

Village Head 48

Chapter 48 Fiona, The Well-Woman (2)

"Wait a minute..." I expressed, swiftly stopping her from activating her gift.

As she turned her head to the side and looked at me from the corner of her eye, I couldn't help but notice the raised eyebrow and blank expression on her face. With a hint of curiosity in her voice, she asked, "What is it?"

Immediately, I said, "Do you mind sharing a few details about your gift before you continue?" I watched as her expression transformed from suspicion to curiosity, and finally to understanding.

As she turned around and stared down at me, I could feel the weight of her gaze. "Truthfully," she said, "it's not every day that someone asks me about my gift, so I'm not sure what to say." But then, to my surprise, her lips curved into a smile as she continued, "Go ahead, ask me what you want to know about my gift?"

I nodded, wanting to speak. However, due to our close proximity, my nose unintentionally caught a whiff of her arousing rosy body scent and brushed against her left bountiful breast through the fabric of her tight tube top. I felt the urge to step back and give us both some space, but since she didn't seem to mind our close proximity, I didn't say anything. Instead, I tried to take advantage of the situation and continued our conversation.

"Can you tell me what your gift does?" I asked, my lips unintentionally brushing against her soft constricted nipples as I spoke. Although I had initially wished I was a bit taller when I first met her, I reminded myself that I was only sixteen and had to be patient for my growth spurt.

Her expression became pensive, lost in thought as I tenderly brushed my lips over her hidden nipples. Despite my actions, she remained silent, allowing the moment to linger. Suddenly, breaking the silence, she cleared her throat and spoke with conviction, "My gift allows me to extract water from the earth."

Her words took me by surprise, and I halted everything I was doing to focus on her. Looking up at her in amazement, I asked, "You can pull out water from the ground?"

I needed clarification.

Fiona stifled her laughter, clearly amused by my reaction. "Yes, although I doubt you haven't seen me use my gift," she said. "But if you want, I can show you how I do it." With a gesture towards the well, she invited me to come closer to it.

"Alright, show me how you do it," I said, withdrawing my body from hers, and making my way around the well. Fiona turned towards it, her eyes following me as I peered down into the murky depths.

"You've got to be kidding me," I muttered to myself as I squinted into the well, seeing nothing but black, muddy sand. There was no sign of water anywhere. "Damn," I muttered under my breath, quickly realizing that Fiona's ability was indeed impressive. After all, I had seen my mother sculpt a clay pot without touching it, so I shouldn't have been too surprised.

However, I quickly remembered that every gift must have its limitations, just like my mother's ability to sculpt clay pots without touching them.

"Are you ready?" Fiona asked, her arms outstretched over the well.

"Yes," I nodded eagerly, eager to witness her gift in action and see how she could pull water from the ground.

Despite the limitations that Fiona's gift might have, this discovery only heightened my excitement for my upcoming awakening ceremony. I couldn't wait to see what kind of gift and inner strength I would awaken within myself. The possibilities were endless, and the anticipation was exhilarating.

Her hands emitted a mesmerizing deep green glow as she moved them around the well, gesturing for the water to rise from the blackish muddy sand. And rise it did, a clear stream of water spilling forth in contrast to the dark sand. Guided by Fiona, the water flowed into my clay pot, filling it to the brim with refreshing clarity. She commanded the stream of water with effortless ease, and as the pot overflowed, she withdrew her hands, the green glow fading away. The remaining water trickled back into the well, absorbed by the murky sand.

Okay, no matter how accustomed I was becoming to this primitive world of magic, watching that scene unfold before me was still an incredible sight to behold.

Turning to me with a smile on her face, Fiona asked, "How was it?"

"It was simply incredible to watch," I said, immediately taking the chance to compliment her, "You look absolutely stunning when you use your gift." Her smile widened slowly, like the petals of a flower blooming under the sun, and somehow, I could tell my words had touched her heart.

She looked at me and asked, "What's your name?" curious to know more about me.

My response was immediate. "I'm Orion," I stated confidently.

She nodded her head in response, her eyes shining with a newfound curiosity. "I will remember it," she replied with a hint of playfulness in her voice. Suddenly, her attention was drawn to something behind me, and she squinted her eyes, trying to get a better view. "It seems that the other villagers are coming to fetch their water," she said, turning back to me. "You should probably leave before it becomes too crowded around here."

As I nodded in response, a surge of creativity compelled me to improvise one last thought. With my penis still erect and hanging out in the open, I picked up the pot and balanced it precariously on top of my head before I stared back at her.

"Sorry," I said, my hands gripping the sides of the pot tightly. "But, do you think you could help me bring my tulga down a little?"

Initially, Fiona appeared confused, but her gaze soon shifted downward to where my throbbing veiny penis was hanging out in the open, supporting the weight of my tulga, which rested on top of it.