

Village Head 101

Chapter 101 Terminating Friendship

His eyes widened as though he had suddenly realized something, and it was evident that he had understood that I had taken care of the cost of the treatment myself. Although Aunt Greta had done me a favour by bartering the cost of my treatment for something else, there was no need to mention that to him.

After a while, he suddenly spoke up, "I didn't know." He paused for a moment before continuing, "I didn't think that far ahead."

As he spoke, I couldn't help but think that I was talking to a boy who was still trying to find his place in the world. Despite being more mature than some of the brats I knew back on earth, it was clear that he was still inexperienced. As I processed everything he had just explained, my anger began to subside, and I started to calm down.

Taking a deep breath, I replied, "It seems like you were preoccupied with other things and didn't consider something so obvious and important." Pausing for a moment, I added, "But, to be honest, I can't even bring myself to be angry with you. So, there's really nothing for you to worry about."

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw his eyes widen once again as he turned to face me. "You forgive me?" he asked, hope and joy spreading across his face. But that wasn't what I meant.

"No," I firmly responded.

Confusion washed over his expression, but I pushed on. "From following you to the Vlkyr vines location when I should have refused, to charging headfirst into danger instead of staying hidden and letting the warriors do their work. If I hadn't done all those things, I wouldn't be in this mess. So there's nothing for you to worry about because I can't forgive you if I wasn't angry with you in the first place."

To be honest, it would be foolish of me to blame Gorg for everything that had transpired. The only one to blame was the former Orion, but he was long gone. I couldn't hold a grudge against a dead man especially when he was the main reason that I could transmigrate into this world.

Gorg's lips slowly curved into a smile, and he asked, "So...are we friends again?" There was a hint of hope and anticipation in his expression.

Nonetheless, although I harboured no ill feelings towards Gorg, as he was Orion's former friend, his actions and the way he handled the situation were unbecoming of someone who claims to be a friend. Therefore, I cannot make the same mistake that the former Orion did by allowing someone like him to become my closest friend.

I met his gaze and firmly responded again, "No." At first, his hopeful expression faltered, replaced with a look of dumbfounded confusion as he struggled to process my words. "The former Orion died with his memories, leaving me with no recollection of you or any belief that you are my friend." Suddenly, Gorg halted in his tracks, mouth agape and trembling with disbelief as my words sank in.

Nonetheless, I continued walking away with my final words trailing behind me, "Although we cannot be friends, we can still maintain a close relationship and conduct business together in the future," I said before closing in on Ursa and Sura's position. I paid no mind to the fact that he stood there in utter stupor.

I'm not entirely sure what he was expecting, but if he thought I would simply 'forget' everything and carry on being his friend without question, he was sorely mistaken.

"What were you two discussing?" Sura inquired, her eyes bright with curiosity. She turned towards Gorg, who now wore a sombre expression despite his earlier cheer, before redirecting her gaze towards me.

I shook my head and replied, 'It's nothing to worry about. We were just clearing some things up.'" Despite my succinct answer, the tone of my voice and the manner in which I spoke was enough to dissuade further inquiries, prompting the two girls to redirect their attention to the road ahead.

Both girls had a similar attitude of not involving themselves in matters that didn't concern them, unlike the former Orion. Therefore, I knew that their curiosity was already waning, and they were no longer interested in what had transpired between me and Gorg.

After half an hour of walking, Mr Tog suddenly made an announcement, "For those of you who have the potential to become warriors, be at the village chief's compound on the day after tomorrow. As for those who wish to work on the farm, Mrs Shani will be at the gates early tomorrow morning, so don't be late." Everyone nodded in understanding and began to disperse. As we approached the path that led to my hut, I bid Sura and Ursa farewell and started making my way home.

Of course, I noticed that Gorg was still trailing at the back of the group, with his head bowed and a solemn expression on his face. However, I decided to focus on moving forward and kept walking. At least now, I understood why he had put so much effort into building a close relationship with me. Fortunately, we've cleared the air between us, because right now my only focus is awakening my gift - nothing else matters.

After a few minutes, I arrived back at my home to find a surprise waiting for me - Reena, Gina, and Mother were all there, gathered together with a clay bowl full of Kalna and Lipry fruits.

They had planned a celebration to mark the end of my awakening ceremony and were eager to hear all about my gift and whether I had awakened it. But when I confessed that I hadn't yet discovered my gift, their faces fell in disappointment. Despite this setback, they put on a brave face and decided to go ahead with the celebration, determined not to let it dampen their spirits.

"Don't worry, Orion. The fact that your gift is taking this much time to awaken means that it's a good one," my mother said with a reassuring smile. She brought my head close to her chest, allowing me to lay it down on her plump motherly breasts as we lay on the mat beneath us.

Chapter 102 Argument

As my mother slumbered peacefully, I nestled into a cosy spot on her bare breasts, with Reena and Gina snoozing on the other side. Little did I know, my assumptions were about to be shattered as I turned my head towards them and caught Reena hastily closing her eyes, attempting to conceal her prior gaze in our direction.

With a grin spreading across my face, I resolved to carve out some time tomorrow to finally make her my partner. However, I couldn't help but observe as she drifted off to sleep after only a few minutes, likely due to the exhausting day she had on the farm. Consequently, I closed my own eyes and allowed myself to drift off, knowing that I needed every ounce of energy in order to try and see if I could awaken my gift tomorrow.

'Damn, these breasts are so comfortable' I couldn't help but think one last thought.

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After waking up the next morning, I stretched up my bones and body only to discover that I was the only one still laying down on the mat.

"You're awake," Gina's voice reverberated behind me, causing me to pivot swiftly. Before I could utter a word, the syllable "Catch" slipped from her lips, and my hand instinctively extended to grasp

the object hurtling towards me. My fingers closed tightly around the fruit, identifying it as a Lipry - its soft exterior giving way as I sank my teeth into its juicy flesh.

As I savoured the delectable flavour, Gina's voice resumed its narrative. "Reena has already gone to the farm, and Mom set out early this morning to fetch water, so I...".

