

Village Head 381

Chapter 381 Elysia's Frustration

At those words, Elysia's eyes immediately narrowed, and her initial reaction was to slap his hand away with the back of her right hand.

"Ouch!!" Orion instinctively rubbed his hand, feeling the force behind Elysia's slap.

"You're lucky I didn't break it," Elysia said with a scoff, her anger apparent in her expression. She then tried to stand up once more but winced in pain and landed back on her small buttocks.

Orion, who had sat upright to soothe his slapped hand, observed Elysia's struggling attempt to stand up with a smirk. "Well, it seems you're stuck here with me for the night. I was going to do my best to keep you company, but since it appears you can manage on your own, I'll get some rest for the day. See you in the morning," Orion said with a smile as he laid back on the bed once more, closing his eyes to sleep.

He muttered, "Good night, Elysia."

Elysia watched him drift off to sleep, her annoyance growing just from looking at his face.

She turned her head to the side, stretching her hand down to her now-expanded vagina, and couldn't help but frown.

Surely, there had to be a Prismerian? man with a penis large enough to satisfy her newly expanded hole, right?

The more she dwelled on it, the more she felt a headache creeping in.

After all, if there were really Prismerian men with a spear as large and thick as Orion's, she would have heard about it from the numerous Prismerion women who had undergone similar expansions and reshaping.

Nevertheless, she subtly stole glances at Orion, who had fallen asleep beside her, deciding it was best to stop overthinking things as her headache intensified.

Just gazing at the young man resting on the bed, Elysia couldn't deny that she had enjoyed the penetration a little. After all, this was a unique experience for her, and she couldn't help but wonder about Orion's origins and the nature of his village.

What kind of place produced a man bold enough to impale a woman like her without reservation?

'Are they all crazy and fearless, or is he just an exception?' Elysia couldn't help but ponder once more. She shook her head and let out a sigh at her thoughts.

Settling down, she lay flat on the bed with her back, deciding to take a little rest. They wouldn't be disturbed, thanks to the Queen's strict orders against any interruptions while she remained in the room.

Elysia only hoped that someone like Princess Crystalia, who didn't particularly respect the Queen's orders, wouldn't barge in and find her lying without any clothing on the bed. She didn't want to have to explain why she had taken advantage of their guest, or worse, why it seemed the other way around.

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Meanwhile, hidden behind the window curtains where Princess Crystalia had previously hidden, there were five bright orbs of light. Oddly enough, these resembled the same shimmering specks of light that Orion had seen in the garden.

However, upon closer inspection, one would sense that the radiant brightness emanated from the forms of five miniature humanoid beings—three men and two women. They bore an uncanny resemblance to humans, except for their tiny, elongated ears and bodies no larger than pebbles.

Their minuscule forms remained hidden to the naked eye, concealed by the intense radiance constantly emanating from them.

These creatures had been tailing Orion, tracking him from the moment he left the garden after placing Saria in one of their trees. Initially, they hadn't detected any irregularities. However, as the heartbeat of a tree began to resound rhythmically throughout the garden, it became impossible for them, or anyone else, to remain oblivious to the strange occurrence.

The multicoloured figures of light suddenly ceased their flight upon realizing that the two subjects they had been observing had both drifted into slumber.

Exchanging knowing glances, they nodded in unison, seemingly in agreement that it was time to return and relay all they had witnessed to the Princess of the Garden. They could have chosen to linger and glean more information, but their orders had been clear - act swiftly in their investigation.

Thus, they dissipated through the slender gap of the window and descended, their radiant presence illuminating the palace's stony walls for a brief moment as they made their way toward the garden to report the interesting events between Princess Crystalia, the Queen's personal servant, and the stranger.

Now, the only thing left in their mind was how to explain to the Princess how the strange man had pinned down the Queen's personal maid with his big, veiny penis.

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Princess Crystalia gently opened the door to her room and stepped inside.

"Princess Crystalia, you're back," her personal guard exclaimed.

Princess Crystalia nodded in response as she closed the thick crystal door with a "Click."

She observed Flintor, who had quickly risen from the chair he had been using to rest, probably dozing off several times while awaiting her return.

Flintor immediately approached Princess Crystalia and began to inspect her face, arms, and the rest of her body for any injuries she might have sustained while climbing down from the wall.

"You see, I made it out without any injuries," Princess Crystalia remarked with a raised brow as she watched Flintor sigh with relief after thoroughly checking her body. Of course, he didn't examine her thighs, or else he would have noticed the traces of her juices there.

"Good... It's reassuring to see you're safe," Flintor sighed in relief as he turned and made his way back to the chair. He settled into it, eager to finally close his eyes and get some rest.

He didn't know what had delayed the Princess, but he was aware that morning was approaching rapidly. It was too late for him to return to his room now, so he had resigned himself to taking a nap there in case the Princess decided to undertake any more risky adventures.

Chapter 382 The Kingdom's guest

Princess Crystalia hesitated before addressing Flintor. "Um... Flintor," she began.

'Yes, Princess?' Flintor responded though he raised an eyebrow, sensing that the Princess's initial enthusiasm had waned significantly. Nevertheless, he waited patiently for her to continue.

Princess Crystalia reached into a small pocket on her gown, retrieving a finger-sized radiant blue gem. She tossed it to Flintor, who caught it with widened eyes. "Princess, what is the mean—"

Princess Crystalia suddenly waved her right hand dismissively, cutting him off mid-sentence. "I just want you to take off your clothing and show me your penis," she said plainly. "As the royal princess's personal guard, I am merely compensating you appropriately for it."

Flintor stared at the Princess in utter confusion. Had she fallen from the castle's wall to the city and hit her head so hard on the ground that she'd awakened a strange habit of paying men to drop their trousers so she could inspect their private parts?

Flintor gazed at her, meeting her stare as he awaited her response. Inside, he couldn't help but think, 'I hope I'm wrong, or else the king and queen might punish her again, but this time for reckless spending.'

He cleared his throat and said aloud, "You don't need to pay me for that, Princess. As your personal guard, I'll do it willingly and free of charge." With that, he promptly bent down and removed his trousers, revealing his modest two-inch Prismerion penis.

