

Village Head 541

Chapter 541 You Will Always Be My Beloved Princess (4)

"It's simple. Thy first option is that I will agree to thy plea and let her live. However, in return, I will personally destroy the crimson blade at the cost of my soul, thereby forever erasing myself and the blade from this existence. The second option is for thee to step out of the way, allow me to cleanse this abomination from the earth, and in return, I will release the restriction from the crimson blade."

"I will forever relinquish whatever control I have over the crimson blade. Not only that, but I will also provide thee with every piece of knowledge I possess, including details about the transformation of a god into a True god, 'Divine Mysteries,' and the 'Great War.' I will accompany and guide thee throughout the rest of thy journey so that I can have my revenge that god, Naka, for tainting my existence and creating such an abomination," Aerialia said.

After hearing Aerialia's words, Orion frowned even deeper.

Aerialia's options left him with a difficult decision. He could either turn a blind eye to whatever fate awaited the Princess of the Garden, ensuring her demise. By choosing this path, he would earn Aerialia's complete trust and companionship, and gain full control of the crimson blade.

Alternatively, he could intervene and save the Princess of the Garden, sacrificing both the crimson blade and Aerialia.

Orion shook his head in disagreement with Aerialia's proposed choices. "Isn't there any other way we can settle this?" he asked.

Aerialia stared at Orion with an icy glare.

"Unfortunately, there isn't. I am only willing to comply with those two choices and nothing else," Aerialia declared.

Seeing that there was no way to reason things out, Orion made a decision.

For most people, these two choices would have been the most difficult they'd ever faced. Having Aerialia's help and the Crimson blade was undoubtedly the best support one could have in such a challenging time.

However, for Orion, who had always wanted a family and a settled life since arriving in this world, his wife and children, especially his unborn children, meant everything to him.

As such...

It wasn't even a choice he pondered over.

Orion shifted his eyes away from Aerialia's hateful gaze. He turned around, bent down to grab the Princess of the Garden, and helped her stand up to her feet.

"Orion..." The Princess of the Garden uttered, staring at Orion with wide eyes.

Just by observing him as he helped her stand back up, she could tell that Orion would rather lose his chances of gaining the complete trust of a god and forfeit the Crimson blade, a 'Divine Artifact' even more valuable than she was, than lose her.

Wasn't that stupidity beyond doubt?

Even considering the fact that she was currently carrying his child, she couldn't fathom why he would choose her over those extraordinary opportunities. After all, from what she had heard from Saria, she knew that Orion had many unborn children back where he came from.

Therefore, she could only stare at him in confusion as he assisted her back up to her feet.

As such...

The Princess of the Garden couldn't help but part her lips and ask, "Why?"

"Why what?" Orion asked, a brow raised as he wiped away the tear stains from her cheeks. Gazing into her inquisitive eyes, he immediately grasped the essence of her unspoken question.

Letting out a deep sigh, he spoke, "When you first introduced yourself to me, I'm sorry for being dumb enough not to realize it was your real identity..."

"It's not your fault."

"It's not," Orion affirmed with a nod of agreement.

"But given the current situation, I don't think that should be an excuse. So don't worry too much; you are not going to die, neither now nor tomorrow, as even death has no right to claim your life because I don't permit it," Orion said.

He brought his lips closer to her ears and whispered, "...Much less does a goddess have any right to the same." As Orion pulled his head backwards, he observed the wide-eyed stare of the Princess of the Garden before her eyes began to release more tears as she muttered, "...Orion."

Without hesitation, she wrapped her arms around Orion, hugging him tightly.

Orion reciprocated, allowing her to sob softly within his shoulders. He spoke gently, "I'll make sure that we find you a beautiful name after this, that's if you want, of course."

Orion paused, watching as she nodded her head before continuing, "But, until then, you'll always be my Princess... my beloved Princess and the mother of my children."

The Princess of the Garden's arms tightened around Orion as various emotions raged uncontrollably within her, causing her to weep harder.

Aerialia, who had been observing everything from beginning to end, couldn't help but deepen her frown as the hatred and anger within her eyes intensified.

An idea immediately sprang to her mind, causing her to narrow her eyes fiercely as she muttered, "Fine," before diving forward. Her body passed Orion and collided with the Princess of the Garden within a second.

