

Village Head 411

Chapter 411 Merida Challenges...

Orion observed the burnt sections of the stage and couldn't help but furrow his brows into a frown.

Merida turned and rose to her feet, her eyes filled with unbridled fury. Like Clan Mistress Elara, she too knew that this battle had been eagerly initiated by her sister. So, she forcibly restrained herself from lashing out at him and doing something she might regret, as he stood before her.

Meanwhile, as Orion faced the young woman on the other side of the stage, he let out a sigh, remembering that Princess Crystalia had introduced her as Merida Luminous, the eldest heir among the three Luminaris Clan Heiresses.

Seeing the same vengeful and furious gaze that he had witnessed in the eyes of the Gemheart Clan Mistress, and her right hand tightly clutching the sword strapped at the left side of her waist, he sensed trouble brewing.

As the healers arrived and began attending to Maya, Merida turned her head to the side to watch.

Then, with Maya being taken care of, she turned her attention back to Orion and finally spoke.

"Mr. Foreigner, do you not think you went too far in this battle?" Merida asked, her lips stretched into a forced smile that wavered slightly.

She was doing her utmost to suppress her anger and keep it from showing on her face.

Orion shook his head and replied, "Well, it isn't my fault. I warned her initially that I wasn't currently able to control my strength, and yet, she insisted."

He then shifted his gaze to Merida before looking down below the stage where Maya and Zephyrion were being treated. Afterwards, he refocused on Merida, saying, "And considering that she's soon-to-be mine, I don't think I would have gone that far if I knew it would end like this."

Merida's eyes immediately twitched upon hearing Orion's words. Without him explicitly stating it, she grasped the implications of his statement.

She bit her lip and thought, 'My sister will never marry you.'

Then, locking her gaze intently on Orion, she shook her head and said, "Sorry, but I don't think my sister will be getting married anytime soon."

"Oh," Orion said, raising his eyebrows as he observed the young woman's long silver-coloured crystal hair-like locs, which bore a striking resemblance to Maya's, although longer and fuller, cascading down her back. He also noted her deep green dress, featuring a daring slit at the front, revealing her well-toned thighs and matching deep green panties.

Orion took in her overall appearance before asking, "And why is that? It's quite clear that we both had an agreement, and she even made a vow to Naka himself that she would fulfil it, regardless of the outcome. So, I don't really understand what you're saying."

He paused, then frowned as he guessed what she might be implying. "Or are you suggesting that your sister won't keep her word, even after making a vow to Naka in front of everyone here today? Am I right?" he asked seriously.

Following Orion's words, the seats around them immediately erupted into whispers and murmurs.

"Is the Luminaris clan planning not to keep their word, even after their young second heiress made a vow in the name of Naka and in the presence of everyone here!" a young boy from the crowd murmured

"It certainly seems that way. Didn't you see how she was injured and taken off the stage? Given their power, I doubt anyone else could hold them accountable except for the royal family or one of the other four Major clans!" an older woman responded, a sigh of defeat escaping her lips.

"TCHH!! If the Luminaris clan fails to honour their word, it would seriously tarnish their reputation. This means they might be just as untrustworthy in their private dealings!" someone in the crowd muttered.

Merida felt her teeth grinding against each other the moment she heard more of Orion's words and caught snippets of the whispers and murmurs circulating through the seats around her.

Although her sister had been foolish to make such a promise, breaking it so openly in front of everyone at the banquet would be an even greater folly. It could ruin their reputation and position the Luminaris clan's young heiresses at the bottom of the hierarchy in terms of influence and support, hindering their path to the throne of the Prismerian Kingdom.

After all, no one would want an untrustworthy Empress or King as their ruler!

Understanding the predicament her sister had unknowingly placed them in, Merida calmed herself down and released her hand from the hilt of her sword.

"No, that wasn't what I meant," Merida said, shaking her head at Orion's words and choosing her words carefully. "The Luminaris Clan would never stoop to breaking their word, especially after sealing it with such a vow. So, there's no way I could prevent my sister from becoming the wife of a man like you, even if I wanted to."

Orion remained silent, uncertain if he was being insulted, but he waited to hear more.

"Instead," Merida continued, "what I am trying to say is that, in exchange for annulling the vow my sister has made and the agreement, I would like to propose another offer."

Orion couldn't help but think, 'I knew it,' as he sighed deeply, exhaustion evident on his face.

She continued, "One last fight, between the two of us. If you win, I will grant you five wishes, two more than what my sister offered. And compared to her, I am fully capable of fulfilling all those wishes to the best of my abilities. Of course, if I win, I demand that my sister's proposal be annulled, and in exchange, the number of wishes will be reduced back to three," she said, briefly pursing her lips together before continuing.

"I'm only offering these conditions because of my sister's current condition. I'm not sure how the Luminaris clan itself would react to the news of their second heiress becoming the wife of the man who brutally defeated her..." She took a deep breath and went on, "I'm presenting this offer because I'm confident the news would be received poorly. If you are willing and ready to accept, I can take her place. This would also help avoid thrusting you into a much greater conflict, in case the other Major clans decide to interfere and use it to their advantage."

Chapter 412 Merida Challenges... (2)

"Although we are all Major clans, there's a deeper conflict beneath the surface that is far greater than what's visible," she said these last words in a quieter tone, ensuring only Orion could hear them.

Nonetheless, those with keen ears caught her words, and although they loathed to acknowledge it, this was the grim reality of the current Prismerian Kingdom.

With the dwindling supply of gems used to awaken their magical energies and grow stronger, as well as the diminishing fruit harvests over the years, everyone sensed that something ominous, perhaps even a war, loomed on the horizon.

The Major clans were already feeling the effects of scarcity. While Orion's presence was indeed a blessing and a glimmer of hope for their desperate hearts, the undeniable truth remained: if any of the Major clans decided to meddle and stretch this matter to its limits, the situation could easily spiral into chaos.

This implied that Orion would be thrust into the heart of this turmoil. Even though he was a foreigner and had offered them nothing more than hope, survival dictated taking necessary actions in the current situation.

King Brylon, comprehending the gravity of the matter, turned to his wife and asked, "Should I intervene?"

Queen Selene, however, shook her head in response. She was thoroughly enjoying the spectacle, and why would she want him to halt the proceedings when it had just reached its climax?

Like everyone else who had overheard the eldest heiress of the Luminaris clan, she grasped the young woman's implications.

As the royal family, they were already entangled in this whirlpool of chaos.