"Is there anything else you'd like to ask about, Princess?" Flintor asked. He figured it was better for her to confide in him fully rather than involve an outsider who might unwittingly spread rumours about the situation.

Contrary to Flintor's expectations, her expression grew even less enthusiastic as she shook her head disappointingly and uttered, "You can put your trousers back on."

She shook her head once more before making her way to her bed, deciding to get some rest despite the late hour.

Flintor blinked in surprise as he watched his princess walk solemnly to her bed. 'Is there something wrong with my penis?' he pondered, examining it from all angles. After a thorough inspection, he found nothing amiss. Perplexed, he turned back to Princess Crystalia, raising an eyebrow as she tucked herself into her bed sheets.

What in the name of Naka had happened to her when she went out of the window? That was what Flintor desperately wanted to know at this very moment.

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Waking up slowly, Orion yawned a little before looking around and realizing he was alone on the bed. As he thought about when Elysia had left, he couldn't help but also wonder how the underground Prismerian kingdom could tell the difference between day and night. When he walked towards the window and looked up at the shining multicoloured... finally, he got his answers.

He remembered the light emitted by the crystals dimming when he had left the garden and returned to his room. Besides the mystery of their underground garden's thriving existence, which Orion had temporarily pushed to the back of his mind, since it might be information that they didn't personally want him to know.

Nonetheless, his current focus was on figuring out how to contact Madam Seraphina and the others to check on Saria's recovery and health.

"KNOOCK!!" "KNOCK!!"

A gentle knocking at the door abruptly pulled Orion from his thoughts, leaving him wondering who it could be. He made his way to the door and pulled it open to find Elysia on the other side.

She wore a silvery ash-coloured maid waistline gown, showcasing a different pair of panties than the ones from yesterday. In her hands, she held a tray filled with an assortment of fruits, with the most prominent being the green pear-shaped ones he had enjoyed the day before.

"The King has summoned you to the throne room," Elysia said, her words carrying an intensity that contradicted her otherwise cold and neutral demeanour. "But before that, you must have your breakfast and a bath. So, I'm here to ensure you are prepared and punctual."

Orion, undeterred by her glare, simply grinned and stepped aside to let her in. He shut the door, effectively blocking the view of the guards who had accompanied her.

As Elysia set the tray of fruits on the table, Orion, unable to resist temptation, stretched his fingers towards the centre of her buttocks, causing her red panties to bunch up slightly. But before he could proceed, Elysia quickly slapped his hand away with her right hand. She straightened her posture and warned, "Touch my panties again, and I won't hesitate to break your hand, regardless of what the queen wants."

Orion realized he needed to lighten the mood, so he settled into a crystal-clear chair and heartily devoured the fruits until he felt satisfied, leaving nothing behind. Once he had finished, he followed Elysia out of the room, traversing various winding corridors and corners for about ten minutes.

Upon entering the destination, Orion was greeted by a small indoor bath pool, resembling the queen's bath but on a smaller scale. Elysia had informed him that this pool had been prepared for his use. Orion cautiously removed his tulga, then entered the water, relieved to find there were no hidden surprises beneath the surface.

To aid his bath, Elysia handed him a peculiar, slimy, thick black substance, which, from their perspective, could be considered soap to lather on his body during his bath.

Although Orion initially intended to take a quick bath and save time, he couldn't resist the rare satisfaction of the experience. So, he decided to relish the soothing water a bit longer before leaving the pool.

Once he had finished his refreshing bath, Elysia handed Orion a set of clean black shirts and trousers. This consideration allowed him to avoid the dilemma of what to wear after his bath, as he certainly didn't want to wear a dirty tulga.

Seeing that they had finished, Elysia nodded at him and stated, "Now that we're through, follow me. The Queen and King must already be waiting for us in the throne room."

Chapter 383 The Kingdom's guest (2)

Orion handed the other clothes to the servants to store in his room. Then, he trailed behind Elysia as she guided him to the throne room.

Having walked through various corridors and turns, they finally arrived at the entrance of the throne room, a place etched in Orion's memory from his first arrival with Princess Crystalia and Flintor.

Elysia, her back turned to him, suddenly asked, "Are you ready?" Her tone, surprisingly, held a touch of concern, though Orion could only see her posture.

Orion however, couldn't help but say, "Are you worried about me?" with a small smile on his face.

Elysia quickly turned her head, her gaze piercing him with an icy glare. "I'm only making sure you behave properly. So, please, do your best to behave," she retorted with a stern expression.

"Don't worry, I never planned on doing anything stupid," Orion replied, pondering what it would take to soften the stern and commanding woman before him.

However, he understood that after the events of last night, this transformation wouldn't occur overnight.

So, he pushed those thoughts aside and composed himself, watching as she swung open the grand crystal door.

As he entered the room, Orion was taken aback to find not only the King and Queen but also a gathering of several elderly individuals, numbering about ten. Both men and women occupied seats around the long, rectangular table made from crystal and stone.

This was quite different from the previous individuals he now recognized as the clan leaders of the Prismarian kingdom.

As Orion made his way forward, the halls filled with whispers, and people began chatting and murmuring softly when they caught sight of him.

Making his way towards the centre of the throne room, which was close to the rectangular table, he even spotted Princess Crystalia and her personal guard standing nearby, close to the steps leading to the thrones.

Orion halted when Elysia did the same, moving to the side and taking her place at the forefront of the other servants, all dressed in silvery ash attire and lined up on one side of the throne room.

The King, in an attempt to hush the growing voices, cleared his throat loudly, "AHEM!!" Immediately, the room fell silent, and all eyes turned to the King, waiting to hear what he had to say.

"As everyone has assembled, I would like to introduce Orion, the foreigner who hails from beyond our mountain," the King announced.

With the conclusion of his words, the entire throne room erupted into murmurs that grew louder by the second.

"Silence!" the King commanded, instantly quelling the unrest.

After clearing his throat once more, he continued, recounting how Princess Crystalia had discovered Orion and Saria, and delving into some of the information Orion had shared with the Queen.

