

Village Head 36

Chapter 36 Daily Housework

I watched, transfixed, as she twisted and rotated her hands around the well, conjuring up a massive quantity of water that rose up as though it were being supported by an unseen force.

As Fiona gestured towards our claypots, the water flowed towards them with remarkable precision, filling them up to the brim without spilling a single drop. It was a sight to behold as she effortlessly repeated the same gesture, filling the second claypot to the brim with the same level of precision and accuracy.

"Is that all?" Fiona's gaze trailed over my figure and paused briefly on the bulging tent in my pants before quickly flickering past it and focusing on my mother.

"Yes, that's all," my mother responded with a nod before turning to me and saying, "Come on, Orion, let me help you and put the pot on your head."

I nodded in agreement and bent down slightly to grab hold of the claypot, observing as my mother also crouched down to pick up the pot and place it securely on my head.

Once I had successfully balanced the claypot on my head by straightening my back, I observed as my mother called out to Fiona for assistance with her own claypot. Without hesitation, the rippling muscular woman obliged, swiftly placing the pot on my mother's head.

Fiona then turned to the next person in the queue, ready to assist them with filling their own claypot as we made our way past the long lqueue and headed back home.

While we were still on the road, I still couldn't help but be mesmerized by the discovery of another fascinating woman whom I wouldn't mind putting in a cowgirl position. However, the fact that Fiona had used magic was still on my mind. It was a concept that I had only seen in action by Aunt Greta, despite having heard about it from others.

"Hey, mom," I called out to her, unable to contain my curiosity after we had walked a little distance away from the well.

Without breaking her stride, my mother turned her head slightly towards me, her eyes curious. "What is it, Orion?"

I thought about it for a moment before finally blurting out my question. "Does the woman by the well have an ability like Aunt Greta does?"

"You mean Fiona's water-based ability and Aunt Greta's healing power?" my mother clarified.

"Yes" I replied eagerly, eager to know the answer.

She chuckled softly before explaining, "Well, I can't reveal much about it except that those were the abilities they awakened during their awakening ceremony. And to avoid confusion, you will have to wait until yours, which is coming up in a few days, to get a better understanding of it." She finished her explanation with a sigh, then slowed down a little, stretching her hand backward to remove a piece of fabric that was stuck between her incredible buttocks.

"Alright, mom," I responded, understanding that I would have to wait for the village chief to call for my presence before I could get answers to all the unanswered questions in my head.

As I observed my mother's frustration in trying to reach the elusive piece of fabric that had nestled itself between her and crack, causing her discomfort, I felt amused and quickly offered to help.

"Let me help you with that, mom".

A deep sigh of relief entered my ears as she said, "Thank you. The cloth has been rubbing across my bum hole, so it will be nice if you bring it out from there a little.""

There was no need for me to reply as I immediately stretched my left hand forward and latched it against the softness of her firm large ass.

To get the fabric off of the centre of her ass cheeks only required a little tug, but as we made our way down the dimmed reddish clay road, I expanded my knowledge on this world's public sexual restraints by assaulting my mothers butt, and even going as far as sneaking my hand underneath her clothing and fondling her bare soft naked ass as we passed by several villagers who were walking in the opposite or the same direction as us.

"Ah~ What are you doing, Orion?" She asked, probably feeling my hand slipping into my asscheeks and playing around her butt hole.

"I'm keeping my hand in your cheeks so that, in case your clothing slips in, I can quickly prevent it and pull it out," I responded smoothly.

As I looked down, my eyes locked onto two women and a man who nonchalantly observed my actions before withdrawing their gazes and continuing on with their nonchalant demeanor.

Yes, their reactions were expected, but the thrill of the moment was all that mattered to me at that point.

With nothing left to do but idly caress her buttocks, I only withdrew my hand after a few minutes. It was then that I noticed we were approaching our hut.

We made our way past the gates and fence, steadily walking towards our hut.

Upon pushing the door open, I found the hut eerily quiet.

"It seems like Reena has gone to work, and Gina has fallen asleep after eating her breakfast," my mother said as she led me to the backyard.

Upon reaching the backyard, we approached a large clay pot, which resembled more of a water tank, my mother deftly shifted the lid and poured water from the clay pot inside. She then helped me pour my own water inside the vessel.

"Alright, that should be enough," my mother said, clapping her hands a few times before letting out a tired sigh. She then turned towards me and said, "Usually, it would be Gina who helps me with this, but due to your memory problem, you'll be the one to assist me in fetching water from the well every morning and evening, okay?"

Although I must admit to being the lazy type, since I don't usually walk for miles just to fetch water, however, the chance to get closer to a stunningly curvy scantily dressed Amazonian woman was too good to pass up.