Yet, being the current strongest Prismerion in the Prismerian Kingdom, she couldn't allow herself to be intimidated by the threats posed by the other four major clans, especially considering her status as a member of a Major Clan herself.

Queen Selene turned towards her husband and added, "I want to see how it ends." She then refocused her ruby-like irises on the stage, particularly on Orion. "Besides, it seems that he is also enjoying it, so let's wait and witness how everything unfolds before we make any decisions on what to do."

King Brylon nodded solemnly in response to his wife's words before shifting his gaze back to the stage.

Meanwhile, Princess Crystalia remained frozen in shock in her chair as she watched the unfolding scenes with astonishment.

She was seated alongside Flintor, her guard, who stood behind her and shared her disbelief.

"So you're saying that if I don't accept your proposal, the chances of fulfilling the agreement between Maya and me are slim, or perhaps impossible. But if I do, I get to keep you and have my wishes granted without complications," Orion asked.

Originally, testing his strength through this opportunity had been fun, but now he realized the potential problems he might face by becoming embroiled in these matters were both uncomfortable and annoying.

"Why does it have to be so complicated for me to get a Prismerion wife?" he thought wearily.

Although Merida felt a twinge of bitterness at his words, she nodded and replied, "When you put it that way, yes. At least this way, the Luminaris clan would have to choose only one of us, as they can't remain idle and pretend that nothing of the sort ever happened after their two heiresses made such promises and failed to keep them."

Orion raised an eyebrow sceptically. "And how can I be sure that you'll keep your promise? After all, your sister made similar vows when she stepped onto this stage."

Merida furrowed her brows in response, letting out a sigh as she began to lower her expensive deep green panties.

She had almost pulled them down when she heard Orion's voice, causing her to pause her actions.

"Wait! What are you doing?" Orion asked, a baffled expression on his face as he observed Merida slightly bending down to remove her beautiful pair of panties.

Merida raised her head and immediately comprehended the source of Orion's confusion.

She let out a tired sigh and explained, "When a woman removes her panties and offers them to a man as a symbol of her promise, it signifies her unwavering determination to fulfil her commitments, regardless of her status or position. And if she fails to uphold those promises, she will forever live in shame, having not only broken her word but also lost her dignity."

Hearing her words, Orion's eyes immediately widened in surprise.

'So there's something like this,' Orion thought before he cleared his throat loudly. "Ahem, don't worry, I will take your word for it." After all, no matter how tempted he was to receive the panties on stage, he wouldn't be comfortable allowing her to walk around with her pussy exposed in front of such a large audience that seemed larger than he could count.

"There's no need for me to put you through any embarrassing circumstances since I am confident that I am going to win."

"It seems that he is far more reasonable than I had thought," Meala Luminous, Clan Mistress of the Luminaris clan, remarked with a light smile on her face as she sat in a special area high above the seating area with her husband, near her daughters.

"Indeed, it seems so. Otherwise, I would have stopped this nonsense by now if he weren't," the Clan Head of the Luminaris clan said, annoyed as he watched the scene play out.

If he hadn't received a message from the Gemheart Clan Head, he would have already taken action.

"When we get back to the clan's Manor, you need to teach these girls some manners," he added, displeased with his daughters' behaviour.

Looking at his youngest daughter still in her seat, he was glad that at least one of them hadn't jumped onto the stage yet.

Meanwhile, on the stage, Merida let out a deep internal sigh after hearing Orion's words. 'Maybe he isn't lying about not being able to currently control his strength,' she thought, looking at Orion in a different light. However, she quickly shook her head and dismissed those thoughts.

Chapter 413 Orion Challenges...

Remembering what was currently at stake, Merida pulled the waistbands of her panties back up and stood up properly to face Orion. She asked, "Shall we begin, then?"

"Wait," Orion immediately interjected, stopping Merida as she attempted to draw her sword from her waist.

"What is it?" Merida asked, a frown creasing her face. She thought that something was amiss, or perhaps he was reconsidering.

"Since you are here, I might as well see if anyone else is interested in challenging me and settle this once and for all," Orion stated, leaving Merida bewildered.

He turned to face the assembled guests. "Are there any other clan heirs who would like to challenge me to a battle?" Orion asked, his voice ringing out clearly as he scanned the crowd. "If anyone wishes to, step onto the stage and present your offer before we begin. This will be the last challenge I will accept."

Moments ago, he had faced off against the Gemheart Clan Heir, delivering a crushing defeat. Then, the second young heiress of the Luminaris Clan had stepped forward and faced a similar fate. Now, the eldest heir of the Luminaris Clan stepped forward, challenging him to yet another duel. Orion contemplated the situation.

It seemed like challengers were lining up one after the other, eager to test their strength against him. Before they could all take their turns, he decided to scan the crowd, wondering if there were any others bold enough to join the fray and face him all at once.

"Outrageous! Is he saying what I think he is saying?"

"Isn't it obvious that he plans to face them all at once?"

The guests began to voice their dissatisfaction with Orion's words, and even the other heirs furrowed their brows in unison. They couldn't simply dismiss Orion's words and pretend as though none of this had ever happened.

However, they were caught in a dilemma. On one hand, they couldn't ignore the disruption, but on the other hand, they had already witnessed his incredible strength and the potent power of his lightning ability.

It appeared to surpass even the second Luminaris Clan heiress's abilities, leaving some of them reluctant to challenge him, which made them stay back in their seats.

"He's really strong," Garnex muttered to himself as he observed Orion confidently waiting for them to join him on the stage or keep their challenges to themselves.

"TCH! This is annoying," Garnex clicked his tongue in frustration once more.

He knew he couldn't step onto the stage, despite his confidence in his abilities. After witnessing Orion's domination of the other two clan heirs, who were considerably stronger and more powerful than him, he chose to stand his ground and concede victory to the foreigner.

After all, there were still other matters he needed to attend to.

"BOOOM!"

"BOOOM!"

The collective gasps of the guests below him resonated as two distinct loud sounds suddenly exploded on the stage, grabbing Ganex's attention. His eyes widened upon recognizing the figures responsible.

'Humph! It seems I'm the only one who currently has these thoughts. Well, I better enjoy the show since it's come to this,' he thought, settling in comfortably to watch the unfolding spectacle as murmurs spread throughout the audience.

"It's Aeryn and Conrad Prismaflow! The Prismaflow Clan's twin heirs!"

"GASP!" A collective gasp of surprise rippled through the guests as they noticed the dark cyan glow enveloping the twins.

