

Village Head 41

Chapter 41 A Visit To Grandma's Celia's Hut

As Orion stood there, mesmerized by the emerald glow emanating from Celeste's hands, he felt a sense of awe wash over him. The wet clay seemed to come alive, moving and shaping itself into a beautiful claypot under his mother's skillful hands. The surrounding was filled with the scent of earth and the sound of the potter's wheel turning.

Sweat glistened on Celeste's forehead as she worked, her eyes focused on the task at hand. Finally, after what seemed like hours, the claypot was complete, rising up from the wheel and hardening into a beautiful, sturdy vessel.

"That's it," Celeste exclaimed, wiping the sweat from her brow. Orion couldn't help but marvel at his mother's talent, but he was also curious. "So what do you think?" she asked, turning to face him.

"It's amazing," he replied, his eyes still fixed on the claypot. "But is this all your gift can do?"

Not that he was disappointed, but he had just witnessed a remarkable feat: a woman drawing water from a well without a sow. So, when he saw his mother shaping a clay pot, it seemed a bit underwhelming in comparison."

"Well, I can do much more than this if you want to see," Celeste exclaimed, buoyed by her son's praise. She felt a surge of pride knowing that she possessed such a gift and could showcase it to her son.

As Orion nodded in response, Celeste rose to her feet and strode over to the sand clays. She turned to face her son and said, "Watch this!" A proud smile illuminated her face as she extended her hand over the sand clay, which shimmered with an emerald radiance.

As Celeste continued to work her magic, the clay sand swirled and coalesced into the form of a mortar and pestle, with intricate details etched into its surface. Orion's amazement grew as he watched his mother's skill and precision at work.

"So you can mold the clay into any shape you want," Orion marveled, his mind racing with the possibilities of his mother's gift. In a primitive world where even the most basic tools were made of clay, her abilities could prove to be invaluable.

Celeste nodded in agreement, using the back of her hand to wipe away the beads of sweat that had formed on her forehead. She let out a tired sigh, explaining the limitations of her gift to Orion.

"The size and complexity of what I can make depends on how long it will take me to complete it or whether I'm capable of doing it at all," she said, her voice laced with fatigue. "Currently, I can only use my gift to make one clay tank a day, or a maximum of six clay pots. Anything more than that would leave me exhausted or unconscious. However, if I do small tasks like adding water and mixing on the wheel, I can reduce the stress and make up to three more clay pots."

As she spoke, Celeste couldn't help but wish that her gift allowed her to do more. She knew how useful it was to the village, but she had to accept the limitations of her abilities.

So it wasn't as powerful as I had thought," Orion internally sighed in disappointment. Abruptly, he remembered the Amazonian well woman and couldn't help but think if her ability also had a limit to the quantity of water that she could control. In fact, the more he thought about it, the more he believed that she did..

"Alright, now that we are done showing you what I can do, you can leave and find something to do to keep yourself busy," Celeste said to her son, shooing him away as she knew that she wouldn't be able to get any work done if he was present.

With understanding, Orion nodded his head and left the backyard. He walked into their supposed living room and decided to see what was in the other two rooms.

"Click."

He opened the door and walked into the first one. Seeing several piles of the strange fruit that he had been eating in the corner, a clay-molded sink, and some stacked wooden bowls and plates, he could already tell that this was their kitchen.

Without hesitation, he closed the door and walked into the next room.

A quiet snore assaulted his ears as he saw his younger sister sleeping on a mat with different piles of clothes surrounding her. "This must be our room," he thought. Quietly closing the door to avoid waking up his sister, Orion walked into the living room and couldn't help but sigh at how there was barely anything that could keep his attention hooked for hours.

At least now he understood why Gina was still sleeping at this hour. After several seconds of bouncing around from one thought to another, Orion finally made up his mind and sighed in defeat. "What can I do when the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak?" he muttered to himself as he stepped out of their hut, making sure to close the door, and walked towards Grandma Celia's hut.

On his way, he didn't even bother looking at the neighboring huts and simply made his way straight to the aged woman's hut. After a minute, he arrived.

"Knock! Knock!"

Patiently waiting for several seconds, Orion knocked again as he didn't get a response. He knocked several times and was about to leave, thinking that nobody was home until the wooden door was abruptly pulled open

"Who is there?" The sound of a woman's voice rang in his ears as the door was finally pulled open to reveal the owner of the voice. "Oh, sorry for keeping you waiting, I wasn't expecting any visitors this morning," Grandma Derry said as she stared at Orion in surprise

Meanwhile, Orion couldn't help but gulp at the amazing sight in front of him. In front of him was Grandma Derry, her body wet and dripping. Her huge melons was hidden unsuccessfully behind a small piece of cloth that revealed her inner thigh and beautiful legs.

Regardless, Orion didn't lose his composure and responded, "Is Grandma Celia in?" he asked