However, to Orion's surprise, the King only disclosed half of what he had told the Queen, keeping the rest concealed. Orion eventually found this reasonable; there was no harm in the King and Queen keeping certain secrets to themselves or sharing them with only a select few.

Having addressed the gathering around the rectangular table and providing them with all the necessary information, the King finally turned his attention to Orion.

"After deliberating on the future course of action with the Queen, we have chosen to regard you as a guest rather than a criminal, as you have committed no offences warranting such treatment," the King said.

His gaze then shifted toward the table, as though seeking confirmation from those gathered there.

The elders nodded in agreement, prompting the King to redirect his attention to Orion.

"Furthermore," the King continued, "since you came from outside the mountain, we must make sure that your existence remains a closely guarded secret. Any information about a stranger entering the Prismerian kingdom from beyond the mountain could trigger a devastating uproar throughout the

entire kingdom. I am sure that we all dread the potential consequences that could arise from such a revelation."

The King paused briefly before adding, "Moreover, to ensure the continued comfort and safety of both you and your friend within our kingdom, we kindly request your cooperation in sharing your knowledge about the outside world, as it is an invaluable asset to us, who have been confined within these mountains for far longer than we can remember."

Orion couldn't help but furrow his brows in deep thought as he pondered what to say about the outside world. He knew next to nothing about it himself.

Nobody in his village, apart from figures like Stronghold Leader Drakar and the caravans he had yet to encounter, had any knowledge of the outside world.

Orion found himself in the ironic position of being as clueless as those he now faced. He doubted that they might even believe him, given that they might suspect him of hiding secrets for some unknown purpose, rather than simply having no knowledge of the outside world.

Remembering the words that the soon-to-be-dead Stronghold Leader Drakar had told him before he had left him and Saria to freeze to death at the top of the mountain, Orion only hoped that they would be enough. He could use them to come up with a plan and think about what to say.

"Is that alright with you?" the King said, regarding him intently, while the others in the room awaited his response as well.

Realizing that agreement was his only option, Orion nodded in understanding and replied, "Yes, it is." A quick glance at their expressions upon hearing his response suggested that they were all content with it.

"Alright, now that we have settled that matter," the King continued, "I also want to inform you that in the coming days, we will do everything in our power to help you leave this mountain. In exchange, we will greatly appreciate your assistance in ensuring that we can also find our way out and return to the surface."

The King observed Orion, curious about how the young man would react to this proposition.

Chapter 384 The Prismerian Clans' Young Heirs Banquet.

Orion frowned visibly this time, discerning the underlying meaning in the King's words. It was clear that they were offering to help him find his way back to the surface, but with a condition: he would need to assist them in return. Elysia hadn't gone into detail about how they became trapped here during her lectures, but she had emphasized that it had been an exceedingly long time.

If it were as simple as finding their way back to the surface, they would have done it long ago. This raised concerns about what kind of assistance they might require from him.

"Well," the King said, snapping Orion out of his thoughts, "we're waiting for your reply. Are you willing to agree to this arrangement?"

"Of course, I am," Orion responded with a nod.

"Since you are willing to offer your help to me, then it's only fair that I do the same and offer mine as well," he added. For now, he decided to tackle the problems one step at a time, prioritizing what needed immediate attention.

"Excellent! You have made a very wise decision, both for yourself and your friend, as well as for the Prismerian kingdom. I'm confident we won't forget your assistance once we've found our way to the surface," The King expressed with satisfaction.

This made Orion's internal eyebrows twitch a bit. He had a strong hunch that White Flame was one of their problems, but he couldn't fathom dealing with a literal god, even if he was weakened.

To avoid jinxing it, Orion quickly pushed that thought to the back of his mind.

"Since we're done with that, I'd also like to take this opportunity to invite you to the Prismerian clans' Young Heirs Banquet," the King announced. Orion, with a perplexed expression, waited for an explanation.

Seeing Orion's confused expression, he immediately began to explain, "Every three to six years, when we believe that the young heirs of each clan have reached a sufficient level of growth, we hold this banquet. It's a chance for them to meet and interact with each other and to remind them of their competition,"? the King clarified.

Orion nodded in understanding, realizing it was essentially a gathering for the clan heirs to earn bragging rights. He knew that each clan's heir had a chance at the throne if they met specific conditions, so from their perspective, it made perfect sense to host such an event.

"And thanks to my rather impulsive daughter who interrupted the council meeting yesterday," the king added, casting a pointed look at his squirming daughter who, in embarrassment, shifted her gaze elsewhere.

He let out an exasperated sigh before continuing, "The Clan leaders are already aware of your presence. I have no doubt they'll be expecting you at the banquet. So, there's no need for you to doubt whether your presence will be welcomed, as I can assure you it will be. Please, don't hesitate to reach out to the guards if you encounter any disturbances or find yourself in an unavoidable situation."

Orion found himself torn between displaying his annoyance on his face or subtly letting the king know that he could read between the lines.

Essentially, the king was hinting that all eyes would be on his ass, and unless he didn't want to get fucked or get into unwelcome situations, he needed to stay alert and be ready to call on the guards if needed.

"Besides that, there's nothing to worry about," the king continued. "I'll personally introduce you to the other clans, and then you'll have plenty of time to enjoy the banquet on your own." This last statement offered some relief to Orion, who sighed inwardly, recognizing that there was a silver lining to this situation.

While he knew there might be more to it than met the eye, he figured it was better not to jinx it.

"Alright, I understand," Orion replied.

As Orion maintained his stoic expression throughout the conversation, the king, unable to glean much from his demeanour other than the occasional sigh, nevertheless nodded enthusiastically in response to Orion's words.

He wore a broad smile as he informed Orion, "The banquet has been rescheduled for tomorrow due to your arrival, so you may return to your room. A servant will attend to you, allowing you to rest until we leave for tomorrow."

With a nod, he concluded, "You may leave."

Orion was on the verge of turning to leave the throne room when he suddenly remembered that he needed to find someone who could guide him to the garden. He wanted to check on Saria's health and see how she was doing.

