

Village Head 85

Chapter 85 Special Assignment

Sura let out a disappointed sigh, clearly anticipating a more intriguing response when she asked, "Is that all you discussed with the village chief?" However, I could only share the praises I received and my encounter with the chieftess, leaving out the thorny topic of my memory loss and the notorious Vylkr vines. I suspected that they already knew about the latter, based on what Thak had shared with me, so I didn't want to dampen the mood with such news. Ursa chimed in, shaking her head with disappointment, "I was also hoping for something more interesting and exciting," But she quickly diverted the conversation, asking, "Anyway, have you awakened your gift?"

I let out a tired sigh in response to her question and shook my head in defeat, "No." But seeing the way she quickly withdrew her next question and stood awkwardly in silence, I decided to turn the tables and ask, "How about you guys? Didn't you say you've learned to control your gifts? Come on, show me." The memory of Ursa causing them to float and Sura almost burning Ursa's hand with her gift flashed through my mind.

Sura's eyes widened as though the memory had just struck her too, and she responded in a hushed tone, "Well, I can't say for sure how hot it could get, but I did burn a hole through the ground while testing my gift at home." She slowly extended her left hand, took a deep breath and closed her eyes. As she opened them, a dazzling display of bright sparks erupted on her palm, resembling a flurry of miniature fireworks. The sparks spread with intensity, as if liquid magma was flowing around her hand, accompanied by wisps of smoke that drifted in every direction.

"Also, I feel like I can stretch it further but I haven't tried it yet since I'm not fully in control of my gift and I want to avoid any accidents," she added with a tired sigh. The exhaustion that came with activating her gift was evident as the magma began to disappear, solidifying into her palms. And just as quickly as it had emerged, it disappeared, and Sura's hand returned to normal.

To be honest, I found myself unable to resist the undeniable destructive power behind Sura's gift, and so I nodded my head in genuine appreciation. As I gazed at her in admiration, I couldn't help but notice a small smile tugging at the corners of her lips, as if pleased by my reaction to her gift.

Furthermore, while I wasn't sure what Sura's ultimate plans were, I couldn't help but feel that working on the farm would be the best choice for her, given the potential need for her gift. Of course, I planned to discuss the matter with her later to determine what path was truly best for her. In the meantime, I wrapped my arm around her waist, relishing the feel of her plump, firm buttocks as I turned my head to watch Ursa demonstrate her own unique gift. As if reading my thoughts, Ursa immediately activated her gift, causing the wind to pick up speed and whip around her. Her

hair flew back wildly as she released my hand and began to float upwards, her body rising higher and higher until she was several feet above my head. She even drifted along with us as we walked, her actions drawing the curious glances of a few onlookers before they quickly averted their gazes, perhaps not as entranced by the sight as I was.

Eventually, Ursa slowly descended back to the ground, her feet softly touching down as she caught her breath. I paused my steps and reached out to take her hand, guiding her forward as she regained her composure. "I'm not sure how high I can go or how many people I can carry since I haven't pushed my gift to its limit yet," she explained, her expression expectant as she waited for my response. Anticipating her thoughts, I replied, "But what you can do is still an absolutely stunning and impressive gift, especially for someone like you." As I spoke, I watched as a small smile spread across her face, her steps becoming lighter and more buoyant as she took in my words.

"Ah~~ Mhhmm~~" Sura's breath hitched in a muffled gasp as my fingers teasingly played with her sensitive inner walls, eliciting an intoxicating shiver from her. "MMhhh~~" Her arousal was evident as her hips subtly undulated, her slickness glistening between her thighs. As we made our way into the forest and towards the farm, the tension between us was discernible, heightened by Ursa's knowing gaze. I could sense that she had caught on to my actions while she floated in the air, but she brushed it off nonchalantly as always, only occasionally engaging me in conversation as Sura's breathy gasps punctuated our exchanges.

As we walked through the guarded wooden gates of the farm, we expected to head straight towards Mrs Shani's wooden hut. However, to our surprise, we found ourselves walking through the bustling centre of the farm, where various villagers were hard at work. After a fifteen-minute stroll, we emerged on the other side of the farm, which was equally teeming with an abundance of lush vegetation. But to my surprise, it wasn't just tall trees and bushes that greeted my eyes. As I peered into the distance, I spotted several large and small wooden huts, indicating that this was where some of the villagers who worked on the farm lived. I couldn't help but sigh, realizing just how expansive the farm truly was.

"Ahem," Mr Tog cleared his throat, "Today marks the final day of your awakening ceremony," he began, drawing the attention towards him and the rest of the remaining three teachers who stood alongside him. "And as a reward for your hard work and dedication, each of you has been granted the privilege of one special assignment."

A hush fell over the group, and I noticed a few of my peers shivering in excitement, likely already aware of what was to come.