinned and said, "You're up next," directing his words towards Fiona. She promptly rose from her seat on his mat, not without giving his veiny shaft a few teasing strokes and sucking off his second ejaculation before stepping forward.

Curious about Fiona's gift, Orion watched as she stepped into the centre of the room. Quickly activating her gift, her hands began to emit a vivid yellow glow. A moment later, a massive chunk of rock, large enough to pass through the small window, shot through it and halted in front of her.

It floated and revolved around her, responding to her command. Soon, another slab of rock joined the first, hovering in harmony.

Then, with a flick of her wrist, she sent the stone hurtling back through the window with accuracy. And as quickly as it had begun, she deactivated her gift, a content smile gracing her features as she said, "That's what my gift can do, everyone," before returning to her place beside Orion.

Shifting his gaze towards Fifi, Orion's words were abruptly interrupted as she caressed his inner thighs and balls, momentarily distracting him. Her voice cut through the air. "Everybody already knows my gift, am I right, everyone?" she asked, her eyes scanning every woman present.

The women nodded in sincere agreement, their expressions ranging from simple nods to those accompanied by gentle smiles. Once Fifi absorbed their response, she redirected her attention back to Orion. "Since there's no need for me to introduce my gift to everyone," she said, rising and positioning herself directly in front of him.

Tugging her tulga aside, she used both hands to part her massive toned buttocks. "Why don't you penetrate me as well, so I can become pregnant?" she added, her gaze inviting and sensual.

Her enthusiasm caused Orion to exhale deeply as he stood up, preparing his throbbing shaft once more to become a father, while the women around them chuckled at Fifi's childish behaviour.

Chapter 334 Completing The Proposal (R18)

Amid the amused glances from the women, Fifi remained unfazed, her concentration fixed on gyrating her toned enormous behind on Orion's erect penis, making sure it pressed against her vagina lips, and stay between them. Suddenly, before even awaiting Orion's thrust she pulled back, guiding protruding buttocks to collide with his waist.

"PluP~~" "Pah~~~" Her inner hole immediately felt weak.

"Don't worry... I can handle it," Fifi murmured, her voice carrying a fiery tone that made Orion realize he had underestimated the depth of her desire to conceive their child.

Still, regardless of Fifi's prowess and commanding presence as a warrior, he couldn't allow her to seize control of the situation in front of his women. Their gazes were fixed upon him, some were masturbating, while others were deep in conversation, while a few were lost in their own thoughts during this unfolding scene.

Thus, as Fifi thrust her wide ass backwards again with a "Pahhh~~" he decided to take control. With a firm grip on her waist, he pulled her forward, only to thrust back in forcefully with a resounding "PAAHH!!" Her eyes widened in surprise at the unexpected intensity of his movement.

παΙδαςNovel Nevertheless, no matter how much Orion desired to prolong the experience, the combined stimulation from Fiona and Fifi, coupled with the fact that he had already ejaculated twice, led to a brisk climax after just a few thrusts.

"Pahh~~~" "PaHHH~~~"

"PLOP!!"

"Paaahhh~~~"

Before he found himself on the verge of releasing again, he let out a whisper, saying, "I'm releasing..." Fifi responded by using her strength to thrust her waist backwards, enveloping his gritty shaft within the confines of her hairy wet pussy as he ejaculated his semen deep within her, his release filling up till she could feel it reach her womb.

Afterwards, he finally pulled back and slumped, exhausted, his buttocks collapsing onto the ground.

When he looked up, he observed traces of his semen trickling from Fifi's pink puffed-up folds. Fiona was quick to react, moving forward and positioning herself on her knees, her face nestled between Fifi's thighs as she lapped up the remaining semen that dribbled out from her.

She then bent her head towards his position, her tongue deftly cleaning the remnants that remained on his shaft.

Peering out of the window, Orion noticed that the sky was gradually lightening up. He felt a wave of relief wash over him, knowing he didn't have to rush, considering he still needed to take a bath and then make his way to the village Chief's compound in time to meet up with the others.

Noticing the contented expression on Fifi's face as she glanced back at him affectionately, he could tell she didn't want to be late for her task at the well as well.

After adjusting her tulga and giving her clenching her butt cheeks together, their lips met in a kiss, and she whispered, "Catch you later, my love. I have to head over to the well now." Turning around, she took a step towards the door, but then halted suddenly and pivoted, suggesting, "Why don't we leave together? I can drop both of you off at the Village Chief Compound."

As some of the women nodded in agreement with her suggestion, finding a way to ease their protective instincts over Orion, he saw no reason to decline the idea. So, he promptly gave his consent.

However, before preparing to take his bath and set out, Orion remembered a final task demanding his attention. He walked slowly toward Fiona, who was nearby and knelt in front of her. Tenderly holding her right hand, he looked into her eyes with sincerity. He asked, with a desire to savour the moment and the emotions, "Fiona, will you be my partner?"

