

## Village Head 361

### Chapter 361 Meeting The Prismarian Royals

"Well, it all took place like this..." Crystalia began, making sure her words were delivered clearly as she delved into the explanation.

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I blinked, my gaze subtly fixed on the individuals I presumed to be Princess Crystalia's parents, particularly her mother.

Certainly, they emitted an imposing aura, an aura that might have unnerved a regular boy my age had I not been a transmigrator. Nevertheless, my attention was drawn to her mother's attire, causing me to involuntarily gulp a little.

While the king adorned a beautifully decorated crown and was draped in a long robe that sparkled as though it were woven from diamonds, and decorated with a variety of gemstones, the Queen's attire followed suit, crafted in a similar manner.

However, a distinct feature caught my attention – her attire was connected to her panties, making her crimson undergarments exposed to the world. A portion of her fair thighs remained concealed beneath the fabric, while her lower thighs and flawless skin below her knees were openly displayed for all to see.

"And is that everything that happened?" the Queen asked, casting a fleeting glance my way, her gaze seemingly probing me once again. Princess Crystalia had just finished recounting how she and Flintor had sneaked out of the kingdom to train, and how their plan had taken an unexpected turn when they discovered me and Saria in danger.

This decision led them to rescue us, resulting in the current situation.

Observing the scene, it was obvious that Flintor was feeling somewhat embarrassed. From the tidbits I could gather, he was responsible for protecting the princess of the Prismarian Kingdom. As Princess Crystalia detailed their preparations, including their anticipation of White Flame's appearances, his discomfort seemed to intensify, particularly when she highlighted my unplanned presence.

However, his embarrassment reached its pinnacle as the princess ended her explanation.

"Yes," Princess Crystalia responded with a nod, affirming that her account was indeed complete. Her gaze shifted to her father, who seemed to sigh repetitively before releasing a deep, exasperated sigh.

Turning her attention back to her father, she received his words with a grave demeanour that brooked no disagreement. "Crystalia, go to your room. We will have a discussion about your punishment later," he stated firmly, his gaze then shifting fully to me.

He subjected me to a scrutinizing evaluation, scanning me from head to toe before redirecting his attention to Saria. His brow furrowed as if he had fallen into deep thought.

Attempting to interject, Princess Crystalia started, "But father, since I found and rescued someone from outside the mountain, shouldn't I—" Her words were promptly cut off by her father's resolute command that rang in the air, "CRYSTALIA, GO TO YOUR ROOM NOW!!" The forceful reprimand silenced her, causing her to wince and close her mouth, the sternness of his words clearly impacting her.

I stood witness as the unfolding drama before me played out. The queen released a deep sigh that seemed to reverberate across the room, enveloping everyone present. Her voice sliced through the tension as she addressed Flintor with a sharp edge, "Flintor, escort Crystalia to her room."

Her eyes bore into him, a stern warning clear in her gaze, before she shifted her glare to her daughter, the weight of her displeasure apparent. "Furthermore, ensure she remains there until I am ready to speak with her." Her voice carried an air of finality, causing Flintor to audibly gulp nervously.

Acknowledging the queen's instruction with a nod, Flintor responded, "Understood, Your Highness," and then proceeded to approach Princess Crystalia.

However, her defiance was clear as she resisted his efforts, prompting him to exert more force and exchange hushed words with her in an attempt to persuade her.

Eventually, with a forceful tug, he managed to escort her out of the throne room, the door closing behind them with a resounding "thud."

With the door firmly shut, it was just me and the still-unconscious Saria left in the presence of the king and queen.

I watched as the king calmly rose from his throne, the queen following suit as they approached me. While they were a bit taller than my height, likely hovering around 1.8 meters (six feet), it wasn't so much that I had to crane my neck uncomfortably to meet their gaze.

"What's your name, young man?" The king asked, briefly casting his gaze at Saria before fixing his attention on me. "And don't lie, or the consequences will be severe."

I nodded in affirmation and replied, "I'm Orion." After all, I had no intention of deceiving anyone.

He held his gaze on me for a moment before giving a nod of acknowledgement, then proceeded to ask, "And where do you come from?".

Already prepared to answer, I immediately replied, maintaining an air of honesty, "I come from outside the mountain." I didn't want to reveal more than necessary; sharing additional information would be like giving away something valuable for free.

I'll have to offer my gratitude to the Caravans for teaching me that, particularly to Stronghold Leader Drakar. The next time I cross paths with him, I might ask him to manage a poison or two – that is, if he's up for the challenge.

The King nodded with a furrowed brow and retorted, "Throughout the millennia that my ancestors and I have inhabited this kingdom, there has never been a record or rumour of someone supposedly from outside the mountains." His tone was stern as he continued, "So give me one compelling reason to believe your claim."

Despite his warning not to lie, the very question he posed indicated his inability to discern my honesty. As such, I could only keep my mouth shut, as there was no other way for me to show that I was from outside here besides showing my gift.

But I didn't know if some among them also had something like this or how they would react to it. Additionally, the fact that it would lead to further questions, which I had no clue how to handle, pushed my reasons to remain silent.

"Hmmm!" The King emitted an inquisitive hum, drawing his attention away from his wife and acknowledging her with a nod. Seemingly synchronized by an unspoken signal, the Queen turned her gaze to me and posed her question, her intent clear as she asked, "And the woman you're carrying—did you arrive here together, or did you meet her here?" Her focused gaze locked onto mine, awaiting my response.

While her question struck me as somewhat strange, I found it oddly understandable given the context and understood the underlying curiosity she was expressing.

"Yes," I affirmed with a nod, "She came here with me as well. But, she's not in the best condition, as you can see," I added with a tinge of concern in my voice.

My journey through the mountain had extended for several hours, blurring the sense of time and making it feel like days had passed. The surging Vylkr energy within me had been intensifying, further amplifying my discomfort.

Honestly, I couldn't quite fathom how I managed to maintain this façade of calmness while conversing with them. However, to sustain the charade, I quickly continued, "In the name of Naka, I would deeply appreciate it if you could do anything to help her recover."

My words were a sincere plea, driven by the hope that they possessed the means to heal Saria. I couldn't be certain, but considering how Anara had mended my injuries with her abilities and the ancestral pool, I hoped they held a way to heal Saria... or at least, I hoped that they would try.