Orion felt as though the Princess of the Garden forcefully detached herself from his body. He looked forward and saw her tumbling backwards on the grassy soil before immediately becoming unconscious.

Orion shifted his head backwards to find Aerialia missing. However, the Crimson blade was still present, causing him to grit his teeth in anger and frustration before racing toward the Princess of the Garden and holding her in his arms.

"You better not do anything that you'll end up regretting, Aerialia," Orion warned as he gently rubbed her cheeks, attempting to rouse her from her slumber.

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"How are you here?"

Aerialia heard a voice as she floated around, her two wings widely unfurled as she observed the inky void, which she immediately understood was the Princess of the Garden's consciousness.

"Thou said it thyself, thou art me. A being created from mine essence, blood, and soul, so I don't think that it should be surprising to thee that I should be able to take possession of this body despite being this extremely weakened," Aerialia responded.

Although she still had some doubts before, now that she thought about it, everything seemed to become clear to her.

"Dost thou still think that all of this is a coincidence?" She asked as she stopped moving and stared at the inky void before her.

Chapter 542 The Compromise

Silence enveloped her for a few moments before a familiar voice broke through the stillness after a few minutes of hesitation.

"What is it?" The Princess of the Garden asked.

"Beneath this Garden, there is an inheritance trial that, upon completion, grants participants my 'Divine blood,' transforming them into my divine apostles. There's even a chance they may acquire

my Crimson blade, crafted from my divine blood and my essence and soul. And beyond that, there's thou—an unsuccessful abomination."

"Then there is an unknown race that has come under my protection and endeavoured to defeat a bloodthirsty god responsible for the death of me and my children just as we were on the brink of leaving that forsaken, dead world," Aerialia explained, spreading her divine senses around.

"Do thou truly believe all of this was a coincidence?" she added.

Silence enveloped the space around her once more. After waiting for a few seconds, she didn't receive any response.

"Although, I doubt that my appearance here might have been planned since I was only able to seal a huge portion of my soul because of him," Aerialia released a deep sigh as she continued, "However, that doth not mean that everything else wasn't. And if I were to guess correctly, then all this was orchestrated for thee."

"The participants of the inheritance who inherited my 'Divine blood' and the crimson blade, White Flame, and his death—something I had fervently wished for at any cost, considering how far I went just to gain the chance of coming out victorious in our first and last battle. It's already quite obvious what that god, Naka, planned when he orchestrated all of this. However, he must be jesting if he thinks I'll let him go just because of this."

"...So you are saying that all of this was meant for me," the Princess of the Garden asked, her voice echoing within the inky void.

"Yes, if things had gone as he had planned," Aerialia said, nodding in response. She paused, her lips curving upwards in a light smile, "However..." Aerialia said as she immediately stretched her divine senses toward what she presumed was the core of the Princess of the Garden's consciousness.

The Princess of the Garden immediately sensed what Aerialia was up to and screamed, "STOP! PLEASE STOPP!!"

"I am here now. Worry not, I understand that this is not thy fault, which is why I will try my best to ensure that I avenge Naka for thy sake and mine," Aerialia said.

Her consciousness continued to envelop the Princess of the Garden's consciousness until, suddenly, it came to a stop.

Aerialia blinked, unsure of what had just happened, as she was certain she had felt another consciousness outside her own, grazing against her divine senses.

The Princess of the Garden had sensed it, too. With fear brimming within her heart, she screamed, "Please, don't harm my child!"

"Your child," Aerialia repeated absentmindedly, in a daze.

The Princess of the Garden's words slapped her senses back to reality. She snapped her head and looked around the inky void, "How... How are you pregnant?" she asked, her voice quivering in disbelief.

She might have disregarded the Princess of the Garden's words; however, she had undoubtedly felt that consciousness had grazed her. As such, she understood that it was not a mistake.

"The same way everyone can."

Aerialia felt her brows twitch as she responded, "Don't play games with me. Even if thou art a failed replica of this goddess, thou art still a goddess, which means that thy body should have removed anything that it deemed impurities, including a child. Therefore, thou shouldst not be pregnant. So, how art thou pregnant?" Aerialia demanded an explanation.

Silence enveloped her once more before the Princess of the Garden's voice sounded out again.