Suddenly, the creaking sound of the wooden door being forced open interrupted her mid-sentence, causing us both to turn towards it with curiosity. "Oh, she's back," said Gina before hastily munching on another piece of fruit and returning her gaze back to the bowl in front of her.

In the meantime, I promptly got up from the floor and reached out to assist our mother in carrying the clay pot that she had balanced on her head. Once we had successfully taken it down, I called out to Gina who reluctantly stood up to lend me a hand in pouring the pot's contents into the tank.

As we walked back into the hut I couldn't help but notice my mother munching on one of the fruits that I had picked up earlier. She glanced at me before quizzically asking, "Aren't you supposed to be heading to the farm today?" Her raised brow gave away her confusion about my lack of urgency.

I gently shook my head and proceeded to clear up her misunderstanding, "No, not today. It's actually a free day for me. And to be honest, I don't think I'll be working on the farm anytime soon." My words seemed to take her by surprise and confused.

Her eyes scrunched up even further with confusion as she asked, "Why?" Clearly, she was trying to understand my words.

I And so, I explained to her "Apart from not having awakened my gift yet, I've recently discovered that I possess a six-star potential for my inner strength, as evaluated by the village chief." It was only after I had finished speaking that I realized I had failed to mention my intentions of becoming a warrior to my mother.

I couldn't help but let out a sudden sigh as I observed my mother's expression shifting from nonchalance to utter confusion, and then disbelief. I thought to myself, 'Thank goodness I didn't mention my plans of becoming a warrior, or it would have completely spoiled the mood.'

As she stared at me in shock, the fruit that was in her hand slipped from her grasp and tumbled to the ground. "You're going to become what?" she asked incredulously, clearly taken aback by my unexpected revelation.

Undeterred by my mother's sudden outburst, I repeated myself firmly, "A warrior. I awakened a six-star potential for my inner strength, and..."

However, before I could say another word, she sharply interjected, "No, you won't!" Her voice tore through my words and left me feeling a little stunned by her vehement reaction.

Suddenly, a frown etches itself on my face as I quickly responded, "Why?" Although I wasn't entirely sure about how warriors were paid, I couldn't help but think that their labour was at least ten times harder and more dangerous than that of the average villager. Moreover, not everyone possessed the necessary potential to become a warrior, making them an invaluable necessity for the village. Surely, all of these factors combined must mean that warriors were among the wealthiest members of the village.

Which also means that if I wanted to amass wealth rapidly, choosing to become a warrior would be my best option.

From the corner of my eye, I caught a glimpse of Gina picking up her fruits before moving to a nearby spot to observe the scene. Our mother finally responded after attempting to quell her anger. "Why?" she exclaimed. "Why?... Because if you still had your memories, you would understand that being a warrior is one of the most dangerous works to do. You could lose your life during a battle, and if I'm fortunate enough to retrieve your body, only a mere fraction will remain for Naka's blessing."

Even though I comprehended the potential dangers, nothing was going to stop me from becoming a warrior. So I replied, "If it means defending the village with you, Gina, and Reena within it, then I will gladly become a warrior to ensure your safety. Moreover, I can use the wealth accumulated from becoming a warrior to build a new hut for us and..." Abruptly, she interrupted with a piercing scream. "ARE YOU DEAF?" Her chest rose and fell rapidly as her expression transformed into a fierce scowl.

I approached her, hoping to calm her down and find a peaceful resolution, because I needed a calm day and time to focus on awakening my gift today, but before I knew it, she sprang up from her seat and lunged at me. I stumbled backwards as she crashed into me, pinning me to the ground with force. As she straddled me, she turned to Gina and screamed, "GINA LOCKED THE DOORS!" I watched in disbelief as Gina sprinted to the front door and secured the wooden locks to the wall, then did the same with the backyard door.

Chapter 103 The Unexpected Event

With a newfound determination burning in her eyes and suppressed fury barely contained, she peered down at me and spoke with a chilling tone, "Orion, you have two options: either accompany me to the market square or wait until your gift awakens and join Reena to work on the farm. I won't allow you to make me bury your corpse prematurely, so those are the only two choices you get to pick."

The sheer absurdity of her response left me dumbfounded. I couldn't help but blurt out, "Are you serious?" The words echoed in the air as I searched her face for any sign of humour.

Her scowl vanished as she answered, "Yes," but her eyes still smouldered with fury. As I looked down, I couldn't help but notice her bare, wide waist. Her tulga had risen all the way up, and her pink hole was pressed forcefully against the fabric of my tulga. With her body pinning mine to the ground, she continued to glare at me with a mix of attentiveness and fury, as if anxiously waiting for my reply.

Despite being able to easily break free from her grip, I decided not to do so. Instead, I chose to remain in her grasp and simply responded with a single word, "None."

As soon as I opened my mouth to reply, I saw her face light up with a smile, only to quickly contort into a deep frown. It was as if she had been desperately trying to suppress her anger before, but now she let it all out. To my surprise, she didn't say anything. Instead, she let go of me and stood up, striding towards the front door with purpose in every step.

Without a word, Gina stepped out of her way and we watched as she smoothly unlocked the door with a loud bang. She turned to face me and spoke with a mix of rage and desperation. "Make a choice. You can walk out of my hut and become a warrior, if that's what pleases you. Thereby, forcing me to bear the unbearable burden of knowing my son is out there on the other side of the river, fighting and protecting our village, with the knowledge that he will die sooner or later and there is nothing I can do about it."

As she spoke, her voice suddenly calmed down, taking on a tone that was surprisingly gentle. "Or you can listen to your mother and understand that I don't want you to risk your life just because we are poor." There were no tears in her eyes, but as she wiped them with her hand, a fountain of tears began to dribble down her cheeks. "And just so you know, I am incredibly proud of you for having the potential to become a warrior and earn the respect of everyone in our village. But.." She paused, then added, "the truth is, that kind of job is far too dangerous for someone like you."

A deep, tired, and exhausting sigh escaped my lips as I shook my head and marched forward. My expression hardened with each step I took towards her, and I noticed her grip on the door tightening.

After taking several more steps forward, I finally arrived in front of her, and she still had her hand firmly holding the door wide open.