I observed how their eyes widened briefly before returning to normal. The Queen examined me, her gaze sharp as if searching for any hint of deception in my appearance or words.

Fortunately, it seemed that her scrutiny found no lie. She turned her attention to the King, exchanging a silent communication before they both nodded in agreement.

"I will leave this matter to you then," the King stated. "I have some pressing matters to attend to and need to arrange the next meeting, as well as come up with a way to prevent the other clans from acting recklessly. News like this spreads quickly, especially with the involvement of that young girl," he added, prompting a wry smile from the Queen.

The King's gaze shifted to me, "I shall take my leave then," he expressed, his eyes lingering on both Saria and me once more before he began to stride away, making his way towards the exit. "Clap!! Clap!!" A sequence of rhythmic claps echoed through the hall, and in response, the massive doors swung open, flanked by two rows of guards stationed on either side.

As the King exited, the doors remained ajar, and from one of the guard rows, a contingent approached us, forming a defensive circle around me.

"Follow me," the Queen instructed, her gaze directed at me as she took the lead. "I will guide you to a place where she can rest, and where we can have a more peaceful conversation."

A sigh escaped me internally as I could now loosen my facade a little, with the King gone and the Queen in front of me. Though it was worth holding myself back from being distracted by her incredibly large titties which I hadn't noticed before because she was sitting far away, now that she was walking in front of me, her shapely watermelon-like ass caught my attention, causing my attention and my penis to stand.

My thoughts also wandered to her fleshy thighs, and how her gown and robe revealed her red panties due to how the hems in the front were sewn.

Damn it! I held myself back from entertaining imaginary thoughts, understanding that I still didn't know what their culture was like, even though it appeared that they also served Naka as their god.

Honestly, I couldn't help but start to doubt if Naka was a genuine god or a man-made god similar to White Flame.

Many things could have transpired during that time, including the invasion. From what I had seen, it seemed like White Flame was recounting events based on his own experiences. As such, I kept my hopes up to learn more about the past and how everything had changed and evolved into its current state.

Breaking free from my thoughts, my attention shifted to the formation of guards flanking the path, five on each side, with an additional pair at the front, standing as guardians for the queen. Strangely, something I hadn't fully registered earlier became apparent now – there appeared to be more women among the guards than men.

I had glimpsed the same trend as I entered the kingdom, though I hadn't bothered to count, focusing on potential threats rather than the gender composition of a possible enemy. At that point, these differences seemed rather insignificant to me.

Regardless, as I observed them now, I realized that three out of every five guards were women, while the remaining two were men – alternating from right to left, with an exception behind me where four stood – and my brows knitted in confusion.

Despite this, I didn't neglect to survey my surroundings and take in the details of the path we were traversing. This vigilance was crucial, just as it was to remain prepared for any potential attacks that might suddenly appear.

After a long stroll of around twenty minutes, indicating just how large the castle was, the Queen's voice suddenly sounded in my ears, "We have arrived," she announced, coming to a halt before a door adorned with a splendid array of gems and crystals.

I watched attentively as the two guards by her side gently pushed the door open, revealing a room that I could just about discern from my current vantage point.

Realizing that I wasn't being thrown into a grim prison cell or a dark dungeon, I immediately felt the tension on my shoulders releasing as I sighed in relief.

"Call me Madam Seraphina, Mrs Marisela, and Valeria," the Queen's unexpected words reached my ears as she conversed with the two guards.

She quickly added, "And don't forget to summon Thoren as well; we need every skilled healer presently within the castle."

#### Chapter 363 The Queen's Questioning

"You can place her on the bed," she said.

The Queen then informed me that it would take either an hour or an hour and a half for them to arrive. However, in the meantime, she wished to use this period to pose some questions.

Seeing their hospitality, I didn't divulge every detail she sought. Instead, I chose to withhold certain information, just in case their attitude shifted from accommodating to something less favourable.

"You mentioned something about Naka," the Queen asked as she settled into a chair beside the bed, her bare legs crossed, scrutinizing me with a relaxed yet curious smile. "Explain how you came across that name," she pressed.

While I pondered why the Queen herself was personally interrogating a stranger about their peculiar circumstances in private, I refrained from voicing this question. After all, I was the one being questioned, so I made myself comfortable on the bed next to Saria, who lay there, and responded, "Naka is the god of my people. He has been with us for generations. If you're asking how I came across the name in a different context, I apologize, but I can't provide an explanation beyond that."

I spoke with a touch of reverence, understanding that when two people shared the same god, showing fervour for it was often the quickest way to establish a connection.

Thanks to Princess Crystalia, I gained insight into their reverence for Naka.

The Queen, in response, remained silent, her eyes narrowing as she scrutinized me for a brief moment.

Then, with a long, deep sigh, she exhaled, shaking her head as if struggling with an internal dilemma.

After a minute, her shoulders slumped, and she raised her gaze to meet mine.

"I believe you," she said, "at least for now." She paused, then added, "In the meantime, I would also like to know where you come from."

At this point, the logical thing would have been to spill everything about the Village, revealing all the secrets to make my story more convincing. But unlike the straightforward villagers, I suspected these people, especially the woman before me, might not be so trusting.

So, I feigned hesitation, my voice trailing off as if I were about to reveal something sensitive. Then, I suddenly clamped my mouth shut, as if I'd remembered something crucial, and acted as if I'd regained control of myself. With a weary sigh, I shook my head, playing the part of someone torn by conflicting emotions.

I decided to remain silent for the time being, opting to gauge the people I was dealing with rather than risk saying something I might regret later.

"What?" The Queen arched an eyebrow, narrowing her eyes at me. "Are you going to tell me where you're from, or are you going to keep me guessing?"

Meeting her piercing ruby eyes with a feigned expression of helplessness, I replied, "I'm afraid I can't. It's forbidden by Naka for us to disclose anything about our Village to outsiders, and we follow this command for our own well-being." I shook my head in disagreement with her request.

She frowned briefly before a smile curled on her lips as she remarked, "So, you come from a village."