Initially, Fiona's eyes widened in response to the unexpectedness of the situation. She hadn't anticipated him posing such a question out of the blue, even though she had been waiting for a while to hear it. It wasn't only Fiona; the other women in the room also silenced their conversations or halted their activities, all having heard the question as well.

However, Orion continued to kneel before Fiona, and suddenly she leapt onto him with a spirited exclamation of "Yes," the sound echoing throughout the room.

Their movement caused them to tumble to the ground together. Holding her tightly with both arms, Orion's heart swelled with contentment at her response. Initiating a deep kiss with Fiona, their tongues briefly brushed against each other as they lay on the floor.

After patiently waiting for her excitement to subside, Orion made his way over to Grandma Celia to proceed with his next proposal.

Naturally, Orion had intended to make each proposal memorable. However, the urgency to dispel any worries or doubts in their hearts prevailed. So, with the awareness that their uncertainty grew as time passed, he chose to prioritize their comfort.

As Orion knelt before Grandma Celia, mirroring his gesture for Fiona, he posed the heartfelt question, "Celia, will you be my partner?" He observed the instant widening of her eyes followed by an enthusiastic nod, her voice quivering with emotion as she earnestly responded with a resounding "Yes."

It was at this very moment that, Orion realized that he didn't necessarily have to plan anything elaborate, similar to the way he had proposed to Ursa and Sura. For them, the question itself held a significance surpassing any grand gesture, rendering it more special than any thoroughly planned event he could imagine.

Once Grandma Celia leaned in for a kiss on his lips, Orion met her lips with his own. Their lips parted with a glistening strand of saliva bridging the gap. Meeting her gaze, he noticed unshed tears in her eyes. With a gentle smile, she murmured, "Thank you, Orion."

Orion shook his head, a sigh escaping his lips, as she leaned forward, intertwining their salivas with her tongue before he gave her a quick peck on the lips. He said, "But I should be the one thanking you instead. You all mean a lot, and so much more to me." After all, they were the ones making sure his new, peaceful yet slightly chaotic reality was possible.

Chapter 335 Completing The Proposal (2)

Grandma Celia's lips curled into a cheeky smile in response to his words. Among the women who were hearing his heartfelt sentiments for the first time, some couldn't help but blush at his passionate response.

Just as Orion was about to transition to proposing to Lyra, who was seated nearby, Grandma Celia surprised him by flicking his head with her fingers.

παΙδαsNovel "Even though I'm the first woman to get pregnant for you, don't you think it's a bit unfair that I'm one of the last you're proposing to?" she quipped, her tone lighthearted and teasing.

'Yeah, she has a point,' Orion thought to himself. While Reena had cleverly kept him in the dark about the surprise recovery party they had organized for him by making him stay in their hut, the fact remained that he had fucked her immediately and had tried to make sure that he would cum

balls deep inside her, after he had understood the logic and culture of this world, to confirm its validity.

Observing Orion's thoughtful expression as he wrestled with a response, Grandma Celia took matters into her own hands.

Gently pinching his nose between her knuckles, she playfully wiggled it from side to side, her voice a soft whisper in his ear. "No worries, I understand how demanding your time has been. But if you want my forgiveness, you'll need to give me a few privileges as the first mother of your child, akin to the status your mother holds as your first partner."

Her lips came close to his ear, continuing in a teasing tone, "I'm sure it's not too demanding a request, right?"

Listening to her words, Orion's smile played at the corners of his lips as he leaned in and whispered back, "If it's only that, then I can handle it." The assurance came easily to him; after all, he knew how to make each of his women feel cherished in their own unique way. He added, "Of course, let's keep this our little secret. We wouldn't want to make your sisters too envious, would we?"

Shortly after, a burst of melodious laughter rang out in the air as Grandma Celia pulled back and nodded her head. "Of course, I would even prefer it like that if we leave it that way," she said, bobbing her head in agreement.

Receiving one last kiss from Orion's lips, Grandma Celia watched him leave as he moved towards Lyra.

Settling onto one knee yet again, he readied himself to propose to the woman with fiery crimson hair, its ebony undertones revealed only to those who paid close attention.

Casting a glance toward Ursa, he noted her antics, her fingers finding their way to her mother's leg, attempting to keep her still as she rocked with excitement, a wide grin adorning her face.

"Lyra, will you be my partner?" Orion asked, observing as Lyra swatted her daughter's hand away from her lap. She then proceeded to look at him from head to toe and remarked, "I'm not sure how you came up with such a creative proposal, but honestly, I can't say no to this."

With a grin that displayed her neatly aligned teeth, Lyra added, "Yes, I'll be your partner." Activating her gift, she extended her hair to create a protective sphere around them, effectively shielding their conversation from prying ears.