Without even waiting for her to blink or come up with another ridiculous option for me to choose, I quickly grabbed the door and swung it shut, thereby removing it from her grip. And before she could say another word, I said, "I am your son, but don't forget that I am also your partner." I said, as I walked up to her and stopped just a few inches away so that our breaths washed against each other's faces and we could hear each other's heavy breathing.

'Since having a heart-to-heart talk doesn't seem to be getting us anywhere, perhaps it's time to hash it out and quarrel until there's nothing left to say,' I thought, frustration lacing my thoughts.

"As my mother, it's okay for you to caution me. But as my partner, I need to know why you're already foreseeing my death and not even giving me a shred of hope," I added, my voice firm and unwavering.

I watched as she deeply inhaled and exhaled, her chest rising and falling with each breath. Then, she opened her mouth once more and her words filled both corners of my ears like a sudden gust of wind.

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Meanwhile, in the same compound, eighty-six steps away from Orion's hut, Grandma Celia slammed her door shut with a resounding bang, her breaths coming out in ragged gasps. Without a backward glance, she bolted out from her hut and ran as fast as her legs could. carry her.

After a few seconds of sprinting, Grandma Celia stumbled to a halt, her hand flying to her mouth as she leaned over and vomited onto the clay soil road. The leftovers from her breakfast mixed with bile and spewed out of her in a torrent, leaving her feeling weak and dizzy. For a moment, she closed her eyes and tried to steady herself, taking deep breaths to calm her nerves.

For the past three days, every morning and evening, she had been plagued by a sudden urge to vomit. If she didn't throw up the contents of her stomach, she would be wracked with an agonizing pain that felt like a thousand needles stabbing her gut.

As she grew more accustomed to this unpleasant routine, she quickly dug her feet into the ground to cover up the vomit she had just expelled.

Nevertheless, now that she was done, the only thing left for her was to wash away the sour taste from her mouth. But, as she stood up and raised her head to look around, she heard a familiar voice calling out to her from behind.

Her heart skipped a beat as she turned around to see who it was.

Chapter 104 Grandma Celia's Dilemma

"Celia, are you vomiting again?" Grandma Vivian inquired, her brow furrowed in concern and confusion as she gazed at her friend. It wasn't the initial occurrence of Celia vomiting; in fact, Grandma Vivian had observed her doing the same thing just yesterday. She had even suggested that Celia seek the counsel of a healer to identify the root cause of her symptoms, after discovering her vomiting late at night while everyone else was asleep.

But what puzzled Grandma Vivian the most was the way Celia seemed to have resigned herself to her worsening condition, without even considering seeking out a healer who could offer affordable treatment. This sudden deviation from what she thought she knew about her old friend left her feeling more confused and amazed than ever before.

Grandma Celia quickly wiped her mouth clean with the back of her hand, then spun around to face the source of the voice. "Oh, don't worry about me," she reassured with a small smile, shaking her head as she confirmed that it was her hut-mate Vivian who had spoken.

Grandma Vivian shook her head firmly, her expression grave. "You're not alright, Celia. You're clearly unwell and need to see a healer," she insisted, her eyes scanning her friend's features in search of any clues to her ailment. Despite her best efforts, she could discern nothing out of the ordinary - on the surface, at least. Yet the fact that Celia had now experienced two sessions of vomiting in as many days left Vivian deeply concerned. Something was clearly amiss, and she was determined to get to the bottom of it.

Grandma Celia's head shook stubbornly as she countered, "I'm telling you, Vivian, I'm fine. No need to worry about me." Her voice was firm and resolute, conveying an unshakable confidence in her own well-being. "I know my own body, and if there was something seriously wrong, I would have sought out a healer long before now."

A deep frown creased Grandma Vivian's face as she watched Grandma Celia's chest heaving up and down, a tell-tale sign that something was amiss. Even if she had been deaf, she would have known by the frantic rise and fall of her friend's chest that all was not well. Despite Celia's attempts to mask her symptoms, Grandma Vivian was keenly attuned to the subtle cues of her body language, and she could sense that there was something seriously wrong. The air around them seemed to

crackle with a palpable sense of unease, as though the very atmosphere was charged with the weight of her unspoken concern.

"Even if you told me a hundred times over, I still wouldn't believe you," Grandma Vivian declared firmly. With a steely determination in her eyes, she clutched the clay pot balanced precariously on her head, its contents sloshing back and forth as she spoke. She had retrieved the water from the well earlier today, and now she strode purposefully towards the door, her mind made up. Whatever Celia might say to try and convince her otherwise, Vivian knew in her heart that her friend was hiding something. It was only a matter of time before the truth came out.

"Wait here, Celia. I'm going to fill up the tank and then we're going to see a healer," Grandma Vivian added, her voice echoing back from inside the hut as she pushed the creaky wooden door open. Her mind was made up, and she was not going to take no for an answer. "I'll pay for your treatment, so don't even think about arguing with me."

Grandma Celia trailed after Vivian, closing the door behind her as she entered the hut. "You don't have to worry about me, Vivian. I'm fine," she insisted, though she knew her friend wouldn't be swayed so easily. It surprised her that Vivian was so concerned about her to the point of offering to pay for her treatment. Grandma Celia knew she had to see a healer eventually, but it wasn't for the reason Vivian thought. She had her own suspicions about what was ailing her, and she wasn't quite ready to share them just yet.

Sudden bouts of nausea, unrelenting fatigue, constant vomiting, loss of appetite, and an inexplicable craving for the fruits- all these symptoms pointed towards one thing. It was something that Grandma Vivian had witnessed before, but never in her wildest dreams did she imagine she would witness it again, especially in herself. She knew that she wasn't sick, but it was something else altogether. Something that would change her life forever. Grandma Celia was pregnant, and the realization left her in a state of shock and disbelief. She was already at an age where she had lost her fertility, so how was it possible for her to be pregnant?

The idea seemed bizarre and impossible, but as she recalled the symptoms she had been experiencing lately, she knew that she couldn't ignore the possibility any longer.