Realizing my slip of words, I chastised myself internally and brushed off her question, saying, "I'm sorry, but I can't tell you that." Nevertheless, I couldn't help but notice that my mistake had lent an air of authenticity to my facade, granting me the confidence to maintain my act even in this delicate situation.

"This isn't getting us anywhere," the Queen sighed in disappointment, shaking her head as she uncrossed her legs and rose from her seat. I maintained my focus on her, albeit with the occasional glance at her red panties, as I listened to her words.

"I will return to speak with you once your friend has been healed. Perhaps then, you'll feel more at ease sharing some information about yourself and how you arrived here." She turned and walked towards the door, giving me another view of her thick watermelon ass.

Pausing at the door, she cautioned, "Until then, remain here to avoid any misunderstandings with the guards, who might mistake you for an intruder in the castle." With that, she opened the door and exited, closing it behind her.

After making sure that she had left, leaving behind an unstated threat, I immediately dropped my act as it was becoming exhausting. Adapting to this charade had become a part of my life since the day I transmigrated into this world, but it never grew any less tiring.



I found an empty spot on the bed, reclined on it, and quietly awaited the arrival of the healers. Simultaneously, I wrestled with the task of quelling the surging Vylkr energy within me and thought about a viable way for me to handle my current predicament.

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After an hour and a half, a gentle knock echoed through the door. I immediately jumped out of bed to open the door quickly and meet the healers to hasten Saria's treatment.

As the door swung open with a "click," my eyes widened momentarily before I swiftly composed myself. In an instant, I regained control over my expression, concealing my surprise.

In front of me stood three women and one man. Among the trio of women, the one at the forefront had a striking mane of dazzling blue crystal-like hair, and she wore a gown crafted from what appeared to be the same shimmering material.

At this point, I wondered if they all made their clothes themselves, just as Princess Crystalia had done in my presence. However, that wasn't what held my attention. My focus was drawn to the gown's extravagant slit that showed her blue panties, running from her legs up to her waist. The woman before me, though lacking the queen's incredible watermelon ass which could rival Greta's, my mother, Fiona, Grandma Celia, or Ingrid's own was still incredibly thick and plentiful.

Her generously immense breasts were excellently emphasised by her gown, while her waist, although not particularly slender, still complemented her wide breeding hips. Her beautiful plump legs and blue beautiful panties, framed by the exposed slit in her dress, provided a view that was more than satisfying.

#### Chapter 364 The Prismarian Healer's Council

Reluctantly diverting my attention from her captivating body, I locked eyes with her, finding that she, too, was appraising me, perhaps attempting to discern my background and identity. In turn, I couldn't help but notice her striking crystal-like irises, complemented by deep blue pupils and a beauty mark resembling a small diamond cut and perfectly placed there.

Silently, I swung the door wide open, inviting them to enter. The lady in the striking blue, slit gown stepped in gracefully, accompanied by another woman with violet crystal locs. From her appearance, I deduced she was likely in her late twenties.

By our village's standards, one might describe her as beautiful, owing to her incredibly slender physique, a detail I might have overlooked if not for her choice of attire. She was clad in a scanty, violet minidress that barely reached her small buttocks, small enough to prevent further upward creep but ample enough to offer an unapologetic glimpse of her azure panties.

At this point, I couldn't help but wonder why their attire consistently exposed their underwear to the world.

Nevertheless, my attention shifted to the next lady with vibrant green crystal hair who walked in. Unlike the previous one, she had more prominent buttocks. Although her breasts didn't rival the first woman's in size, the way she was dressed, akin to the second lady, almost led my imagination astray.

Her light blue gown, more like a top given her shapely backside, enticingly exposed the waistband of her panties from behind. The panties, valiantly resisting the urge to nestle between the ass cheeks of her alluring bare buttocks, seemed almost destined to give in to the temptation.

Then, my attention shifted to the middle-aged man. I briefly observed his long, pristine white robe, noticing the mixed golden and grey-coloured gemstones down the centre, on both sides of his dress, as well as on his back. Gently, I closed the door firmly after making sure they had all entered the room.

They filed in one by one, each glancing at my actions before fixing their gazes on the still-unconscious Saria. The woman with the enchanting crystal-like beauty mark beneath her right eye pointed at Saria and asked, "Is she the one?"

"Yes," I nodded my head and responded, "Is there anything that you can do to make her feel better?"

Before the woman could respond, the man scoffed. "Of course, there is, or else the Queen wouldn't have summoned all of you here for the same reason," he stated, pacing around Saria's bed. He strode from one edge to another, saying, "While there may be certain factors to consider, such as potential side effects or benefits, given that you two aren't of our lineage, I doubt we can ascertain those until we try."

"He's right," the third woman chimed in, casually stretching her right arm behind her as if adjusting her light blue panties, and pulling it out from getting stuck between her ass cheeks.

The second woman in the middle, the most slender of them all, cleared her throat gently to draw everyone's attention. "Since we've all agreed, why don't we take turns first to avoid overwhelming her? If that doesn't work, we can use all our abilities at once to see if she wakes up."

One by one, they all nodded in agreement. The middle-aged man in the white robe stepped forward, taking Saria's left hand in his right. His hand began to glow intensely, enveloping Saria's body before the light vanished a few seconds later, just as quickly as it had appeared.

Furrowing his brows, I observed as the man tapped his chest.

From it, an immaterial, bright grey-coloured gemstone appeared to phase out of his robe and hover over Saria.

He released her hand, stretched his arms over her, and a rain of intense, pure light poured down on her unconscious form, engulfing her from head to toe.

After a few minutes, the man suddenly withdrew his arms, releasing a deep breath as he slumped downward. Shaking his head in disappointment, he stretched his right hand to grab the immaterial floating gemstone as though it were a physical object.

Then, he gently slapped it back into his chest, appearing as though he had recovered a bit of his energy. "I can't... My ability doesn't seem to be working, so I can't make her recover or wake up from whatever is keeping her unconscious," the man said with a sigh.

A slight frown appeared on his face as though he was contemplating the words he had just uttered.

"Let me try," the slender woman in the middle expressed, walking toward Saria and taking her hand, just as the man had done. Her hands began to emit a brilliant glow, which intensified until it enveloped Saria's entire body. The intensity of the light forced me to shield my eyes with my palms.

