

## Village Head 1061

### Chapter 1061: Getting The Upper Hand

Evaline chuckled at her nephew's response and followed behind as they entered.

Orion swiftly removed his cloak and changed into his previous attire before heading toward the Outward Stronghold.

He arrived at the stronghold within the protective fort within minutes. He nodded at the warriors on duty, who were taking turns within the fort, and then walked toward Seth, who was waiting at the entrance of the building.

"I came as quickly as I could. What's the reason you called, Chief?" Seth asked curiously.

"Have you managed to get the spies to talk yet?" Orion asked.

"Some have, but not all," Seth nodded. "However, I believe they'll start soon."

"Good. There's no need to waste more time on this-I have a way to make them talk," Orion responded.

Seth's brow raised in surprise at Orion's words. "How?"

"You'll see. Let's head inside first," Orion replied, pushing the door open and leading in.

Seth quickly regained his composure and followed him inside.

One Hour Later

Orion and Seth walked out of the room. While Orion smiled slightly under his mask, Seth's expression was utter disbelief, as though he had just witnessed something extraordinary. Taking a deep breath, Seth finally asked, "What kind of technique was that?" His eyes fixed on Orion.

"It's a Divine Art called the One-Winged Chains of Eternal Submission," Orion replied, explaining the details of the Divine Art.

When he finished, Seth nodded in understanding. Having mastered various arts and techniques himself, he was familiar with their uniqueness and versatility, the ability to bend the forces of the world to one's will and perform miraculous feats once thought to be the domain of the gods. So, he wasn't entirely surprised by the capabilities of the Divine Art after hearing Orion's explanation.

"Is it listed in the catalogue?" Seth asked, his tone serious.

The catalogue was a compendium containing information about the artefacts and techniques currently in Paradise's possession, which Orion had helped secure. It was compiled using the Prismarions' Ancient Codex and the knowledge Aerialia had provided.

Access to the catalogue was restricted, and the techniques were available only to warriors with enough contribution points to purchase them, ensuring they weren't misused.

Fortunately, Orion shook his head. "No, I know its power, so I didn't include it in the catalogue. I hadn't planned to use it and only remembered it due to the brewing rebellion in the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City." He was cautious about which techniques were included in the catalogue, as this was a crucial growth phase for Paradise.

"Thank goodness," Seth exhaled in relief. "It's best never to add an art like that to the catalogue. We don't want to face issues with something so powerful. But now that we know where the remaining spies are, we can purge them from each Runaway City and even turn a few into undercover spies, as you suggested."

Orion nodded. "While you handle that, take care of the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City. I'll inform you about the plans I have for them later." He recalled that he still needed to call a healer for Sy'ra's injuries and provide Eleanora and Ballesha with the resources he had promised.

Although Paradise currently only possesses artefact- and technique-related resources, their exceptional quality would suffice to fulfil his current promises. He had already delegated the other resources for the Runaway Cities to Paradise's representatives, so he had no further concerns.

"However, we need Zogar to arrive first before we can begin. I've already sent him a message; he'll be here soon," Orion added.

"I'll go inform the warriors to prepare and verify the spies' whereabouts," Seth responded with a nod. He was eager to root out the spies and turn them against the forces that had sent them.

Orion watched as Seth turned and left, then went to another room on a different floor where the former emperor of the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City was being held on the second floor. Upon reaching the door, he entered the room.

One Hour Later

Orion sat comfortably in a chair, watching as the wound on his thumb healed rapidly. He then shifted his attention to Greroth, who knelt on the floor.

Greroth's clothes were torn and charred, his body covered in burn scars and fresh wounds as if he'd been struck by lightning multiple times. His injuries were severe, and he was only able to remain on his knees because of his powerful physique.

"Once you've fully recovered, you'll assist in restructuring the forthcoming foundation of the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City," Orion stated. He was confident that with the help of Evaline and Greroth, his vision for the Runaway City would unfold seamlessly.

"Thank you for entrusting me with such an important task, Supreme Leader. I promise to give it my all," Greroth replied, his expression calm but his tone filled with anticipation.

Orion nodded. "I'll be counting on you, then." He stood, turned, and left the room.

Though it had taken considerable effort to force Greroth to swear loyalty to Paradise- culminating in the inscription of the slave rune-the effort had been worth it.

Orion quickly exited the room and proceeded to another on the same floor. Upon entering, he found Zogar waiting patiently for his arrival. The room was a simple waiting area with five comfortable chairs arranged around a table laden with kale and various other fruits.

Zogar immediately stood and greeted, "Chief, is something wrong? I came as soon as I could," he asked curiously. Though he was slightly stronger than Seth, they were both five- star warriors, so he was intrigued by the situation requiring his assistance.

Orion quickly explained the situation and why he was summoned. The spies they were about to capture were tremendous, so he needed the help of other Key Leaders to manage the task and avoid bearing the burden alone. That's why he called upon Stronghold Leader Zogar and

Seth for support.

Zogar nodded in understanding, his expression thoughtful. "I see. While I understand your reasoning, relying on such a Divine Art too frequently could have consequences-especially if other divine beings uncover its use, alerting them to our presence or making us

overconfident."

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"However, I must admit that interrogations will be much easier with this Divine Art. Chief, I promise to use this Divine Art according to your orders." His tone was serious as he spoke.

Orion nodded. "I know I can always count on you," he said, reassured by Zogar's unwavering loyalty, which he had witnessed firsthand during the time of the previous Village Chief.

"I'll teach you the Divine Art once Seth arrives," Orion added.

Zogar nodded in understanding.

They both walked over to a pair of comfortable chairs and sat down.

Two hours later, the door swung open, and Seth entered.

"I've received word from the warriors. They've confirmed the identities of the spies mentioned, but they'll need more time to verify the others," Seth reported, sitting in the

room.

Orion nodded and began explaining the intricacies of the One-Winged Chains of Eternal Submission to them.

If any outsiders had been present, they would have been astounded by how effortlessly the three discussed such a profound Divine Art and by the incredible speed at which Zogar and Seth were comprehending it. However, for Orion and the others, this was a regular occurrence.

On that day, the Sleeping Fox and Wanderlust Traveling Tortoise Runaway Cities learned of the events that had transpired in Trekking Flamingo Runaway City, and they were shaken. They had sensed the disturbance from the battle in the sky but never anticipated that the rebellion's outcome would be a mass execution, wiping out the entire power structure of Trekking Flamingo Runaway City and sparing only two leaders whose whereabouts were currently unknown.