'Even if I am pregnant, there must be something that...!' Grandma Celia was lost in her thoughts until she heard a sharp voice that brought her back to reality.

"Celia, you need to face the reality. Apart from your constant vomiting, you zone out at the most crucial moments, which is very concerning," Grandma Vivian exclaimed with a tired sigh. She continued, "I know you've been avoiding going to the farm and market, but I had no idea that you

were going through something like this." Pausing for a moment, she added, "We can't ignore this any longer. Let's go find a healer who can help us." Taking a firm grip on Grandma Celia's hand, she pulled her towards the door.

However, as soon as Vivian grabbed her hand, she twisted her hand tightly and forcefully wrenched it free from her grip.

Grandma Celia's sudden action surprised Vivian, who was left staring at her with wide eyes. She couldn't help but wonder why Celia was so adamant about not seeing a healer. As she observed Celia once again, she couldn't help but worry about the possibility that her illness might worsen over time and even lead to her death.

Chapter 105 Sudden Announcement

Meanwhile, as Vivian's furrowed brows suggested her determination to uncover the root of her illness, Grandma Celia conceded defeat and resolved to share her suspicions. "Alright, alright," she surrendered, "I think I know what's been making me so sick," she finally admitted.

Grandma Vivian's gaze sharpened, realizing that Celia's words corroborated her own suspicions. "Well, don't keep me waiting. What's been causing you to vomit so frequently?" she inquired, eager to hear any insight that could provide relief. After all, if Celia truly had an idea of what was afflicting her, Grandma Vivian was all ears.

Grandma Celia took a deep breath, the weight of her words heavy on her chest. She exhaled slowly, gathering her thoughts as she prepared to reveal her secret. She repeated the revelation to herself a few times, each utterance bringing a mixture of fear and uncertainty. Finally, with a sense of resolve, she parted her lips and spoke the words that had been swirling within her. "I am pregnant."

Grandma Vivian's response was initially dismissive, "Sigh! You see, it's not really hard t--," but as the meaning of the words sank in, her voice trailed off into silence.

Grandma Vivian's eyes grew wide with shock and disbelief as she slowly uttered the words, "What did you just say?" Her voice quivered with uncertainty as she struggled to process the weight of Grandma Celia's revelation.

Grandma Celia bit her lip, feeling the weight of the words she had just spoken. Despite having already revealed her secret, the thought of it still seemed inconceivable, even to her. "I am pregnant," she repeated, the words sounding almost bizarre to her ears. Strangely though, as she repeated the phrase, she felt a sense of relief wash over her. It was as if by saying it out loud, she had finally accepted the truth and could stop avoiding it any longer.

Grandma Celia was lost in thought when suddenly she felt a pair of hands gently gripping her cheeks, pulling her back to reality. She turned her gaze to Vivian, whose eyes were still widened with disbelief. A deep gulp preceded Vivian's question, "What... did you say?"

Frustrated with repeating herself, Grandma Celia let out a sudden outburst, her voice ringing through the room, "I SAID THAT I AM PREGNANT!".

Grandma Vivian's grip tightened around Celia's cheeks, her mind reeling with the enormity of the news. She turned her face from side to side, searching for any sign that this was all just some twisted joke. When she found none, she let her hand fall limply to her side, the weight of the news seeming to sap all her strength.

Just as Grandma Vivian was about to respond, the creaking of the wooden door shattered the silence. The sound of a clay pot shattering on the ground echoed through the room, as several kalna fruits spilt out from the broken shards. The sudden noise drew the attention of both of them in the room, their eyes turning towards the doorway in unison.

Grandma Celia's heart leapt into her throat as she saw Derry standing in the doorway. Her mind raced as she tried to comprehend what this meant. She had heard everything. It was clear now that Vivian wasn't the only one who knew her secret.

Meanwhile, Grandma Derry's eyes darted back and forth between the two women, taking in their expressions and body language. As she focused on Celia, her eyes widened in realization. "You're pregnant," she said, the words hanging heavy in the air. It was clear that the gravity of the situation had not escaped her, and the shock on his face mirrored that of Grandma Vivian's from moments before.

Grandma Celia winced at the sound of Vivian's question, feeling a pounding headache coming on. She rubbed her temples in frustration, trying to push away the pain as she let out a deep, exhausted sigh. She turned her head towards Vivian, the weariness etched on her face.

"I need to rinse my mouth," she said wearily. "Can you handle this for me?" Without waiting for a response, she turned and headed towards the backyard.

Grandma Vivian was still at a loss for words, her mind racing as she struggled to process the news of Celia's pregnancy. So, she was caught off guard by Celia's demand, unsure of where to even begin.

Meanwhile, Grandma Derry sprinted after Grandma Celia, determined to catch up to her. "Wait, Celia!" she called out. "Is it true? Are you really pregnant?" She caught up to her in the backyard and continued to shout, her voice growing louder with each word. "How did this happen, Celia? Tell me everything!" she demanded, her curiosity and concern getting the best of her.

Grandma Vivian felt like the weight of the news had knocked her off her feet, quite literally. She dropped to the floor on her buttocks, feeling utterly overwhelmed as she tried to wrap her head around the situation.

"Ugh, this is too much," she muttered, exhaustion creeping into her voice as she stretched her arms behind her and leaned back, her eyes fixated on the thatched roof of their hut. The weight of the situation was beginning to take its toll on her, and she couldn't even fathom how Celia was managing to handle it all.

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Gina winced in pain as she watched her brother deliver a firm smack to her mother's bare buttocks, as a means of teaching her a valuable lesson.

"SMACK!"

"UGH!"

Gina's instinctive wince returned as she watched the anguish spread across her mother's face. Despite the discomfort, she couldn't look away, finding an odd sense of satisfaction in seeing her mother receive the same treatment she had inflicted upon them during past punishments. It was a rare and strangely satisfying moment, refreshing in its own way.

"SMACK!" Orion's hands came down hard on his mother's round buttocks, giving them a tight squeeze before he released his grip and asked, "Will you do it again?" There was a hint of amusement in Orion's voice, as if he found the situation to be somewhat entertaining.