"This... This..." the woman stammered as the light slowly faded. She released Saria's hand and looked at her in disbelief. "It's not working..." Her mouth hung open as she spoke, as if she herself couldn't believe the words that had just left her lips. "My healing ability has no effect on her."

"What do you mean it has no effect on her?" the woman with the daring slit in her gown questioned with a displeased frown as she looked at the shocked expression on the woman's face. "We expected some issues, but our ability not working on her seems a bit excessive."

"I don't understand it either," the man chimed in. "I can feel my magic draining, but it's like it has no impact on her."

"Let me give it a try," she said, stepping forward while the other woman shook her head in resignation as though further attempts would be futile.

With a single, intentional tap on her chest, mirroring the man's actions, she conjured an ethereal, translucent gemstone that floated above Saria, casting its radiant light upon her. After a brief moment, the woman retrieved the gemstone, returning it to her chest, and then fixed her gaze on Saria as if she had seen a ghost.

#### Chapter 365 The Dilemma Of The Prismarian Healer's Council

"Impossible," the woman with the daring slit in her gown exclaimed. The last woman who hadn't yet attempted to use her powers furrowed her brows in confusion, likely realizing that her ability might also be ineffective, just like the others.

As I observed from the sidelines, my eyes occasionally drifting to their exposed panties and then back to their perplexed expressions as they attempted to revive Saria, it became increasingly clear that their efforts were in vain.

Deciding to speak up, I asked, "So, there's nothing any of you can do?"

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Madam Seraphina found herself at a loss for words in response to this particular question. When the Queen had first summoned her and the others and explained that they had discovered people from outside the kingdom above the upper section of the mountain, Seraphina was initially shocked and struggled to believe it.

However, upon closer examination of the individuals and noticing the absence of gemstones within them, their shock was tempered with a sense of disbelief that they had learned to manage. As healers, they had encountered nauseating and unimaginable wounds that required them to maintain their composure, so this situation, although astonishing, was not entirely beyond their capacity to handle.

Madam Seraphina halted her words, her gaze sweeping over her fellow healers in search of any possible solutions.

Unfortunately, their tired expressions and shaking heads conveyed the same message – there was nothing more they could do.

Letting out a deep sigh, she continued, "There isn't anything more we can do at the moment. Our only option is to try mixing some herbs for her to see if she reacts to them, since our abilities seem ineffective."

Orion nodded in understanding but couldn't help feeling a twinge of disappointment. Based on what he had witnessed, he had hoped for a more miraculous outcome. Nevertheless, he accepted the results and asked, "Do you have any trees nearby?"

Feeling her panties wedged between her buttocks once more, Valeria adjusted them slowly before she asked, "We do, but what do you need that for?"

Orion nodded with relief, grateful that they had access to trees even though they were currently underground. He carefully chose his words and explained, "You see, my friend is a bit special, and with a tree, I think there might be a chance to help her get back on her feet." Even if they found his words strange, as long as he could be given the chance to try it out, he didn't care about their thoughts.

Although the members of the healing council were puzzled about how a tree could aid in recovery, they decided to give the young man's suggestion some consideration. After all, their healing abilities had proven ineffective, so they were willing to entertain any possibility.

"Sorry, but even if we wanted to, we can't get you out of this room or do something like that without getting permission from the Queen or King," Madam Seraphina explained, shaking her head in disagreement. She added, "You'll just have to wait a moment for us to see if we can get permission from the King or Queen."

Orion understood their predicament. He figured he would do the same if he were in their shoes back in his village. "Alright, I'm willing to wait," he replied, nodding in understanding. However, curiosity pulled at him, wondering how a tree could survive down here, or if it was even a tree at all.

Nevertheless, he knew he wouldn't find out until he saw it for himself.

"Alright," Madam Seraphina replied before turning her attention to Thoren, the man in the white robe, and Valeria, the woman with a sizeable bubble ass who was currently dealing with the inconvenience of her panties getting wedged between her butt cheeks.

She continued, "Marisela and I will go and inform the King and Queen of the results and also relay the young man's request. Meanwhile, you two can stay here and continue trying to see if there might be anything more that you can do."

Valeria and Thoren nodded in understanding as they watched Madam Seraphina signal to Marisela for them to leave.

The door made a soft click as they opened and closed it behind them.

"Let's get to work then, and see what else we might try," Thoren said to Valeria as he approached Saria's bed once more, activating his healing ability in an attempt to find a solution. Orion found a spot to lean against the wall and watched closely as the woman with a wedgie also approached Saria, likely intending to use her own healing abilities to see if they could make a difference.

As a bright white light shone over Saria's body, Orion couldn't help but shake his head in disappointment when the light disappeared seconds later. Valeria blinked in surprise and stood in a daze for a moment before she tried again.

This time, she tapped her chest and conjured her gemstone, allowing it to hover above Saria's unconscious form.

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The Gemheart Clan

Main building

"Knock!!" "Knock!!"

"Come in!" Garnet said as he glanced up at his wife entering the room, gently closing the door behind her. Observing her attire, a thigh-high garment instead of her usual attire that she often wore to proudly display her panties and her position as the Clan Mistress of the Gemheart clan, Garnet couldn't help but furrow his brows, sensing that something was amiss.

"Is what I've heard true, Garnet?" Elara Gemheart asked, her gaze fixed on her husband. She had initially questioned her ears when she learned that Princess Crystallia had brought someone from the upper section who claimed to hail from outside the mountain.

However, after confirming the news with the wives of the elders, who had heard it from the clan leader himself after the council meeting at the palace earlier today, she rushed to his study to seek confirmation.

Garnet quickly grasped her intentions as she finished her sentence and nodded in agreement. "Yes, it's true," he confirmed.

"Princess Crystallia disrupted the council meeting again today, and this time, she brought someone we believe is from outside the mountain. However, the king adjourned the council meeting before we could extract any information from him," he snorted in annoyance before continuing, "I doubt they want this matter to become public knowledge, as it could spark rumours throughout the kingdom. So, it's either one of the Crystalforge private guards conducting the interrogation or the Queen herself, considering she's currently the most powerful figure in the castle."