The former leaders and nobles within the Sleeping Fox and Wanderlust Traveling Tortoise Runaway Cities patted themselves on the back, relieved that they had been intelligent and decisive enough to recognize the unfathomable depths of Paradise's power and abandon any thoughts of rebellion.

Though they fully understood their precarious positions in Paradise's eyes, they covertly held a celebration.

However, four days later, something completely unexpected occurred.

The Key Leader of Paradise, Seth, led thirty warriors into the Sleeping Fox and Wanderlust Traveling Tortoise Runaway Cities. They swept through the cities, stunning them into thinking that one of their own had been foolish enough to continue harbouring rebellious intentions against Paradise. They now feared they were about to face something similar to, or perhaps even worse than, what had befallen Trekking Flamingo Runaway City.

Then, the reasons for the assault were revealed to a few important individuals.

It turned out that Paradise had succeeded in uncovering the locations of hidden spies within each Runaway City. Some spies were ordinary inhabitants who had already started families, while others were nobles who had sold out to advance their descendants in more powerful Runaway Cities. Even the gods' chosen were among the revealed spies.

This revelation sent shockwaves through each Runaway City, as it demonstrated Paradise's astonishing capability to rapidly secure such sensitive information, terrifying the former leaders

with the realization that their information network was so vast and precise that even the most inconspicuous spies couldn't escape detection.

The total number of spies uncovered was 3,685.

The spies began returning individually three days after they thought the ordeal was over. They resumed their lives as if nothing had happened, deceiving those who knew about their disappearance into believing nothing had transpired.

Since everything appeared to be normal, any rumours were quickly quashed. And so the day continued as though nothing unusual had occurred.

Outward Stronghold

Orion, Seth, and Zogar sat with their backs pressed tiredly against their chairs.

"This Divine Art is even more impressive and more stressful than I had expected," Seth said with a sigh.

Orion and Zogar nodded in agreement.

Over the past three days, they had not only carefully inscribed the slave rune on each captive but also delved into their memories, modifying them so that the spies themselves wouldn't notice or raise any suspicions among those close to them. This meticulous process was incredibly taxing, even for their capabilities.

The burden was even more significant for Seth and Zogar, who had mastered the Divine Art a day before starting its application. Nonetheless, their efforts were rewarded. They now possessed valuable information from thousands of undercover spies.

It turned out that the forces that had sent the spies were already prepared to lose them, which was understandable given that each Runaway City was constantly in motion, making communication difficult. As a result, they could only gain a broad outline of the forces the spies were working for rather than a complete picture.

Still, this made them somewhat knowledgeable about the outside world, alleviating their previous ignorance.

"You're right. It's truly worthy of its rank as a Divine Art. We need to ensure we don't utilize it carelessly unless absolutely necessary," Zogar replied, his expression and tone filled with fatigue. Nevertheless, his firm gaze remained fixed on Seth.

"Humph! I'm not so weak as to rely on such an art," Seth retorted with a snort. His voice grew firm as he added, "You can be sure I'll use it responsibly."

Zogar nodded, sighing in relief. He knew that Seth wouldn't use the Divine Art recklessly, but he needed reassurance due to Seth's hot-tempered nature. Seth's response gave him that

confidence.

"Chief, it's best to return home and leave the spies from the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City to us. Your wives might be unable to hold back their anger and frustration if you stay here one more day," Seth said, turning his attention to Orion.

Compared to them, Orion had been working tirelessly to ensure a solid foundation within the three Runaway Cities, keeping him away from his family for a week and a half.

They were familiar with Orion's family dynamics, having visited his manor several times, and knew he faced larger personal issues when he returned home.

Hearing the light-heartedness in Seth's voice, Orion rolled his eyes. "Unfortunately, you don't have a family of your own, so I doubt you fully understand what you're talking about," Orion said, clicking his tongue at both. He knew that while they had a few children from various barterers, neither wanted a committed family, which might interfere with their work.

Chapter 1063 The Main Wives' Planned Surprise!

Seeing no need to respond, Seth snorted once more.

Zogar shook his head in amusement.

Orion was about to speak when he suddenly received a message through his mask, causing him to pause. He refocused on Seth and Zogar, then cleared his throat. "I'll be taking my leave now. You two can continue without me," Orion said, rising to his feet.

The message was from Fifi, reminding him that he had to return home before the end of the day or face being barred from the manor for the next week and a half. All the women had agreed on this decision, leaving him without anyone to plead his case if he failed to make it back in time.

Over the past week, Sy'ra had already been treated and was in recovery. Greroth's limbs had been fully regenerated, though he still required steady treatment to heal from the severe damage Seth had inflicted and to adjust to his new form.

The resource situation had also been resolved, and the Wanderlust Traveling Tortoise, Sleeping Fox, and Trekking Flamingo Runaway Cities were now open to one another, fostering widespread trade and easy migration between them.

The only remaining task was to send Eleanora and Ballesha their resources, so he needed time to review the catalogue and select something suitable. However, before that, he had to return to the manor quickly.

Seth and Zogar stifled their chuckles as if they could guess why Orion was in such a hurry to leave.

"We'll update you on how things go, Chief," Zogar said with a light smile.

Seth nodded in agreement.

Orion nodded back and exited the room, closing the door behind him. Once outside the Outward Stronghold, he soared into the sky and sent a message to Fifi, letting her know he was on his way home.

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As Orion approached Paradise, he received another message from Fifi asking about his current location. Curious about the sudden question, Orion shared his position and asked if something was happening.



The response he received was a simple 'No.' Then, they directed him to a specific location to meet up first.

"Okay, I'll meet you there in a minute," Orion replied, heading in the indicated direction.

The forest that Anara and the other tree nymphs had cultivated was lush, thick, and breathtakingly beautiful. Its beauty was even more enchanting under the moonlight. However, Orion couldn't help but feel puzzled as to why his wives wanted to meet him in the forest.

His mind raced, trying to figure out the reason behind their request, but he couldn't come up with anything specific. Even more intrigued, he flew towards the designated forest area where they had asked him to show up.

Upon arrival, he spotted Fifi and Greta suspended above a large tree and immediately soared toward them. As he reached them, he swiftly removed his mask.

Fifi wore a loose black crop top and a flowy, floral skirt that reached just above her knees. A pair of sandals adorned her feet, and around her waist was a black baldric made from a blend of leather and Vylkr alloys. Her folded Gear Devourer was strapped to her back, giving her a fierce yet undeniably feminine aura.