Chapter 106 Orion's Gift

"UGH!" Celeste gasped in agony as another wave of pain shot up from her butt cheeks and spread throughout her body. Without hesitation, she cried out in response, "NO! I WON'T DO IT AGAIN!" Her tongue rolled out of her mouth as Orion's heavy hands came down once more on her buttocks.

The sound of the impact echoed in the room as Celeste braced herself for the next hit, wondering how much more she could take.

"Are you sure?" Orion asked as he traced his fingers over her vagina lips, watching as she shivered under his touch. He slowly drew his hands back, hanging them in the air as he waited for her response.

Celeste nodded her head in agreement, her heart racing with a mixture of fear and anger. She had never imagined that Orion was serious when he warned her that he would punish her for throwing a tantrum, especially since she was only trying to keep him safe. After an hour of quarrelling, they had finally come to an agreement, but she never expected Orion to drag her and force her to lay across his lap. With a sharp intake of breath, she felt the first slap land on her bare buttocks, the sting of it sending shivers up her spine. It was a harsh lesson, but one that Celeste knew she wouldn't soon forget.

Nonetheless, being in such a position was excruciatingly embarrassing for Celeste since this type of punishment was typically reserved for children. Despite the humiliation, she answered Orion's questions obediently and agreed never to repeat her mistake.

"Alright," Orion nodded understandingly before he gently brought his hand down on her buttocks once more. But this time, instead of delivering a hard smack, he rubbed his palm gently over the reddened flesh, trying to soothe the pain he had inflicted on her. Celeste's body tensed up as she felt his touch, feeling a mix of discomfort and relief at the same time.

Yes, Orion didn't go easy on her, making sure she knew that he wasn't playing around and that he had meant every single word he had said.

Nevertheless, feeling her son's hand tenderly rubbing the soreness on her protruding buttocks, Celeste quickly pushed herself off of him and tried to sit on the ground. But as soon as she landed on her sore buttocks, she felt a jolt of pain shoot through her body, causing her to shiver and tilt to one side for support.

As Orion stood up, he watched his mother glare at him with a look of pure venom, but he simply waved his hand dismissively. "Next time, remember that I am not just your child, but your partner," he said, a wide smile spreading across his face as he took in her scowl. "If you want to be treated like an adult, then you need to treat me like one too."

Turning to his sister, who had been sitting on the sidelines, thoroughly entertained, Orion asked, "Gina, can you help Mom relieve the pain on her buttocks while I step out for a bit?" He didn't need

to guess her answer as she quickly nodded in agreement, adding, "Don't worry, I'm not planning on going out today. I'll be here to help her out." A sly smirk crossed her face as she watched their mother rub her bare buttocks, clearly enjoying the sight of her mother's embarrassment.

Nonetheless, Orion turned around and left through the door, closing it shut behind him as he walked a far distance away from their hut to avoid any confusion. He was determined to try and awaken his gift, but the only problem was that according to the stories he had heard from his mates, they had only awakened their gifts unconsciously while going about their daily lives.

However, Orion didn't give up hope and began doing some random things out in the open. Luckily, he had discovered a spot some distance behind the backyard of a large hut, so he didn't have to worry about people staring at him while he did these odd activities that would have made others view him as crazy.

The first girl had discovered her gift when, while stretching her body, she unwittingly unleashed a blade of wind as sharp as a dangerously honed knife. Orion, captivated by her story, attempted to imitate her movements. However, after several minutes of unsuccessful attempts, he let out a disappointed sigh and shamefully abandoned his efforts of stretching from side to side

Next, with a deep breath, he launched himself into the air, his powerful legs propelling him higher and higher. As he soared through the sky, he wished he could freeze the air around him, just as Ursa had done before gracefully touching down. But alas, his wishful thinking was cut short as gravity took hold, sending him crashing down to the ground in a painful "thud."

Orion let out a weary sigh, frustration building within him as he saw no progress in his efforts. He knew he had to try something new, so he began to experiment with a series of strange and unconventional movements that he had also picked up from their conversations, pushing himself to the limit by repeating them for minutes on end in an attempt to awaken his gift. But despite his determination and tireless efforts, nothing seemed to work. It was as if his gift remained stubbornly dormant, resistant to all his attempts to awaken it.

But, he wasn't giving up now.

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After exhausting every idea he could think of for two long hours, Orion finally collapsed onto the ground. He felt the cool, damp clay soil beneath him as he stretched out his right hand and placed it gently on his stomach. With his chest rising and falling rapidly, he took a few deep breaths, trying to catch his breath and calm his racing heart.

"Ha...Haa...Don't tell me I don't have a gift," he muttered under his breath. Despite Fiona's assurances that everyone possessed their own unique gift, Orion couldn't shake the feeling that he was somehow different, that perhaps he was the one exception to the rule. As a transmigrator, he knew that he shouldn't even exist in this new world, and yet here he was, standing on unfamiliar soil and grappling with the unknown.

As Orion's hope lay shattered, he mustered the strength to pick himself up from the ground. With his legs still bent downwards and his hand resting on his knee, he couldn't contain his frustration and let out a curse, "Damn it!" The force of his impact on the ground was so intense that it lit up a bright spark, illuminating the light around him.

Chapter 107 Orion's gift (2)

107 Orion's gift (2)

Orion's eyes widened as he blinked, confused about the sudden turn of events. 'What just happened?' he wondered to himself, his mind racing with questions.

Moments ago, when his hand collided with the ground, Orion witnessed something peculiar. It wasn't just a mere flash of light - it was something far more extraordinary. He saw several distinct, visible flickers of electric current running out of his clenched fist, sending shivers down his spine.

Orion's brow furrowed with uncertainty as he knelt on the clay soil, his mind racing with doubts. "It can't be a mistake, right?" he mused to himself, his fingers digging into the earth beneath him. "Let's try it again."

With determination etched on his face, Orion balled up his right hand into a fist and punched it into the ground. But as he blinked in anticipation, nothing happened. "Nothing," he muttered unconsciously to himself, before quickly correcting himself with a firm "No." There was definitely something missing, he realized.

