

Village Head 82

Chapter 82 Vylkr Vines

I replied with a faint smile, "I was healed back to health by the village healer," using Aunt Greta's respected title.

The village chief nodded knowingly, his eyes revealing a sense of curiosity. "Ah, yes. Greta was one of the first people Thak consulted to confirm the details of your incident. We were already aware of your healing. However, the real mystery lies in your survival. It should not have been possible," he said, his voice tinged with intrigue.

"Thus, I must ask you this question - did you experience anything unusual during the healing process or afterward?" the chief continued, his gaze fixed intently on me.

As I gazed at him, I could already sense the direction he was heading towards. It appeared that crossing the river was strictly prohibited and anyone who dared to do so was deemed an abomination, resulting in their untimely demise. Although the old me had already perished, there was no reason to divulge such information. Thus, I replied with a simple, "I don't know."

"The last thing I remembered was suddenly waking up in the healer's hut after being healed," I continued, hoping to steer the conversation away from any suspicion that the village chief might be harbouring.

The village chief remained silent for a moment, his expression betraying his suspicions. "Do you mean to say that you don't remember anything after waking up, or are you trying to avoid telling us what happened when you crossed the river?" he inquired sternly.

Without missing a beat, I nodded my head and reiterated, "I don't remember anything after waking up. Not even what happened after I crossed the river."

The village chief nodded thoughtfully, his eyes scanning my body from head to toe, as if searching for any signs of deceit. However, he soon abandoned his efforts with a deep sigh, exchanging a wordless conversation with Thak before returning his gaze to me.

"I can at least confirm that your recovery came with some consequences. If not, it would be even more difficult to believe that you walked in there by yourself and emerged unscathed," he remarked, his voice tinged with a hint of scepticism.

Pausing for a moment, he once again turned to Thak, silently conferring with him before turning back to me. "Explain everything to the boy," he said, his tone more conciliatory as he instructed.

My head swivelled towards Thak, and I watched as he nodded in understanding before focusing his attention back on me. "Now that you're one of the few individuals capable of awakening their inner strength, and with a potential of six stars no less, there's no need to keep you in the dark about the details," Thak explained, his tone grave.

He paused for a moment, as if to let his words sink in, before continuing. "On the other side of the river, deep within the untamed bushes surrounding the tall trees, lies the Vylkr. I'm sure you've heard of them before, perhaps as a frightening tale from your childhood." Thak chuckled wryly, his eyes flickering with amusement. "Even my daughter still gets nightmares just by hearing their names."

'The Vylkr,' I repeated inwardly in confusion. I didn't need to ask what it was, as Thak immediately added, "But since you've lost your memories, allow me to explain."

Thak's expression grew grim as he continued, "You see, a Vylkr is a deadly reddish-black vine that consumes anything in its path. Every life the Vylkr ensnares is immediately drained of all vitality until nothing remains but a husk of their former self." He paused, his eyes taking on a haunted look.

"However," he continued, "just because they can't cross the river and enter the village doesn't mean we're safe. The forest and the farms are teeming with vibrant life, and since they're connected to the river, they're the prime targets for the Vylkr's deadly vines."

As Thak's words sank into my mind, a sudden realization hit me like a bolt of lightning, causing me to widen my eyes momentarily. "So the Vylkr..." I began, but Thak interrupted me before I could even finish my sentence, answering the question that was still forming in my mind. "Yes," he nodded solemnly, "Several Vylkr are slowly swarming into the forest as we speak, squeezing the life out of any tree or living thing in their path. But don't be afraid, because our warriors, who have harnessed their inner strength, will soon push them back and reclaim our land."

As soon as his words trailed off, the pieces of the puzzle started to fall into place within my mind, and I began to connect the dots. So the guards stationed at the entrance of the gates weren't just keeping out unwanted intruders, but they were also safeguarding the farm from the menacing threat of the Vylkr. No wonder the village chief and everyone else were ecstatic about receiving more warriors this year. Despite my best efforts, I couldn't help but let out a sigh at the realization that such perilous beings were lurking so perilously close by.

Thak caught sight of my reaction and let out a hearty chuckle, a broad grin spreading across his face. "Don't worry yourself over it," he reassured me, slapping me on the back with enough force to make me wince. "Once we're through with your training, you'll be able to repel those vines with ease, just like those who came before you, and you won't even bat an eyelid at the thought of it."

I nodded in agreement with Thak's words, pondering the fact that the villagers had been living in close proximity to this looming danger for quite some time now. Yet, they carried on with their daily lives, seemingly unfazed by its looming presence. It was clear that the village had the necessary resources to deal with this dangerous threat, and they were doing a commendable job at it.

Suddenly, a soft knocking sound reverberated through the spacious chamber, interrupting our conversation. The village chief swiftly turned his gaze towards one of the guards, who stood stoically at the edge of the room. Without hesitation, the guard nodded silently, strode towards the door, and pulled it open with a creak.