On the other hand, Greta wore a sleeveless, knee-length dress with a floral pattern vastly different from Fifi's skirt. Her appearance was simple, exuding the aura of a peaceful and gentle woman—a quality Orion knew suited her ideally. The Vylkr Fusion Armlet on her right arm added a subtle layer of warrior charm to her gentle demeanour.

"What's going on?" Orion asked, his tone filled with curiosity.

"We've prepared a surprise for you before you return to the manor," Greta replied with a smile, soaring towards him and wrapping him in a hug. She chuckled and made room for Fifi to join the embrace.

Orion kissed them both quickly before asking, "And what's this surprise about?"

"Humph! If we told you, it wouldn't be a surprise anymore," Greta teased, pulling back and pointing toward the forest below. "Just head down there, and you'll understand."

"Don't bother asking me either," Fifi added with a playful shake of her head, meeting Orion's questioning gaze. "I'm not supposed to reveal anything."

Orion sighed, resigned to the mystery, and nodded in understanding.

"I'll be watching everything from above, so let them enjoy themselves. Otherwise, they might get more annoyed," Greta warned, shifting her attention to Fifi and giving her a nod.

"I'll be watching everything from above, so let them enjoy themselves. Otherwise, they might get more annoyed," Greta warned, shifting her attention to Fifi and giving her a nod.

Orion's brow arched as he realized Fifi was part of the surprise, too. He watched as she nodded back and descended swiftly into the thick vegetation below. He deliberately restrained his senses, avoiding the temptation to spoil whatever they had planned.

After about ten minutes, Greta spoke up. "Okay, you can head down now."

Orion nodded and soared down towards the dense vegetation. As he descended, he took in the lush inner section of the forest. The only thing missing was the presence of animals, but he had no idea how to bring them back or even if it was possible.

Several tendrils shot out from the shadows without warning, ensnaring him in their grasp. Upon closer inspection, he noticed they were long, red-crimson-coloured hair strands. They coiled around him like a cocoon, restricting his movements.

Orion quickly deduced who was behind this, as only one person in their household possessed such a unique ability. Just as he prepared to break free, he froze in surprise.

But that wasn't all. Anticipating his escape, thick green vines erupted from the ground, adding another layer of restraint to his already bound form. As if that weren't enough, complex rock pillars emerged around him, further constricting his movement. The sheer force behind these barriers left Orion stunned.

He realized his wives belonged to the gifts responsible for this robust containment. However, the force behind them wasn't typical of an average Villager—it was on par with a One-star warrior. This meant only one thing...

They had acquired their own Vylkr Fusion Armlets!

#### Chapter 1064: The Main Wives' Planned Surprise! (2)

That was the only explanation for their sudden surge of strength. He realized that while he had been outside, they had all decided to obtain their Vylkr Fusion Armlets, intending to surprise him.

He loved the surprise, as it showcased their abilities to him and allowed him to engage in a way he hadn't previously been able to, giving him a good gauge of their skills.

"I'm impressed. What else can you do?" Orion called out loudly, his voice echoing through the surrounding area. He smiled brightly as he noticed a towering figure emerging from the shadows beneath the tree canopies.

The figure soon stepped into the shimmering glow of the moonlight, revealing itself as a thirteen-meter-tall orange fox beast with sharp canine jaws and five tails, each tipped with grey fur flowing freely behind it. Seated atop the beast was Meldra, dressed in a silver off-shoulder dress ruffled up to her knees. Her legs were crossed as she looked down at Orion with a sweet smile, which anyone else might find haunting in such a situation.

The fox-like beast soon arrived before Orion. She exhaled a thick, ashy mist at him,

temporarily clouding his body before he became more visible. Orion recognized that the fox-like beast was Celia.

"We can do so much more, husband. We hope you'll help us test the limits of our abilities on you," a familiar voice called from a distance.

Orion turned towards the voice and saw Lyra sitting on countless thick strands of her hair, suspended in the air and coiled beneath her. Several strands were spread into various parts of the forest around her.

The scene made Lyra appear as though she was flying, supported by the strands of her hair, which Orion knew was true. Suddenly, he felt Lyra's hair move around him, and before he could grasp what was happening, two familiar arms emerged from behind him, coiling around his shoulders.

A pair of warm lips kissed his cheek before pulling back. "She's right, husband. And don't forget to hold back, okay-you know there's a limit to our strength," Derry said, her voice compelling and filled with mirth.

Orion knew that Derry's gift allowed her to seamlessly merge with any material, enhance its toughness to extraordinary levels, and manipulate it to her will. No wonder the hair restraints felt tighter than an ordinary one-star warrior could manage!

"Whether he holds back or not is irrelevant..." Another voice chimed in, drawing Orion's attention to the side. He saw Reena sitting on the petal of a ten-meter-tall purple flower monster. Beside her sat Fiona, with Willow and Breezeflutter perched on her shoulders, watching the unfolding battle with keen interest.

The flower monster's roots crawled forward and stopped just shy of them.

"...Because we've prepared someone who'll be able to restrain him, no matter what," Reena added, lifting her gaze upward.

Sensing the changes in the sky, Orion forcefully lifted his head, breaking free from some of the restraints. Above them, a suspended sea of water was forming-one half frozen, while the other half flowed freely in the air. Beneath this hovering expanse, Fifi hovered in the air, illuminated by the moonlight filtering through the water, her figure glowing as if she were the goddess of the sea herself.

Fifi's bright smile met Orion's gaze. "Are you ready, husband?" she asked.

Orion's smile didn't waver. "I'm ready," he replied.

In the remote area far north away from Paradise,

A deep, bleak valley with steep, narrow sides stretched endlessly into the distance, breaking into several smaller canyons. Vylkr vines slithered across every corner of the canyon, searching for even the faintest signs of life to consume.

Scattered throughout the area were remnants of wreckage-scrap from Runaway Cities and other unknown relics lost to time, now entangled in the unforgiving grasp of the Vylkr vines, which had ensnared them in their relentless terror. It was as if death sang a lullaby, plunging the entire landscape into its cold, chilling embrace.

However, several towering structures moved across the landscape far in the distance within this treacherous land. Numbering over a hundred, each appeared to be a rough patchwork of metal and debris, treading the dreadful terrain like the skeletal remains of once-great beasts. Rust and corrosion had gnawed away at their surfaces, with scaffolds, bridges, and heavy chains connecting the remnants like pathways twisting and turning, resembling the intestines of a giant.

Within these structures were numerous figures with weathered expressions that appeared to have seen life's horrors. To have eaten from the same bowl as death and fled just before she could have her last meal.

