

Village Head 52

Chapter 52 The Village Chief's Compound

"Mom," Orion called out, his voice snapping her out of her daze. "You look tired," he observed, concern etched on his face as he took in the heavy bags under her eyes. "I can tell you didn't get as much good sleep as I did."

As Celeste's anxious figure caught Orion's attention, understanding suddenly flashed within his eyes. He exhaled deeply and added, "Are you worried about my awakening ceremony?"

As Celeste caught her son's intense gaze and listened to his question, she nodded slowly, a wry smile creeping upon her lips. "I can't help but wonder what kind of gift you might awaken," she said, her voice faltering slightly as emotions threatened to overwhelm her. "Perhaps it will be a useful gift, one that allows you to live the life I never could give you. Or perhaps..." Her voice trailed off, and she fought to control the tears that threatened to spill from her eyes. She couldn't bear to voice her worst fears aloud.

Orion wasted no time in walking over to Celeste, gently wiping away the tears that had landed on her cheeks. As he dried her tears, he locked eyes with her and said, "Look outside, it's almost morning. Instead of washing up, I'm here comforting you. If you keep behaving like this, I might actually fail my awakening ceremony and receive a points deduction."

Celeste's eyes widened as she glanced out the window and saw that the sun was about to rise. They still weren't ready to go to the village chief's compound. She quickly sprang to her feet and pushed Orion towards the backyard so he could have his bath.

Orion followed Celeste outside and watched as she fetched water from the tank for him to use. He took his bath as she went back inside the hut, smiling at her care and concern but also eager to pass his awakening ceremony and begin his new life as a gifted individual.

Inside the hut, Celeste quickly woke up her two daughters, shaking their shoulders gently. "Wake up, both of you," she urged. Within a few seconds, they sat up, rubbing the sleep from their eyes.

"It's morning," Celeste reminded them. "Today is the day your brother goes to the village chief's compound. We can't afford to be late." Her tone was stern, and both girls quickly recalled the importance of today.

Gina was the first to jump to her feet and join Orion in taking her bath. Reena followed soon after, knowing that she needed to drop Orion off at the ceremony before heading to the farm for the day.

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Orion mentally checked off the items on his mental checklist as he walked towards the hut with the fence. "Extra tulga, check. Wooden chip, check. Arrive on time..." he thought, ticking off the last item as he approached the fence-enclosed hut that he could see from a mile away.

As he got closer, he noticed that the fence was not randomly put together like the ones around his own hut and others in the village. Instead, it was carefully crafted, forming a proper fence around the three large huts that rose above it, giving the place a sense of grandeur and importance.

Reena's eyes traced the contours of Orion's arms as they coiled around her waist. At times, he would tenderly squeeze her buttocks or shift his grip to encircle her breasts, leaving them exposed to the chill of the morning breeze. But now, his gaze was fixed on the village chief's compound, his expression distant and unfocused. Unable to contain her curiosity, Reena inquired, "Are you feeling nervous, brother?".

"No need to worry, sis. I'm not nervous," Orion replied, his fingers still sticky with his elder sister's pussy juice as he continuously dipped it into her vagina. "I'm just surprised at how massive it is," he continued, savouring the sound of his sister's hushed infrequent moans as he spoke. As they arrived at the gates, he withdrew his hand and retrieved the folded tulga from his mother, who had held it for him on their way there.

In a matter of seconds, Orion deftly unfolded a portion of his tulga and retrieved a wooden chip, which he promptly handed to the left guard stationed at the gate alongside his counterpart. Despite wearing a similar tulga to Orion's, the guards sported a thick, brown, high-waisted fabric wrapped around their lower stomachs, which appeared to be stitched onto the garment itself. As they nodded in confirmation and handed back the wooden chip, Orion's eyes wandered to the hand-crafted wooden spears each of the guards held. This was the first time he had encountered weapons in this world.

At first, Orion had believed this place to be a paradise where a man could fuck as they pleased until his final days. However, his internal sigh of resignation was tempered by the realization that 'In some ways, it still was a paradise' he thought.

With this in mind, he led his family into the village chief's compound, his footsteps sure and steady.

As soon as he stepped inside, he was greeted by the bustling sight of the village chief's compound already teeming with other villagers who had arrived earlier than him. Judging by their sheer numbers, he estimated there were at least forty individuals, a diverse mix of men, women, and even children his age.

Orion scanned the bustling crowd, observing the different groups of people chatting and socializing with each other. He was tempted to keep to himself, but he knew that it wouldn't do him any good to be a lone figure in a sea of strangers. As he was pondering who to approach, he noticed a few figures making their way towards him.

"Orion!" Suddenly, a voice cut through the bustling crowd, calling out his name. He turned to see a boy around his age, accompanied by a man and woman who appeared to be in their late forties.

As the trio approached, Orion couldn't help but reflect on his previous assumptions. Had the previous version of him been an introvert who kept to himself, or had he made friends and colleagues in this world? After careful consideration, he had ultimately leaned towards the later assumption, reasoning that it was reasonable for the former to at least know a few people in this world.