#### Chapter 366 The Millennia-Old Traditions

Elara nodded thoughtfully. It was widely recognized that the Crystalforge clan remained staunch adherents to the millennia-old traditions, making them one of the few clans still upholding these customs. What set them apart, however, was their unwavering devotion to Naka, even more fervent than the rest of the kingdom's clans.

Milleniums ago, their society had been one where women held sway and ruled, dominating every sphere of power.

But over time, the dynamics shifted, and men gradually assumed more responsibilities that they had been excluded from before.

Despite these changes, their god Naka had once communicated with them, expressing no disapproval of these developments. However, this transformation ultimately pushed their society to new heights, with some vehemently resisting the change, only to succumb to it a few years later.

Of course, while some men proved themselves strong and capable enough to take up leadership roles, there remained a handful of clans, like the Crystalforge and Quartzwraith clans. These two, in particular, maintained a facade of male rulership to deceive the public, but the truth was that women secretly held the reins in these clans.

In contrast, clans such as the Prismaflow Clan, the Luminaris Clan, and her own, the Gemheart Clan, didn't harbour such reservations.

Elara was more than willing to yield control to her husband, letting him shoulder the responsibilities of leadership.

"So, what are you going to do now?" She asked, observing her husband's slumping shoulders as he hurriedly shuffled through some papers on his desk as if searching for something. She wanted to know if he had any plans for addressing the issue so that she could offer her suggestions if he didn't.

"Forge an alliance with the Luminaris clan," Garnet said as he rummaged through the scattered papers on his desk, searching for a particular document sent by the Clan Head of the Luminaris Clan a few days ago, which proposed an alliance. 'Ah, here it is,' he thought triumphantly as he retrieved the paper from beneath the others, then continued, turning his attention to his wife.

"Although it might be tempting to disclose this information to the public right now, given how the king downplayed the arrival of the outsiders under the pretext of punishing his daughter, it might be wiser for us to maintain secrecy and strengthen our alliance with the Luminaris clan. Then, when the time comes and the news is made public, we can seize the opportunity to manipulate the rumours to our advantage."

"We'll reveal the truth that the Crystalforge clan kept this secret from the people for their own benefit, among many other misconceptions. This revelation should be enough to push them into making a decision that might lead to them losing their position of power within the kingdom," he said with a smile, relishing the strategic advantage it offered.

Meanwhile, Elara blinked in surprise as her husband laid out his plan, realizing that her advice might not be necessary this time. A smile crept onto her lips, and she rose from her finely crafted crystal chair.



She nodded approvingly and said, "It seems you've thought this through quite well. My suggestions may not be needed after all."

Elara locked eyes with her husband, her hand lightly grazing the hem of her garment. Slowly, she raised it, revealing her waist. With a sultry tone, she purred, "Perhaps I should reward you for coming up with such a clever solution to this delicate matter." Her two fingers touched and parted her narrow, pinkish lips.

Garnet couldn't help but gulp as his gaze wandered from his wife's hips, down to the gemstone, and then further down to her narrow vagina framed by a black, luscious bush. He swallowed hard, his throat suddenly dry. "I... I thought something was wrong," he stammered, his voice tinged with hesitation.

Elara furrowed her brow, puzzled. "Like what?" she asked, genuinely curious.

"You're not wearing any panties," Garnet finally blurted out, his voice quivering with a hint of hesitation.

Elara's eyes widened with realization, and a sly smile curled on her lips as she understood Garnet's concern. "Oh, were you expecting me to walk around in my panties to your study room, making it clear to everyone in our clan that I'm claimed by you? Or perhaps you just enjoy the way it looks on me because I happen to be your wife?" she teased, her voice laced with amusement. Her raised brow and mischievous expression only added to her naughty tone.

Flashing your underwear to the public had once been a symbol of submission to a man, signifying that you'd relinquished control of your household and life to him, as a way to break free from millennia-old traditions.

However, as time passed, it evolved into a trend where any woman with enough wealth to afford a pair of panties joined in. The Crystalforge clan, known for their unique ability to craft anything from clothing to weapons with their gems, was the sole source of these custom-sized panties.

Since every woman's figure was different, only the affluent and influential could commission these undergarments, leading others to view them as a symbol of status and power. As a result, many eagerly embraced this newfound sense of social standing.

Those who couldn't acquire a pair of panties were often relegated to a lower social class due to their inability to afford such a status symbol.

However, Elara was not one to blindly follow trends. She typically only wore panties when her parents were around, maintaining the appearance of a respectful wife even though it was now a fashionable norm. However, with her parents gone and some time to herself, she felt liberated from societal judgments and saw no reason to conform to such expectations.

As she looked at her husband with that same naughty smile, she realized she didn't need to say another word.

He stood up from his seat and knelt beside her, causing her to adjust her posture so that her parted pussy lips could meet his lips. She said seductively, "There you go, dear," while lovingly running her fingers through his blue crystal locks, "Take your time and savour it slowly."

Chapter 367 The Naughty Prismarian Healer

However, even if her position of power had been passed to her husband, that didn't change a thing; her man would always be her man, regardless of the level of power he attained. In fact, it felt even more satisfying to have him like this.

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"Again!"

Orion watched as the two healers combined the power of their gemstones, bathing Saria in an even more intense light than before. The brilliance was blinding, and he had to shield his eyes with his arms.

Finally, after they both gave up, realizing there was nothing more they could do at the moment, Orion was about to suggest that they rest and wait for the two women to return before attempting their next plan. However, seeing that both healers were on the verge of collapse, he rushed forward, catching the woman just before her body tilted to the ground.

Holding her firmly with his arms around her waist, Orion couldn't help but feel the unfamiliar woman's panties brushing against his arm. Her sizeable bubble ass pressed firmly against his tula,

and he couldn't deny the sensation of her panties against his flaccid penis, especially as he watched the other man collapse to the ground.

While he could have rushed to help the fallen man, he couldn't be in two places at once, so he chose to support the woman in his arms.

He could feel her tired, ragged breaths against his neck as she rested her head on his shoulder. She managed to utter a thankful, "Hahh... haaa... Thank you."

Shaking his head with a gentle smile, Orion replied, "Don't worry about it. After all, you were helping us before this happened."