Their eyes vigilantly scanned the surroundings for threats, wary of the encroaching Vylkr vines and the other towering structures beside them.

A meeting was taking place inside one of these towering structures in a dimly lit room. Numerous individuals were present, each hidden behind thick curtains that obscured their identities.

"I am glad the Ashwind and the Ironblade Stowaways accepted our invitation and were able to make it," a masculine voice spoke from behind a curtained area at the forefront.

"After hearing the contents of your invitation, it was only natural that we would attend. I think we shouldn't waste any more time and swiftly discuss the matter," another voice

responded.

"I agree," a third voice added, its cold, chilling tone barely concealed.

Several other voices echoed in the room-some impatient, others calm-all in agreement.

"Okay, let's begin. As you all know, I've called you here because of the sudden intrusion of three Runaway Cities into our territory. These Runaway cities have no business being here. Initially, we

decided to turn a blind eye. Still, after a thorough investigation, we've uncovered that this might be an opportunity to take down one or even multiple Runaway Cities at once."

"However, it would be impossible for us to accomplish such an insurmountable feat alone. That's why we've decided to inform you all, so we can put aside our differences, come together, and turn this into a reality," the previous voice explained.

## Chapter 1065: Schemes In Motion

From the left side, another voice questioned, "I'm sure we're all aware of the capabilities of a Runaway City, let alone ones like the Sleeping Fox and Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City, both of which I've received information about being far more powerful than any Grade One Runaway City. As for the last Runaway City, I couldn't acquire much information, except that it's far beyond what ordinary stowaways can capture. So, how can you be sure your plan will be successful?"

"You have nothing to fear. I'm confident it will work. As we speak, two hundred more Stowaways from other regions are coming here. Regarding the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City, I had planned to wait until all the invited stowaways were present before sharing this, but I see no reason to hold back. So listen carefully: the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City is a Grade One city on the brink of being promoted to Grade Two."

"Even though it hasn't fully completed its promotion, its strength is vastly superior and incomparable to that of the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise or Sleeping Fox Runaway City," the man who had spoken earlier explained.

The room erupted into a clamour of voices as soon as he finished.

"A Grade One Runaway City that's about to become a Grade Two?! Didn't you previously mention that they were all Grade One?"

"You should have included this detail in your message beforehand! Do you think I'm willing to risk the safety of my Stowaway to take on a city that's on the verge of becoming Grade Two?"

"Even as the leader of the Hollow Bridge Stowaway, aren't you afraid of our reaction? How dare you withhold such crucial information from us!"

Multiple Stowaway leaders voiced their complaints, angered that such critical information had been kept from them.

They were only present because more Stowaways were on their way to this location, which would significantly bolster their forces and potentially make them capable of confronting a Runaway City.

However, their entire plan hinged on everything falling perfectly into place. They were already aware that the three Runaway Cities were after something from the four-eared elves from their numerous corpses retrieved from the river. This also implies that their confrontation would inevitably lead to a battle between the three cities, resulting in either annihilation or subjugation.

Regardless, none of the Runaway Cities-or whichever one survived-would return at full strength, which made them optimistic about the upcoming confrontation. But if none of this played out as expected, and all three Runaway Cities returned as strong as they left, their plans might be for naught.

Hearing that the last of the three Runaway Cities was one on the verge of becoming a Grade Two, they couldn't help but feel threatened.

The task seemed even more impossible. Though they were all here for selfish reasons, driven by conditions far worse than even the lowest dregs of a Runaway City, they weren't foolish enough to let desperation cloud their judgment.

"Everyone, please settle down. I can assure you all that this operation will be successful because we'll receive support from a force capable of handling the might of all three Runaway Cities. As for their identity, it must remain hidden until the plan commences," the man said. A pin-drop silence enveloped the room as the leaders mulled over his words.

"And what if it fails? Is the Hollow Bridge Stowaway and this supposed supporting force ready to compensate us for our losses?" the voice that had spoken earlier spoke once more. The leaders in the room perked up, awaiting the man's response.

"I may not be confident about everything, but I can assure you of one thing: this operation will succeed," the man replied. "However, that will only be possible if we come together to make it so."

"Alright, if that's the case, the Ashwind Stowaway will lend its assistance," the man responded with a chuckle.

"The Ironblade Stowaway will lend its assistance..."

"The Phantom Callers Stowaway will lend its assistance..."

They all declared their support, one by one. Seeing that none had backed down, the man smiled. He said, "As we wait for the rest to arrive, let's continue to discuss the plan so you can all share your ideas and suggestions."

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Paradise

Orion's Manor

Knock! Knock!

Orion rapped his knuckles on Crystalia's door. Receiving no response, he waited a few moments before knocking again. This time, he waited for a full minute before knocking

again.

Just as he was about to, the door slowly opened, revealing Crystalia on the other side, still in her nightdress, her eyes baggy with sleep.

"What is it?" Crystalia asked, feigning confusion as she looked at Orion.

"I came to see if I could spend the rest of the day with you while I take a little break from my tasks," Orion replied.

"Only the rest of the day?" Crystalia asked, raising an eyebrow.



In truth, after Orion's words that day and with her sisters' additional help, she had calmed down and slightly reconciled with her mother. She knew he was actively engaged in activities that would determine Paradise's future and expand its influence.

However, she was still incredibly annoyed that the one who should also be held accountable for this mess was absent.

"It'll be for as long as you choose," Orion quickly corrected, realizing his mistake.

"Can I ask you to spend the rest of eternity with me?" Crystalia asked, her gaze fixed on Orion.

A sudden sneeze echoed from the hallway's corner, pulling her attention away. She scanned the entire manor with a sharp gaze, then snorted, dismissing the distraction before refocusing on Orion.

"I could give you my body and soul for as long as you want," Orion began, his tone passionate. "But even that wouldn't measure how much I will sacrifice for you. So, how about we make the most of every minute as if it were our eternity?"

He started to move closer to Crystalia, but his progress was abruptly halted as he bumped into the door, bringing his approach to an awkward stop.

## Chapter 1066: Together, Forevermore

"Forget it, then. I need to get back to sleep and rest before starting the rest of my day," Crystalia replied, rolling her eyes at Orion's words.

Though his words warmed her heart, she had become accustomed to them enough to mask her reaction with thick skin. She was confident he would have taken full advantage of her reaction if she hadn't developed such resilience.

"But you've long surpassed the need to sleep to regain strength," Orion responded. He needed to encourage Crystalia's new habits and help her return to her former, more natural routines.