"Crystal... Crystal Radiant Rank!" an elderly man from one of the city's prominent families stuttered out as he rose from his seat, accompanied by a few others who were equally shocked by the unfolding scene.

"Tier 1 Crystal Radiant Rank!! The Prismaflow twins have reached the Crystal Radiant Rank!" Another unknown figure from a different section of the amphitheatre leapt to his feet, his hands trembling as he surveyed the scene before him.

They could accept that the young heirs were each above the Crystal Initiate rank; after all, they were all born into major families, which meant they had the aptitude and resources to excel at a young age.

They could even accept that these young heirs had exceeded their expectations, becoming high-tier Crystal Rank Adepts.

However, to accept that some of them had already surpassed that rank and had ascended to the Crystal Radiant Rank...

Ridiculous! They could swear upon their forefathers that it was absurd!

Merida observed the twins who had made an extravagant entrance onto the stage and couldn't help but snort at their display of power.

She already knew their rank by the dark cyan glow emanating from their bodies. Deciding to reveal her own rank, since it didn't seem to matter to the foreigner who wanted to fight all of them at once, she took a deep breath and channelled her magical energy.

Releasing it from her body, she let it surge and envelop her. Her magical energy transformed into a dark cyan glow that clashed with the twins' aura, as if trying to suppress and dominate their radiance. But eventually, the energies reached a standoff, neither overpowering nor yielding to one another.

All three auras spread across the stage, emanating a tremendous amount of magical pressure solely from their presence.

"..."

"...Tier two Crystal Radiant Rank!" An older woman from the Quatzwraith clan, who had also stood up in shock with the rest at the beginning, muttered in amazement before she collapsed back into her seat.

Her legs went weak as she witnessed the sight of a twenty-three-year-old at Tier Two Crystal Radiant Rank. She was astonished because even the young heirs of the Quartzwraith Clan were only at Tier Two Crystal Adept Rank, which was impressive enough to consider them geniuses.

But as she observed the three young heirs on the stage, she had to admit that they were geniuses among geniuses—talented monsters, to say the least!

At least now, she and everyone around her seated in the grand amphitheatre understood that if the clan heirs' battle had taken place, then Merida Luminous would have come out as the first in the rankings, followed by the Prismaflow twins in second and third place.

The fourth spot would have been given to Maya Luminous, followed by Zephyrion Gemheart in fifth place. The sixth position and the rest of the lower rankings would have been shared among the other clan heirs.

Chapter 414 Revocation

However, they hadn't managed to gather any information on the Prismaflow twins either because they were more secluded, unlike the other clans, and normally kept to themselves. Added to the fact that they were one of the Major Clans, it wasn't surprising that they couldn't find anything worthwhile.

"My name is Conrad Prismaflow, the eldest heir of the Prismaflow Clan. If you win, unlike the eldest heir of the Luminaris Clan, I can only grant you three wishes. However, if I win, I only hope to restore the honour that my fellow Clan Heirs have lost in front of everyone here today by defeating you," Conrad introduced himself.

"My name is Arylen Prismaflow, the youngest heir of the Prismaflow Clan, and I promise the exact same thing as my brother," Aeryn said, introducing himself as he nodded in agreement with his twin brother's words. They both observed Orion, waiting for his response.

Orion raised his brows in surprise, sensing that Merida and the twins were stronger than two of the clan heirs he had already faced. Realizing they were prepared to challenge him, possibly pushing him to unleash more of his strength, he turned around to face the King and Queen.

"Before I proceed, I want everyone, including the royal highness, to bear witness to their promises so that there's no backing out of fulfilling them."

Listening to Orion's words and realizing he was addressing them specifically, King Brylon felt conflicted. At first, he knew the Major Clans might renege on their promises, but with Orion being a foreigner from outside the mountain, he had planned to leverage his power and influence to ensure they fulfilled some of their commitments.

This was essential to elevate their status in Orion's eyes, especially after witnessing his extraordinary abilities in the recent battle. They had initially considered coercing information out of him, but it had become clear that this approach wouldn't have worked.

They were fortunate they hadn't attempted it, given the unknown strength of those from Orion's village who might come seeking him.

King Brylon took a deep breath, fully aware of one vital truth: the Prismerian Kingdom was in no position to engage in a war with anyone at this juncture. In fact, he harboured deep concerns that their internal conflicts might destabilize the kingdom, eventually leading to its collapse after centuries of existence. This was precisely why he had invited Orion to the banquet just two days after the young man's arrival in their kingdom.

But now, as he was uncertain about the best course of action, King Brylon turned to his wife upon hearing her voice.

"After the banquet ends, dispatch messengers to every major clan whose clan heir has made a promise and gauge their responses. If they refuse to uphold their commitments, appropriate consequences shall befall them, including revoking eligibility for their clan heirs to ascend the throne."

"Should the Prismerian heirs make promises or vows they cannot honour, they and their entire clans must bear the consequences," Queen Selene said, her voice infused with commanding authority and unwavering seriousness. "The Prismerian Kingdom has no use for rulers who break their word or for spoiled individuals who fail to recognize that their words hold the key to our escape from this forsaken mountain."

King Brylon acquiesced to his wife's words with a nod. Although he had wanted to say something, the gravity of her demeanour, which she reserved for moments when her intentions were unwavering, led him to turn back to face Orion, who had been patiently awaiting his response.

"Ahem! Very well, I, King Brylon, along with the entire Prismerian royal family, stand as witnesses today as the major clan heirs make their promises and vows. Should they fail to fulfil their commitments, they will face appropriate consequences and potentially lose their eligibility to ascend the throne. The Prismerian Kingdom has no place for successors who cannot uphold their word. Consider this my solemn pledge to you," he declared.

As soon as King Brylon finished responding to Orion, the ears of everyone present, from the Major Clans to the smaller minor clans and the city families, perked up in astonishment, shock, and disbelief.

Even some of the Major Clan members frowned as they finally comprehended the stakes of this battle.

It had become apparent that this was an opportunity to thin the ranks of heirs vying for the throne.

And based on King Brylon's earlier words, they were all certain that it was a significant one.

"So I'll have to give it my all," Merida Luminous said, clicking her tongue in annoyance. She swiftly drew her sword from her waist and activated the Luminous Clan's initial stage specialties.

Radaint Sensing!

Radiant Aura!

Calming down her breath, she activated her elemental ability, channelling it into her left hand, causing a scorching crimson wave of flames to envelop her blade.

She couldn't forget that Orion possessed an elemental lightning ability, possibly even stronger than her sister's. Planning to go all out from the start, she also activated one of her clan's intermediate specialties.