Taking a deep breath, Orion tried to remember what had happened the first time. As the electric current flowed out of his fist, he had felt an overwhelming surge of anger, a desire to tear through the ground in a fit of rage. But instead, all he had gotten was a bright flash of light. Now, as he searched for that same feeling, he couldn't quite seem to summon it.

"That's it," Orion muttered to himself, his voice barely above a whisper. He took a deep breath and folded his right hand into a fist once more, his mind consumed with the emotions he had felt when his hope of awakening his gift was shattered.

Without a moment's hesitation, Orion felt a fraction of the anger and helplessness coursing through his body, tearing apart his emotions like a whirlwind. He couldn't accept the idea that he didn't possess something as magnificent and unique as a gift. With a fierce determination, Orion cracked his knuckles all at once and tightened his fist, feeling the muscles in his arms bulge with power.

With a guttural cry tearing out from his throat, Orion threw caution to the wind and slammed his fist into the ground, not caring about the pain or injuries he might incur from the impact. The sound of his fist hitting the soil was like thunder, a deafening "BAM!" that echoed through the air.

In the split second before Orion's fist made contact with the ground, something miraculous happened. Arcs of electricity shot out from his clenched fingers, stretching outwards in all directions like a fiery net. As the arcs touched the grains of clay soil around him, a small wind kicked up, pushing back a spray of sand.

But that was just the beginning. The visible blue electric current that flowed out of his fist acted like a magnet, pulling the grains of sand back towards him like an elastic band. As the arcs of electricity flowed from one grain of sand to the next, they seemed to hold together like several strings of electricity, each grain acting as a conduit for the energy that flowed through it.

With a loud exhale, Orion released the energy that had been coursing through his body, feeling a strange sensation wash over him as it dissipated into the air. He was left feeling slightly tired, but also exhilarated at the same time.

"Ha! Haa!" he breathed out again, feeling his heart pounding in his chest. As he looked around at the scene in front of him, he realized that he had finally tapped into the power that the village chief had spoken of during his evaluation. The energy that had been dormant inside him all this time had finally been unleashed.

For a moment, Orion's mind flashed back to the times when he had watched Ursa and Sura activate their gifts. He could now understand how they must have felt, the rush of power and excitement that came with it. But he quickly pushed those thoughts to the back of his mind, committed to focusing on understanding the nature of his own gift.

With deliberate slowness, Orion unclenched his fist, raising it slightly before hovering his hand over the moist clay soil. In a sudden burst, electricity surged through his fingers, crackling and buzzing along his arm. As he continued to move his hand upwards, the grains of clay soil obediently followed, as if caught in a frozen moment by the arcs of electricity emanating from Orion's hand.

Finally, with a deep breath, Orion stood up and stretched his arm out to shoulder height, still holding the hovering grains of soil captive beneath his palm.

With a sharp intake of breath, Orion let out a loud and dramatic "Haaaaa...." before quickly closing his hands into fists as if he were commanding the visible arcs of electric currents to retract back into his body.

In an instant, the crackling energy dissipated, causing the once-hovering grains of clay soil to fall rapidly to the ground with a startling "Crackle!" The sound of something tearing through the wind filled Orion's ears, causing him to jump back in alarm and widen his eyes with surprise.

The speed at which the grains fell was astonishing, so fast that Orion could barely track them with his eyes. For a moment, he stood there stunned, taking in the sudden silence that had replaced the frenzied crackling of electricity.

His eyes widened as he gazed upon the countless needle-sized holes that now dotted the ground where he had previously stood. He couldn't help but approach them, his heart racing as he realized what must have caused them.

As he examined the holes, Orion's lips remained sealed, his mind struggling to find words to describe the fear and wonder he felt at the destructive power he had unleashed. Without hesitation, he repeated his previous action, determined to see it through to its conclusion.

This time, he refused to blink as he watched the grains of clay soil tear through the ground with a force and strength that seemed impossible for such small particles to possess. A sense of awe and trepidation filled Orion as he beheld the raw power he had unleashed.

Chapter 108 Mad Celeste

"This is my gift," Orion murmured to himself, his gaze shifting to a small pack of soil at his feet. With a simple kick, he sent the soil tumbling into one of the holes, filling it up with a satisfying crunch.

As he watched the soil settle, a bright expression spread across Orion's face, his lips curving into a wide smile. "This is my gift," he repeated, each word carrying a sense of pride.

"But there has to be more to it, right?" Orion mused, an idea suddenly sparking in his mind. Without hesitation, he bent down and stretched out his hand, scooping up a handful of clay soil from the ground.

Taking a step back, Orion brought his head back and generated a large amount of spit in his mouth. With a swift forward motion, he spat onto the soil in his hand before proceeding to mould it into a ball shape. Throwing the ball upwards and catching it with his right hand, he took a deep breath, focusing on the strange energy that seemed to be flowing through him and into his hands.

"Crackle!" Suddenly, Orion's right arm was enveloped in a web of dense, bright blue electrical currents, crackling with raw power. The arcs spread upwards, engulfing his fingers and the moulded clay ball in his hand. Without hesitation, Orion threw his right arm forward, unleashing the ball with a burst of electrifying energy.

The moment the ball was covered with the electric arcs, it shot forward like a bolt of lightning, hurtling towards the ground with incredible force. As it collided with the earth, there was a deafening "Boom!" and the ground shook beneath Orion's feet. The ball tore through the soil, leaving scorched marks in its wake.

Orion couldn't help but grin in amazement. This was his gift, and it was more powerful than he ever could have imagined. With each passing moment, he felt the strange energy flowing through him, filling him with a sense of awe and exhilaration. The possibilities were endless, and he couldn't wait to explore them all.

However, as Orion surveyed the terrain around him, he couldn't help but notice the small but significant damage he had caused. Despite his initial inclination to linger, he chose to make a quiet and unobtrusive exit.

While he knew he could easily explain away the altered terrain as a result of accidentally awakening his gift, the thought of getting caught left him feeling tired as he wasn't the mood for an interrogation. Besides, the once bright sky had now dimmed, a reminder of how much time and energy he had spent outside. With a sense of exhaustion creeping in, he made the conscious decision to head back home and rest for the evening. After all, he had finally achieved what he had set out to do.