"Oh, I'm well aware, husband. But I need all the rest I can get to keep up with your insufferable appetite for more wives. After all, someone has to make sure you don't overindulge," Crystalia responded with a smirk.

Stunned, Orion stood rooted to the spot.

Was that a clap-back?

He quickly regained his composure, but the door was shut in his face before he could respond. His shoulders slumped, realizing that his plan had failed.

Just as Orion was about to try something else he had in mind, he noticed a small golden figure approaching him from the other corner of the hall. It was none other than Grace!

She wore a beautiful leaf dress, which he was certain had been handmade by Anara. Grace spent time as their elder sister in the manor to bond with the other children. Since she was having difficulty manifesting her tree nymph abilities, it was decided that she should stay with the household for the time being.

Grace arrived before him and tapped his leg lightly as if to comfort him. "Don't worry, Daddy. Leave this to me," she said, fixing the door with a firm gaze.

Grace might not fully understand what was happening, but she knew that her father and mother often took her to a huge building-similar to her father's manor, where everyone treated her like a princess-were having issues.

Since the rest of her mothers had also asked for her help, she figured it was best to lend a hand so she could reap the fruits of her efforts later on, just as her mother had taught her.

Orion paused momentarily, briefly glancing down the hallway before refocusing on Grace and nodding.

Grace gently knocked on the door and, parting her pouty lips, called out loudly, "Mummy Crystalia, it's me, Grace!"

Within seconds, the door slowly opened, revealing Crystalia. She looked at Grace, then raised her gaze to Orion, clicking her tongue in amusement. "Are you serious?" she asked.

Orion cleared his throat a few times, but no words came out.

Seeing this, Crystalia shook her head and bent down to pick up Grace, who was already reaching out with her arms.

Grace clung to Crystalia as she lifted her. She leaned in and whispered into her ear, causing Crystalia to chuckle softly.

Curious, Orion leaned closer, hoping to catch what Grace was saying. But Crystalia, expecting his move, had already surrounded their conversation with a thick layer of Celestial energy, making it nearly impossible for him to eavesdrop.

Realizing this, Orion wisely chose not to try to break through the barrier. He waited patiently instead.

After about two and a half minutes, their conversation ended, and both Crystalia and Grace turned their attention to Orion.

"Alright, let me go change. You owe me your time today and the next five days. I'll add five more days if any of those days are skipped. As for your work, you have an assistant, right? Along with Reena, taking care of the Village so that you can set those tasks aside for now," Crystalia said, her gaze fixed on Orion.

Orion considered her words for a moment, then nodded in agreement. He mentally noted that he should give Isadora a significant bonus for the effort she had been putting in.

As for his other wives, including Selene, they had already informed him to agree to whatever arrangement Crystalia asked for, so he didn't have to worry about being solely with Crystalia for that extended period.

"Alright, you can wait for me downstairs. I'll be down in a few minutes," Crystalia replied before walking back into her room with Grace still in her arms, closing the door behind her.

Six days later

Orion and Crystalia had just finished greeting Aurora goodbye before they exited the Garden and soared back toward the manor.

During these six days, they had toured various parts of Orion's cities, from the Prismerions' dominant district to the villages and the Four-eared elves' territory. Although they had run out of things to do within the first three days, simply being together, recounting the events that had transpired during Orion's time with the Runaway Cities, and sharing the information he had learned about the outside world from the memories of numerous spies, and Greroth's was enough to make their time together enjoyable.

For a race trapped within a mountain for several millennia, Crystalia's curiosity was heightened, and the time spent exploring different locations while listening to Orion's stories became insufficient. Even on the last day, she still wasn't satisfied.

"Come on, one more day," Crystalia pleaded, looking at Orion as they soared through the sky. "I'll tell you the rest of the story when I share it with the others, so you'll have to be patient until then," Orion smiled.

Crystalia's shoulders drooped in resignation as she saw that Orion was intent on keeping his lips sealed until he was ready to share it with her sisters at home.

Though disappointed that her time with Orion was ending, she was satisfied, understanding that her sister had sacrificed their time together for hers. She didn't mind repeatedly listening to stories about the outside world.

"Alright, when you're ready, don't forget to inform me, or I won't forgive you," Crystalia warned.

"Don't worry, I won't forget," Orion assured her.

As they soared over the Third Border City, they noticed someone swiftly heading in their direction.

"It seems that your assistant is here to see you," Crystalia remarked, knowing that she had been swamped from having to handle all the tasks alone during this time without Orion's

help.

## Chapter 1067: Information About The Secret Realm

It was Isadora!

She soon arrived before them.

"Mr. Orion, I'm glad to finally meet you," Isadora said, breathing heavily as she tried to regain her composure while struggling to remain suspended.

Orion quickly used the One-Winged Sky Art to help her stay aloft.

"Thank you," Isadora said, relieved.

She greeted Crystalia before refocusing on Orion.

"Mr. Orion, I came to ask if you'll be coming to work tomorrow. Some issues really need your attention," Isadora asked, her tone tinged with weariness.

"Yes, I'll be resuming tomorrow," Orion replied, then added, "I can see you've been working hard. Why don't you take a break and head home to rest for the day?"

Isadora shook her head, her expression firm. "There are still other matters I need to handle, Mr. Orion. I'll return home to rest afterwards." She had several tasks to finish before she could relax, ensuring she'd be fully prepared for tomorrow without any lingering concerns.

"No, you've been working tirelessly and deserve a break. I'll prepare a bonus for you later to reward your dedication. Also, I need to see Patriarch Rylan, so I'll escort you back," Orion responded with a warm smile.

Isadora was momentarily surprised by the mention of a bonus, her expression brightening considerably. A look of curiosity crossed her face as she heard his last words. She couldn't help but wonder why Orion wanted to speak with her father.

"If that's the case, then I'll head home to rest," Isadora nodded with a smile.

Meanwhile, Crystalia couldn't resist asking, "Can I come along too?"

Although Patriarch Rylan had been living in Paradise for a while, she had never met him. Curiosity tugged at her, knowing that whatever Orion intended to discuss with him had to be important. She also didn't want to return to the manor alone.

Orion momentarily considered, nodding, "Alright, you can come along." He planned to discuss the spirit realm with Patriarch Rylan, which he knew would take considerable time.

And with Crystalia's current fascination with the outside world, he was sure she would find it intriguing.

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It took only a few minutes before they arrived at Patriarch Rylan's manor. As they landed and approached the door, it swung open, revealing Patriarch Rylan, Lyndon, and Leif stepping out to meet them.