"I really don't know how I became pregnant. All I am aware of is that Orion penetrated me and released his semen deep within me. Within just a few hours, I started to feel a slight throbbing pain in my stomach, and that's when I realized that I was pregnant."

After the Princess of the Garden explained, Aerialia deeply pondered her words.

Previously, she might have dismissed the idea that a mortal like Orion could impregnate a goddess as impossible. However, after witnessing him control an extremely dangerous energy capable of

consuming divine energy, she realized that the Princess of the Garden might not be lying, and Orion could have indeed been the one to impregnate her.

Aerialia stretched her divine senses, following the traces left behind by the other consciousness, until she came in contact with it.

What she encountered was a slight, drumming heartbeat before she withdrew her consciousness to avoid harming it.

Muttering under her breath, Aerialia focused her attention upward and said, "Orion."

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Orion held onto the Princess of the Garden's body, which spasmed at different times since the last minute she fell unconscious, trying his best to find a way to wake her up until he noticed her eyes fluttering open.

Orion opened his mouth to speak, "Are you okay? What happened?" he said.

Before he knew it, Orion was pushed backwards as the Princess of the Garden immediately rode on top of him, pressing her hands down on his chest.

"Hey, don't hurt him."

"Tchh, I'm not hurting him; I only want to hear the truth from him."

The Princess of the Garden and Aerialia spoke, their voices sounding like mixed vibrations of two voices as they left her lips and resonated in the air.

Orion stared wide-eyed at the scenes before him as he watched the Princess of the Garden and Aerialia seemingly arguing audibly, their voices emanating from the same person.

He stared at her two whitish irises and could feel the different emotions coming from the two.

"What are you looking at?"

"Which one of you is speaking now?" Orion asked.

"It's this goddess, of course."

Orion furrowed his brows as he looked at her. Despite the fact that Aerialia was now speaking normally, he couldn't help but admit that this was the weirdest situation he had ever found himself in.

Chapter 543 The Compromise (2)

"Aerialia?" Orion asked for confirmation.

She nodded in response.

"Are you in there with the Princess of the Garden?"

"I am," she responded.

Orion furrowed his brows once more. "What did you do?" he asked.

"Don't worry, I'm safe. She didn't do anything," the Princess of the Garden responded, a sigh escaping her lips.

Orion nodded in response, relieved that nothing terrible had happened.

Witnessing Orion's expression, Aerialia snorted in response.

"I want to ask you a question, and I want you to answer truthfully," she said.

Orion remained silent momentarily, wondering what Aerialia wanted to ask him before he responded, "What is it?"

"Are you the father of her child?" Aerialia asked, bringing her hand backwards and laying it on her stomach.

"Yes," Orion responded, a deep frown suddenly appearing. "Don't do..." he added.

Nonetheless, just as he was about to complete his sentence, Aerialia immediately interrupted him with another snort.

"Don't worry. Didn't I say before that I am not going to do anything to her? So naturally, I won't do anything to her baby either," Aerialia responded.

"So, how did you do it? How were you able to get her pregnant?"

"I am very fertile," Orion replied.

"You are fertile?" she asked with a raised brow.

"Yes, fertile enough to get a tree nymph pregnant," Orion responded.

"Tree nymph?" Aerialia repeated. As she consumed Orion's words, her eyes immediately widened in surprise.

"You... You impregnated a tree nymph," she said, pointing at Orion as she looked at him in disbelief.

She knew who the tree nymphs were and the other nymphs since they were one of the most important races during the 'Great War' because of their unique race ability. Although it was sad what had happened to them afterwards, especially their creator, since they had failed to obtain a stellar gate to cross into the new world, she understood the biology of the tree nymphs and knew that they couldn't give birth.

So, hearing from Orion that he had impregnated one was just as unbelievable as impregnating a goddess.

Orion nodded in response to her question.

Aerialia pondered deeply within her mind as she stared at Orion. After a while, she said, "I am willing to compromise and give you another choice."

Orion waited for her to finish speaking.

"From now on, I want you to keep getting her pregnant."

"..."

"If you do this, then I will let her live and will not interfere in whatever she does," Aerialia said.

Upon hearing her words, Orion's mind raced for a few seconds before it stopped as he finally made his decision.