Elemental Amplification!

This was an advanced variation of 'Radiant Fusion,' allowing them to magnify their elemental abilities by infusing them with radiant energy.

Within seconds, her sword began to pulse and radiate brightly, brilliant strings of light interweaving with her flames and thoroughly enveloping her blade.

Observing that the eldest heir of the Luminaris clan was prepared, the Prismaflow twins readied themselves as Orion turned to confront them.

Seeing that they were all prepared to go all out against him, and remembering that he had been relying solely on the remnant Vylkr energy coursing around his body, Orion, for the first time, contemplated tapping into the Vylkr container within his heart.

However, he swiftly restrained himself from doing so. He still hadn't fully grasped the extent of his own strength, and deciding to utilize his Vylkr containers might prove to be excessive. This could result in a similarly unpleasant situation to what had transpired between him and Maya.

Instead, he immediately activated his gift.

"CRACKLLEE!!" "CRACCKLLE!"

Chapter 415 The Finishing Blow

Numerous bursts of bright bluish energy crackled out from both of Orion's arms, resembling venomous serpents in search of prey. As these lightning streaks hurtled toward the ground, they seared the earth's surface, leaving behind charred marks and altering its hue to a darkened black.

The sparks danced and sizzled, creating a burning zone within a two-meter radius around him.

Orion sensed that his gift had become two or three times more potent than before. New capabilities seemed within reach, making his body tingle with anticipation. However, recognizing the strengthened power of his lightning, he decided to explore these newfound abilities later, in private.

For now, he channeled his control over the lightning and conjured colossal clenched fists, each standing three meters tall, on either side of his arms.

"What amazing control," Queen Selene muttered to herself as she observed Orion's mastery over shaping his lightning, leaving her both amazed and impressed. Such control over elemental abilities would take a Prismeron decade to attain, and even then, it wasn't guaranteed unless they possessed exceptional talent and near-perfect control over their magical energy.

Merida, too, couldn't deny the impeccable nature of his control over his elemental lightning ability. Witnessing his feat, she recognized his capabilities.

However, seeing that the foreigner was ready to face them, Merida channelled her magical energy into her legs and charged forward without hesitation.

Witnessing this, the twins wasted no time and charged forward, their resolve clear in their eyes.

They immediately activated a Prismaflow Clan intermediate stage specialty: Short-hop Blink! This technique not only helped them evade attacks or move swiftly through obstacles but also allowed them to execute short-range teleports within their current dimension.

Without hesitation, both Aeryn and Conrad disappeared from their original positions after a few steps. Within seconds, they reappeared behind Orion, their fists ready to strike from behind.

Caught by surprise by the twins' instant teleportation, Orion reacted swiftly. He leapt high into the air and hurled his left, three-meter-tall lightning-forged fist backwards.

"BAAMM!"

The lightning-forged fist collided with the ground, just missing the twins, who had narrowly dodged the attack. They promptly disappeared once again, leaving Orion uncertain of their next appearance.

Not taking any chances, Orion swung his body mid-air, capitalizing on the momentum of his thrown lightning-forged fist. He launched his other lightning-forged fist straight at the charging Merida.

Merida snorted at his assault, her combat instincts kicking in. She activated an initial stage technique called "Solar Flare Strike." In an instant, a blinding flash of brilliant light erupted in front of Orion, temporarily disorienting his senses.

He quickly averted his eyes from the blinding light but continued to propel his fist forward, resolved to strike his target.

Merida's grinned as she skillfully evaded Orion's attack. She sidestepped just in time for his three-meter lightning-forged fist to crash into the ground with a deafening "Baam!!"

Seeing the temporary blindness afflict Orion as lightning sparks crackled from his arms in an attempt to conjure another pair of lightning fists, Merida seized the opportunity.

She surged toward him, pushing her magical energy to its limits. In an instant, she delivered a powerful kick to the ground and appeared beside Orion in mid-air. Her crimson-flamed sword, now intertwined with radiant energy, swung forward as Merida activated an intermediate specialty.

"Luminosity Burst!"

Merida's Luminosity Burst technique was nothing short of spectacular. When her radiant energy-infused blade met Orion's partially lightning-covered body, it triggered a resounding shockwave, followed by a colossal burst of blinding light that exploded outward. Orion, his temporary blindness just beginning to wane, cursed loudly.

"FUCKK!!"

He desperately tried to conjure a thick wall of lightning to shield himself, but it proved insufficient.

"BAAAM!!!" "WHOOSSSH!!"

Merida's flaming crimson radiant energy blade collided with Orion's form, sending a powerful shockwave through the area.

A massive burst of light erupted, propelling Orion backwards. His body sailed through the air for approximately twelve meters, tumbling uncontrollably before coming to an abrupt halt as he crashed into the ground.

"BAANNG!!"

Orion struggled to regain his senses after the powerful collision with Merida's attack. Before he could fully recover his bearings, a powerful foot crashed into his gut, causing his insides to churn. The force of the impact sent him soaring high into the air.

"BAANNG!!"

As he desperately tried to reorient himself mid-air, another blow struck him from behind, propelling him in the opposite direction.

This time, Orion's body hurtled forward uncontrollably, crashing violently into the ground.

He tumbled forward until he managed to regain control, coming to a halt just at the edge of the stage.

"Haaaaaa! Haaaaa!!" Orion took deep, steadying breaths as he fought to regain his composure.

"I shouldn't have held back... Haaaaa!" he muttered under his breath, his lungs still heaving heavily.

The searing pain from where Merida's flaming, glowing sword had collided with him and the assaults from the Prismaflow twins, who seemed to possess teleportation skills, sent waves of pain across his body.

For a moment, he thought that he might be immobilized for hours.

However, after a few seconds of collecting his thoughts and stabilizing his body, Orion turned around and pushed himself up with his hands.

"Haaaaa!!"

Orion managed to get back on his feet, his teeth stained with the metallic taste of his own blood.

As he watched the three Prismerian heirs approach, he wiped his mouth and spoke, "I'm not planning to hold back anymore, so you all should get ready."

He spat out the remaining blood to the side.

Merida's lips twitched at his words. While they recognized his incredible strength, having witnessed him defeat two previous clan heirs effortlessly, this exchange had left them uncertain about his true rank.

He had yet to use his magical energy and relied solely on his physical strength, elemental ability, and seemingly boundless endurance. It made it impossible for them to gauge his true power.

"Well, you shouldn't be holding back or pretending, especially when you have no chance of winning if things continue like this," Merida remarked with a smirk.

