

## Village Head 22

### Chapter 22 Grandma Celia Is Doing Chores

Grandma Celia's eyes widened in surprise. Normally, she was expecting him to dismiss her as usual before he ran away to some corner to take a nap until he was called back home. Nonetheless, a thought instantly hit her head, and she exhaled in understanding, 'I had almost forgotten that you lost your memories.' She thought.

She stretched her hand and ruffled his hair. "Sorry about that, dear. Hopefully, you'll get back your memories in time before the awakening ceremony."

Despite the inner resistance, she couldn't help but admit that the new Orion seemed like he would be easier to work with than the former one.

However, Orion's brow wrinkled in confusion as this was the second time he had heard about the awakening ceremony. Although from what he had seen and heard, he could already figure out what it was, but without proper context, he was still confused about what it really entailed.

Observing Orion's deferent gaze, Grandma Celia invited him inside her hut with a warm smile. "Come on, let's go in."

Orion nodded and walked in.

Orion's senses were immediately awakened by the resounding 'Click!' of the closing door, and as he turned to face the room before him, he couldn't help but take in the view. His initial assumption was that the hut's interior would at least resemble Aunt Greta's hut, but he was proven wrong.

The walls were hugged with two small wooden stools, and at the centre, two strikingly patterned red and brown mats lay stretched out on the ground.

What caught Orion off guard was the abundance of possessions that surrounded him, from the other two mysterious rooms to the door that seemed to lead to the backyard. It was a far cry from Aunt Greta's hut.

Well, if he goes by this world's logic, then it would be that these women had enough saved enough to afford such necessities.

'Hmm! I wonder how a rich person's home would look like' Orion thought as grandma Celia pointed towards the mat.

"Stay here for some while, I need to take finish some of the housework before the others come back home," Grandma Celia said and immediately left, wanting to allow the boy to have some rest.

Meanwhile, Orion was in no mood to rest as he stared at the full fleshy aged ass in front of him. He watched as grandma Celia walked into one of the rooms with her dress stuck tucked in-between her ass cracks.

He immediately freed his dick from within his lap and let the throbbing cock breathe some fresh air as it stretched forward, dragging his tulga up with it.

'Should I go, or let me sit this one out?' Orion pondered within his mind for several minutes on whether he should go and try his luck on Grandma Celia or wait till he is ready to go home since he doesn't really know when Reena would be coming back to get him.

With a determined thought, Orion stood up from the mat and strode purposefully towards the room where Grandma Celia had disappeared into. 'Fuck it! Besides, I need to know my limits in this world,' he thought resolutely.

As he pushed the door open, he gazed around the room with curiosity. 'So it's a kitchen?' Orion chided himself for not realizing it sooner. After all, every home, no matter how primitive, must have a kitchen.

The sight of the fruits that Aunt Greta had carried out from the same room should have been a dead giveaway.

Well, he couldn't blame himself since he had other things in mind.

Orion felt his dick grow harder as he looked at grandma Celia's protruding ass as she does the dishes, washing the wooden plates as she hummed to herself, not knowing that he was behind her.

Since she didn't pick up his entrance as he entered the kitchen, Orion walked forward with a plan in his mind.

He pulled up his tulga and made sure that it was now on top of his veiny exposed cock and walked towards her, positioning his penis. Unknowingly, his precum began to leak and stain her dress the moment it penetrated into her ass-crack, and was sandwiched by her buttocks.

Grandma Celia yelled and turned around in surprise, only for the bountiful breast to brush against Orion's face, which he gladly welcomed and even sniffed in some of her unique body fragrance.

"Orion, what are you doing here?" Grandma Celia exclaimed, her hand instinctively reaching for her chest as if to calm her racing heart. She had been taken aback by the sudden appearance of the young boy in her kitchen, thinking for a moment that she was being pranked.

"I was bored and didn't feel like taking a nap, so I came here to see what you were doing," Orion replied smoothly, reciting his rehearsed lines with ease.

Grandma Celia nodded in understanding. 'Oh, I see. Since he just came back from the village doctor, he probably doesn't feel like sleeping,' she mused to herself.

"But watching me do the dishes would only make you more bored than you already are," she added with a kind smile, hoping to find a more engaging activity for the young boy.

"Don't worry grandma Celia, I won't get bored," Orion said as he looked at those nipples calling for him to suck them. "And besides since you are also here alone, it won't be bad for us to provide each other some company".

Grandma Celia was taken aback by Orion's request. 'Provide each other some company,' she repeated the words in her head, contemplating the situation. Should she be happy that this new version of Orion was more likeable than his previous self, or should she be sad that he would eventually regain his memories?

She gently slapped her right cheek before letting out a sigh of relief. 'I have already lived past my prime, so I shouldn't project my selfish needs onto a young boy,' she reminded herself.

After a few moments of contemplation, Grandma Celia looked at Orion and nodded her head. "Alright, you can stay. But I will soon head to the backyard to sweep it, so you can follow me if you'd like, until you feel tired and need to rest," she offered kindly.

"Okay" Orion nodded and watched as Grandma Celia turned around to continue washing the dishes, 'It's now or never' He thought to himself as he stretched his hands forward to grab her fine curvy aged-ass.