

Village Head 53

Chapter 53 [Bonus] Gorg And His Family

Orion felt a sudden jolt as the boy ran towards him, his hands wrapped around him tightly as if he was a lifeline. Relief spread across the boy's face, and he said "You know, I thought I had lost you when you slipped into the river unconscious after coming out from the other side and didn't resurface. I was so scared," The boy continued, tapping Orion's back a few times before pausing. "But, thankfully, sister and some of the other villagers were there to save you and take you to the healer." The boy let out a tired sigh before releasing Orion from his grip and smiling at him. "Regardless, it seems that Miss Greta was able to heal you and restore you to full health."

Despite the boy's efforts to engage in friendly chatter, Orion remained silent, feeling overwhelmed and exhausted by the ordeal. Instead, he opted for the most logical approach and posed the question, "I'm sorry, but could you remind me of your name?".

The boy's expression quickly turned from joy to shock as he stared at Orion in disbelief. "You don't remember me?" he asked, his voice quivering with uncertainty.

Orion mustered up a pained expression and shook his head. "I'm afraid not."

The boy's hands slowly slipped off Orion's shoulders, and he took a step back, his eyes wide with confusion and disbelief as he continued to stare at Orion.

As the tension mounted, Orion suddenly heard his mother's voice cutting through the uneasy silence.

"The reason Orion can't remember anything is because he lost his memories when he was recovering," Celeste explained, stepping in to ease the tension as she noticed the disbelief etched on the boy's face. "Unfortunately, even though he was healed, his memories were lost, and Miss Greta's healing powers are unable to bring them back."

As the boy listened to Celeste's words, his expression softened and transformed into one of pity. Without hesitation, he hugged Orion once again, wrapping his arms tightly around him. "Phew! I was afraid you were pretending not to remember me, brother," he whispered in Orion's ear before releasing him. "Well, since you don't remember me, let me reintroduce myself. My name is Gorg, and I'm your best friend." He then turned to the man behind him and gestured towards him. "This is my father, Daman."

Daman nodded in response to Orion's words. "It's unfortunate to hear that you've lost your memories, but I hope you're coping well," he said, his tone gentle and reassuring.

Orion nodded back at Daman, returning the same level of respect. "Yes, I'm doing my best to move forward even without my memories," he replied. As he spoke, he noticed that Daman was dressed in the same tulga as him, but with a shirt sewn onto it, similar to the one worn by Gina.

Daman smiled approvingly at Orion's response and stood quietly, allowing Gorg to introduce the woman standing behind him. "This is my mother, Eeva," Gorg announced, pointing towards the woman.

As Orion tried to gather his thoughts and formulate a response, he was caught off guard by the unexpected embrace from Gorg's mother, Eeva, he couldn't help but notice her alluring slim figure. The fabric tied around her waist was a familiar sight from the other women in the village, but it was the midriff sleeveless tube top that caught his eye, perfectly accentuating her curves. Despite her perky breasts and buttocks not being as humongous as his own mother's or Grandma Celia's, Eeva was undeniably attractive.

Eeva gently pulled away from the embrace, her hands still cupping Orion's cheeks as she spoke with a tinge of pain in her voice. "It's all my fault," she whispered, her heart heavy with guilt. She regretted not stopping the boys from engaging in such a dangerous activity, and she wished she had sent them back home to prevent the incident from ever occurring.

The sight of the young boy in his current state brought a throbbing ache to her heart, and she couldn't help but blame herself for what happened. Even her own son was deeply affected, afraid to check on his friend for fear of the worst.

But seeing Orion alive and well, albeit with a memory loss, brought some much-needed relief to her troubled mind. It was enough to calm a few parts of her heart, even though the guilt and pain still lingered.

"Please don't beat yourself up over it, Eeva. It was just an accident. You don't need to take the blame or worry about anyone else pointing fingers at you," Celeste comforted her friend with a reassuring smile. Though Celeste had initially held Eeva responsible for Orion's current condition, her perspective had shifted after seeing how much her new Orion had grown and improved. Despite the bittersweet nature of his memory loss, Celeste couldn't help but feel that it was ultimately for the best, especially given the agreement that Orion and she had made.

Eeva stood up straight and wrapped her left arm around Orion, embracing him tightly. His face pressed against her side boob, which was visible through her tube top. "No, Celeste, it's my responsibility, and I'll accept the blame, no matter what you say," Eeva declared, locking eyes with her friend Celeste. Despite knowing that Celeste had low self-esteem and wasn't considered one of the few attractive women in the village, which played a huge part in her tamed nature, Eeva had chosen to take responsibility for her actions to avoid any long-term issues that might arise.

Celeste let out a deep, tired sigh before responding to Eeva's apology. "You really won't listen to me if I tell you that it's all okay, right?" she asked with a hint of frustration in her voice.

Eeva shook her head in response. "No, I won't. It's my fault," she admitted. "I need to make it up to you somehow if I want to release the guilt that's been weighing down on my heart."

Before Celeste could respond, a loud bell suddenly rang out, its deafening clang echoing through the entire area. The sound caused everyone to fall silent, their attention was drawn to the source of the noise. As the ringing slowly died down, a deep, muscular voice followed soon after, commanding everyone's attention.