They quickly exchanged greetings.

"Chief, I wasn't expecting your visit," Patriarch Rylan said with a welcoming smile.

He noticed the unfamiliar woman beside Orion but didn't let his gaze linger. Her overbearing aura and close proximity to the Supreme Leader made it clear that they shared a tight-knit relationship.

"Come in," he added, gesturing with an open hand as he led them inside the manor.

Lyndon and Leif exchanged knowing glances, understanding that the Supreme Leader's visit to their Patriarch had to be for something of great importance. They decided to remain outside, guarding the entrance.

Isadora followed behind them curiously. Though she had a hunch about why Orion wanted to speak with her father, she wasn't entirely sure.

As they entered the room, each took their seats one by one.

"Chief, may I ask what brings you here today?" Patriarch Rylan asked with a smile, his tone warm but tinged with curiosity.

Internally, he was already making his guesses and couldn't help but feel excitement at Orion's arrival.

Orion nodded, responding, "I came to learn everything you know about the spirit realm and spirits."

Patriarch Rylan was momentarily stunned. He had initially assumed that Orion's visit was to discuss the new residence for the Four-eared Elves. The topic of the spirit realm and spirits was utterly unexpected.

Isadora, too, was taken aback, her eyes widening in surprise. She hadn't expected such a question from Orion.

Crystalia's eyes lit up at the mention of the spirit realm. She was interested in the forthcoming discussion and glad she had decided to accompany Orion on this visit.

Sensing the gravity of the request, Patriarch Rylan asked, "Chief, would you like a detailed overview of the spirit realm, or is there something specific you'd like to know?"

The Supreme Leader of Paradise didn't visit him often, so he was keen to share his knowledge.

"Tell me everything you know," Orion responded. Though he had gleaned some understanding of the spirit realm from various memories, he wanted to hear Patriarch Rylan's perspective directly.

Patriarch Rylan nodded and began his explanation. "The Spirit Realm is a parallel dimension that coexists alongside the material world. Unlike the physical world, it operates under its own spiritual and mythical principles. The Spirit Realm is layered, with different regions representing various aspects of existence."

He continued, "At the top is the Upper Realm, inhabited by pure and benevolent spirits. Many of my Four-eared elves form contracts with these spirits to acquire their strength. The Middle Realm is a neutral zone, home to benevolent and malevolent spirits-often referred to as neutral spirits. This

realm is chaotic, with spirits fluctuating between light and dark." "It's a dangerous place, even for experienced Four-eared elves, as malevolent spirits sometimes disguise themselves as benevolent ones to form contracts, only to attempt to possess their victim when brought into the physical world."

Patriarch Rylan's expression grew more serious as he spoke of the Lower Realm. "The Lower Realm is the most dangerous layer of the Spirit Realm, filled with chaotic energies and inhabited by malevolent spirits."

"The environment is harsh and unforgiving, and every Four-eared elf is strictly forbidden from accessing it. Anyone found to have contracted with a malevolent spirit is sentenced to banishment, as they pose a threat not only to themselves but also to those around them." He then elaborated on the different ranks of spirits and the various kinds they had encountered.

"So there are other spirits apart from the spirit beasts residing within the Spirit Realm?" Orion asked, furrowing his brows in thought. The information he had gathered from his memories was confirmed in detail by Patriarch Rylan's explanation.

"Yes, that's correct. However, their exact nature remains largely unknown. Despite many years of study, a vast portion of the Spirit Realm remains unexplored," Patriarch Rylan

replied, nodding.

Orion nodded in understanding, finding the explanation plausible. "Is there anything else I should be aware of?"

#### Chapter 1068: Patriarch Rylan's Most Powerful Spirit Beast

"There are various ways to access the Spirit Realm known as Spiritual Link Point," Patriarch Rylan began. "One method is through a Natural Spiritual Gateway, which are specific locations in the physical world that serve as natural gateways to the Spirit realm. These gateways are usually predictable and safer, but stumbling upon one requires either a stroke of luck or access to rare information."

He paused and continued, "Another method is through a ritual gateway created by those with the necessary knowledge of the Spirit Realm; some are our glyphs. We had a powerful ritual gateway in



our Four-Eared Lone Rabbit Runaway City. However, it's uncertain whether the Wandering Wolf Runaway City left it in ruins or if it remains intact."

Oron was surprised by Patriarch Rylan's words before nodding in understanding. As a race specialising in such areas to drastically improve their strength, it was easy to believe they would facilitate a method to make the process easier.

"An occurring phenomenon gateway which is usually the most unpredictable and unreliable, and lastly, artefacts capable of taking an individual there or drawing power from the spirit realm," Patriarch Rylan responded. He then added, "That's all I know."

Crystalia had an enlightened expression on her face, grasping the vastness of the Spirit Realm. She became highly eager to see a spirit beast up close and examine it.

Fortunately, Orion shared the same enthusiasm.

"Can you summon a spirit beast so I can look closer?" Orion asked.

Patriarch Rylan nodded swiftly in response. "Of course. Let's head outside to a more open area."

Orion, Crystalia, and Isadora stood up and followed Patriarch Rylan as he led the way to the door.

Once outside, Orion, Crystalia, and Isadora paused while Patriarch Rylan continued to walk ahead, stopping far from them.

Leif and Lyndon arrived and positioned themselves behind the group, curious about what was happening and what their Patriarch intended to do.

Patriarch Rylan halted at a distance and extended his hand, channelling his natural energy into one of his most potent summoning glyphs.

He wasn't going to summon his weakest spirit for the demonstration. He wanted to make an impression, especially since it was uncertain when he might have another chance to demonstrate his abilities before the Village Chief and Supreme Leader of Paradise.

"From the earth where mountains sleep,

Where ancient stones keep vigil,

I call upon the shell of stone,

Stoneback, rise, and make your presence known."

As Patriarch Rylan chanted, a glyph emerged from his leaf-crafted attire and expanded before him. It began to pulsate with dense natural energy, causing the air around it to tremble.

Witnessing the glyph that had emerged from Patriarch Rylan's body, Isadora and Lyndon were stunned. They had never expected their father to use his strongest summoning glyphs. Regardless, they were thrilled by the opportunity to watch him summon Stoneback.

Leif was equally excited and watched intently, determined not to miss any tiny detail. Soon, the glyph emitted an intense shimmer, rippling like waves.

A small tortoise with thick limbs and a shell made of rough stone, covered in patches of lichen and moss, stepped out of the shimmering glyph.

As its four limbs touched the ground, the earth below it trembled slightly before abruptly stopping.

