

Village Head 83

Chapter 83 The Village Chieftess

The door swung open with a sudden jolt, revealing a commanding presence. "Where is he?" boomed a resounding, feminine voice that echoed through the room, immediately prompting all the servants and guards to bow in reverence, their heads bowed briefly before they slowly raised their gazes.

Curiosity piqued, I watched with great interest as a slender woman, who appeared to be as old as the village chief, entered the room. Despite the noticeable wrinkles on her face, she exuded a vibrant energy and youthful spirit, much like the chief's own impressive physique.

With a determined stride, she walked purposefully towards our direction, only coming to a halt when she stood directly in front of us. Her eyes lingered on the village chief briefly before turning to Thak, with a nod of acknowledgement passing between them. Then, without warning, her gaze landed on me, her unwavering stare making it clear that I was the one she had come to see.

"Are you the one?" she asked me, her voice sharp and probing as she scanned me from head to toe. Her piercing gaze left me feeling exposed, as if she could see straight through me.

Despite having a hunch about the reason behind her question, I blurted out cluelessly, "I'm sorry, I don't understand." Nevertheless, my gaze was transfixed on her tulga, which resembled a stunning tanned plunge V mid-thigh dress, before it settled on a breathtakingly shapely voluptuous older woman who looked younger than the one in front, almost like a servant following her mistress. Despite her strategic position behind the woman, I couldn't resist stealing a glance. However, my attention quickly shifted back to the woman in front, whose lustrous black long hair cascaded down her smooth back as she retorted, "Aren't you the child who passed the evaluation with six stars' worth of potential?".

As she repeated the question more pointedly, I could only offer a nod of affirmation. "Yes," I responded, feeling the weight of her gaze upon me. I observed a grin spread across her face, causing it to stretch wider with each passing moment. She shifted her attention to the village chief and with a knowing smile on her lips, she asked, "Husband, is it true that we have been blessed with four more warriors this year?".

The village chief nodded without hesitation, his fatigue momentarily forgotten as he replied, "Indeed, Naka has bestowed upon us more than we dared to dream." He let out a weary sigh before continuing, "With this unexpected boon, we now have enough warriors to train for the year without the need for anxious waiting for the next."

The woman, whom I now recognized as the village chief's partner, inclined her head in understanding, a sense of fatigue etched onto her features, only to be quickly replaced by her previous radiant expression. "Ayla!" she called out, her tone commanding as she glanced over her shoulder with a hint of urgency.

"Yes, chieftess," came the prompt response from the other woman who had been standing behind her, her voice filled with deference and respect.

The village chief's wife redirected her gaze towards me, raising a finger pointed in my direction. "Take a good look at his face and remember it, in case I ask you to call for this child," she instructed, her words carrying an unmistakable weight. Suddenly, the figure that had been concealed from view stepped forward and scrutinized me from head to toe with piercing intensity.

Meanwhile, my throat constricted as a lump formed, my eyes glued to the captivating sight before me. Despite looking several years older than my mother, the woman's voluptuous curves left me spellbound. She was draped in a traditional tulga, a flimsy piece of cloth that barely covered her full, fleshy thighs. Her loose crop top hugged her enormous bosom, accentuating her every curve, while the tie tied in a knot around her neck left her ample cleavage on full display. Even without straining my gaze, I couldn't help but notice her soft, pointed nipples pushing against the fabric, sending a jolt through my body.

As she averted her gaze from me and nodded at the chieftess, the woman returned to her position behind her, leaving me feeling bewitched and tantalized by her very presence.

'Control yourself,' I mentally chided myself as I clenched my legs together, desperate to prevent my body's arousal from becoming obvious. It was a struggle to contain the growing excitement that threatened to pitch a tent in my tulga, even though I knew it would be perceived as trivial by others. Nevertheless, I felt that this was not the time to display such behaviour.

After receiving a confirming nod from her servant, the village chief's wife turned to her husband and gave him a nod before fixing her gaze on Thak to do the same. Then, her eyes landed on me as she spoke, "Becoming a warrior and harnessing your inner strength might be a challenge, but I pray to Naka that you succeed. With your six-star potential, I believe you can do it." Her face broke into a radiant smile as she added, "Take care, child. I'll see you later." With her words ringing in my ears, as she turned around and left, I made sure not to miss a single glimpse of her servant's curvaceous backside.

And as she walked away, my eyes followed the cloth tied around her waist, which had risen up to the lower half of her buttocks, showcasing her voluptuous ass cheeks. I couldn't help but admire the way they rippled, pulling the fabric up and down with each step she took.

For a few fleeting moments, my penis throbbed and pulsed, standing erect in a sudden rush of excitement. But I quickly calmed my mind and redirected my attention elsewhere, letting it soften just as quickly.

As the wooden door creaked shut and the guard resumed his position, the village chief cleared his throat to get my attention. "That was my partner, Zara. The village chieftess," he informed me.

I nodded in understanding, already having drawn my conclusions from the way she was addressed and the weight her words carried.