Chapter 416 The Finishing Blow (2)

While she might not stand a chance against Orion by herself, with the Prismaflow twins at her side, she was confident they had already secured victory.

But that was to be expected from the beginning!

Orion took one last deep breath. His expression turned serious as he finally decided to tap into the Vylkr container in his heart. He noticed Merida exchanging an unspoken signal with the twins before she locked her gaze back on him and charged toward him.

Meanwhile, the twins vanished into thin air with their teleportation abilities. Keeping his focus on Merida as she rushed at him, Orion allowed about five per cent of the Vylkr energy from the container in his heart to flow throughout his body as he activated his gift.

"Solar Flare Strike!"

Merida unleashed her clan's intermediate technique once more as she closed in on Orion.

However, Orion felt his heart pounding even harder than before, and he was prepared. The moment he caught a glimpse of a bright flash of light out of the corner of his eye, he instinctively closed his eyes and channelled both the strange energy and the Vylkr energy through his body.

He conjured his lightning into a fist since his lightning-forged sword wouldn't suffice in this situation. With all his might, Orion hurled it forward.

"BANNNGGG!!!" Orion's lightning-infused fist left his hand with incredible power, tearing through the golden-veined, crystal-clear stage.

"BBOOM!!!" "BBAANG!!!"

Merida's eyes widened as the lightning-forged fist sped directly toward her. Realizing it was too late to dodge, the fist was upon her before she could react. Instinctively, Merida raised her sword to block the incoming attack.

However, with a deafening "BANGG!!!" the force behind the fist sent her sword flying to the other side of the stage, causing a momentary panic.

Then, the lightning-forged fist struck with a resounding "BAANGG!!!" "BBBOOOMM!!!"

Merida didn't even have time to scream as a shocking, horrifying wave of energy propelled her backwards like a cannonball.

She crashed violently outside the stage, beneath the supporting walls of the grand amphitheatre, which shook violently with a deafening "Booom!" The destructive energy dispersed in all directions, causing countless cracks to rapidly spread throughout the walls where Merida had been embedded.

Almost instantly, her eyes grew hazy as remnants of the lightning-forged fist crackled around her body. She abruptly lost consciousness, covered in the settling dust from her violent impact.

The entire grand amphitheatre fell into a deathly silence.

Every person present, whether from Minor clans, City families, or the five Major clans, had their eyes wide open, and for a significant moment, no one uttered a word.

Meanwhile, King Brylon, Queen Selene, Clan Head Garnet, Clan Mistress Elara, Clan Mistress Olivia Quatzwraith, and all the other Major Clan Heads and Mistresses from the five Major Clans rose to their feet in unison. They were joined by every City Family Head and Minor Clan representative who stood up in shock, their eyes fixed on the incomprehensible scene unfolding before them.

Merida Luminous, the unconscious figure who had been flung into the wall on the opposite side of the stage by a single lightning-forged fist, remained motionless. She seemed incapable of any movement until her body finally slid down from the wall and fell to the ground in an awkward position.

At this point, they couldn't even ascertain her current condition.

They struggled to confirm whether what they were witnessing was real or perhaps just a hallucination.

Meanwhile, Orion, who observed the extent of the destruction, couldn't help but stare in surprise as he realized he might have just discovered another application of his gift.

'I can detach my lightning and send it flying independently,' he contemplated, but his thoughts were abruptly pulled back to reality by a sudden voice.

"YOUU!!"

Without even turning his head to identify the source, Orion immediately conjured another three-meter lightning-forged fist and launched it in the direction of the voice.

"BAANNNGG!!" "BOOMM!!" His instincts proved accurate once again. In the next moment, another scene unfolded, eerily reminiscent of what had happened with the now unconscious Merida.

Aeryn Prismaflow was sent hurtling backwards like a cannonball until he collided with the walls below the seating area of the grand amphitheatre.

"YOU!! I WILL KILL YOU FOR THIS!!" Conrad roared angrily at Orion the moment he witnessed the current state of his twin brother.

"Well, I don't think that's a nice thing to say since we are only having a duel here," Orion retorted, quickly snapping out of his trance after confirming that he was now capable of detaching his lightning and attacking an opponent from a distance.

As he turned around to face Conrad, he began to contemplate the various uses that now seemed within reach.

Dimensional Teethering!

Conrad activated one of his clan's intermediate techniques that allowed him to anchor himself within a specific location and return to it after a short-range teleportation.

Short Hop Blink!

He vanished out of sight, making Orion weary as he immediately conjured another three-meter-long fist and began to swing it around.

"BAMM!!" "BANNGG!!"

"BAMM!!" "BAANNNGGG!!"

He had managed to strike the Prismaflow Heir and send him flying backwards twice before promptly teleporting back to his previous starting position and charging forward once more.

"I WILL KILL YOU!!!"

"BAAAMMMM!!" "BOOMMM!!" Orion's lightning-forged fist struck Conrad once more, sending him violently flying backwards before his second lightning-forged fist tore right through the stage. Golden-veined crystal-clear tiles cracked and scattered high into the air all around the stage.

After the dust settled, all that remained was a large carved hole torn apart by Orion's lightning-forged fist.

Witnessing the Prismaflow Clan's Heir reappearing back in his previous position, with some parts of his clothes blown open, numerous shallow injuries, and a bloody body that concealed them, Orion ceased channelling the Vylkr energy from the Vylkr container in his heart.

He immediately deactivated his gift and watched as Conrad's body hit the ground, his knees giving way, before he collapsed on the ground, gasping for breath, his gaze never leaving Orion's still-standing figure.

Taking in a deep breath, Orion muttered, "I won."

Chapter 417 Unexpected Meeting

Although Orion's words were not completely audible, the deathly silence that currently enveloped the hall amplified the echoes of his words, causing them to resonate in all four directions of the hall. This sudden burst of sound made everyone's hearts leap, snapping them out of their daze.

Immediately after, while some of the Major Clan leaders, as well as a few from the Minor Clans and City families, paled in disbelief, the entire grand amphitheatre erupted into an uproar.

"He... He... He won!"

"He... He defeated the Luminaris Clan's eldest heiress and both Prismaflow Clan's heirs at the same time!"

"Are... Are people from outside the mountain this strong, or is it just him?!"

"Terrifying! How terrifying! What kind of monsters are waiting for us outside the mountain? Will our Prismerian Kingdom still be able to stand if we finally make it out of here?"

In an instant, everyone began to entertain thoughts they hadn't dared to imagine before. The more they contemplated this, the more it felt as if their entire bodies had plunged into a cold, icy river.