Nodding wearily, she slowly lifted her body away from the young man, regaining some of her strength, and finding her footing. Turning to face him, she heaved a deep sigh after glancing at Saria and realizing their efforts had been ineffective.

"What's your name?" she asked, realizing she hadn't asked before. However, she couldn't help but feel her panties wedging uncomfortably into her buttocks once more. Deliberately, as she had done several times already, she reached behind her and adjusted them.

Observing her actions closely this time, Orion saw an opportunity to learn more about the Prismerion culture. He replied, "My name is Orion."

"My name is Valeria, Elder Healer Valeria to be exact," Valeria responded as she examined Orion from head to toe. His well-defined, toned muscles hinted at a life accustomed to rigorous physical labour. It was clear that the young man came from a place where such labour was the norm.

"Hey, I'm still down here, you know," Thoren's voice grumbled, encouraging Valeria to hurry to his side and help him up. "What took you so long?"

Thoren grunted as he regained his feet, casting a brief glance at Orion. He then turned his attention to Saria and sighed, "Forget it, there's nothing more we can do."

Thoren continued, "The only thing left is to wait for Madam Seraphina and Mrs Marisela to return with a response to the boy's request." He exhaled heavily before focusing on Orion, "I'm Thoren, one of the Prismerian Healer Council members," he added, introducing himself after realizing that he and Valeira had begun introductions before he was interrupted.

Then he turned around and strolled to a chair on the opposite side of the room. He settled into it, reaching for a glass filled with water from a collection laid out on the table. He drained it in a single, thirsty gulp. "As for me, I'll be here waiting for them to arrive in case you want to try again," he announced.

Leaning backwards on the transparent crystal chair, he rested his head over the edge, closing his eyes in a comfortable recline.

Observing his relaxed posture, Valeria shook her head and shifted to sit on the edge of the bed, her shoulders slumped in defeat. However, Orion, noticing their downcast expressions, couldn't help but raise an eyebrow.

Who would have thought that their inability to heal Saria would weigh so heavily on them? Regardless, until he found a way back home to his family, Orion figured he might as well seize the opportunity in front of him and learn more about the Prismerian people by forming friendships.

He settled comfortably near Valeria, taking a deep breath to calm his racing heart, recognising that his actions could either lead to trouble or forge a relationship with someone from a completely different race.

With gentle intent, he extended his right hand, aiming to console Valeria's thigh with a soft touch, and he spoke reassuringly, "You all did your best, so there's no reason for you to feel so defeated." He used the most comforting tone he could muster. If this kingdom had the same level of openness regarding intimacy as his village, then he was ready to find out about it himself.

Observing that Valeria hadn't amputated his arms or slapped him for placing his palms on her thighs and rubbing them, Orion felt as though a tremendous weight had been lifted from his shoulders. He let out an internal sigh of relief.

Meanwhile, Valeria couldn't help but smile at the young man's kind gesture and reassuring words.

She had never expected him to be so bold, causing her to raise an intrigued brow. Regardless, intrigued by his boldness, she decided to playfully tease him a bit to gauge his reactions.

After all, it wasn't every day she had the chance to talk, let alone tease, a young man from an entirely different race.

Nonetheless, just in case he blushed fiercely or reacted by pulling his hand back in surprise, it would give her something interesting to talk about with her friends - how she had managed to make the young man act shyly around her.

Grinning at that naughty thought, she subtly clamped her thighs together, teasingly trapping his fingers between them.

Orion, however, internally raised his eyebrows at this unexpected turn of events. He observed Valeria, who appeared to be looking the other way and sighing in exhaustion.

Although he hadn't anticipated such an immediate reaction from her and wasn't entirely sure what she was thinking, he decided to remain silent and avoid commenting on their current situation, just as she had.

#### Chapter 368 Valeria's Displeasure

Positioning his hand carefully, Orion lightly grasped a portion of her thigh and began to move his hand up and down gently, creating friction to generate some warmth between her inner thighs.

He watched as her legs shifted slightly, making it seem like she was trying to reposition his hand as if she had no idea what she was doing.

'What the heck?' Orion thought. The first time he had experimented with Aunt Greta, at least he had some idea of what he was doing.

However, trying the same thing with an unfamiliar race, one that appeared to have a different kind of culture and possibly sexual orientation, judging by the way some women here intentionally exposed their panties, he knew he was venturing into uncharted territory.

But was that going to stop him?

No, it wasn't! A pussy, regardless of its variety, was still a pussy.

Orion ceased generating heat from the friction between her thighs and began to draw it closer to her light blue panties. As his palm made contact with the fabric of her panties, he sensed her reaction as she suddenly paused her movements.

However, her leg suddenly tensed as she crossed one leg over the other. Observing her reaction, Orion didn't hesitate any longer and boldly slid his hand into her panties. "Ah~~" A small gasp escaped Valeria's lips, causing her to finally turn her head toward Orion as she noticed that the young man was actually going to insert his hand into her panties.

'How bold,' she thought. Wearing panties was a symbol of her status and affluence, and even if he didn't know that, considering their societies might be different due to their separate backgrounds, it would still be an insult for her to allow a stranger, someone whose identity they hadn't even yet learned, to explore her intimate regions with their fingers.

"What do you think you're trying to do?" She asked, her frown deepening as she narrowed her eyes at him. Despite being the one who had led him on, she had assumed that he would blush and withdraw his hands from her thighs after a moment.

Who would have thought that the young man possessed enough courage to touch her panties, let alone sneak his hands into them?

'Preposterous,' she thought internally, watching him being dumbfounded by her question.

She wanted to open her mouth and question why he was attempting to insert his hand into her panties, but the door suddenly swung open, causing her to quickly uncross her legs as she turned her head toward the door to see who it was.

Seeing that it was Madam Seraphina and Mrs. Marisela, Valeria immediately stood up from the edge of the bed, trying to make it appear as though nothing unusual had been going on.

Meanwhile, Orion couldn't help but steal a glance at the woman whose light blue panties were wedged between her cheeks as she turned her back to him before redirecting his attention to the two women who had just entered the room.

He struggled to keep his brows from twitching together, thinking, 'What the hell is going on?' as he felt his hardened excitement wane after Valeria's question. With a disappointed sigh, Orion also rose to his feet to face the women.