"And what about the secrets of the 'Divine Mysteries', the 'Great War', and the 'transformation into a true god'?" Orion said.

"If she can give birth to at least ten children, then I will tell you everything you need to know."

"Ten? But that will take a long time," Orion responded with a look of surprise on his face.

"Yes, ten. I have never heard of a goddess becoming pregnant unless their 'Divine Mysteries' are related to fertility. However, even then, certain things were within their control. As such, before saying anything, I would first like to determine how long it would take for her to conceive and if she would really conceive. I don't think that should be a problem, right?"

Orion pondered deeply about why Aerialia had made such a strange request; however, as he thought about it and remembered her current situation, he immediately understood that Aerialia might have made such a request because, even though the Princess of the Garden is a failed replica of herself, she is still in some way her.

Therefore, her children should also be Aerialia's own, and this might be the only way for her to reclaim the children that White Flame had killed.

If that were the case, why she was behaving like this and making such a proposal made sense.

However, that didn't mean he would straightforwardly accept her proposal, especially after all the drama that had just unfolded.

So...

"I understand what you're trying to say. However, since it will be like this, I have a request," Orion said.

"What request?"

"Firstly, I would like to know if you can leave this body and occupy it at will."

She nodded in response, "Yes, I can leave this body and occupy it at will," she said. After she responded, she saw the look in Orion's eyes, as though asking her to prove it.

Aerialia exhaled deeply and removed herself from the Princess of the Garden's body.

With Orion's gaze fixed, he watched as her wings stretched out from her back like a pair of dazzling, translucent white light. In the blink of an eye, she had detached herself from the Princess of the Garden's body, like a radiant light separating from its source.

After Aerialia returned to her previous form, she hovered in the air, staring down at the two of them.

The Princess of the Garden immediately collapsed on top of Orion's chest.

Orion held her tightly, "Are you okay?" he asked hurriedly, wanting to ensure she was alright.

"Haah... Yes, I'm fine," The Princess of the Garden responded as she nodded.

Orion breathed out in relief as he looked up and focused his gaze on Aerialia.

"Does that answer your question?" Aerialia asked.

Orion nodded.

"So, what is your request?"

"The Princess of the Garden's pregnancy was unplanned, so we haven't planned how many children she would give birth to in the future. However, since we are willing to compromise, I will only agree to your request if you share the burden with her," Orion responded.

Aerialia narrowed her eyes at Orion, furrowing her brows in confusion. "What do you mean?" she asked.

"I'm suggesting that if you want her to give birth to at least ten children, then you have to be involved not only during peneration but also during childbirth, which means that..." Orion said, but before he could finish his sentence, Aerialia immediately interrupted him.

"Are you asking me to participate not only in the act of peneration but also in the process of childbirth?" Aerialia asked, the fierceness in her eyes increasing by the second as she narrowed her eyes at Orion.

"Yes," Orion responded with a nod.

"Never!" Aerialia declared. "How dare you ask this goddess to participate in childbirth and the collection of your seed?" Aerialia asked.

Chapter 544 The Goddess's Promise

Even though she had indifference towards the process of childbearing, as she had transcended such mortal constraints, that didn't mean that she wanted to be ploughed while being bent down.

Orion shook his head and released a deep sigh, "You don't want to go through it even once, yet you want my woman to go through such a thing ten times against her will," Orion said, "I'm sorry, Goddess Aerialia, but I don't think that this compromise will work in any way."

Aerialia's teeth, grinding against each other, resounded in the air as she glared at Orion, "Does that mean that you are going to refuse my compromise because of this?" Aerialia said, "What benefits will it bring if I participate even still?"

Seeing Aerialia becoming even more stubborn, Orion said, "These children will not only be ours but yours also. But how can you say that they are your children if you do not participate in creating them?"

Aerialia parted her lips and wanted to respond, but she shut them back closed as she processed her words. The intensity in her eyes receded slowly as she shifted her attention towards the Princess of the Garden, whose eyes turned in another direction once their gazes met.

Sighing, she shifted her attention to Orion and nodded, "Alright, I will agree to your request."

Orion pretended to look relieved as he exhaled deeply.