And now that he had gained an understanding of the nature of his gift and its immense potential, the only remaining challenge was to test the boundaries and discover how far he could push it.

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After an incredibly fruitful day, I pushed open the door to our humble abode, eager to catch my breath before Reena's return. Today was the day I planned to propose to her, and I needed to gather some strength back, as I was certain she would crave the same electrifying passion that our mother had experienced after watching us twice in action, with my throbbing shaft penetrating and exploring her soaked pink hole. So, I wanted to be fully prepared for the pleasures that lay ahead.

Upon entering, Gina's voice greeted me with a start, "You're back?" I nodded in response, then questioned, "Where's Mom?".

Gina's mischievous grin appeared as she pointed towards the backyard and teased, "She's working, but still trying to stay mad at you." With a dramatic pause, she added, "In fact, she's already come up with her own revenge for you. She insisted that you'll have to fetch water from the well this evening as soon as you get back."

I playfully raised an eyebrow at Gina's words, imagining my mother's determined scowl and the effort it must be taken to maintain it all day. Chuckling to myself, I strolled towards the room to retrieve the fruits. As if sensing my intentions, Gina piped up, "Hey, the clay pot and kalna fruit are behind you." She gestured towards the door, and I followed her lead, twisting my head to catch a glimpse of the clay pot resting right beside it

Gina added, "Mom instructed me to leave it there so that you wouldn't come to the backyard and disturb her while she's working." She finished with a sly grin, and I nodded, understanding the game our mother was playing. "Alright," I responded loudly, making sure our mother could hear me from the backyard. "Just let Mom know that she's too beautiful to ruin her face by scrunching it up like that."

A boisterous snort reverberated in my head as I picked up the clay pot and made my way out the door, ensuring to close it quietly behind me.

Making my way towards the well, I couldn't help but overlook the fact that my mother was simply trying to regain the dignity I had stripped from her by playfully slapping her buttocks. Rather than feel frustrated with her stubbornness, I was filled with a newfound energy as I anticipated seeing Fiona, the well woman, and possibly even deepening our connection. While I had originally planned to approach her tomorrow morning before heading to the village chief's compound, what was stopping me from enjoying her company today and again tomorrow, letting her suck on my penis and savour my sweet semen?

After what felt like an eternity of walking, I finally arrived at the well. But, as I had anticipated, a long line of other villagers had already formed, each eagerly waiting for their turn to fetch water before heading back to their huts.

Finding a spot at the end of the line, I joined the queue and waited patiently for my turn.

Chapter 109 Sightseeing From Behind

As the line gradually shortened and I inched closer to the well, I noticed that there were several more villagers lining up behind me. Unfortunately, both the person at my back and in front of me happened to be men. Sensing the awkwardness of the situation, mostly from myself I decided to keep my hands to myself since I only finger fuck women.

As the seconds ticked by, my anticipation grew with every passing moment until finally, it was my turn. With the kalna fruit clutched tightly in one hand and the clay pot in the other, I stepped forward. Fiona, who had been busy attending to the previous person, turned her head to glance at the next one in line. However, her expression quickly changed from one of disinterest to one of surprise when she realized it was me.

After quickly scanning the area, she refocused her attention on me and asked, "You came alone?" I gave a nod in response and replied, "Yes."

Her head bobbed in a gesture of understanding as she reached her hand out towards me. "The fruit," she asked, her voice laced with a note of rigidness. Without wasting a moment, I placed the kalna fruit into her outstretched palm and watched as she carefully set it aside with the other piles of fruit.

Motioning for me to follow, she gestured towards the side of the well and beckoned me to keep the clay pot there. Once I did, she prepared to activate her gift and draw water from the well to fill it up.

After setting down my clay pot with a soft thud, I watched as Fiona turned around. Her hands were bathed in a deep, green glow. Unlike the first time I had seen her use her gift, I observed her movements with a sense of detachment. She traced patterns in the air with her fingers, moving her hand around in a circular motion.

Although I'm aware that the villagers behind me wouldn't bat an eye at the sight of Fiona sucking off my shaft and eating my semen, they might become agitated and fatigued from waiting in line for their turn to fetch water. However, as I was eager to get closer to her, I couldn't shake off my reservations about doing it in such a public place. Despite this, I found myself taking a bold step

forward and stopping just inches away from her. As a result of our height difference, the top of my head gently brushed against her heavy side breasts, sending a jolt down my veiny penis. And despite my throbbing penis already being erect, it was no match for the heat radiating from her toned thighs.

The moment it touched her skin, my shaft seemed to melt into her flesh, pushing its way between her muscular thighs. As it made its way down, the slitted lion's cloth - barely covering her two protruding ass cheeks- was pushed to the side, revealing even more of her curve. It was as though my penis suddenly had a mind of its own as it pulsed, determined to explore every inch of the little space around it.

Nevertheless, because of the suddenness of my actions, Fiona abruptly halted her movements and the deep green glow that emanated from her hand receded. Slowly, she turned her head and looked down at me with a quizzical expression etched on her face. "What are you doing?" she asked, scrunching up her brows in confusion. Thinking on my feet, I pretended to be engrossed in examining the black soil inside the well as I replied, "I can't forget the first time you showed me your gift. I wanted to see it again now that I'm here," I paused for effect, then added, "In fact, I want to see it every time I come to fetch water from the well."

Out of nowhere, her serious expression transformed into a beaming smile as she burst out laughing. Although her laughter was brief, it was infectious and brought a smile to my own face. She quickly composed herself, nodding in understanding before asking, "Alright then, if you want to watch me use my gift every time you come, I'll allow it. But can you really see properly from back there? Wouldn't you prefer a better view?"

"Don't worry about me," I reassured her with a grin. "I can see everything just fine from back here. And, to be honest, I want to watch it from your point of view." As I spoke, I delicately pulled aside her loincloth, which had been in the way of my penetration, allowing my veiny cock to rest comfortably between her warm, toned inner fleshy muscles once again.