"I have no idea what you and Celia were talking about, but considering the glowing expression on her face—which I haven't seen in a while—I don't think it would be fair if I don't also join in on the conversation," Lyra whispered.

Orion's smile was warm as he replied, "Don't worry, you and I will have our own private chat later."

Leaning in, he kissed her on the lips. When he pulled away, he teased back, "Still, you wouldn't want anyone to think that we are sharing something in secret right now, would you?"

Understanding Orion's words and realizing that others might suspect she was plotting something, Lyra felt a headache coming on. She understood that it would be difficult for them to believe her if she were to tell them that she and Orion hadn't engaged in any private discussions.... at least not yet. She deactivated her gift, allowing their presence to be known to everyone in the room.

Quickly stretching her lips to steal one final kiss from his lips as he stood up, Lyra winked at him and whispered, "Just make sure not to forget, husband...." before leaning back to her normal position, as Ursa gave her another pinch on her thigh.

Orion nodded and replied, "Don't worry, I won't," as he stood up and headed toward the last person, Grandma Ingrid.

"You... It's as if you don't want your mother to experience even a moment of happiness." Orion could only allow a smile to form while holding back a chuckle at Lyra and Ursa's banter.

Stepping before Grandma Ingrid, Orion lowered himself onto one knee, "Ingrid, will you be my partner?" he asked.

Grandma Ingrid, having observed his previous proposals, could only smile warmly at his question. Just as she was about to answer, her expression shifted, her eyes glistening with moisture.

She placed her left hand on her lap, using it to shield her face. Initially, it seemed as though she was simply wiping away the tears, but as drops began to escape her grasp, it became apparent she was struggling to contain her emotions.

"I'm sorry," she managed to utter through the emotion. "I just never thought you'd ask."

Tenderly, Orion encouraged Grandma Ingrid to uncover her face from her hands.

Meeting her teary gaze, he couldn't help but point out, "You're aware everyone's watching, right?" The room had fallen into a hushed stillness, a contrast to what he might have expected. Additionally, considering Grandma Ingrid's reputation for being stern and authoritative, he understood the significance of her emotional display.

In response, she used her other hand to wipe away the remaining tears and nodded sincerely. She said, "Yes, I will be your partner."

Chapter 336 [Bonus]Orion's Re-Appearance

In a mirror of his previous actions, she then leaned in for a kiss, much like he had done for the others, and whispered, "Thank you."

In response, Orion reciprocated, making the moment even more fervent and passionate. Pulling back with a grin, he remarked, "I should be the one thanking all of you... each and everyone of you."

Once he stood back up, he noticed her tear-streaked face had transformed into a brighter, radiant, and joyful smile.

Bending down to give her one final peck on the lips, Orion then turned around and bid all of his women farewell. He gestured for Ursa to follow him as they needed to take their bath before heading over to the Village Chief's Compound.

As they exited, Celeste quickly rose from her mat and cast her gaze over the gathered women. "With him gone, perhaps it's time for us to have a little chat," she suggested with a strict smile.

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"Finally," Orion exclaimed with a hint of relief in his voice after presenting his wooden chips to the guards at the Village Chief's main gate, allowing him and Ursa to enter.

Regardless of the time that had passed, he could at least say that he was now eager to grow stronger than he currently was.

"We're running late, so let's just hope Warrior Jean isn't here before us," Ursa chimed in, picking up her pace. Orion quickened his steps to keep up, as they briskly moved past the first two huts and caught sight of the group of his fellow trainees. Stepping forward, he noticed their wide-eyed gazes, mixed with surprise and shock at his sudden appearance.

"Orion...."

"Orion..."

Gorg and Grim's voices carried excitement as they approached him, while Tala appeared dumbfounded, clearly caught off guard by his unexpected presence.

'I thought Father said he was too occupied to even consider joining the training,' Tala mused, her brow furrowing as she observed the group gathering around Orion.

"Where have you been?" Gorg exclaimed, immediately pulling Orion into a hug as they came within arm's reach. Gorg's hand lightly patted Orion's back, and he continued, "I tried to find you during the break, but no one was around. Did you guys move to a new hut?"

Gorg's parents were still concerned about Orion's memory loss, so he had taken it upon himself to visit Orion's mother.

However, the absence of everyone in the compound surprised him. He had spotted one person in their compound, but even that person couldn't explain the whereabouts of the others.

Feeling a bit defeated, he had returned home, planning to wait for the next warrior training to ask Ursa about Orion's whereabouts, as she seemed to be spending more time with him lately.

"Yeah, we packed out into another hut," Orion responded to Gorg as he proceeded to give Grim a tight handshake after he was released from the hug.

"Oh, where are you guys staying now?" Gorg questioned. His intuition had proven correct, after all.