Fortunately, the queen immediately noticed his hesitation and raised an eyebrow as she asked, "Mr. Orion, is there something you would like to add?"

Orion nodded and explained, "I was hoping to find someone who could take me back to the garden so that I could check on the condition of my friend."

The Queen furrowed her brow slightly and then turned to her husband, seated beside her.

Observing his own brow furrowing and a brief sigh escaping his lips, along with a nod of approval towards her, she immediately understood his current train of thought.

"If that is all you wish to do, then you don't have to worry," the Queen responded as she refocused her eyes back on Orion. "A member of the Prismerian Healer Council will arrive to meet you later during the day and take you to the garden."

While they weren't overly concerned about Orion causing harm to their sacred garden with the presence of the Guardians of the Garden there, it still wasn't wise to send him in alone.

Therefore, it made more sense to send one of the leaders of the Prismerian Healer's Council rather than an ordinary member.

"Thank you," Orion expressed his gratitude. Internally, he felt a weight lift off his shoulders, knowing he would still be able to watch over Saria and check on her well-being.

Chapter 385 The Decisive Plots

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Observing the Queen nod in response with a faint smile on her lips, Orion turned and exited the throne room. He encountered the royal guards who had escorted him here, falling in step with them as they led him back to his room.

Once Orion had left, the king turned his attention to the elders of the Crystalforge Clan who had attended the meeting specifically to confirm that Orion was indeed a foreigner from outside the mountain. He said, "The meeting is dismissed," and his voice echoed throughout the throne room. He observed as each elder respectfully nodded and rose from their chairs, exiting the room.

Even his daughter and her personal guard had departed, leaving only the servants and the royal couple in the room.

The Queen, however, questioned, "Was that necessary?" just as the king was preparing to rise from his throne.

The King arched an eyebrow, puzzled by her question.

Observing her husband's confused expression, she clarified her question, saying, "Was it necessary for you to invite him to the banquet?"

Finally comprehending her intent, King Brylon let out a tired sigh and replied, "Yes, it was. Although I would have preferred to continue keeping his existence a secret, but after what happened yesterday, the clan leaders are now aware of him. To prevent them from taking any unexpected actions or creating issues related to this matter, we need to demonstrate that the Crystalforge Clan won't monopolize this matter."

"If we are to free the Prismerian Kingdom and find our way back to the surface, we must all cooperate, despite any conflicts we may have had over the years." The king rose from his throne as he concluded his statement.

Meanwhile, a glimmer of understanding shone within the queen's eyes as she immediately grasped her husband's intent.

While they could exploit this situation to solidify their control over the kingdom and elevate their status above the other clans, the potential conflicts that could arise were not worth jeopardizing their chances of escaping the mountain and reaching the surface.

"I see," the Queen replied, nodding thoughtfully as she rose from her throne. "But still, I think it would be a bit naive to assume that this alone can eliminate any conflicts that might arise, especially considering we still don't know what kind of conspiracy the Gemheart Clan might be plotting this time around."

"I know," King Brylon nodded in response. "However, taking this step could potentially make handling future conflicts much easier, so it's worth giving it a try."

Recognizing that her husband had already devised a plan to address the issue, Queen Selene simply nodded and replied, "Alright, I will leave this to you then." Just the thought of the impending issue was giving her a headache, and that was the last thing she needed at the moment.

The king reciprocated her nod before they both descended the stairs. After another nod to Queen Selene, he walked away with a procession of servants trailing behind him, while Elysia remained behind.

Queen Selene cast a curious gaze at the fidgeting head servant and arched her brow. "Let's go," she ordered, turning on her heels and heading for the door. Her mind raced with questions about what had happened to make Elysia so visibly anxious.

'Could it be related to yesterday?' Queen Selene pondered as she walked. She could feel her curiosity growing concerning the events surrounding Elysia's task.

Meanwhile, Elysia felt like her mind was on the brink of cracking as she contemplated what to say. Would the Queen believe her?

Would she suspect that she had taken advantage of the task she had been given? Elysia thought, uncertain about how she was supposed to handle such a situation.

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The Queen shed the remainder of her attire, slipping into the pool. This particular pool was a stark deviation from the one she typically used for bathing; it was her sanctuary, a place where she sought comfort during headaches or contemplation. She had dismissed all the servants who would usually surround the pool, leaving her alone with Elysia for a private conversation.

"So, what happened? Did he reveal anything else?" Queen Selene asked, submerging herself in the warm waters.

Elysia's throat tightened, and her words emerged in a stutter, "He... Hee..." Her intended response dissolved into incoherence.

The Queen regarded Elysia with a raised brow, pressing for answers. "What is it? Were you able to extract any information from him or not?"

Elysia pressed her lips together in contemplation before surrendering with an internal sigh. She then shook her head and replied, "No, my Queen. I had a conversation with him and provided him with all the necessary information about the Prismerions and the Prismerian Kingdom."

"However, he essentially repeated the same information he shared with you. It appears that while he may be holding onto some secrets, he's doing so out of caution and is unwilling to take the risk of revealing everything he knows just yet." She lied. Among the various solutions she had considered, these were the best she could come up with.

Now, the only remaining question was whether her queen would believe her.

Queen Selene, however, took Elysia's words to heart, finding them both reasonable and convincing. She understood that Orion remained cautious about their intentions.

At this point, there was little they could do but wait for him to adjust to life within the Prismerian kingdom.

Once he realized they posed no immediate threat, they could then revisit their questioning. However, although her husband had proposed an approach to extract more information, Queen Selene preferred that Orion volunteered it willingly.

She believed this would increase the likelihood of him sharing more than they initially asked for.

"I understand," the Queen replied. "It's entirely reasonable that he's still wary of us, considering he only arrived yesterday. For now, do your best to gather as much information as you can. You'll be the one keeping a watchful eye on him during his stay here."

"Of course, my queen," Elysia replied, exhaling a quiet sigh of relief. She observed the Queen propel herself forward and swam to the opposite edge of the pool.