Slowly, everyone who had been standing took their seats, seeking a moment of reflection to understand the astonishing events they had just witnessed.

Once again, a few minutes of profound silence enveloped the entire grand amphitheatre.

Seeing this, King Brylon decided to rise and address the crowd. He wasn't sure when else they'd be ready to speak. He cleared his throat and said, "Ahem! Since it's obvious who the winner is, the healers will tend to the injured Clan Heirs and ensure they're in good shape for the closing banquet. As this stage is now destroyed, let's all head over to the Quatzwraith Clan's grand hall for the closing banquet. Don't worry about getting lost; the nearby servants will guide you."

Once he finished speaking, he turned his gaze towards his wife, who was still staring at the scene with wide eyes.

Sensing his gaze, Queen Selene quickly regained her composure and turned her attention to her husband.

"Another hall has been arranged for the closing banquet, so we must make our way there and resume the festivities before the other heirs arrive," King Brylon said.

He observed his wife's nod of agreement before she rose from her seat. Following her were his daughter, Princess Crystalia, and her personal guard. They had all managed to regain their composure with the help of a servant who had roused them from their daze.

A servant then guided them down the steps, allowing them to exit the grand amphitheatre ahead of the others.

As they made their way out the door, each of them, particularly Queen Selene with a sharp glint in her eyes, cast one last glance at Orion.

He had been taken down from the stage and was now under the careful care of a handful of healers provided by the Quatzwraith Clan. With a lingering look, they then turned their attention forward as they exited through the entrance.

.....

While his injuries were relatively minor, consisting of various light scratches and some internal discomfort in his bones and muscles, all of which he knew would dissipate within a day or even just a couple of hours, the healers insisted on providing their care. Orion didn't protest and simply

allowed them to do their work, finding comfort in the comforting glow that reminded him of Aunt Greta's healing touch.

Glancing to the side, he could see the unconscious forms of Merida, Maya, and Aeryn, still receiving treatment. Compared to their previous conditions, especially Maya, whose arms were now properly set, they were looking much better and would probably regain consciousness soon after a few more sessions with the healers.

Meanwhile, Zephyrion had already been healed and had made his way to the other hall so as not to miss the closing banquet. Conrad, on the other hand, refused treatment, insisting that he would manage until he returned to his clan.

Nevertheless, Orion redirected his gaze forward and closed his eyes, seeking some rest and contemplating the nature of the wishes he should request.

"Ahem!" Suddenly, a throat-clearing sound interrupted Orion's thoughts, prompting him to swiftly open his eyes to identify the source.

Before him stood a middle-aged woman with deep green locs, dressed in a fiery red gown that featured a daringly wide slit at the front, revealing matching fiery red undergarments.

It didn't take Orion long to recognize her as Clan Mistress Olivia Quartzwraith of the Quartzwraith Clan.

Glancing around, he noted that all the healers had departed, along with Merida, Maya, and Aeryn, leaving him alone in the grand amphitheatre with the Clan Mistress.

"Since the injured Clan Heirs only need some rest, I've arranged private rooms for each of them to recover. I wanted to have a private conversation with you," Olivia Quartzwraith said, her light green irises fixed on Orion.

"First of all, congratulations on your victory in the duel. Although your achievements were unexpected and astonishing, given that you defeated the best of the younger generation, I suppose it shouldn't be surprising, considering you're a foreigner from outside the mountain," she added.

Orion was initially surprised by her congratulatory words, but he quickly pieced together her intentions as she finished speaking. Regardless, he replied, "Thank you," choosing his words carefully as he tried to gauge the kind of person he was dealing with.

Olivia nodded and continued, "In case you're not aware, I am Olivia Quartzwraith, the current Clan Mistress of the Quartzwraith Clan," introducing herself, although she realized that he might already know who she was.

"Don't worry, I'm already aware of who you are," Orion responded. He had become acquainted with her through Princess Crystalia's explanation.

"Oh," Olivia said, clearing her throat. "How are your injuries?" She glanced at his white shirt, which he had been given after his previous one was torn during the battle.

"I wasn't really injured like the others, so I think I'm already okay," Orion replied, clarifying that he had already healed.

Chapter 418 The Three Great Slaughters

Olivia nodded once more, her curiosity getting the best of her. She examined Orion from head to toe, her keen eyesight picking up on an interesting detail. No matter how many times she looked at him, she couldn't detect his presence through her magical energy.

If it weren't for her sharp senses, which she had honed over the years, or her eyes, she could easily believe that someone relying solely on their magical energy would have a hard time detecting Orion.

"It seems that we have a lot waiting for us outside of this mountain, which makes me wonder if our Clan Heirs are indeed weaker than those of similar age outside the mountain, or if you are just the odd one?" Olivia asked, delicately broaching an issue that had been nagging at her.

Orion, perceptive as ever, had grasped her intention from the start. Instead of offering a response, he chose to remain silent.

Observing Orion's quiet demeanour, Olivia furrowed her brows and cleared her throat once more. She ventured to ask another question. "I've also been wondering if those outside the mountain rely

solely on their physical strength, as you haven't displayed even a trace of magical energy around you," she added, her question indirect but loaded with curiosity.

Orion, however, continued to feign ignorance to her questions. He regarded her with a thoughtful expression, maintaining the air of someone who had no clue about what she was referring to. He had been withholding information even from the royal family, so it made no sense to freely divulge it to a stranger he had met just moments ago.

"..."

Observing Orion's continued unwillingness to respond, Olivia refused to give up easily. She recognized the opportunity to glean insights into the outside world and was determined not to let it slip through her fingers without some effort.

Meanwhile, as Olivia prepared to pose another question, Orion abruptly shook his head, a weary sigh escaping his lips. He found this conversation increasingly futile, as he had firmly resolved to divulge information only when absolutely necessary.

"No matter how you phrase your questions, my answer remains the same," Orion said firmly.

Olivia's eyes widened, realizing he was sticking to his unwilling stance. "If it's the royal family or the Crystalforge Clan who has instructed you to maintain this silence, they should remind you that the Crystalforge Clan alone won't secure your exit from this mountain. It will also require the combined efforts of the Quartzwraith Clan and the other three Major Clans to achieve that. Or are you suggesting that neither the Royal Family nor the Crystalforge Clan has shared this with you?" She asked, a faint smile playing on her otherwise solemn countenance.

Instead of offering a direct response, Orion countered with a question of his own. "Aren't the actions of the bloodthirsty god, the White Flame, responsible for your inability to leave this mountain?"