Orion picked up on Gorg's expression and could tell that he was still concerned about the memory loss incident.

Recognizing that this issue was likely the last thing on his mother's mind, Orion reassured Gorg, saying, "If you're still worried about that, you really don't need to be."

"You mean...?" Gorg's eyes widened with a mix of surprise and understanding.

"Yes, just don't stress yourself about the issue anymore," Orion responded with a nod.

While he understood that reminding his mother of the situation might trigger her to take action, he also realized that Gorg was still troubled by the matter.

Taking into account Gorg's character and personality, Orion decided that he would speak to his mother privately, later on, to address the situation and find a resolution.

He recognized that Gorg's current mindset wasn't conducive for a developing warrior and could potentially hold him back or even evolve into something more detrimental, especially considering their ongoing battle against the Vylkr vines.

"Thank you!! Thank you, Orion!" Gorg exclaimed with joy, springing up and leaping towards Orion for another hug. While he wasn't sure whether Orion had already addressed the issue or planned to do so later, the reassurance that Orion had given him not to worry anymore felt like a soothing herbal to his anxious heart.

Meanwhile, standing to the side, Grim might not have understood the specifics of their discussion, but considering Gorg's previous revelations about his deep friendship with Orion, he assumed it was likely related to that.

On the other hand, Ursa's curiosity was piqued. She was eager to discover what was happening and had decided to wait and ask Orion after the training.

Detecting movement in her peripheral vision, she turned her head just in time to see Tala approaching Orion.

While Tala's undeniable beauty might have momentarily pushed her against a wall, she quickly reminded herself of Orion's honest heart and the presence of Reena, with whom she had also spent time, and who was equally if not more beautiful than Tala.

παΙδαςNovel This realization helped to quell her insecurities, especially when she noticed a figure approaching them and quickly realized that it was Warrior Jean.

"Looks like I was wrong," Tala commented, her arms folded as she appraised Orion. "I had assumed you'd be off tending to more pressing matters, leaving us to our regular training routine. But here you are."

Though she sensed a change in him, she couldn't quite put her finger on it. Given that his absence had only spanned a few days, she brushed the thought aside; surely he couldn't have changed that drastically in such a short time, especially compared to them, who had been dedicatedly training.

But rather than addressing her remark, Orion replied, "It's good to see you again too, Tala," opening his arms and enveloping her in a warm hug. Sliding his hands beneath her tulga, he intentionally grabbed her small warm ass cheeks. Suddenly, he found himself recalling the distinct sensation of her buttocks as he tightened his grip slightly.

It was an odd thought, but after the many breasts and asses he'd encountered, he was beginning to feel like he could recognize their owners without even looking at their faces.

Chapter 337 Race Against Time

Meanwhile, Tala initially attempted to squirm away due to the unexpected hug.

However, realizing that Orion's intentions were harmless and that his grip was indirectly easing the soreness in her buttocks—which she had accidentally fallen on and injured during her practice sessions with her gift—she relented, allowing him to continue.

"Ahem!!" A firm voice suddenly broke the moment, causing Orion to quickly withdraw his hands from Tala and turn to see who had spoken.

Observing Warrior Jean's stern yet amused expression, Orion heard him remark, "It seems like you've finally decided to join us." The smirk on the warrior's face hinted that he too might have missed him, even if just a little.

"Come on, let's go, we don't want to be late for today's training," Warrior Jean urged, his tone shifting to a more focused and serious demeanour.

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"Alright, you can all begin," Warrior Jean announced. Orion's eyes followed Grim as he quickly shifted into one of his forms, charging forward with a cutlass clutched in his powerful claws. Tala, on the other hand, ignited her green flames beneath her feet, propelling herself forward, while Ursa ascended to the skies before initiating a dive to strike at the Vylkr vines from above.

Observing the group, Orion noted that they had yet to uncover the full extent of their gifts' capabilities. However, he recognized their progress in effectively using their gifts against the Vylkr vines, knowing when to activate them and when to conserve energy.

When Gorg stepped into the action and activated his gift, Orion's eyebrows shot up in surprise.

Gorg's display was nothing short of incredible as he effortlessly tore through the Vylkr vines. With each swing of his cutlass, the Vylkr vines split apart, releasing numerous threads of miniature vines that seemed to desperately attempt to detach themselves from the main body, yet remained tethered.

Although Orion was taken aback by the unexpected effectiveness of Gorg's gift against the Vylkr vines, he quickly pushed his surprise aside. Following the lead of his mates, he charged into the fray.

Activating his gift, Orion gripped his cutlass tightly in his right hand, while his left hand wielded a lightning-blade cutlass of similar dimensions. With a fast and practised motion, he swung the blades, slicing through the Vylkr vines and obliterating everything in his path.

