

VILLAGE HEAD'S DEBAUCHERY

Chapter 17: Celeste and Greta's deep friendship

"But you didn't have to..." Celeste's voice trailed off as she watched Greta's lips move in response. Her mind raced, trying to anticipate the words that would come out next, but she was immediately interrupted by Greta.

"And don't worry about the bills," Greta said, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Because your son has already taken care of it".

However, the reaction they got wasn't what they were expecting. As Greta's words sunk in, Celeste's eyes widened in shock, and she turned to look at Orion, who was staring at them with an unreadable expression.

And before he could even understand what was going on, she had already tightly hugged him. "How? What did you do? What did you barter for your treatment?".

Celeste's frantic questions rained down on Orion without stopping. "How did you pay for your treatment?" she asked, her voice quivering with worry. Her eyes were wide and filled with concern, and Orion could feel her heart racing beneath his head as he nuzzled into her warm embrace.

As much as he loved being buried in these heavenly bountiful breasts, he knew that he had to say something to ease her worries. He opened his mouth to speak, but before he could say a word, Aunt Greta came to his rescue.

Greta's voice echoed across the clearing as she called out to Celeste, "Came done, Celeste!" Her heart racing, she knew she had to set the record straight about Orion's innocence. "Listen to me," she urged, "Orion didn't do anything

wrong, or whatever it is that you're thinking." Greta saw the suspicion in her friend's eyes, and shook her head.

"He only bartered with me for the fruits he owes me for the treatment so that you won't have to pay for them".

Still reeling from the shock, Celeste turned to her son, grasping his cheeks between her hands. "How?" she asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

But before Orion could answer, Greta interjected. "I bartered his debt with a bath session with him," she explained.

Celeste's mind was still trying to process the unexpected turn of events. She stared dumbfoundedly at her friend, before shifting her gaze back to her son. "Is that true?" she asked him, still unsure.

Orion nodded in confirmation, finally given the chance to respond to the question that had been hanging in the air.

Celeste was still in shock, but her confusion quickly turned to emotion as tears started to roll down her cheeks. "But...but...how? Why did you do that?" she asked Greta, her lips trembling.

As far as Celeste was concerned, she couldn't help but feel that this was a trick by Greta to ensure that she didn't have any debts to pay. Despite her doubts, she was grateful to have a friend who cared for her so much. It was a heartwarming realization that she would cherish for a long time to come.

However, Celeste's mind was made up - she was determined to pay back the debt, no matter what it took. But Greta wasn't about to let her friend stress over something she didn't have to.

"Don't worry, Celeste," Greta reassured her. "Your son has been blessed with magic hands, which made the bath session all the more enjoyable. Plus, I did

it because it somehow felt like a luxury," she added with a giggle, remembering how seriously Orion had taken his task of washing her body.

As Celeste listened to her friend's words, a small smile played at the corners of her lips. Greta had always been able to lighten the mood and make her feel better.

"Look, Celeste," Greta continued, "if you're able to talk with Orion and figure out a way to barter with his magic hands, then I can assure you that you won't have to worry about looking for what to-".

But before Greta could finish her sentence, Celeste interrupted her with a determined look on her face. "I appreciate the help, Greta," she said firmly, "but I can't let you shoulder my burden. I'll figure something out".

Regardless, it would have been better if she had been told that her son had done some work around the house, than being told that he had bartered half of the payment for his treatment for some bathing sessions.

And now, she doesn't only feel happy but ashamed.

Meanwhile, while the argument took place, Orioin had already pulled out his hands away from her backside and had taken a distance in order not to participate in whatever was coming.

Greta stared at Celeste for a moment, taking in her friend's determined and furious expression before understanding dawned on her. Nevertheless, she laughed. "Hahahaha!!!".

"What's funny" Celeste narrowed her eyes at Greta.

Greta shook her head and wiped away the fake tears from her cheeks before responding to Celeste. "Silly girl, do you think that I'm looking down on you, and that you won't be able to come up with the number of fruits needed for your son's treatment?".

Celeste was at a loss for words, feeling a mix of emotions - embarrassment, shame, and gratitude all at once. "But... but..." she tried to respond, her words breaking down into mumbling nonsense.

"Shhh," Greta held a finger over Celeste's lips and walked towards her. The moment she was within arm's reach, she pulled her friend into a tight hug, allowing her head to sink into her chest just like she had hugged Orion.

Greta stretched her lips towards Celeste's ears and whispered into them, "By now, you should know that I would never look down on you or take part in anything that would degrade you.

We have been sincere friends for a very long time, so why do you think I would lie about your son bartering with me?" She combed Celeste's hair gently before removing her hands that were wrapped around her and turned Celeste towards Orion.

"Go ahead. Even though it pains me that you still doubt me, I am sure that you will not doubt your own son. So go ahead and ask him one more time if what I said was a lie" Greta smiled towards Orion.