He understood that Aerialia wouldn't dare harm or watch harm come to the Princess of the Garden after he had heard her compromise, so he made such a request and didn't back down, knowing that it would be impossible for her to turn it down, and thankfully, she had proved him right.

Of course, even though he was currently in a strange position, trying his hardest to understand how it would feel to penetrate two similar yet distinct women in one body and how unusual it was to think about such a thing, Orion wasn't dwelling on those thoughts. Instead, he wanted to make Aerialia pay a little for her actions.

As far as he was concerned, he might have lost the Princess of the Garden if she wasn't pregnant, or he wouldn't have been able to impregnate her.

Aerialia folded her hands and looked at Orion, "Do you have any other requests?" she asked.

Orion shook his head in response, "No," he replied.

"Good, that means we are done here," Aerialia said before she immediately disappeared in a flash of light and quickly went back inside the small Crimson greatsword mark on his right arm.

Witnessing that Aerialia had finally disappeared as she could no longer sense her presence, the Princess of the Garden said, "I thought that I was going to die."

"Don't worry, I told you before, right? You are not going to die under my watch," Orion responded as he released her from his grip and gently helped her back up to her feet.

"What happened in there?" he asked.

The Princess of the Garden sighed before explaining everything that had happened when Aerialia had decided to occupy her body. After she finished with her explanation, Orion was glad that he had followed his first instinct and decided to penetrate her, making sure that he had impregnated her.

Who knew that it could save a life?

"I should trust my instincts more if that's the case," Orion thought.

"Thank goodness you are okay, as that is all that matters," Orion said.

The Princess of the Garden nodded before looking at Orion, "But... the children, is it even possible to give birth to ten children?" she asked.

Who was she kidding?

She had never given birth before and had never prepared for one. She only knew that she could become pregnant after Orion had penetrated her. Apart from the subtle frequent pains in her stomach, she knew nothing about becoming pregnant.

Even all of her knowledge about pregnancy that had come from the Prismerian kingdom didn't seem to be of any help, probably because she and the Prismerions possessed completely different biology.

"Are you afraid that you won't be able to do it?" Orion asked, observing the worried gaze of the Princess of the Garden.

The Princess of the Garden understood that her life literally depended on her children, even if they were also Aerialia's own.

She immediately shook her head in response.

"No, my body is stronger than you can imagine, so I think that I can handle it. I just wanted to know if you are capable of doing it up to ten times," she said, looking at Orion with a broad smile on her face.

Orion snorted in response to the Princess of the Garden's words.

He knew she was only putting up a brave front, so he played along, "Since Saria has already told you about my other partners, then you should know that ten is not even enough to make me tired," he teased.

He wrapped his arms around her once more and immediately grabbed her perfect plump buttocks along her gown. He squeezed and massaged it tightly, allowing the Princess of the Garden to melt in his arms before he brought his lips closer to her ears and whispered, "From now on, both of us, including her, have a lot of work to do in the future. This is your chance to show her how strong you are as a woman and prove that there are several things at which you excel over her, okay?"

The Princess of the Garden nodded seriously at Orion's words, clearly taking them to heart. After all, what Orion said was right. If she couldn't win against Aerialia as a goddess, she would try her best to do so as a woman.

"I will try my best," she responded with a smile.

"Alright, I came to check on your health and to introduce you to some individuals that I've brought from where I'm from before we head over to the Prismarian kingdom to stabilize the situation," Orion said with a nod.

He resummoned the crimson greatsword back into the small crimson greatsword mark before taking the Princess of the Garden's hands and leading her towards the direction of the warriors and the Crystalforge warriors.

Chapter 545 Breaking out Of Dungeon

Looking at Orion from the corner of her eyes, the Princess of the Garden could tell he was in a hurry to return to the Prismerian kingdom and stabilize it.

However, she couldn't help but smile, seeing that he was still listening to everything she was saying as she explained about her health since she became pregnant and how she was currently feeling.

Although she wanted to consume more of his time selfishly, she understood that his attention was needed elsewhere, especially considering that she also provided information about the situation within the Prismerian kingdom.

Within a few minutes, they arrived, where the warriors and the Prismerian kingdom warriors were gathered.

Once they arrived, Orion immediately introduced her to the rest of the warriors. "Everyone, this is the Princess of the Garden. She is also one of the Guardians of the Garden," he said.