Chapter 386 The Princess Of The Garden

Having arrived at his room half an hour ago, Orion lay on the bed as he contemplated who they would send to take him to the garden. He'd appreciate it if one of the women leaders of the Prismarian Healer Council came, but it would be acceptable if they sent a member, as long as it was a woman.

Taking the blue panties that Madam Seraphina had given him from under the sheets of the bed. He couldn't resist giving it a sniff, enjoying the pleasant scent, before carefully stowing it away again in alert.

"Knock!! Knock!!" A sound came from the door, prompting Orion to rise from the bed and check who it was.

Pulling the door open, he immediately saw the figure of the person in front of him - Madam Seraphina. She greeted him with a warm smile, and even before he could utter a word, she spoke up, "The Queen has sent a message for one of the leaders of the Prismarian Healer Council to escort you to the garden, and since I'm the only one who isn't currently occupied, I've decided to take you there."

Orion nodded in understanding, inwardly pleased that Madam Seraphina would be the one leading him to the garden.

"We can get going if you're ready," Madam Seraphina said, her smile remaining as she observed Orion's attire, waiting for his response.

"I'm ready, so we can leave immediately," Orion replied, nodding in agreement once more.

"Alright, follow me then," Madam Seraphina responded, turning around as she led Orion towards the garden. This time, although Orion had been to the garden before and knew the way, he decided to walk behind her and pretend otherwise. The reason was that this time, Madam Seraphina didn't dress in her previous long daring-slitted gown; instead, she wore a gown of the same length as Valeria and Mrs. Mesirela's attire.

In other words, as he walked behind Madam Seraphina, he couldn't help but steal glances at her barely covered plump buttocks. The only thing preventing him from getting a full view of her bare buttocks was another beautiful, glistening pair of blue panties.

They did their best to conceal the demarcation of her butt cheeks, but as she moved forward, they allowed her behind to sway in the air with an arousing jiggling rhythm.

It was as if her mini blue gown, which struggled in vain to cover the rest of her heavy backside, only added to the engorged dick erecting spectacle.

Madam Seraphina suddenly stopped walking, causing Orion to halt his steps as well, right in front of the entrance to the garden. The guards positioned at the entrance made the stone gate roll open, and they closed it once both Orion and Madam Seraphina had entered.

This time, Orion took the lead as he knew the way to Saria's tree. Walking confidently in that direction with Madam Seraphina following behind him, Orion abruptly stopped, not daring to take another step as he absorbed the sight before him – or, more precisely, the scene beside Saria's tree.

Standing beside Saria's tree was a woman who appeared to be as tall as Fifi. However, unlike Fifi's muscular physique, she possessed a tall and slender frame. She wore a stunning, thin, green, transparent carpet-like gown, adorned with intricate leaf designs in various sizes and colours.

Despite the transparency of her attire, Orion could clearly see her naked bare body thanks to the sun-like beams of light pouring down from the crystals suspended in the ceiling.

Her hair, a blend of golden and green, was crowned with a tiara made of vine flowers. Orion couldn't help but wonder if the king and queen had another daughter, as the woman before him looked like a princess.... a princess who seemed as though she had just been pulled straight out of a fairy tale.

Drawing his gaze around her, Orion couldn't help but notice the small specks of light that danced around her, illuminating her figure with a mesmerizing radiance.

He felt the urge to ask Madam Seraphina, who had paused beside him, about her identity. "Who is that?" Orion asked.

Madam Seraphina, hearing Orion's question and observing his surprised expression and wide-eyed fascination with the woman before them, decided to provide some explanation.

"That is the Princess of the Garden, one of the Guardians of the Garden," she explained.

Although Madam Seraphina hadn't previously mentioned the existence of the Princess of the Garden to Orion, she had her reasons.

Orion was a foreigner who had come from outside the mountain, so revealing such information could potentially jeopardize the safety of their entire garden. Thus, she had refrained from mentioning it unless it became a direct order from the king and queen.

Also, the princess valued her privacy, making her rare appearances even more surprising. The fact that she stood before the tree into which Orion's friend had surprisingly disappeared yesterday left her genuinely bewildered about the situation.

Nevertheless, they wouldn't find out if they continued standing there. "Come on, it's not too late to introduce yourself since the Princess of the Garden is here herself," Madam Seraphina caught Orion's gaze and said before she refocused her attention ahead and began to move forward.

Orion quickly regained his composure and followed Madam Seraphina. As they approached her, the strange woman immediately noticed their presence and turned around to look at them.

Orion stared at her white pupils that seemed as though she was blind, as the woman initially focused her gaze on Madam Seraphina before settling her eyes on him.

Her actions made Orion doubt whether she could see or not. However, as her gaze followed him until he arrived in front of the strange woman, Orion immediately understood that somehow, she could really see him.

Madam Seraphina knelt and bowed in silence before the woman. She then cleared her throat loudly, signalling to Orion that he should follow suit.

Although Orion felt uncomfortable replicating her actions, he didn't understand the extent of her power or authority. Judging by Madam Seraphina's posture, he could tell it was a big deal.

Therefore, he composed himself and knelt down.

However, just as he began to kneel, the woman's voice interrupted, saying, "You can stand if you do not wish to kneel."

Chapter 387 The Princess Of The Garden (2)

Her words had an immediate effect as the lights around her swarmed toward Orion, tugging at his clothes.

Though initially surprised, Orion took his time to examine the tiny specks of light now gathered around him. As he scrutinized their forms, his eyes widened in astonishment. He discovered several small figures with wings, each emitting a radiant glow that would have gone unnoticed had he not looked closely.

Judging by their pointed ears, Orion couldn't help but think they resembled pixies more than fairies.

"You can rise too," The Princess of the Garden said, her gaze shifting to Madam Seraphina.

Madam Seraphina immediately sensed that the words were directed at her. She stood up, straightened her back, and resumed her posture.

The Princess of the Garden refocused her eyes on scrutinizing every inch of Orion's body, from head to toe. With a warm smile on her face, she locked her gaze with him and asked, "What is your name, child?"

