

## Village Head 75

### Chapter 75 Argument

"Brother, you're finally back!" Gina exclaimed, her head snapping up towards the door the moment I stepped inside. With a beaming smile, she rushed over to me and embraced me tightly, and I couldn't help but feel a sense of comfort and relief wash over me as I hugged her back. As we pulled apart, I couldn't help but ask, "Where is Mom?".

Gina's mischievously grinned as she replied, "She's right behind you." I let out an exasperated sigh, not in the mood for any playful games. "Did she go out to fetch water?" I asked wearily, hoping to get a straight answer.

"No," Gina shook her head before she could finish her sentence. But before she could respond, a familiar voice interrupted us from behind, and a tall figure emerged from the shadows, walking towards us.

"Gina quit playing games with your brother and bring the fruits. It's time for dinner," my mother said sternly, locking her gaze with mine. "We need to talk," she added, her tone leaving no room for argument.

Though I couldn't quite discern the reason behind her agitation - perhaps it had to do with the events of the previous night - I knew that there was something that needed to be discussed.

Without waiting for her to say anything more, I walked towards the centre of the room and sat down. "I agree," I said, tapping the spot across from me. "Let's talk."

I watched as my mother let out a deep sigh, shook her head, and took a seat across from me. I opened my mouth to speak, but she quickly cut me off.

"Grandma Celia talked with me today," she began, her tone serious. "She informed me about how you've been wasting your life-giving essence and how she thinks you're lying about your memory loss."

My curiosity quickly turned to irritation as I cursed internally, 'That fucking gilf.' My face contorted into a scowl. 'She ratted me out,' I thought to myself before the anger dissipated just as quickly as it came. Regardless of what happens next, I made a mental note to deal with her later in any way I could think of.

"However, towards the end of our conversation," my mother continued, "she expressed her remorse for doubting your memory loss. She admitted that she realized you truly lost your memories. Additionally, she felt guilty for keeping it to herself and for you wasting your time and semen by playing with their bodies in her hut. She admitted to me that she knows she's no longer as fertile as she used to be and that you could have been using your resources more wisely."

I couldn't help but say, 'I already know that my cum is valuable as a young man, but damn....' within my mind. Despite my annoyance at my mother discovering my sexual activities, even after my attempts to keep them hidden, I realized my emotions were subsiding as I took a seat. I decided to look at the situation from their perspectives in order to better deal with it.

From their unique perspective, it's obvious that my mother is grateful for Grandma Celia telling her all these things before. After all, from what I have learnt from Fiona, as a young man, my milk is a precious commodity that holds great bargaining power, capable of providing an immense benefit when wielded wisely. Thus, it's understandable that my mother would feel frustrated and Grandma Celia would feel mildly troubled, given that she was a woman well past her prime and knowingly understood the value of my semen, even feeling guilty about it.

Still, I had repeatedly assured her not to worry about it, even going as far as doing what she wanted by cumming in her mouth multiple times so that she could no longer complain, but it seems that it was not enough.

"So, do you have anything to say for yourself after hearing everything I've said?" My mother asked me with a serious expression on her face. I nodded confidently, a small smile playing on my lips. She raised a sceptical eyebrow, probably expecting me to fumble on my words before responding to her.

But I wasn't going to make it easy for her. "Are you trying to use this as a cover-up for our real conversation?" I asked her bluntly. As I had done before, I was committed to breaking down her emotional walls, just as I had shattered her inner walls, no matter how hard she tried to keep them up.

With bated breath, I awaited her response. And as I had expected, she parted her lips to speak, but no words came out, they remained open in shock, appearing as though she had been waiting to respond but was caught off guard, leaving her mouth agape in hesitation.

"That... That isn't..." she stammered, her throat clearing as she regained her composure. Her frustration was evident as she continued, "The main conversation we're having right now is about

you wasting your semen, despite my repeated warnings." Her anger flushed her face with a furious tinge, but I couldn't help but smirk at her fiery demeanour.

"But surely by now, you've realized I'm not like other boys," I retorted, standing up and looking down at her. "I can cum multiple times without getting tired, as you experienced firsthand yesterday." I watched as realization dawned on her, and my smirk widened. "You should know that by now, right?"

I removed my tulga and watched as my semi-erect cock finally stood up straight. Standing there bare naked in the centre of the room, I felt vulnerable but committed. "However," I said, "if you still want to continue talking about that issue, we can. But first, let's face the real problem. What do you really feel about becoming my partner, Mom?"

As she gulped, any words she had planned to say disappeared the moment she saw me standing there naked. After a pause, she spoke hesitantly. "I still think you should wait until you're older to make such a decision. While I can understand being with a woman in my generation since I'm still fertile, having your own mother as a partner would make you a laughingstock among your mates, especially given my lack of attractiveness and wealth." Her tone grew more confident as she spoke, as if she had finally gained a foothold in the argument. "I want my son to propose to a beautiful woman, not someone as..."