Madam Seraphina and Mrs Marisela, unaware of the previous events, didn't suspect anything amiss.

They immediately focused on the main reason for their presence. "We have spoken to the queen, as the king is currently occupied," Madam Seraphina began, addressing Orion, shaking her head as she continued, "She has refused to grant you permission to leave this room, even in an attempt to save your friend, unless you are ready to reveal everything about yourselves—where you come from and how you got here."

Madam Seraphina added, "And unless you are prepared to do so right now, then follow me. The Queen has ordered me to escort you to her personally if you are willing."

As Madam Seraphina's words trailed off, Orion couldn't help but instinctively rub his brows with his fingers, deep in thought about his current predicament. It seemed that his lies had only worked temporarily, piquing the Queen's curiosity even more.

'Well, it can't be helped,' Orion thought as he exhaled deeply and calmly rose from his seat on the bed. After his experience with the hot Prismerian woman beside him, who was still pretending to be oblivious to what had just occurred, Orion decided it might be time to provide some information in return.

Perhaps, by doing so, he could gain insight into the situation and understand what he had nearly stumbled into.

Also, it seemed he would be staying in this place for a while, so some cooperation might be in his best interest.

Nodding his head in understanding, Orion locked eyes with the woman in the daring slit gown and said, "Alright, I will meet with the Queen and tell her everything I know."

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"Princess Crystalia, what are you doing?" Flintor exclaimed, his eyes wide with concern as he watched the princess create a long piece of cloth with her gem and begin to climb out of her room through the window.

She had tied the cloth to one of the stone pillars nearby. From their vantage point, high above the city, Flintor couldn't help but gulp at the thought of what would happen if she were to fall from this perilous height.

"Princess Crystalia, please come back up, or else you are going to put both of us in trouble!" Flintor begged loudly, his voice filled with anxiety, as he watched her descend further and further away from him.

Meanwhile, hearing the frantic voice of her personal guard, Princess Crystalia looked up and shouted, "Stop screaming, okay? Unless you want someone to see what we are doing, then we will really be in trouble!!" As she finished speaking, she observed him quickly covering his mouth with his hand, causing her to hasten her descent and slip into one of the nearby windows.

"Crash!!," Princess Crystalia's foot slammed into the windowsill. She quickly squeezed her way through the window, pulling her body through as swiftly as possible.

She had to make a fast exit in case someone had heard the noise and was on their way to investigate.

#### Chapter 369 The Village's Predicament

"Now, why did they keep them?" Princess Crystalia pondered aloud, her thoughts racing as she tried to deduce the room in which Orion and Saria were confined. She had managed to glean some information from one of the gossiping maids who had revealed they were not in the dungeons below.

Just as she was about to make a guess, several shadows emerged in the stony corridor nearby. Her heart pounding, she hastily retreated and sought cover in a section of the hall. Peeking her head out cautiously, Princess Crystalia quickly withdrew it when she realized it was Orion.

He was flanked by three rows of guards, accompanied by members of the Prismarian Healers Council.

Though uncertain of their destination, she was determined to discover it herself.

Waiting until they had advanced further down the hallway, Princess Crystalia emerged from her hiding place and began to trail behind. Every step was executed with the utmost care, ensuring her



presence remained undetected by the guards, as getting caught would only aggravate her current predicament.

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At the center Of the surrounding mountains

The village

It had been three long days since they initiated the search for the escaped Rightward Stronghold Leader, the same one who had abducted Orion and Sura as hostages.

The news had been carefully concealed from the villagers, as revealing that their Stronghold Leader had captured both a tree nymph and a promising young man would surely send shockwaves throughout the village.

Even if they decided to share such information, it was improbable that they could do so without anticipating a major backlash that would disrupt the entire village.

However, this didn't mean that those closely connected to Orion wouldn't notice his absence. Given Orion's extensive family, all deeply concerned about his welfare, including some who were tree nymphs themselves, restraining their questions was far easier said than done.

"What exactly are you getting at?" The Village Chief asked, his gaze sweeping from the older women, including some tree nymphs, positioned at the forefront to the younger ones seated towards the rear.

He fixed his attention on the woman before him, sensing that she was on the verge of providing an answer.

"I'm saying that Orion has done a tremendous amount for this village. So, it's baffling why anyone, especially a stronghold leader, would seek to harm him. Moreover, how is it that no one has been able to locate him? He's been missing for three days, and there's not a single clue or lead. It's like he vanished into thin air. Do you expect me to stay silent and cooped up in that hut?" Celeste's eyes were slightly red and puffy, reflecting her fierce anger.

Initially, they had been puzzled by Orion's failure to return from the secret mission assigned by the Village Chief himself, after Ursa had briefed them on the situation. However, upon learning from Fifi that Orion was safe and would be back soon, only to discover a few days later that he had been kidnapped by the Stronghold Leader, it left them all in shock and disbelief.

In short, if Fifi hadn't been present or if she hadn't taken the initiative to investigate Orion's uncharacteristic delay, they might still be in the dark about his whereabouts.

They might have been fed stories that Orion had embarked on a secret exploration, only to be informed of his disappearance days later.

The Village Chief nodded, finally realizing that it was time to reveal the truth about Orion's mission and how he left the village, which had made tracking him down nearly impossible. "You see, the truth is..." He began to speak, but his words were immediately interrupted by another voice.

"Chief, if the village is incapable of finding Orion, then I'm more than willing to search every single part of the borders, both in and out of it. I promise not to rest or return unless I find him," Fifi said with a fiery determination in her eyes. She couldn't bear the thought of her beloved partner suffering at the hands of someone like Stronghold Leader Drakar.

As a warrior, she understood the odds of someone like Orion and a tree nymph surviving out there for long were slim, meaning they might already be dead.

However, for the first time in her life, Fifi refused to let her experience as a warrior dictate her reasoning. After all, it would take more than a Vylkr vine and a lousy Stronghold Leader to kill her Orion... right?

The mere question gnawing at her mind made her realize that she was on the verge of losing Orion before her very eyes. With all the strength she had built up throughout her life, she couldn't accept that fate, not as a warrior, and certainly not as his partner.