"Orion," he responded, his curiosity piqued by the woman's interest in both him and Saria. Nonetheless, he remained cautious, as he wasn't yet sure of what to expect.

The Princess of the Garden redirected her gaze away from Orion, refocusing it on Madam Seraphina once more. "Please, give us some space. I wish to speak with the child."

Madam Seraphina's eyes widened briefly before she swiftly regained her composure, nodding in understanding.

She glanced at Orion as if signalling him to behave, then turned and left. She walked toward the entrance of the garden, waiting for him to join her when they were done.

"Follow me," The Princess of the Garden instructed, drawing her gaze away from Orion. She turned and began to lead the way forward.

Orion stole one last glance at Saria's tree, noticing that the pixies remained behind, circling the tree's bark and branches as though guarding it. Then, he shifted his attention forward and followed the Princess.

Quickly catching up with her, as the woman had been strolling leisurely and taking her time to appreciate the scenery, Orion sensed her awareness of his presence. She turned her head with a smile as they continued walking forward.

"You know, when I heard a heartbeat echoing throughout the garden, I thought something was wrong or about to happen," The Princess of the Garden remarked.

"So you can imagine my surprise when my fellow guardians told me that the heartbeat came from a tree. A tree with a heartbeat... how absurd, I thought." Although he didn't expect the mysterious woman to dive straight into a conversation, Orion kept his ears perked, keen to hear what she had to say. Judging by her composure and that of Madam Seraphina when she left, he could tell this was a rare and unusual situation.

"So, I came out to see what it was, and to my surprise, right in front of me, I saw a tree pulsing with a vibrant heartbeat... A tree that had a nymph," The Princess of the Garden said, causing Orion to abruptly halt in his steps. He regarded the Princess of the Garden cautiously, his mind racing with various thoughts.

How did she know that Saria was a tree nymph? That was what Orion desperately wanted to know at this moment.

After all, he had witnessed the confused look on Madam Seraphina's face when he had placed Saria into a tree. Besides, the bewildered expressions of the Prismerian Healer's Council leaders when he mentioned using a tree to save Saria's life had left him convinced that they had no idea what or who a tree nymph was.

The mere fact that someone here knew, unlike the rest, immediately put Orion on high alert, his guard raised to the utmost.

The Princess of the Garden noticed Orion's abrupt stop and turned to face him, recognizing the frown on his face. She asked, "So if you don't mind, I'd like to know where you come from."

Regaining control over his composure, Orion remained cautious in the presence of this mysterious woman who seemed to possess uncanny knowledge. He realized he needed to restrain himself and avoid saying anything he might regret, even unintentionally.

As such, he carefully articulated his words and replied, "I come from beyond the mountain, from a land far, far away from here." Orion observed as she narrowed her eyes at him.

"From where?" The Princess of the Garden asked.

Understanding her question, Orion shook his head in response. "I'm sorry, but where we are from doesn't have a name."

"Oh!" The Princess of the Garden said, nodding in understanding. "So, it's not like the Prismerian kingdom then."

Orion silently confirmed with a nod. The mystery surrounding the woman before him left him reluctant to share more details.

The Princess of the Garden furrowed her brows at Orion's words. Though she sensed he wasn't lying, she still found it strange. She would have doubted how a group of humans survived outside the mountain without assistance if she hadn't discovered the existence of the tree nymph.

This realization led her to conclude that there must be more tree nymphs where the young man had originated if they could let one roam freely.

Focusing her gaze on Orion, she locked her eyes with his and asked, "You are a human, aren't you?"

This time, Orion's thoughts immediately froze in place. Unlike everyone else who could discern he wasn't a Prismerion based on his hair, none of them seemed able to identify him as a human for some inexplicable reason.

He speculated that this might be because they had been trapped within the mountains for an extended period, causing them to have limited knowledge of the outside world.

Based on what Elysia had said, that was about seven thousand years ago.

"How can you be sure that I'm human?" Orion asked, quickly regaining his composure.

"Furthermore, I don't believe you are a Prismerion either. So, who are you exactly?" He gestured toward her hair, making it evident that he could discern she wasn't one of them based on her appearance.

Chapter 388 An Avoidable Death

"Yes, I am not a Prismerion, and I can never be one. I am the Princess Of The Garden, and that's all you need to know," she replied with confidence. "I'm quite certain you're human; I still remember how each of you looks." She studied him carefully. "So, there's no need to lie," she continued, examining him from head to toe. "I am well aware of your true identity."

As Orion realized that the woman before him might hold a position of authority even higher than the King and Queen, he patiently waited for her to continue, sensing that she had more to say.

"However, I understand my words may have taken you by surprise. So, I'll be direct," The Princess of the Garden's demeanour abruptly shifted to a more serious and intimidating one.

"The garden is dying, and luckily, the tree nymph who arrived with you has the power to restore it to a less dire state," she explained. "Right now, that incredible power is contained within that tree. If she's willing to stay and use her powers to heal the garden, it would be more than enough to reverse the long-lasting effects of being trapped underground."

The more Orion listened, the more he began to dread what he might hear next. "What are you trying to say?" Orion asked.

The Princess Of The Garden raised her brows and continued, "What I mean is that she has the opportunity and the necessary capabilities to become a guardian of the garden."

Orion's face immediately darkened.

Shaking his head firmly, Orion retorted, "I'm sorry, but I..." However, The Princess of the Garden raised her right hand, halting his words.

"I'm not expecting an immediate response. I'm just informing you so that you can discuss it with her once she awakens," she explained. Despite her serious demeanour, she concealed the underlying desperation that was clawing at her.

She was burdened with managing the garden and maintaining control. She knew her time was running out, and a successor needed to be chosen. So, she was determined to do her best to convince the tree nymph to take her place before it was too late.

Orion let out a sigh of relief upon hearing her words.

For a moment, he had feared that he wouldn't be allowed to leave without providing an answer, something he couldn't do without speaking with Saria or considering their plan to return to the village.

After all, they couldn't stay here for long. "Alright, I will think about it and give you a response once she awakens."