Fifi scrutinized the woman before her, taking note of her body language and how her attention shifted upon leaving Orion's side. She immediately understood that there must be some connection between Orion and this woman, given the way she looked at him and how Orion had promptly raced to meet her before bringing her here.

She relied on her woman's intuition.

While she didn't know how Orion had gathered all these women in the short time she had been away, she made an effort to remember their faces and get a sense of their personalities.

Fifi intended to share this information with her sisters back home when she returned.

After the introductions, the Princess of the Garden gathered the injured Crystalforge clan warriors, leading them toward the 'Divine pool essence .' At the same time, those still capable of fighting remained behind.

"Alright, here's how we'll divide the tasks," Orion announced, proceeding to explain their mission. The goal was to strike multiple crucial points simultaneously to reclaim control of the Prismerian kingdom.

With their numbers and strength, Orion was confident they could execute the plan flawlessly. Once the plan was laid out, they all headed to the entrance of the Garden, prepared to put it into action without delay.

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In a dim underground cell, the sole illumination emanated from a crystal light source outside the tightly secured bars.

The captive individual hung with outstretched arms, constrained by chains attached to the walls, while thick, clanking chains weighed heavily on his legs, hindering any attempts to move.

Flintor fixed his determined gaze on the cell door, contemplating the news conveyed by a guard from the new Prismerian prince. To his dismay, it was revealed that the Princess would soon be engaged to none other than Zephyrion Gemheart.

Recalling their last encounter, Flintor was aware of the Princess's affections, unequivocally directed toward Orion. Unable to idly accept the impending union, he refused to remain passive while the royal Princess, the person he was meant to protect, was on the verge of being engaged to Zephyrion.

Nevertheless, even if he managed to break free, considering the royal family's capture and the Crystalforge clan's suppression, what impact could he truly make?

With his present strength, he lacked the ability to alter the situation significantly. At best, he'd merely find himself tossed back into the dungeon, subjected to even harsher treatment than before, especially since Zephyrion had expressed a desire to keep him alive for an extended period.

The idea of ending his own life briefly crossed Flintor's mind, but in a surge of anger, he bit his tongue, banishing such a despairing thought.

No! He wouldn't just sit here and watch it happen.

What kind of personal guard would contemplate suicide when his Princess was in danger?

As these thoughts raced through his mind, Flintor lifted his head to gaze at the black-tinted crystal cell door before him. After a moment, he closed his eyes, reflecting on the unknown power he had gained after completing the trial.

Divine blood!

Divine Mysteries!

Flintor mulled over these two words, repeating the instructions given by the Aegis of the Arctic Deity.

Immediately, Flintor felt an unknown wave of power originating from the 'Divine blood' he had obtained within the trial, spreading throughout every part of his body and filling it with an immense amount of strength.

The magical energy within Flintor's body surged.

Eighth Tier Crystal Luminary Rank!

Ninth Tier Crystal Luminary Rank!

Tenth Tier Crystal Luminary Rank!

Crystal Sage Rank!

First Tier Crystal Sage Rank!

Second Tier Crystal Sage Rank!

BANG!! BANG!! BANG!!!

And just like that, Flintor kept on breaking through, continuously advancing to the next rank tier by tier until finally, it stopped.

Tenth Tier Crystal King!

His dense magical energy flooded the entire cell, generating an intense pressure that weighed heavily in the air, enough to suffocate anyone below the Crystal King Rank, and even oppress those at the First Crystal Emperor rank.

Flintor thought about the memory that suddenly entered his head. Feeling the intense power within it, he instantly let the words flow out of his mouth.

"Light strength growth."

BANG!!

His oppressive magical energy, which was slowly stabilizing itself, suddenly exploded again and rose before it suddenly halted at the Fifth Tier Crystal Emperor Rank.

'Fifth Tier Crystal Emperor Rank,' Flintor muttered to himself as he checked the magical energy within him. He didn't have the time to gauge his current strength; instead, he merely stood up, the chains no longer weighing his body as they did.

The chains clanged against the ground as he gradually made his way over to the cell's door.

Clang!! Clang!!!

Looking at the chains that had stopped him from moving, Flintor immediately stretched all four limbs with force, causing the rocks behind him to break out of the wall along with the chains to which they were all connected.