As the glyph began to lose its shimmer and shrink, Stoneback cast its deep earthen-brown eyes on its surroundings. Its gaze lingered on Orion and Crystalia before refocusing on Patriarch Rylan.

"You don't seem to be in any danger, Rylan. So why did you summon me? Also, who are they? Their energies seem unusual. And where are we?" Stoneback asked, his voice tinged with curiosity.

The current environment vastly differed from the previous metallic structure and Vylkr- infested landscape he was familiar with.

The glyph soon vanished into thin air. Patriarch Rylan caught his breath before focusing on Stoneback. "This is Village Chief Orion, the Supreme Leader of Paradise. Paradise is the land we

are currently in. They accommodated the entire surviving Four-eared Elves after our escape, extending a benevolent gesture that we can never fully repay," he said, pointing at Orion.

Stoneback looked at Orion once more, this time with a more approving gaze.

"As for why I've summoned you, it's because..." Patriarch Rylan began to explain. While this conversation unfolded, Orion scrutinised the spirit beast before him. Despite its ability to speak, its strange appearance reminded him of the earthly creatures he knew about. Orion then turned his attention to Crystalia, noticing her unusual behaviour. "Are you okay? Is something wrong?" Orion asked, his voice tinged with concern.

Initially, he had thought her silence was due to curiosity being satisfied, but seeing her body tremble while she struggled to maintain her composure, he grew worried.

"I feel strange.." Crystalia replied, stuttering.

At that moment, Isadora and the others began to sense something was wrong with her.

Suddenly, a burst of light appeared on her neck, forming a milky mark of two wings-one larger than the other. The winged mark pulsed brightly before shockingly emerging before her and transforming into various strange runes, glowing with a bizarre mix of milky white and crimson hues.

"Crystalia!" Orion shouted, immediately pulling her into his arms.

He shook her, trying to awaken her, but she seemed to have fallen into a trance. Her wide, blank gaze stared into the distance as the runes shifted and moved.

The sight stunned Orion, Crystalia, Lyndon, and Leif and even drew the attention of Patriarch Rylan and Stoneback. Both stood rooted in place, dumbfounded by the spectacle.

"Such a potent inscription," Stoneback remarked, his eyes fixed on Crystalia with increased intrigue.

However, he soon felt his thick limbs growing weak, his gaze spinning and becoming unstable. "Huh! What's going on?" Stoneback muttered to himself.

Patriarch Rylan, noticing Stoneback's sudden abnormal behaviour, asked, "Stoneback, are you okay?" His anxiety grew as he sensed the connection between them slowly dissipating.

Orion's mind raced, trying to understand the reason behind the strange occurrence. He wondered why the divine apostle mark was manifesting now and in this place. Aerialia had not mentioned anything about such an event happening.

Shockingly, under the watchful eyes of everyone present, Stoneback tilted toward Crystalia and began to slowly dissipate into numerous spiritual light particles, which flowed into the glowing, bizarrely transforming runes.

#### Chapter 1069: Crystalia's Mysterious Condition

Patriarch Rylan's eyes shrunk to a needle size as the spectacle unfolded before him. He quickly extended his hand and activated his summoning glyph in a desperate attempt to resummon Stoneback. The glyph reappeared in the air as though drawn by an invisible force, pulsating with an otherworldly hue as it expanded before him.

Stoneback's whole essence was being tugged from both sides.

Isadora and the others watched in growing panic, becoming fully aware of the situation but utterly clueless about how to stop it.

Without wasting a moment, Orion swiftly scooped Crystalia into his arms, carrying her in a princess hold. He activated the One-Winged Sky Art and soared at breakneck speed, leaving a turbulent gust of wind that swept through the entire compound. Despite his anxiety, he carefully controlled his strength to avoid causing any damage to his surroundings.

As the distance between them and Stoneback increased, Patriarch Rylan felt the connection with Stoneback slowly returning. A sigh of relief escaped his lips.

Stoneback snapped out of his daze, clarity returning to his eyes as he looked around in horror, his gaze locking onto the spot where Orion and Crystalia had been standing. Seeing no one there, he immediately turned to Patriarch Rylan with a fearful expression.

Patriarch Rylan, Isadora, Lyndon, and Leif felt their hearts tremble at the sight. Stoneback was a powerful Earl-ranked noble spirit beast, a creature Patriarch Rylan had worked tirelessly to forge a contract with after decades of repeated failures. Despite his strength being held down by Patriarch Rylan's abilities, Stoneback had never backed down or shown fear in the face of an unfathomable opponent.

This was the first time they had ever seen him terrified.

An inexplicable chill ran down their spines as they realized that Stoneback, a being of such immense power, was afraid of the woman beside the Supreme Leader of Paradise. The thought that the original inhabitants of Paradise might be far more monstrous than they had imagined sent shivers through them. What kind of opponent could possibly stand against such a terrifying force?

Thankfully, they were on the same side, sparing them from the need for any brutal confrontation.

"We'll talk later, old friend," Patriarch Rylan said before resummoned Stoneback and quickly deactivating the summoning glyph.

He exhaled heavily as he tried to regain his strength. He briefly glanced in the direction where the Supreme Leader had left with the woman. Shaking his head, he turned toward the building and continued, "Let's go and rest for a bit. I believe the Supreme Leader will stop by soon to help us understand what happened." His tone was firm, concealed by a calm exterior, as he turned and led the way forward.

Meanwhile, Orion had exited the Primordial Barrier, soaring away from Paradise until it was nothing more than a tiny speck in the sky. He finally halted, watching as the runes on Crystalia's neck transformed back into the one-winged crest and receded beneath her skin. Orion exhaled in relief, his attention shifting to carefully check her condition. A worried look crossed his face before swiftly turning and flying back toward Paradise.

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Third Border City

Queen's Palace

It had been a long time since she had felt this happy.

From the moment their race had broken free of the curse placed on them by a mad god- thanks to a young man who had literally executed a god-to the time they left the mountains and shook the dust from their heels, her joy had been fleeting. The death of her partner had shattered it, leaving her alone and burdened with the task of settling their entire race into an unfamiliar land filled with terrors beyond comprehension.

No matter what she, her daughter, or anyone else did to offer comfort, it was only temporary. But there was something about her daughter's husband, a warmth he brought with him whenever he came to visit, that lingered long after he had gone.

"Queens don't cry. They're always ready to smile with grace, even when the weight of the world presses on their shoulders. So, why don't you let me carry that burden for a minute and show you how to regally shed a tear?"