The astonishment in the eyes of his training mates was noticeable. The fact that he could manipulate his gift to materialize various weapons, provided he could recall their details accurately, was a revelation that left them all taken aback.

Nonetheless, Tala tried to do the same with her flames and see if she could manipulate them, yet her efforts were met with little success.

While the prospect of her eventually mastering the manipulation of her flames remained uncertain, her current display was limited to emitting torrents of scorching green flames from her limbs.

In the midst of the training, a resounding crackle echoed through the air as Orion's lightning blade hummed with energy.

"Crackle!!!"

Pausing briefly to observe his mates, he noted their coordinated efforts, ensuring they fought in harmony, avoiding unnecessary interference.

"Impressive," he muttered, before charging in once more.

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After the fight, Warrior Jean called all of them back an hour later and proceeded to destroy the remaining Vylkr vines by himself, as he always does.

As soon as the task was complete, Gorg approached Orion, curiosity clear in his eyes, "Orion, how did you do that?"

Grim joined in, casting a sceptical glance, "Yeah, you're not going to tell us you trained on your own while you were away, right?"

Internally sighing, Orion prepared to answer their questions, but before he could speak, a looming shadow suddenly cast itself over the group from above.

A sense of foreboding gripped Orion's heart as he gazed upwards, confirming his suspicion.

A massive green owl was swooping down toward them, and as it closed in on the ground, it transformed into the Village Chief.

"Chief....."

"Chief....."

The collective voices of Warrior Jean and the group echoed as they acknowledged the Village Chief's arrival.

But the Village Chief simply nodded somberly in response, his serious expression intensifying as he drew closer, deepening the uneasiness in Orion's heart.

Coming to a halt before him, the Village Chief's gaze fixed on Warrior Jean first. "I realize this is unexpected, especially on his first day back, but a matter requires his immediate attention. I'll be taking him with me," the Village Chief expressed, his words directed at Warrior Jean.

Then, his attention shifted to Orion. "Orion, let's go." Without giving Orion the opportunity to reply, the Village Chief transformed, and his talons closed around him, lifting him off the ground in a swift and unexpected motion.

In an instant, they were soaring into the sky, leaving the others below.

Meanwhile below, Warrior Jean was about to offer a response when Tala's lips twisted into a frown, her muttering barely audible: "I knew it."

Gorg and Grim, on the other hand, remained baffled, struggling to process the sudden turn of events.

"Orion," Ursa murmured, concern tingeing her voice, her eyes fixed on the sky where Orion had vanished from her sight.

Meanwhile, above them, Orion's voice carried frustration and confusion as he shouted, "Chief, what's happening?" This was a rare sight – the usually composed Village Chief showing signs of anxiety.

Still, if he was going to be pulled away from training so suddenly the moment he returned, then what was the point of returning to it?

A sense of unease began to grow within him. Frustration mounting with the lack of response, Orion raised his voice again, "CHIEF!"

However, this time, the Village Chief's speed increased as they soared over the farm, heading toward its far end.

Descending into Anara's section of the farm, Orion opened his mouth to address the village chief, but it promptly hung agape at the sight before him. Numerous tree nymphs were seated in a circle around an enormous tree, undoubtedly Anara's tree.

"...Chieft, what is going on?" Orion's voice carried a hint of confusion as he struggled to understand the scene before him.

This was the first time he had witnessed so many tree nymphs gathered together, and he wanted to make sense of the unusual sight.

Chapter 338 Race Against Time (2)

"As you can see, we have a problem," the Village Chief's voice sounded behind Orion, causing him to pivot and face the source. His mind was still spinning from being abruptly taken away from the training ground.

Orion's response was blunt, "And what does it have to do with me?"

The Village Chief deliberately cleared his throat and coughed before addressing Orion's question, "Well... you see, the Village Chieftess thinks that you might have something to do with this."

He observed as Orion's brows furrowed in even deeper confusion.

The Village Chief continued, "However, I don't believe you are the cause of this problem. Instead, I brought you here because I believe you are the only one capable of finding some of the solutions to our current dilemma."

Listening to the words of the Village Chief, Orion made a conscious effort to calm his racing thoughts and maintain his composure. The fact that he was one of the first individuals the Chief had called upon to address such a critical situation indicated that his aspiration to become influential within the village was taking shape, if not already bearing fruit.

Casting one final glance at the multitude of tree nymphs surrounding them, their bodies emanating a brilliant, mystical glow even in the daylight, he recentered his focus on the Village Chief.

"Chief, could you please explain what is happening here?" He asked.

Observing Orion's shift from agitation to attentiveness, the Village Chief took a deep breath before continuing, "It's Anara... she's not well."

The mention of Anara's name immediately altered Orion's expression. His mind raced with concern and questions.

'How?' He thought, 'What happened to her?'