Fiona's smile returned as she agreed, "Okay, I'll let you watch." Her legs pressed together, squeezing my penis between them. It only took a moment for her to realize what was pressing against her thighs, and the sensation of my ball sacs brushing against her skin gave her a clue as to what it was.

"Watch carefully," Fiona instructed as she squeezed her thighs together, holding me in place, while I coiled my hand around her waist, trying to suppress the moan that threatened to escape my lips, and pressed my body closer to hers. I watched as her hand glowed with a deep green light, and she moved it in a rotating motion, commanding the water to rise from the black, muddy sand at the bottom of the well. With a few more gestures, she directed the water into my clay pot, filling it to the brim.

Once the water filled the clay pot, I didn't need to be told anything else. I used the opportunity to grab both of Fiona's tantalizing butt cheeks with both hands, one of which was bare and warmed my fingers as I dug it into her protruding buttocks, while the other was clothed with the piece of the loincloth that I had pushed to the side. Nonetheless, it still felt amazing as I tightly gripped her toned buttocks with my hands and pulled my scorching shaft out of her fleshy muscular thighs, pretending as though I was just using her butt cheeks as a support to pull my waist back, forcing my veiny to slide out of her inner thighs. With it, I could see the section of her inner thighs where my penis had been, soaked and dripping with my semen.

Chapter 110 Mother Knows Breasts

Yes, I wasn't really holding back because I never planned on doing so.

And as expected, Fiona's attention was drawn to the uncomfortable sensation of stickiness between her inner thighs. Without hesitation, she subtly adjusted her posture and widened her legs to investigate the source of the discomfort. Her expression turned to a frown as she directed her gaze towards me.

Feigning my embarrassed expression, I offered an apologetic explanation for the cause of Fiona's discomfort. "Sorry about that," I muttered with a tired sigh, standing in front of my clay pot. "It seems that I couldn't contain my semen and had mistakenly spilt it once again."

Fiona shook her head in disbelief, letting out a sigh before responding, "While I'm surprised by the sheer quantity of your semen. However, a little warning would have been nice so that I could have consumed it all instead of ending up with stained thighs and a sticky tulga."

She averted her gaze from mine, turning her head to take a glance at her backside, where my semen had congealed and adhered to her toned thighs, leaving an unsightly residue.

Without waiting for my response, Fiona swiftly lifted her tulga up and inserted her hand between her inner thighs, carefully scooping and brushing away the sticky remnants of my semen. Once satisfied, she withdrew her hand and brought it up to her mouth, diligently licking every last trace of my ejaculation from her fingers and palm.

While I watched her, I couldn't help but be captivated by her graceful movements. Her actions were sensual yet elegant, and I found the sight of her savouring my semen for the second time, alluring, making her all the more irresistible in my eyes.

Just when I thought Fiona was finished, she repeated the same meticulous action, determined to leave no trace of the honey on her thighs. She continued until she was satisfied that her skin was clean, with the only remnants of the sticky substance remaining on her tulga.

"I think that should be all of it," Fiona said, looking up at me with a satisfied expression. Her eyes then trailed downwards, fixing on my bulging cock that had become visible once again from watching her eat my semen and lick her fingers clean, as if it were honey.

"I..." I began to speak, but before I could say anything, a solemn cough echoed behind us. I quickly turned my head to see a woman with waist-length hair in shades of green and black staring at us with impatience. Within an instant, I suddenly realized that I had unknowingly taken more time than usual to fetch water from the well, and now it seemed I had held up the line.

Immediately, I grabbed my clay pot and balanced it on my head. With a wave of my hand, I signalled to Fiona that I had to leave and watched as she waved back.

As I walked down the path that led away from the well, my mind was filled with a jumble of thoughts. I couldn't help but think about Fiona and the way she had devoured my thick semen with such gusto, reminding me of Grandma Celia and Vivian. I made a mental note to wake up early the next day so I could spend more time with her, lost in her tongue and the warmth of her throat.

Lost in my reverie, I failed to notice how much time had passed until I found myself standing in front of our small compound. It was only then that I snapped out of my daydreams, realizing that I had been lost in my own thoughts for longer than I had intended.

Without delay, I pushed the wooden fence forward and made my way towards our hut. As I walked, I couldn't help but notice the sky beginning to darken, the sun had already set several minutes ago.

"Reena must be home by now," I muttered to myself as I reached for the wooden door. Pushing it open, I was greeted by the sight of my mother and Gina, both snacking on juicy fruits as part of their evening routine.

After I had stepped inside and closed the door behind me, Gina dashed towards me with a smile and offered to help carry the clay pot to the water tank. I gladly handed it over to her and watched as she made her way to the backyard.

Looking around, I asked my mother, "Where's Reena?" as I took a seat next to her. She replied with a smile, "She's taking her evening bath." I nodded in understanding and reached out to my mother,

coiling my arm around her lower back and gently grabbing her right juicy breast all the way from her underboobs in the palm of my hand.

My mother flinched a little as I coiled my hand around her back and tightly moulded her soft oversized breasts that spilt from my palm. She glanced down at my hand, and I could feel her ridiculous pointed nipple as I let my fingers loose.

She rolled her eyes at me before refocusing on the kalna fruit in her hand. With a chuckle, I leaned in closer to her and said, "I missed this, Mom." I teased, "Aren't you still angry with me?" as I playfully pinched her thumb-sized nipple just before she could respond. "~~MmH~~" Her response was a low moan that escaped her lips, leaving her mouth wide open. I continued the teasing by pinching underneath my mother's pink erect nipple and flicking it upwards with a smooth wave of my fingers. This elicited a rhythmic flow of moans from her lips that I couldn't help but enjoy.

"~Auh~" I didn't need to hear her quiet, hushed moans to know that she was aroused because her sensitive nipple was already standing erect and brushing against her loose top, further intensifying the pleasure she felt at that moment.

Suddenly, without warning, Gina emerged from the backyard and saw the scene, but as she always did, she chose to ignore it and sat down beside us to pick up her kalna fruit and continue eating.

"~Ah~ press mo... ~aUH~~ mother's large breast lightly.... ~Mhm~~ Orion."