Those were the exact words Orion had said to her. Selene had always wondered how he managed to have so many wives; in that moment, she understood. She laughed to the extent that she forgot her burdens.

How could anyone resist such a man?

Selene found herself lost in thought, a smile playing on her lips as she sifted through the numerous files on her desk.

"I've received information from Miss Isadora that the Pixies' attires should only be sold through their stores in the Orion's Cities to encourage more interaction with the other races. We should watch for anyone else attempting to sell them and take immediate action," Elara said, pointing at a particular document on the desk.

She noticed Selene's distant expression and sighed.

"Your Highness, if you keep drifting off like that, you won't make it home to see them before the day ends," Elara said firmly.

Selene quickly snapped out of her thoughts and nodded. But a fierce knock echoed through the room just as she was about to return to work.

"I'll get it," Elara said, turning to the door.

As she opened it, Merida rushed in, leaving Elara and Selene stunned by her sudden entrance. In an instant, she was standing before Selene's desk.

"What is it? Why did you rush here all of a sudden? Did something happen?" Selene asked, her voice tinged with curiosity and concern as she looked at the young woman before her. Merida nodded in response. "It's about Crystalia. Orion asked me to explain her current condition to you," she replied, her expression filled with worry.

As soon as Merida finished speaking, Selene immediately shot up from her seat. "What happened?" she asked, her voice filled with authority and a hint of worry.

As Merida relayed the information, Selene felt her face pale, her hands trembling in disbelief and fear.

Meanwhile, Elara stood frozen in place, her hand covering her mouth in shock as she listened to everything that had transpired.

## Chapter 1070: Mysteries Of The Divine Apostle Crest

### Orion's Manor

In a spacious wooden bedroom decorated with numerous gems on the ceiling and various wall sections, a queen-sized bed was at the centre, flanked by two large drawers on either side at the foot of the bed.

Orion stood beside the bed, his eyes fixed on Crystalia, who was being tended to by Greta and her former assistant, Lola. He had been fortunate enough to catch them discussing in the manor after concluding their work for the day. He had immediately entrusted Crystalia to them for treatment, explaining what had caused her current condition.

After several minutes, the two healers halted their efforts, drew their hands back, and tiredly shook their heads.

"We've tried everything we can, but it's as though her entire constitution is transforming, even at the cellular level, making our efforts ineffective. The only thing we can do now is wait for her to wake up. Fortunately, she doesn't seem to be in any immediate danger, so she might awaken soon," Greta said, shifting her gaze to Orion.

"Or, we could try to find a way to remove the Divine Apostle crest since it seems to be the source of all this. However, I doubt that's something we'll be able to accomplish easily," Lola added, her tone defeated.

After the development of the Orion's Cities, Lola had risen to a high-ranking position within the Healer's Association. She owned a business with several branches across the Orion's Cities, trading all kinds of herbs from the farms to the Healer's Association and the inhabitants of Paradise.

Despite the competition, her status as a high-ranking member of the association and the former assistant to the best healer gave her a significant advantage over others.

Over time, she had grown tremendously, mastering various healing techniques that made her incomparable to her past self. However, despite all her growth, she could still not treat the young woman lying on the bed before her.

Orion frowned. He pondered for a moment before nodding in understanding. "Okay, you both can get some rest. You've done your best," he said.

He knew removing the Divine Apostle's Crest was impossible, as they did not even understand how Naka had managed to create it.

Lola nodded in understanding and stood up from the bed. She had already promised her family that she would return home today and didn't want to break that promise.

Lola nodded at Greta, then bowed to Orion before turning around and exiting the room.

"Have you informed Selene about Crystalia's condition?" Greta asked, her eyes fixed on Orion.



Today was supposed to be the last day of Crystalia's request to finalise their relationship with all three. So, she was concerned about how Selene would react if she arrived at the manor uninformed about Crystalia's health beforehand.

"I've already asked Merida to inform her about what happened, so she should be here soon," Orion responded, understanding Greta's concerns but assuring her that he had already made arrangements.

Greta nodded, exhaling in relief.

Orion then turned his attention to Aerialia and asked, "Do you know what's happening to her?" The Crimson Greatsword hovered in the air by his left while Aerialia stood by his right. "Whatever transpired with the Divine Apostle Crest is not something I'm familiar with. I also need an explanation of what's going on," Aerialia replied, her gaze shifting from the unconscious Crystalia to Orion.

Ever since she arrived in this world, her logic and knowledge had been continuously overturned, and now it had reached the point where she even began to doubt her identity as a goddess. Utilising her divine blood to create such a Divine Apostle Crest was beyond comprehension.

She was left dumbfounded by Orion's explanation about its reaction to spirit beasts. It should have been impossible, and yet it wasn't. For the first time since she arrived in this world, a realisation emerged in Aerialia's mind.

Could it be that Naka had become an existence that had surpassed a god, or perhaps a True god?

Only the Omnithriallians and the first race were known to have achieved such a feat. Still, after learning about Naka's origin, Aerialia felt fear sprout within her heart.

If she hadn't noticed a divine being in the past, she would have doubted whether any divines still existed. However, since they did, all she needed to do was ensure that Paradise grew stronger so they could locate one and swiftly uncover the state of the current world.

Upon hearing Aerialia's response, Orion's frown deepened. He was increasingly worried that Aerialia—an all-powerful goddess once omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent—was now informing him that she had no understanding of issues related to the divine. Suppose the races could find a way to survive within this Vylkr-infested world utilising the Devourer's bracelet and Runaway Cities. Shouldn't it also be possible that the divine beings who once stood at the apex had developed new survival methods, especially with the emergence of the Vylkr spawns?

Indeed, such growth was plausible! But the issue was that they had no idea of its extent. The knowledge Orion had gathered from the spies mainly was from other Grade One Runaway Cities, with the rest coming from the Journeying Jaguar and Wandering Wolf Borough Runaway Cities. This information allowed him to understand that the gods had not been in contact with the races for a long time and had indeed become the stuff of legend.

If he needed to gain more knowledge, he would need to approach a Grade Three Runaway City because he knew they would definitely possess some information about the gods and might even be inhabited by one. However, he would first need to handle the Grade Two Runaway

Cities.

Witnessing their entire conversation, Greta clasped her hands together, drawing their attention toward her. "Alright, there's no need to make such long faces. Lola and I have checked her condition, and she is fine. So, the only thing we can do is wait until she wakes up. Why don't we go downstairs and rest while Aerialia stays here and keeps an eye on her? Maybe she might uncover something."