Sensing that Orion was on the verge of asking about the obvious, the Village Chief hastened to explain, "Last night, one of the tree nymphs urgently reached out to us with distressing news. She said that..." The Village Chief proceeded to recount the details, describing Anara's complaints of a searing pain in her stomach, her sudden immobility, and her unresponsiveness to their attempts to communicate, all of which had persisted since the previous night.

As the Village Chief continued to elaborate on the situation, Orion's countenance grew increasingly grim.

'It can't be, right?' he thought.

Though he wanted to reject the notion, there was a period when he might have questioned the potency of his semen. Yet, considering the events that had transpired, his certainty solidified that this predicament was undoubtedly linked to him.

He recalled a previous occasion when Anara had expressed discomfort due to a burning sensation in her stomach— that moment coincided with when he had ejaculated his semen within her flower.

'I couldn't have also impregnated a tree nymph, right?'

Grabbing his sack of balls, Orion couldn't help but entertain the idea that his gift might very well be his extraordinary 'semen.' However, a new thought sprang to life in his mind – the idea that both his semen and lightning could indeed be manifestations of his gifts.

It wasn't easy to dismiss this idea as mere nonsense, given that every situation he had encountered thus far seemed to defy that conclusion.

"And that's precisely why I called you because the newborns are already waking up one by one. With no way to feed and put them back to sleep while we wait for the plan, we're left with no option but to accelerate its execution," the Village Chief continued. "So, I've brought you here for this reason. You will have to begin working on the construction and make sure it's ready within a matter of days."

He observed the astonishment in Orion's eyes and reassured him, "Don't worry, I'll make sure that you're generously compensated for your efforts. You and your family will receive 100 Kalna fruits every week, in addition to materials for a new tulga."

The Village Chief understood he had to sweeten the deal to secure Orion's cooperation. He knew that coercion wouldn't work, as forcing Orion's hand could backfire and complicate the situation even further, given the care of over 160+ newborns was at stake. As an additional enticement, the Village Chief remembered one more card to play.

"Furthermore, since you've yet to request a reward for your remarkable performance during the awakening ceremony," he added, "I'll grant you three wishes of your choosing, within my capabilities. I'll do my utmost to fulfil them."

Once the Village Chief finished presenting his offers, Orion found himself subtly raising an eyebrow at the generous terms. He couldn't believe he had nearly forgotten about the reward he deserved for excelling in the awakening ceremony.

Although he was well aware of the Village Chief's desperation and the likelihood that he was tied to the current problem, Orion decided to play along and maintain an air of careful contemplation.

"Chief, this offer seems quite little," Orion said, feigning a thoughtful expression. Observing the Village Chief's hopeful demeanour shift to dissatisfaction, he quickly followed up, almost immediately saying, "However, if we could push the Kalna fruits to 200 per week, then I'll be more than willing to get started right away and make sure everything is in order within the next two to three days."

While it might pose some challenges, Orion believed that with the necessary materials at his disposal, he could utilize his warrior's physique and work persistently over the next two or three days to complete the task at hand.

Of course, that was only part of the equation. The real test would come in spreading the rumour throughout the village and rallying everyone to the designated gathering place, and convincing them, as they had planned.

The Village Chief looked on with furrowed brows. While he had expected the young man to bargain with him given the hefty request he was making, he was taken aback when Orion proposed an additional 100 Kalna fruits.

Letting out a sigh as he weighed the potential consequences of the truth coming to light, the Village Chief eventually relented with a resigned nod.

"Alright, you've got yourself a deal," he conceded. "200 Kalna fruits per week, along with some tulga material and three unused wishes to fulfil your desires. No more, no less. Are these terms satisfactory to you?" He fixed his gaze on Orion, waiting for his response with an expectant demeanour.

Chapter 339 The Warrior's Garden

Aware of the importance of not pushing his luck too far, particularly given the sensitive nature of the situation, Orion agreed with a nod. "Yes, that's acceptable," he replied.

The Village Chief's expression brightened at Orion's agreement, and he extended his hand for a handshake. After the friendly grip, the Village Chief released his hold and gestured for Orion to accompany him.

"Come on, let me show you where you'll be staying for the upcoming hours until your task is completed," he said, guiding the way with a sense of urgency.

However, Orion trailed behind, fully aware that the upcoming days were about to become quite demanding. Nonetheless, despite the impending busyness, he couldn't help but feel a sense of satisfaction, knowing that he stood to gain significantly from this situation.

Gazing upon the numerous tree nymphs in the area, Orion cast a final glance at Anara's tree. Shaking his head, he diverted his focus to trailing the Village Chief. He understood that to uncover whether she was pregnant with his child, he had to bide his time until she awakened.

And as he pondered, a sudden realization struck him – if she was indeed pregnant, is she was indeed pregnant then, didn't that mean...