Boooom!!

The noise resonated across the cell, even spreading outside, alerting those who were nearby.

"What's going on in there?" a loud scream came from a Gemheart clan guard who was standing outside the cell.

"Open the cell!" the guard's voice sounded loudly again.

Chapter 546 The Beginning Of The Engagement Banquet

"TCH! You better not be doing anything that would cause us to clean up and change cells because of you!"

As Flintor watched the cell's door being unlocked, he immediately activated the Crystalforge clan's innate ability and crafted a 25-inch blade in his hand. Tightening his grip around the sword, he prepared as the cell's door gradually opened.

The moment the Gemheart guard came into view—

Boom!!

Flintor disappeared from his position, reappearing beside the Gemheart guard who had opened the cell, crimson blood shimmering as it scattered on the dungeon's walls.

"SEND THE ALERT! THE PRISONER IS E—"

"SEND THE ALERT! THE PRISONER IS E—"

Boom!

Swish!! Swish!!

Even before the two remaining guards could finish their sentence, their bodies were immediately dissected, their blood scattering on the dungeon walls as they slowly collapsed on the ground.

Taking a deep breath, Flintor deactivated the technique acquired from the 'Divine blood,' realizing that he might have overestimated their strength. He stretched his eyes and focused towards the ceiling of the dungeon before redirecting his attention to the various screams and sounds in the distance.

"I will protect the royal family, no matter what," Flintor said, his body surging forward to intercept the advancing Gemheart guards.

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The Gemheart Clan's manor buzzed with streams of people from different clans and families. The exterior of the clan manors was so crowded that turning around was a challenge.

As far as the eye could see, the entire Gemheart Clan was adorned with colourful banners and familiar decorations, creating a festive atmosphere, today marked the engagement of the current Prince of the Prismerian Kingdom, Zephyrion Gemheart, to the former Princess of the Prismerian Kingdom and the now-ruined Crystalforge clan, Crystalia Crystalforge.

Five days had passed since the Crystalforge clan and the former royal family collapsed. Despite the awareness of many important figures about the pressing matters demanding attention to stabilize the Prismerian Kingdom after the fallout between the two clans, they recognized the inevitability of the engagement between the Gemheart clan's heir and the former Princess because of obsession towards her.

This information, gleaned from spies within the palace, hinted at a forthcoming development. However, the possibility of the Gemheart clan turning their aggression toward them prompted a careful evaluation.

They believed that, with their own clan's resources, they could protect their families for the next decade or so. The only drawback would be withdrawing from the Prismerian Kingdom and relinquishing any power they held.

But the idea of uniting against the Gemheart Clan—

They didn't dare try it!

They wouldn't make a move unless they sensed any signs of resistance from the other Four Major Clans.

The Luminaris Clan had wholeheartedly backed the Gemheart Clan in their assault against the royal family and the Crystalforge clan, establishing themselves as the primary supporters. Thus, if they were to mount an attack on the Gemheart Clan to overthrow them, they would also have to brace themselves for a confrontation with the Luminaris Clan—a battle they were uncertain of winning.

As for the Quartzwraith Clan, even if they had been quiet since the day of the attack, all eyes remained fixed on them. Despite their diplomatic stance, they were still considered one of the closest allies of the royal family and the Crystalforge Clan. It would likely be them if anyone were to make the first move.

In contrast, the Prismaflow Clan, a declining clan with minimal interference in the kingdom's affairs, had always maintained neutral relationships with the other Four Major Clans. They were the least likely to support or initiate an attack against the Gemheart Clan.

Nevertheless, even as a declining clan, the Prismaflow Clan held the status of one of the Four Major Clans, signifying considerable strength.

It was already assumed that the Gemheart Clan would take action against the Prismaflow Clan to consolidate their power within the kingdom. The nature of this action remained unknown, so they would have to play the waiting game in order to find out.

So, in the meantime, they decided to ease their minds and enjoy the banquet.

Considering the considerable effort the Gemheart Clan had invested in its preparation, letting it go to waste would be a shame.

Various servants scurried about, arranging seats in the main engagement hall and ensuring the food was set to perfection. Others darted in and out, welcoming guests and guiding them to their designated seats.

