

Village Head 99

Chapter 99 Gorg's Confession

Compared to the flimsy burlap sacks we received on our first day at the farm, the sack we were given now was sturdier and larger, making it easier to carry more fruit. As I packed my share of the fruit, I couldn't help but realize how we had been unwittingly used as cheap labour. They waited for us to collect as much fruit as possible so that they could sell the sacks back to us at a profit. Nevertheless, at least we were now the rightful owners of these sacks. Since this was my first time buying one, I pushed that thought aside and rejoined Sura and Ursa back in the group.

Mr Tog immediately noticed our presence and began to speak, "Now that we are all here, I would like those who have not awakened their gifts to raise their hands."

Exhausted, I let out a deep sigh and raised my hand. To my surprise, another hand shot up beside mine. I turned to see Gorg, who greeted me with a silent nod and a wave. Before I could react, Mr Tog interrupted, "You can put your hands down now."

As we lowered our hands, relief washed over me to see that I wasn't the only one who hadn't awakened their gift. Still, I made a mental note to focus on awakening my gift before anything else. As much as I wanted to ignore it, I knew I had to keep my other urges in check until I knew what my gift was.

Mr Tog's voice resonated with a calm authority as he spoke, "Late bloomers are a yearly occurrence, so don't fret if you haven't awakened your gifts yet." His gaze shifted between me and Gorg before he continued, "And since both of you possess the potential to unlock your inner strength, you have the privilege of becoming warriors. So rest assured, there's nothing to worry about." Despite his reassuring smile, I felt a twinge of determination to at least put in some effort and awaken my gift.

After a brief pause, he spoke up again, "Since we're all ready to leave, let's go." With those words, he turned around and began marching forward. The rest of his sentence trailed behind him, "I conclude this year's awakening ceremony to be over," as the other teachers took the lead and we strolled out of the farm.

As I walked alongside Ursa and Sura, I noticed Gorg making his way towards me with a smile on his face. Without hesitation, he wrapped his arm around my neck, saying, "You know, even our gifts failed to awaken at the same time. But don't worry, as your best friend, I'll do my best to awaken mine first, so yours can follow suit and you won't be left behind." As he spoke, Gorg rubbed his hand against his nose, and I couldn't help but notice his eagerness to get closer to me.

Based on my observations, it seemed as though he was still grappling with the guilt of being the one responsible for my sudden memory loss and presumed near-death experience. To make matters worse, I had been unconsciously avoiding him because of his occasional hyperactive and immature behaviour, which made him feel as if I was purposely creating distance between us. So, it's no wonder that he still holds himself accountable for our emotional distance.

Nonetheless, despite my reservations, I found myself unable to resist calling out to him, "Hey Gorg." His attention was immediately drawn to me, and he deftly adjusted the sack slung over his shoulder, his eyes locked onto mine, waiting expectantly for me to continue.

"What exactly happened that day?" I inquired with a solemn expression. Although I could sense his reluctance to discuss the events surrounding my memory loss after I crossed the river, I persisted. "I don't remember anything from that day or even before it, so if you could provide me with every detail you can remember, I would really appreciate it."

Though a trace of hesitation lingered on his face, Gorg eventually relented and pulled me aside, creating some distance between us and the watchful gazes of Sura and Ursa. "I know those girls are your new friends, but I don't trust them to listen to what I'm about to say," he confessed with a hint of caution in his tone. I nodded in understanding, my attention still drifting back to Sura and Ursa who remained fixed on our conversation.

Refocusing my attention back to Gorg, I could see that he was steeling himself for what he was about to say. "On that day, after we left my house, I mentioned the Vylkr vines and how they had spread across the river close to our village since my sister was part of the group tasked with destroying them," he began, his voice low and measured.

"However, you interjected, expressing how you had always wished to see a Vylkr vine, and how the village warriors were the only ones who knew how to destroy them. You said it would be your greatest achievement since you didn't have any hope of becoming a warrior yourself," Gorg continued, his voice becoming more stressed and tired as he withdrew his gaze from mine and refocused it forward.

Suddenly, Gorg paused and a small smile played at the corners of his lips before he continued. "You see, the old you was far too timid and scared to even think about venturing towards the river where the Vylkr vine was rumoured to grow. But I had an idea. My sister had shared the vine's location with me, and I knew it was something special that you had to witness for yourself."

Gorg's smile stilled as he reminisced. "So, I took matters into my own hands and dragged you to the spot where the Vyklr vine was located."

Even though I could already sense where the story was headed, I was hooked and keen to hear the conclusion; Gorg hesitated for a few seconds, but then let out a deep, weary sigh before continuing.

"Unfortunately, when we finally arrived at the spot, the Vyklr vine was much larger and more dangerous than we had anticipated, and the village warriors, including my sister, were already in the midst of destroying it."