

Village Head 49

Chapter 49 Going Home On Time

As she gave a subtle nod of understanding, her eyes fixed on the tulga, she slowly descended to her knees, to cover my hard veiny penis with it. But as she began to tug it down, her fingers grazed against my throbbing shaft, sending a jolt of electricity through my body, causing my already erected penis to pulsate with pleasure under her skilful touch.

Despite her initial efforts, the cloth stubbornly refused to budge over my erect penis. Frustrated, Fiona abruptly shifted her focus to it, wrapping her wide delicate fingers around it and gently pumping it downwards. As her touch sent a wave of warmth through me, she deftly pulled the tulga downwards, completely covering my private parts in a fluid motion.

My breath hitched involuntarily as her hand brushed against my foreskin, rubbing away my precum while she withdrew it from under my tulga. "Uhh~," I let out a quiet moan, unable to control my reaction to her touch.

I kept my gaze fixed on her as she stood up and straightened her back, her hand still outstretched as she gazed at the thick whitish liquid on her finger, confusion etched on her face. Suddenly, her expression changed to one of realization as she spoke, "This is your...". Before she could finish, I interjected, "That is my semen", letting out a deep sigh. "It seems that I mistakenly cummed while you were holding my erected penis. And my mother even told me not to waste it," I added, faking a slight embarrassment.

"Don't worry about it," she said reassuringly, "It's completely natural for a young boy like you. But as you grow older, you'll learn to control yourself." She nodded understandingly and flashed a warm smile. Although all I wanted was for her to wrap her firm hand around my hand and pump it a little, what happened next made me gulp down my saliva.

Fiona extended her hand towards her mouth and savoured my thick whitish semen that coated her fingers, swallowing it with relish. As she turned her attention back to me, she remarked, "You see, not a drop of your semen went to waste."

I nodded in response and managed to utter a soft "Thank you." She nodded back and observed me as I turned around to head back home. On the way, I strolled past some villagers who were already queuing up in the middle of a long line leading towards the well. Some of them courteously greeted me, and I reciprocated while hurrying across the reddish clay road to reach home on time. If my mother's information was correct, then I had to be there before the messenger arrived.

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It took me roughly thirty minutes to make my way back home due to the distance and the poor road condition. As I approached our hut, I pushed the fence open with one hand and closed it behind me.

Coming to a stop in front of our hut, I extended my hand once more and knocked on the door. The voices I had heard from inside abruptly fell silent, and several sets of footsteps echoed, indicating that someone was approaching the door.

"Who's there?" a voice called out from behind the door. I didn't even need a split second to recognize the owner of the voice.

"Come on, you guys haven't forgotten about your brother so soon, have you?" I exclaimed with a deep, loud sigh. As expected, the wooden door suddenly flung open, and a small figure came dashing out, screaming, "Brother!".

I quickly shifted my body to the side, positioning myself so that she missed me and fell to the ground. 'Phew! That was a close call,' I sighed internally.

"Brother... sniff!" Gina, lying flat on the ground, turned her tearful eyes to me.

I wanted to reply, but my mother's voice suddenly boomed, and her figure came into view. "Stop blaming your brother when you were the one who ran into him," she said with an amused tone in her voice. "Come on, get up and dust yourselves off. I don't want the village chief's messenger to see you like that."

Gina quickly dried up her fake tears, and Reena walked out to help me carry the clay pot from the top of my head. But not before painfully pinching my arm and the side of my stomach with her strong fingers.

"You deserve it," were the last words she whispered into my ears before walking back into the hut to pour the water into the tank.

Observing the different reactions of my sisters, I was about to enter the room when my eyes locked with my mother's. I looked away, trying to act nonchalant, but suddenly felt her hand catch my ears.

"Ouch!" I exclaimed, wincing in pain.

As soon as she realized her actions had hurt me, she quickly released my ears and flicked her finger across my forehead with enough force to make me massage it carefully.

"Why did you go out alone to fetch water without informing me? Didn't I tell you that the Village chief's messenger would be arriving today? Besides, we already have enough water in the tank, so you should have just waited until tomorrow or even until the evening," scolded my mother with a hint of annoyance in her tone. Her gorgeous black hair swayed back and forth as she ranted about my actions and their consequences, pointing out the various difficulties that could arise if I missed the messenger.

Despite her rebuke, a small smile crept across my face as she continued to lecture me.

All of a sudden, she fell silent and knit her eyebrows together in a scowl as she glared at me. "Why are you smiling?" she demanded. "Do you think that I can't punish you for your actions?" her voice laced with a mixture of bewilderment and irritation.

In response, I simply shook my head and replied, "'You know, this might just be the first time since I lost my memory that I've ever seen you angry, and even with that fiery look on your face, you still manage to take my breath away with your beauty.'" As I watched her stunned expression slowly fade into one of defeat, I couldn't help but feel a sense of satisfaction wash over me.