Orion's eyes snapped open as he thought about Dariya. 'Shouldn't she be in the same situation?' he pondered. But then he quickly dismissed the thought. He had fucked Dariya long before he even conceived the idea of even attempting to penetrate Anara's flower.

So, if Anara was indeed pregnant, then did that imply that Dariya should also be carrying his child?

However, the pressing issue at hand was that he hadn't heard her complain about a burning stomach when he had ejaculated inside her.

Orion raised his left hand to scratch his head, deciding to set aside his current thoughts and focus on the task at hand for the moment.

In spite of the duration of their journey, Orion had grown accustomed to trekking. With each step, he followed behind the Village Chief until they reached an incredibly large hut.

It appeared even larger than the one his family currently resided in, not to mention the ones in the Village Chief's compound. Glancing at two comparatively smaller huts nearby, Orion redirected his attention to the Village Chief as soon as he heard his voice.

"This is the Warrior's Garden," The Village Chief motioned for Orion to accompany him. "Rather than explaining its purpose, why not let me show you?" he continued as he stepped forward, opening a smaller door that appeared to be attached to a much larger, locked door.

After entering, Orion followed suit, but the instant he set foot inside and surveyed his surroundings, he felt his feet involuntarily freeze in place.

Orion was certain that anything he didn't yet understand in this world would eventually be explained. This included the Village Culture, and whether the caravans were similarly influenced by such a culture or if they had their own distinct traditions.

These were among the many things Orion desired to uncover, aside from the origins of the caravans. However, despite having adapted to his new life in this village, he couldn't help but stare in utter bewilderment at the scene before him.

Numerous peculiar plants, each bearing fruits unfamiliar to him from his time in the forest, adorned the room. Some resembled colossal flowers, their tops almost brushing the roof, while others mimicked regular trees, their fruits distinct from both kalna and Lipry.

In short, it resembled nothing less than an arboretum reminiscent of his college days, or perhaps it wouldn't be an exaggeration to label it a breathtaking botanical garden.

"Here, it's safe to eat," The Village Chief suddenly said, tossing him a fruit he had plucked from one of the smaller plants.

Orion caught the greenish, soft fruit that resembled an orange, but with small, shiny, greenish, pointy bumps all over it.

Raising it to his lips, Orion took a bite and was taken aback by the soft, sour taste that left a bittersweet tang on his palate.

"Now hand it over to me," The Village Chief instructed, once again extending his hand to retrieve the fruit he had given Orion. "Come on, let's keep moving."

As they continued down the narrow dirt road, the Village Chief suddenly halted and turned to Orion. "Do you still remember what you just ate?" he asked, with a smile on his lips.

Orion quickly nodded in response. After all, he had consumed the fruit just moments ago, and the lingering bittersweet taste still lingered on his tongue.

However, as he was about to confirm, a strange sensation struck him. His mouth hung agape, and he struggled to recall the appearance of the fruit he had ingested just minutes ago.... or was it seconds?

An alarming realization washed over him as he realized that he couldn't specify exactly when he had consumed the fruit.

"Exactly," The Village Chief said, a knowing smile gracing his face. He continued, "While only a handful of individuals possess the gift to manipulate memories, which we would use to spread the rumours, these fruits are a result of the warriors' explorations."

"Although these discoveries are infrequent and often yield little, the significance of these fruits lies in their unique effects. Although harmless, the very act of consuming them erases any memory of their existence moments later," He said. "This led us to keep the knowledge of it within a specific group and prevent its unintentional spread across the village, which could cause unforeseen issues that could have been easily avoided. However...."

"However, we only use them as rewards for those who have demonstrated exceptional dedication to the village. Given its taste, which is comparable to the Kalna and the Lipry fruits, it is generally embraced with appreciation." Orion shifted his attention toward the source of the voice and beheld the figure of the former Caretaker, Caretaker Hrok.

"There was even a time when I had forgotten that we had planted such fruits here. I only recalled their existence when a tree nymph informed me about it. So, there must always be someone watching over this area. Since I am now retired, I've taken on the responsibility myself," Caretaker Hrok said with a grunt, emerging from the dense vegetation.

He stretched his leg over the small wooden makeshift fence and onto the narrow dirt road.

Chapter 340 Race Against Time (3)

"But I'm certain the Village Chief didn't bring you here just for a tour of the warrior's garden," Caretaker Hrok said, watching the expressions on Orion's and the Village Chief's faces.

Then, he shifted his gaze to the Village Chief and asked, "Chief, is something wrong?"

The Village Chief nodded solemnly, diving straight into the explanation for former Caretaker Hrok. Caretaker Hrok's eyes widened dramatically upon hearing the news.

"This... This...." He stumbled over his words momentarily but quickly composed himself and redirected his attention to Orion.