To his surprise, Olivia responded without showing any irritation, seemingly willing to engage in dialogue despite his prior reluctance.

"The reason behind our imprisonment extends beyond the influence of the White Flame," Olivia explained calmly. "We have extensive knowledge of the upper and lower sections of the mountain, but any attempts to map out an area or passage are thwarted. The terrain shifts and relocates itself, often leading to dead ends that didn't exist previously," she clarified to Orion.

Although she already knew how to perfectly conceal her emotions, a hint of anger crept into Olivia's words as she recounted, "Due to these circumstances, we lost several skilled Prismerions. They fell victim to the merciless assaults of the White Flame, wandering hopelessly through the ever-changing mountain passages. Centuries ago, this led to the great slaughter, a time when we decided to stop relying on prayers for forgiveness from Naka. Instead, we took up arms and fought with the hope that our sheer numbers or combined strength would overpower the White Flame once and for all."

"But, regrettably..." She sighed deeply, her head shaking with solemnity, "After the first failed attempt, we made two more, each resulting in a catastrophic massacre which we now call the Three Great Slaughters. Eventually, we abandoned the idea, recognizing that further attempts would drive our race to the brink of extinction."

She shook her head wearily, then fixed her solemn gaze on Orion. "And as you can see, you find yourself in the same predicament. Although it's unlikely the walls would shift due to your presence since you're not a Prismerion, what if they did? What's your plan then?"

With this thorough explanation of the Prismerions' imprisonment, Orion found many questions in his mind being answered.

He had indeed pondered whether some kind of barriers prevented them from leaving the mountain, especially after witnessing Princess Crystalia and Flintor opting to flee from the White Flame rather than confront it directly during their rescue mission for him and Saria.

After all, why engage in a battle when the odds of victory are stacked against you?

But then, Orion's eyes widened as a thought crossed his mind.

He immediately refocused on Clan Mistress Olivia. "How strong is the White Flame?" he asked.

Olivia furrowed her brows, deep in thought. "The last time we checked, his overall attacking power was equivalent to a ten-tier Crystal Overlord. Although we're not sure if his strength has declined or remained the same, I doubt anyone would be willing to risk their lives to find out," she replied with certainty.

Orion's face displayed confusion at her words. He began to ask Olivia if she could explain what a ten-tier Crystal Overlord was, but she interrupted him, seemingly aware of the cause of his bewilderment, and proceeded to explain.

Upon hearing her explanation, Orion's eyes widened in realization of the vast differences in measuring strength compared to the methods used in the village he came from.

"What about the young clan heirs I just fought? What are their current ranks and tiers?" Orion inquired immediately. He sought to understand the strength of the Major Clan Heirs to gauge it against his own, now that he had a grasp of his own capabilities.

Chapter 419 Olivia Quartzwraith

Upon hearing his question, Clan Mistress Olivia nodded and proceeded to explain the overall strength of the heirs Orion had fought. After she finished her explanation, Orion nodded in understanding.

If Maya, at tier five Crystal Adept Rank, could be compared to Tala or himself when he was previously unranked, then Merida and the Prismaflow twins, who were slightly stronger and within the Crystal Radiant Rank, managed to land blows on him despite working together.

Orion deduced that Merida and the Prismaflow twins were likely at the lower boundaries of a one-star warrior rank, at most.

However, the full extent of this rank remained unknown to him. Thus, he concluded that the only way to find out was to face stronger opponents and compare their strength and rank to his own.

Orion fixed his gaze on Clan Mistress Olivia, who had patiently awaited his absorption of the information. "How about Princess Crystalia? Do you know how strong she currently is?" he asked.

Since the princess had rescued him, he had been intrigued by her strength. While he could have asked her about this personally earlier, he hadn't had the best opportunity to do so.

Olivia furrowed her brows in contemplation and replied, "I'm not sure. There have been recent rumours circulating that I cannot currently confirm. They suggest that Princess Crystalia has reached the Crystal Luminary Rank. However, as for which tier she currently occupies, both the royal family and the Crystalforge Clan have been cautious about preventing any information leaks. So, it's very difficult, even for me, to confirm the legitimacy of this information."

Orion's eyes involuntarily widened at her words. He could comprehend that she was strong, given he had witnessed a glimpse of her power. However, her level of strength seemed somewhat absurd when compared to their perspectives and the young heirs' overall abilities.

Regardless, Orion decided to change the topic.

"How about you, Clan Mistress Olivia? How strong are you?" he asked curiously.

He chose to shift the discussion towards her and gain an understanding of her strength. As a Clan Mistress, she was expected to be among the formidable Prismerion in the kingdom, which meant that by assessing her overall power, he could grasp the average level of strength in the Prismerian kingdom and possibly gain insight into the royal family's strength as well.

Hearing his question, Olivia was momentarily stunned.

She had anticipated that he might ask about something related to the Three Great Slaughters, so his question caught her off guard. Little did she know that Orion was already privy to the true identity of the White Flame and was trying to ascertain the history of their race before they became trapped in this mountain.

Nevertheless, instead of immediately responding, Olivia narrowed her eyes at Orion.

"You don't expect me to provide you with that information so readily, do you?" she retorted, locking her narrowed gaze with his. "Certainly, it's not exactly a personal secret, and you could obtain it from the right person. However, it's more reliable if I reveal it myself. But as things stand, I don't see a compelling reason to do so, right?"

A faint, almost imperceptible smile tugged at the corners of her otherwise stern and serious expression, a subtlety that Orion would have missed had he not been scrutinizing her countenance so closely.

Orion returned her smile. "Aren't you curious about my strength as well? I'm sure you understand that what I displayed during the duel wasn't my full potential," he remarked, observing her closely as she furrowed her brows, likely grasping the underlying implication in his words.

"So, you're suggesting that you'll reveal your true strength if I do the same?" Olivia asked, a hint of curiosity and suspicion in her tone, wondering if he was indeed serious.

Orion nodded in agreement. Although he didn't possess complete knowledge of his current strength, there was no rule stating that he couldn't lie a bit and remain guarded about his true abilities.

Regardless, given the isolation of his village, he lacked reliable information to provide, even if he were inclined to share it should she ask about anything else. Moreover, he wasn't about to disclose anything until he had devised a surefire means of escaping this mountain.

"Hmmm," Olivia regarded Orion thoughtfully, attempting to discern whether he was being truthful or not. Convinced that he was, she refocused her gaze on him and nodded solemnly. "Alright, stand up and follow me," she instructed.