The Princess of the Garden suddenly sighed, releasing a breath of fresh air through her lips as she nodded. "Very well, that's everything I wanted to say. The second part..." Before Orion could even blink, he felt her right hand cupping the side of his neck.

He could sense a cold, yet strangely warming energy coursing through his body. His muscles tensed as he attempted to activate his gift, but her words stopped him in his tracks.

"I can sense a large influx of that nasty energy that resides in those vicious Vylkr vines residing in you," Orion observed as her eyes narrowed at him, and she continued, "Such a thing should not be possible." Although she had sensed it after their first encounter, she had initially dismissed it as a mistake, assuming that his exposure to the chaotic and vicious energy of the Vylkr vines outside the mountain had affected him.

However, after spending more time with him and still sensing that malevolent energy, she had decided to investigate further.

"This should not be possible. The chaotic and vicious energy from the Vylkr vines should have been enough to tear your bones to shreds and rip your muscles asunder. It should not have stopped until your body was nothing more than a lifeless husk. Yet, here you are, standing, seemingly unaffected," she said, her voice filled with a mix of astonishment and confusion.

Also, she could sense the magical energy within the young man, which meant that he was an awakened human, at the very least.

But what struck her as strange was how the chaotic energy flowed in harmony with his magical energy.

The fact that he could suppress it using his magical energy was more than enough to make her reassess her thoughts about the young man, who stood there, seemingly oblivious to the astonishing phenomenon occurring within his own body.

"You need help," The Princess of the Garden said urgently. She couldn't fathom how the young man had survived with such malevolent energy coursing through his body for so long.

She had no idea how long it had been this way, but she was acutely aware that if she didn't intervene soon, the young man might not survive much longer.

And that was the last thing she wanted, especially given her aim to gain the trust of the tree nymph.

After all, what were the odds that the nymph might suspect they had eliminated him to coerce her into becoming the next guardian of the garden? That scenario would only compound their problems.

"If you are left like this, you will die in the most excruciating way possible, and that is something that I don't think is needed at the moment," The Princess of the Garden said as she looked at Orion with a serious gaze in her eyes.

Orion, however, still had no idea what was going on. Sure, due to succumbing to the warrior's addiction, he had been feeling uncomfortable lately due to the influx of Vylkr energy within him.

But he knew, more than anyone, that it wasn't enough to kill him, even if he understood the potential danger. He trusted himself to handle the situation, especially after his lessons with Stronghold Leader Zogar.

Still, seeing the Princess of the Garden's expression and realizing that she knew what she was talking about, Orion nodded his head in agreement.

He wanted to explore other options first to calm the raging Vylkr energy wreaking havoc within his body before attempting his own methods.

Chapter 389 Divine Nourishing Essence

"Alright," Orion nodded in agreement with her words. "What is it that I need to do?"

"Nothing," The Princess of the Garden shook her head in response. "Just follow me; I will take care of it," she responded before swiftly grabbing his arm and turning around, pulling Orion along with her.

Orion followed behind her, matching her pace. Since he didn't know where he was being taken, he took his time to appreciate the scenery around him and noted the areas he passed through. He still had no idea how freakishly large this underground, unnatural garden was.

After a while of passing through various thick vegetation and open fields, they finally arrived in front of a wide lake. The lake appeared large enough to accommodate about a hundred fishing boats and still have space to spare.

Orion stretched his eyes far and wide, taking in the lake's sparkling beauty.

It reminded him of the ancestral sacred pool that Anara had been tasked to watch over and refill.

However, Orion couldn't help but doubt that anyone could fill a lake this size with just their juices.

At least, that's what he thought. He wasn't entirely sure, as he acknowledged the possibility of being mistaken.

"This lake is the water that nourishes the garden. Without it, the garden would not thrive as it does now. You could say it's one of the few things keeping this garden alive," she explained, gazing at the lake with a mesmerized glint in her eyes.

Although she shouldn't be revealing this to just anyone, considering what she had asked from him, she saw this as an opportunity to gain his trust.

"By drinking it, you will be able to calm down and possibly expel that vicious energy within you," The Princess of the Garden added, causing Orion to raise a brow.

'Isn't this the same as the ancestral pool?' Orion thought, recalling how the ancestral pool had worked wonders for him. It had calmed down the Vylkr energy to the extent that it was no longer chaotic but flowed freely, obedient to his control.

If he had had enough time to visit it again, he had planned to secure more for himself. After all, it was because of that pool that he had been able to tap into the Vylkr warrior state, making its uses invaluable to him as a warrior.

Orion's eyes immediately widened as another thought struck his mind. 'It... It can't be, right?' he thought. He remembered that it was at that very moment when he had fucked Anara and released his semen deep inside her flower.

Just thinking about it now, it made sense why he could release his semen inside Dariya without concern, and yet with Anara, she'd complain about how hot and searing it felt.

Reaching this point, Orion gulped.

Was the ancestral lake that powerful?

Had it increased the vitality of his already fertile semen to the extent that he could impregnate a woman from an entirely different race, or did it only work on beings like Anara who not only didn't need to give birth but, due to the way they were created, couldn't?

Orion berated himself wearily, wondering why he hadn't thought of this before. The occurrence should have been a clear sign for him to understand what was going on.

'But there's no use thinking about it now,' he sighed and thought tiredly. He understood that there was nothing he could do about it, being far away from the village.

All he could do was hope that she, alongside his wives, would be alright by the time he returned.

Meanwhile, the Princess of the Garden assumed Orion was shocked and amazed by the view in front of him.

She looked at him with an amused smile as she waited for him to take in the scenery. "Ahem!" She cleared her throat after a while, snapping him out of his daze. She didn't want to waste any more time.

"Stretch out your hands and cup them together," she added.

Orion nodded in understanding, extending both of his hands forward to cup them together.

Observing that he had followed her instructions, the Princess of the Garden gracefully bent down, scooped the water into her cupped hands, then gently stood back up and poured the water into Orion's awaiting hands.

As he felt the familiar sensation that he had experienced when entering the ancestral pool from the water now in his palms, Orion began to wonder about the nature of this water.

However, he pushed those thoughts aside as the Princess of the Garden began to speak.