"Let's go," he said, striding forward and motioning for Orion and the Village Chief to follow him.

Together, they retraced their steps back to the door they had entered from, then made their way to one of the smaller wooden huts near the garden.

Arriving at the hut's entrance, former Caretaker Hrok gave a series of taps on the door, and to Orion's surprise, a radiant glow emitted from within the wooden structure. Orion's curiosity grew as he watched the door reveal a tree nymph emerging halfway, her upper body visible while her lower half remained concealed behind the door.

"Open the door, Saria," former Caretaker Hrok instructed, and Orion observed as the tree nymph, sensing the gravity of the situation, nodded in solemn agreement. The door swung fully open, inviting them to step inside.

Stepping inside under the guidance of former Caretaker Hrok, Orion's eyes roamed the interior of the hut. What greeted him was something akin to a warehouse, a space designed to store various fruits and harvested materials from the plants and trees he had seen in the garden.

Boxes were piled haphazardly, brimming with their contents. There was no evident order to the arrangement, making the space appear messy.

In a nutshell, their path wound through a maze of these boxes, each turn revealing a new cluttered section. Eventually, they arrived at a spacious area that was strewn with large pieces of fabric-like materials.

Stepping forward beside him, the Village Chief spoke up, "These materials match the description of the fabric you requested, and they were harvested from the warrior's garden. Initially, we intended to save these for later and use the materials from Caretaker Zola's farm section, but since she's still preparing hers, you can start with these." He continued, "Feel free to examine them if you wish."

As Orion bent down and touched the material, a soft, silky sensation met his fingertips, causing his brow to raise in surprise. Having seen tulgash made from silk, but without the involvement of silkworms, he had pondered the possibility of finding a lightweight yet strong alternative to cotton or wool materials. However, this...

The realization that they could produce such a material from plants renewed Orion's understanding of why they had constructed a towering wall around the farm and positioned the strongholds nearby, rather than within the village itself.

"Yes, this will do the trick," Orion replied with enthusiasm. In the back of his mind, he pondered whether the material could also be fire-resistant. However, he knew that he shouldn't look a gift horse in the mouth.

"Perfect," The Village Chief exclaimed, his smile reaching from ear to ear. He continued, "I'll immediately send word to the two strongholds, instructing them to commence forging the requested items with the metals. They should have them delivered here by day's end. In the meantime, feel free to use these materials."

He gestured toward the array of fruits in the warehouse. "Help yourself if you're hungry or need a break. And don't hesitate to relay any messages you might have through Saria; she will make sure it gets there quickly."

Emerging from one of the wooden boxes, Saria, the tree nymph, greeted him with a warm smile. Her upper body was visible while her lower body remained hidden. She gave him a friendly wave before disappearing back into the depths of the box.

"Also, I'll make sure to personally deliver a message to your family," the Village Chief reassured Orion. "To ease their concerns, I'll provide them with 100 Kalna fruits in advance as part of our agreement."

This announcement brought a sigh of relief from Orion, who had been considering how to communicate his situation to his family. He couldn't help but imagine the thoughts racing through Ursa's mind when she saw him being taken away so suddenly by the Village Chief.

Orion nodded in agreement with the Village Chief's words, "Alright." Though his family would likely still worry, having such a respected figure relay the news would undoubtedly calm their concerns more than if a guard or someone else were to bring them the message.

Returning the nod, the Village Chief's expression turned solemn, "We'll be counting on you, young man. Until later." With that, he turned around and left, having pressing matters to attend to.

As the Village Chief departed, former Caretaker Hrok directed his attention to Orion. "I'll be close by in the garden if you require any assistance. Don't hesitate to call on me," he offered with an optimistic tone.

Orion nodded, affirming his understanding, and replied, "Alright." A genuine smile appeared on former Caretaker Hrok's face as he continued, "Just as the Village Chief mentioned, the village is

counting on you. So, give it your all." With that, he turned on his heels and left, leaving Orion to ponder in solitude within the warehouse.

Still trying to process how abruptly things had become, Orion consciously sought to regain his composure. He retrieved a piece of the material and unfurled it, stretching it to cover the empty area.

Leaning in, he tried to see if he could tear it apart with his hands; however, he stopped, realizing that he might destroy it.

Realizing he needed tools like a knife and sewing materials, Orion called out to Saria. Almost immediately, the tree nymph emerged from the wooden wall.

Her deep blue upper body contrasted with her light crimson lower body, and she had a slim figure that differed from the more voluptuous forms of Dariya or Maleia. Clad in a tight vine-like dress that exposed a significant portion of her skin, both her petite breasts and her flower, she approached. Her curiosity was apparent as she asked, "Is there something I can assist you with?"

Her gaze lingered on the young man before her, curious since only moments had passed since the Village Chief and former Caretaker Hrok had departed.