

## Village Head 34

### Chapter 34 [Bonus ] Fetching Water

I watched as Gina walked out of the room to bring Reena to me so that she could enjoy Kushi with me, while I waited because I also wanted to fuck her pussy this morning and release whatever was in my balls to avoid getting sidetracked as I searched for information about this new world. Coincidentally, the door leading to the backyard opened, and my mother emerged in her usual attire, carrying two clay pots, with a small plastic bowl filled with two fruits sitting atop her head, an unexpected but welcome interruption to my musings.

I rose from my seat as my mother approached me and signalled for me to take one of the clay pots. "Follow me," she instructed, leaving me perplexed.

My confusion must have been evident because my mother chuckled and playfully tapped my nose with her knuckles. "Don't think for a second that I'll agree to your and Reena's plans for Kushi morning and night," she warned. "I don't want you two getting distracted, and yesterday was enough. Just because you want to indulge in Kushi doesn't mean you're exempt from work."

I heaved a deep sigh, acknowledging that for the first time, she was making a lot of valid points. "Alright," I nodded my head once more and stretched out my left hand, which wasn't gripping onto the clay pot, and said, "Lead the way." Because at the end of the day, I still had dick-throbbing gilfs waiting for me at the back of out hut.

Her amused smile made my heart skip a beat as she walked ahead, and I couldn't resist stealing a glance at her forever stunning protruding behind. However, I kept my hands to myself this time as she seemed preoccupied, and any sudden movement could cause the fruit on her head to tumble or lead to an unnecessary mistake that could have been avoided.

Also, I was a little enthusiastic about exploring my new surroundings, so I made a conscious effort to take my time and remember the new route we were taking today, unlike the one we took yesterday. To my delight, we crossed paths with some of the other villagers who lived in the area, approximately 25 of them.

I couldn't help but notice that some of the men were dressed similarly to me, wearing a cloth-like skirt around their waist. Others wore a type of cloth that looked like a top was sewn to the skirt, which was Gina's style of dress.

As for the women, they strutted around in either a crop tube top or a normal sewn shirt, complemented by a cloth tied around their waist in various styles. The fabrics of these clothes varied in length, reaching down to the bottom of their knees or stopping at the centre of their thighs. Some of them were barely enough to cover half of their buttocks as the fabric continuously rose and fell as they walked to their various destination,

Interestingly, I noticed that a significant proportion of the women in the village had a body type similar to Reena's - slim, perky or flat. However, a smaller percentage had either a voluptuous chest or a curvaceous butt, with one of the other features being more pronounced.

My own mother had both of these features, and I had only seen a handful of other women who resembled her figure. It reminded me once more why they were deemed unattractive, something which I still couldn't help but feel grateful for because of other various personal reasons.

As for the men's preferences, I couldn't begin to understand them. However, one thing was clear - women like my mother were in the minority, and that was something I appreciated.

Though I must admit, I felt a tinge of sympathy for my mother and her situation, but the sight of the attractive women around me and the fact that I could easily stick my dick into any one of their holes made it difficult to keep a straight face as a smile appeared on my lips.

We soon arrived at a line that seemed to be forming towards a well, my mother wiped the sweat off her face and exclaimed, "Here we are. Thankfully, we came early before the line got longer."

She then proceeded to pull me forward by the arm, and I followed without resistance, positioning myself in the line behind a woman and with my mother behind me.

"Alright," I replied, obliging to my mother's request. As I stood in front of her, I watched as people who had gotten their clay pots or buckets filled walked away with them balanced on their heads.

Upon closer observation, it appeared that the plastic buckets were more expensive than the clay pots, as they were only seen in the hands of a few people. The fact that my mother had a small plastic bucket and was not financially stable cemented that idea in my mind.

Despite my curiosity about the process of making the plastic buckets, I realized that I needed to defer this investigation to a later time when I could learn more about it from someone in the village. For now, I dragged up the skirt of the woman that stood in front of me and snuck my hand up her

perky ass. Her ass wasn't overly huge or small but was average, so I took my time and enjoyed her plumb cherry asscheeks. e

"Huh!"

As my hand was underneath her skirt, I heard a sudden sound of confusion and surprise coming from the woman in front of me. She turned her back towards me and stared at me, but then she shook her head and continued to face forward, as though nothing had happened.

I guess that she was just startled and that's all.

Feeling a mix of thrill and pleasure of doing this for the first time in public, I continued to play with the unknown woman's butt, shaping and pressing them into different shapes with my hand. My mother, who had noticed my actions from behind me, chose to disregard them and acted as if nothing had happened.