"Although it might hurt a bit, if you are able to drink this water entirely, the chaotic energy in your body will be heavily suppressed, and possibly cleansed out," the Princess of the Garden explained.

She watched as Orion nodded seriously, bringing his cupped hands to his lips and tilting his head slightly to gulp down the water.

As the water touched his lips and flowed down his throat, Orion felt an immediate sense of refreshment.

A cool, revitalizing sensation coursed through his entire body. While the taste was unique, the aftertaste was unlike anything he had ever experienced.

It was sweet and satisfying, prompting Orion to ponder whether it was better than the juices of the tree nymphs.

Orion was on the verge of doubting whether his body could handle this water, just as it had when he first drank from the ancestral pool.

However, any doubts quickly dissipated when...

"BAAMM!!" Orion collapsed onto the grass, his body convulsing in agony. He jerked involuntarily, desperately attempting to control the searing, bone-piercing pain coursing through his being. It felt... felt indescribable...

"Ahhh!!" Orion couldn't help but scream, the intense pain overwhelming him. The strange energy from the water had blended with his own, colliding with the chaotic Vylkr energy, and was now ruthlessly suppressing it.

The pain was... unbearable!

Even with his formidable warrior physique, he struggled to endure it, a heavy drowsiness settling in his eyes as he fought to remain conscious.

Chapter 390 The Guardians' Investigation

Amidst his blurry vision, the world distorted. With some difficulty, Orion could make out the faint figure of the Princess of the Garden kneeling beside him.

Her hands reached out toward him, her right hand gently tracing from his hair down to his neck. Her voice, with a warm and soothing tone, penetrated the pain.

"I know it's painful," the Princess of the Garden said, her words offering comfort to Orion as he fought through the discomfort.

"But don't worry, once this is over, your life will no longer be in danger." Her caring smile illuminated her face as she observed his struggle to stay conscious.

His eyelids threatened to close, as though he was teetering on the edge of unconsciousness, until finally, they sealed shut, and Orion slipped into wonderland.

"Maybe you can also tell me how you managed to accumulate such threatening amounts of that vicious energy once you wake up," she whispered softly as she continued to run her hands over him.

With nothing else to do at the moment, she decided to keep him company and do whatever she could to help alleviate some of the pain.

Suddenly, her gaze shifted downward to his private parts. As she observed the huge tent between his legs, her eyebrows shot up in curiosity.

She thought, 'Is it what I think it is?'

'No,' the Princess of the Garden quickly shook her head, dismissing the thought from her mind.

She knew it was not possible for a man, especially one as young as this, to possess such a huge endowment between his legs.

Not that she had ever seen one, but from the conversations she had overheard among the various servants and workers who occasionally came to harvest items from the garden for the Prismarian kingdom, she had a rough idea of what the size should be.

But, what she was currently witnessing, however, didn't align with what she had heard or imagined.

So, she cautiously extended her hand towards it, eager to confirm the true nature of this odd sight, as it seemed to be quite energetic in its own right, twitching and shifting as if it had a life of its own.

Grasping the fabric, the Princess of the Garden clutched the meaty object like a spear within her hand.

With a furrowed brow and a sense of curiosity, she tightened her grip, still puzzled about what it could be.

She cautiously withdrew her hand, deftly undoing the knot that held his trousers together. Slowly, she began to drag them downwards, keen to uncover the source of the unusual tent.

As the fabric revealed more of the sight before her, the Princess of the Garden's eyes widened in sheer amazement.

What lay before her was a long, thick penis that far exceeded anything she had ever heard in the hushed conversations among women and men, who often boasted about their own shafts whenever they gathered in the garden.

Observing his face once more and noticing the uncomfortable twitches in his unconscious body, the Princess of the Garden shifted her attention back to the imposing shaft before her.

She took a deep breath and stretched her hand toward it, to touch it.

However, just as she was about to make contact, she suddenly withdrew her hand with a sharp, "Ouch!" pulling her hand back in surprise.

She examined her index finger, still tingling from the brief contact, before returning her focus to Orion's twitching member.

'How can something be so hot?' The Princess of the Garden thought, perplexed by the sensation. Without hesitation, she emitted a sharp whistle, cutting through the air, summoning the other guardians of the garden, whose duty was to oversee its care and growth.

After a few moments of whistling, the trees and plants surrounding her suddenly buzzed with life. Several more of the garden guardians emerged, curious about why they had been summoned by the Princess of the Garden.

However, most of them returned to their tasks when they saw that only five of them were instructed to stay, realizing that it wasn't anything urgent.

The five of them, who had been instructed to stay put, were all females. As they glided toward the Princess and perched nearby, their gaze remained fixated on Orion's towering veiny member.

With some difficulty, they shifted their attention towards the Princess of the Garden as she began to speak, her voice laden with curiosity. "Have any of you ever seen anything like this?"

The guardians all fixed their gaze on Orion's massive, veined penis, before shaking their heads collectively.

However, one of them spoke, although her voice came out as barely audible, resembling tiny, ethereal buzzes in the air.

Yet, somehow, the Princess of the Garden could decipher what she was trying to convey, causing her eyes to widen in sudden realization.

"So that's what they were talking about," she muttered under her breath.

The other guardians she had dispatched to spy on Orion had reported various details about his actions, such as bringing the nymph to her garden and placing her within a tree.

They also mentioned his interaction with the Princess. However, they had also reported on how he had brutally impaled the Queen's personal maid. But, since she was primarily interested in confirming his identity and gathering important information, she had swiftly dismissed their accounts without delving into the details.

Nonetheless...

"But... But isn't this too much?" The Princess of the Garden expressed hesitance in her voice, prompting the guardians to nod in agreement.

As they gathered their composure, one of the guardians flew closer to the impressive sight.

However, just as the Princess of the Garden was about to warn her about the astonishingly high temperature, it was too late. The guardian had already made contact with the gritty, veined penis, using her finger to trace along its surface as she circled it. "Huh!" the Princess of the Garden exclaimed in surprise before she, too, extended her hand to touch it once more.