"To where?" Orion asked, his brows furrowing in confusion.

"To another stage that isn't entirely broken, of course," Olivia replied, gesturing towards the already demolished grand amphitheatre stage that Orion had inadvertently wrecked.

While she could take his word for it, she would be much more reassured if she personally witnessed the limits of his strength and understood the kind of formidable force he truly was.

"You didn't expect me to solely rely on your word for it, did you? Or did you think about deceiving me?" She quirked a light smile, her eyes locked onto Orion's once again, observing his continued silence.

"Ha! While I have no intentions of lying to you, I think it's better this way for both of us to have some assurance," Orion chuckled briefly before continuing. "But don't you think everyone might start looking for me if I don't arrive at the banquet on time?"

"Don't worry, before I came here, I made sure to inform them that the Clan Heirs, including you, are receiving special attention and might be late for the closing banquet. So, I don't think anybody will suspect a thing if you arrive late. In fact, I believe it would be more suspicious and make everyone more wary if you showed up early after such an intense battle," Olivia assured him, dispelling his doubts.

"Alright, what are we waiting for then?" Orion replied.

He saw no issue with her suggestion, as it aligned with his own goal of concealing his true strength while gathering information about the Prismeron kingdom.

Chapter 420 Testing One's Limits

Olivia gestured for Orion to follow her as she turned around and led the way toward their destination.

They passed through various corridors, and Orion had expected that there would be nothing of particular interest, unlike the stone and crystal-molded palace.

As a result, he wasn't disappointed by the views until they finally arrived at their destination.

Olivia opened the door and then proceeded to clap her hands. In response, the entire room suddenly lit up with a radiant glow emitted by the hanging crystals.

Stepping inside, Orion took a good look around and saw various small platforms that resembled stages.

On the sides, there were various small spaces filled with dummies, while others were empty but seemed to be designed for a specific purpose.

Regardless, it didn't take Orion long to realize that he was currently in what appeared to be the Quatzwraith training grounds.

Olivia closed the door behind him and led the way forward, eventually stopping in front of a massive, tall wooden pillar adorned with various crystal-like surfaces.

"This pillar was crafted by one of the finest artisans in the Crystalforge Clan, designed as a means to test one's strength. When you're ready, strike it with all your might. You can even channel your magical energy into it; that will provide us with a more accurate assessment of your strength," Olivia explained as she observed from the side.

Orion walked toward the imposing pillar, tightening his fist as he did.

"Are you sure it won't break?" Orion quipped, trying to inject a touch of humour into the current atmosphere.

"Humph! Don't get cocky. I can admit that you're strong, but this pillar was crafted to withstand a full-blown attack from a Crystal King," Olivia retorted, snorting at the young man's words.

She was convinced, without a shadow of a doubt, that the young man before her wasn't anywhere near that level of strength, no matter what anyone might say.

Orion smiled confidently. He fixed his gaze on the pillar and clenched his fist tightly, intending to use only one of his Vylkr containers.

Slowly, he immediately tapped into the Vylkr container in his heart, drawing out one hundred per cent of the Vylkr energy it held for this single punch.

Inside Orion's body, his heart rate surged instantly, and his veins expanded and contracted as the dense Vylkr energy coursed through them. The reason his body didn't tear apart from the inside out was that every muscle, tissue, and bone had already been slowly reconstructed to accommodate the presence of the two Vylkr energy containers.

In a split second, all the Vylkr energy from head to toe surged towards Orion's right fist, and then...

"BOOOOMMM!!!"

Orion's fist collided with the pillar, producing a thunderous noise that resembled the footsteps of an enraged giant. Following Orion's punch, the pillar reverberated for a brief moment, and then its crystal-like surface began to glow brightly, radiating from the point of impact. It initially displayed a light cyan hue, which abruptly shifted to a dark cyan hue before settling on a vivid light green hue.

"Crystal Luminary Rank!" Olivia exclaimed in astonishment. Her eyes widened in shock as she observed the scene unfolding before her. This was outrageous, she couldn't help but think.

But that wasn't all. Since he was testing the limits of his strength with only one of his containers, Orion immediately activated his gift.

"CRACKLE!!!" "CRACKLE!!!"

Several bluish streaks of lightning, shining with an intensity far greater than when he had previously activated it, now blended with his Vylkr energy.

The furious crackling and bright flashes of lightning filled the air, drawing Olivia's attention away from the pillar. She focused her gaze on the electrified Orion, whose right fist crackled with an incredibly dense lightning energy.

Taking a step back to avoid the several streaks of lightning that zipped around him from his arm, Olivia watched with rapt attention. She didn't want to miss a single moment of his actions.

'What is he doing?' Olivia thought.

After the first punch, they already had an idea of his current level of strength, even though it was incredibly shocking.

Although at this point, she was beginning to believe her previous doubts that Orion was incapable of using magical energy, she immediately pushed those thoughts to the back of her head. She decided to ask him about it later. Her eyes followed his lightning-coated fist as it struck the pillar once more.

"BOOOOMMM!! BAANNNG!!!"

This time, it sounded like a thunderstorm hammering its lightning upon the earth. Of course, Olivia had no idea what a thunderstorm sounded like, but she was sure it couldn't be anything less than this.

Immediately after, the pillar hummed and lit up with a light cyan hue once more, then changed to a dark cyan hue, followed by a light green hue. Then, to Olivia's shocked and overwhelming disbelief, it changed to a dark green hue and then surprisingly fell back to a light green hue.

But even as the dark green hue faded, the overwhelming disbelief that had enveloped Olivia's being didn't fade.

"... Crystal Sage," Olivia's lips trembled, as if she were unsure of the words themselves, even though she had witnessed the dark green hue right before her eyes.

It should be known that the average Prismerian would neither be able to advance into the Crystal Luminary Rank nor the Crystal Sage Rank, even as they reached old age. The fact that the young Clan heirs had been able to advance into the Crystal Adept rank so early was solely due to their Major Clan's continuous support from infancy.

So, individuals like Merida Luminous and the Prismaflow twins were already considered geniuses among geniuses within the Major clans. Considering that, what should she call the young man in front of her who possessed the strength of a Crystal Luminary Rank and could temporarily deal damage equivalent to that of the Crystal Sage Rank...

'Abomination,' Olivia thought, although she refrained from voicing the word aloud, keeping it locked inside her mind.

Her gaze remained fixed on Orion as he retracted his fist, stretched his body, and then turned around to lock eyes with her.

"Your turn," Orion said.