

Village Head 100

Chapter 100 [Bonus]Gorg's Confession (2)

"And then what happened?" I asked, my tone matching my sombre expression. Gorg hesitated, his eyes clouding over with a mixture of regret and sadness. "We made a foolish decision," he admitted with a heavy sigh. "We moved closer to get a better look at the fight. But then, out of nowhere, one of the warriors lost his concentration and was attacked by a Vylkr vine." Gorg shook his head in dismay. "It all happened so quickly. They were doing so well, cutting through the vines easily with their weapons. But then, in an instant, everything changed." He paused for a moment, gathering his thoughts before continuing. "And by the time we realized what was happening, the warrior had already been dragged across the river. My sister and the other warriors were also too slow to react. But you, you were the only one who responded to his cries for help."

Gorg's fingers absently scratched the side of his nose, a slight frown creasing his forehead. "Well, I wasn't going to let you go alone," he said with a half-smile. "So, I followed you into the river without thinking twice. We both rushed to save him, even though we had no idea what we were doing."

With a pensive expression, Gorg recounted the events of that fateful day. "We were foolish to charge in without a plan," he said with a hint of regret, "but we couldn't just stand there and watch as the Vylkr vines dragged him away. We had to do something, even if it was reckless." He shook his head. "It happened so fast. You were brave, but we didn't stand a chance against those vines. When we charged in to save him, we were all captured and pulled along with him," he explained, frustration etched in his voice. "We were already halfway across the river when my sister rescued me, but the other warriors chased after you and the captured warrior. Despite your resistance, you were quickly subdued by the Vylkr vines and dragged into the forest. When the warriors freed the other warrior, who at least had managed to put up a fight, and searched for you, you were nowhere to be found." Gorg paused, then added, 'At least, that was what they told us when they returned from the other side of the river.'

"Despite their fruitless search, they eventually gave up hope and declared you dead. However, fate had other plans. Through some miraculous intervention from Naka, you emerged from the forest on the other side of the river. Although you looked a little strange - pale and sickly, barely conscious - you had struggled through the water until you finally collapsed in the river's current. Just as you were about to be swept away, we quickly reached you and pulled you back to safety."

As Gorg recounted every single detail, a deep frown etched itself onto my face. 'So, let me get this straight,' I interjected, my voice more rigid than usual. "The whole story about me crossing the river without reason, and you running to get your sister for help after I came out and collapsed in the

river, was a lie?' I asked, my scepticism evident. It was all starting to make sense now—the web of lies they had spun to conceal the truth of what really happened that day.

Gorg removed his hand from my shoulder, and I watched as he shifted his sack to support it with both hands. His expression was stiff as he took a step forward with his head bowed low, "Do you know what the number one rule of a warrior is?" he asked, avoiding eye contact with the irritated expression that creased my face.

I shrugged, "No," I responded without missing a beat.

Gorg nodded gravely and continued, "The number one rule of a warrior is to protect the village at all times, no matter the situation or circumstances. As long as one is a warrior, their utmost task is to ensure that the village and everyone in the village is safe from harm and danger. Any warrior caught breaking this rule will be severely punished. At least, that's what my sister told me."

His voice cracked as he continued, "That's why when your life was threatened by the Vylkr vine and they couldn't do anything about it, they inevitably lied about how everything had happened. They cleaned up the area and spread the word that you had crossed the river and walked into the other side of the forest for some unknown reason known only to you."

Gorg wiped his eyes with his elbow, his voice trembling as he continued, "Believe me, I tried to take you to the village healer by myself, but before I could do anything, I found myself at our hut, unconscious, after my sister rendered me so. At first, I panicked, but she explained that everything was already taken care of and that you were with the village healer receiving treatment."

Suddenly, he cleared his throat, trying to soothe his cracked voice. He took a deep gulp of air and continued with a more steady voice, "And it was only when I tried to visit you that I discovered the truth - they had lied and covered up the mess. Even my parents weren't told of the real events, and the rumour quickly spread throughout the village. So when I heard that you had lost your memory, I wanted to explain everything to you, but I decided to wait and see if you would recover first. As such..."

I knew what he was about to say before the words even left his lips. "As such, you didn't bother coming to visit me," I finished his sentence for him, my voice laced with malice. The words hung heavily in the air, casting a sudden chill over our conversation. Several seconds passed in silence before Gorg slowly nodded his head in agreement. "Yes," he finally admitted, his gaze fixed on the ground as if ashamed of his own inaction.

I didn't waste a second beating around the bush or waiting for Gorg to elaborate. As soon as he answered my question, I pressed him with another inquiry. "And even after that," I said, my tone pointed, "you didn't even consider the fact that I would be burdened with the cost of my own treatment after I recovered?" I vividly remembered the look on my mother's face when she arrived at Aunt Greta's hut to pay for my treatment.