The Village Chief, already nursing a pulsing headache, shook his head in disagreement. He decided to address Fifi's concerns before turning to Celeste, recognizing that both of them were Orion's partners.

Nevertheless, one of them possessed an ability that had the potential to disrupt the village's current peace, as she had unwittingly done before.

"I don't think you're considering the situation correctly, Fiona. If you were to leave, just as you did before, what do you think would happen to the village?" The Village Chief responded promptly.

In the back of his mind, he couldn't help but lament how none of this would have occurred if the Stronghold Leader Drakar hadn't committed such a foolish act as brutally abducting two individuals who could be considered among the most important in the village—a tree nymph and Orion.

'If you aren't dead by the time I find you, then I will personally end you,' the Village Chief seethed inwardly.

He clenched his teeth at the mere thought of having the careless Stronghold Leader's head clutched between his talons, squeezing the life out of him.

Then, he would soar into the sky, gradually snuffing out whatever lingering life dared to persist within the wretched man until it was completely extinguished.

Chapter 370 We Need Answers, Chief!

"Chief, if that's what's running through your mind right now, then I'm afraid you're underestimating the significance of this situation for all of us," Grandma Ingrid said, positioned on the ground behind Celeste and Greta, who occupied the forefront. She continued, "Even if it means throwing the village into chaos, even if it results in casualties, even if we..."

Grandma Ingrid paused, closing her eyes briefly, only to reopen them with an intensified glare, "...even if we're unable to bear children henceforth, we'll never find rest or peace until our Orion is safely back in our arms, asleep in our huts."

As soon as Grandma Ingrid concluded her remarks, Grandma Vivian chimed in, her voice steady but resolute, "And if a Stronghold Leader is capable of such an act, who's to say that it hasn't happened before among our warriors?"

"How can we be certain that there aren't other warriors who have exploited their power to harm fellow villagers? The only reason we've learned about something like this is because it happened to someone as special as Orion, at the hands of someone as powerful as the Rightward Stronghold Leader, Chief." Vivian's words took many of the women present by surprise, as they hadn't expected her, given her character, to address the Village Chief in such a manner.

However, witnessing the intensity in her gaze as she locked eyes with the Village Chief, the other women were emboldened to voice their own concerns about the situation.

Meanwhile, the Village Chief couldn't help but furrow his brows in response to Vivian's words. She was, in fact, correct.

They had taken precautions by stationing the warriors in the forest within their respective strongholds, ostensibly to be ready to defend against the Vylkr vines at any given time.

This also served as an excuse to keep them separated from the average villagers. Although this excuse had some legitimacy, as the warriors were indeed needed to protect the farms and the forest, Vivian's words, coupled with Stronghold Leader Drakar's actions, had made it abundantly clear that he needed to investigate further and determine if any other warriors had taken advantage of their strength to mistreat ordinary villagers.

'This is getting too complicated,' the Village Chief thought once more, using his fingers to massage his forehead as the growing headache spread throughout his mind. It seemed that he would need to find a way to reinforce the rules for warriors even more firmly in their hearts to prevent something like this from happening again.

He also decided to instruct Thak to conduct an investigation to see if similar incidents had occurred before.

"She is right, Chief," Dariya spoke, with the four other Overseers seated beside her nodding in agreement. "This is a matter that needs to be thoroughly investigated."

She had been wanting to meet Orion for some time, but she had felt embarrassed and shy, causing her to postpone their meetings. Little did she know that the next moment would see Orion captured and forcibly taken away by Drakar.

Saria, although not a close friend and rarely interacting due to her work and location, was still a tree nymph. An attack on a tree nymph, followed by her disappearance without a clear reason, and no one taking responsibility for such actions; Rightward Stronghold Leader should have just razed the village before he left, rather than pulling off such an act and leaving.

"Although I would have preferred not to escalate matters, this is not an issue that the tree nymphs will simply ignore," Iselda, the second overseer after Anara and the presumed successor given the current circumstances, spoke firmly. She continued, "And now that Anara..."

"I know!" The Village Chief suddenly shouted, his voice strained as he gazed at all the women gathered before him. He couldn't afford to send Orion's partners away, especially with his sister Reena among them. Reena had a chance to become a Caretaker in the future due to her remarkable skills and unyielding dedication to the farm and the village.

However, he was aware that his reaction might trigger something in the young woman's mind, along with Fifi and Greta, who had remained silent until now.

In fact, he hoped Greta would remain that way until the meeting concluded. If Greta decided to stop using her gift on the warriors until they found Orion, it could seriously deplete their available fighting force.

What's more, Orion had formed strong bonds with some of the tree nymphs, despite his busy schedule. This meant that no matter how he addressed one group, it would impact the other group as well.

He couldn't simply dismiss the tree nymphs either. Without their assistance on the farm, especially since the ancestral lake pool had been drying up due to Anara's inability to replenish it, they would have even more reason to engage in their mischievous activities.

This would be far more damaging than their previous irritating tricks, as he was certain that some of them might seize this opportunity for revenge over Saria's disappearance and their inability to punish the person responsible for such a thing.

"Drakar..." The Village Chief muttered under his breath, his words laden with quiet rage. "...I will kill you."

Meanwhile, the sight of the Village Chief remaining silent while muttering under his breath prompted the rest of the women to express their emotions.

"Chief, I don't think any of us are ready to leave here until we find Orion," Grandma Derry said firmly, making her voice heard.

"Yes, Derry is absolutely right. We cannot and will not leave until Orion is found, Chief," Grandma Celia chimed in with equal determination.

"Chief, I want to see my brother. Where is Orion?" Reena demanded, her tone filled with concern.

"Chief, why haven't you said anything yet? Are you withholding information from us? Please tell us how we can bring Orion back," Fiona's voice trembled slightly as she stared at the Village Chief with a mix of anxiety and fear in her eyes.

"Chief, please, I need my brother to come back home," Gina's voice rang out, although it sounded a bit meek and softer than the rest of the women's.

"Chief, where is Orion? Please, tell us where he is," Ursa's voice followed, her face buried in her mother's large breasts, seeking comfort in the midst of uncertainty. Meanwhile, Lyra observed her daughter silently, her face etched with a stiff frown, her mind swirling with various thoughts about Orion's disappearance and the current situation in the room.