"Luminaris Clan's Clan Head, Owen Luminous, Clan Mistress Meala, and youngest clan heiress Anna Luminous have arrived!"

"Quartzwraith Clan's Clan, Mistress Olivia Quartzwraith, Clan Head Jadues Quartzwraith, and the Quartzwraith Clan's young heirs, Luzarian Quartzwraith and Garnex Quartzwraith, have arrived!"

"Prismaflow Clan's Clan Head Ralias Prismaflow, Clan Mistress Diala Prismaflow, and Prismaflow's young heirs, Conrad Prismaflow and Arylen Prismaflow, have arrived!"

As the Master of Ceremonies announced each name at the entrance, each one seemed as scarier as the last, especially during one of the Prismerian kingdom's most turbulent times. Knowing that a single mistake could cost him his life, he ensured his voice remained firm and confident despite the cold sweat pouring down his forehead.

"Former King and Crystalforge Clan Head Brylon Crystalforge have arrived!"

Everyone paid attention to the names of each arrival within the main hall, keenly observing who attended or was absent at the Gemheart Clan's engagement banquet. When they heard the name of the Former King, Brylon, the Clan Head of the now-ruined Crystalforge Clan, signifying his presence at the engagement banquet, all eyes turned and focused on him.

They scrutinized his attire and elegance, realizing that even though he still looked regal, the man entering the main engagement hall was a living corpse in his last days.

It was common knowledge that the Clan Head of the Gemheart Clan had used a similar artefact on him, just like he had done to the former queen, to suppress his strength and reduce him to that of a mortal.

However, this artefact was much more dangerous, suppressing his strength and slowly eroding his body.

Chapter 547 Arrival Of The Royal Family

The main engagement hall fell into an immediate hush as Former King Brylon made his entrance. In everyone's eyes, it was evident that the former king was not in good health, judging from how he moved forward.

Observing this, a voice murmured from one of the tables.

"It appears that the rumours about the former king meeting an untimely demise after the royal engagement were true," a guest remarked, a sigh escaping his lips.

"Yes, it seems to be the case. In the blink of an eye, one of the former Major Clans has now been reduced to ruins," another guest added, nodding in agreement.

A servant guided him forward, and he followed steadily until he finally reached his seat. Under their scrutinizing gazes, they observed the Clan Head of the now-ruined Crystalforge Clan and the Former King of the Prismarian Kingdom taking his place, pretending to appear absentminded as though he wasn't aware that he had become the object of everyone's attention.

"King of the Prismarian Kingdom and Clan Head of the Gemheart Clan, Garnet Gemheart; Queen of the Prismarian Kingdom and Clan Mistress of the Gemheart Clan, Elara Gemheart; Prince of the Prismarian Kingdom and Gemheart Clan's young heir, Zephyrion Gemheart, have arrived!"

The Master of Ceremonies spoke loudly once more, announcing the arrival of the royal family and the current leading clan of the Four Major Clans.

As the royal family made their way through the entrance, the Master of Ceremonies exhaled in relief before quickly wiping off his sweat and discreetly moving towards the corner of the main engagement hall.

He only revealed himself when necessary, ensuring he avoided attracting too much attention by remaining discreet. With tension palpable in the main engagement hall, standing out in a room filled with many influential individuals would be foolish.

Meanwhile, the guests stood up in respect, welcoming the royal family.

The king was adorned in a splendid regal attire, featuring a dazzling blue shirt embellished with carefully crafted gems and diamonds.

He paired it with black pants and a thick, wide red coat with black edges that hung near and over his shoulders. Prince Zephyrion, on the other hand, wore a pair of black pants with a red shirt adorned with various dazzling crimson gems and crystals.

Meanwhile, the Queen of the current Prismerian kingdom wore an extremely short gown that showcased her dazzling green panties, tightly secured around her plump buttocks.

Her gown was as short as those of every woman present, reflecting their status and standing in the current Prismerian kingdom.

The royal family soon arrived at their seats. As they took their positions, King Garnet picked up a wine glass from his table and turned around to address everyone in the room.

"I'd like to express my gratitude to every one of you for joining us today to celebrate the engagement of the crowned Prince of the Prismerian Kingdom," King Garnet declared, raising his glass high. "Before the bride's entrance, let's commemorate the new era that has dawned upon us. Above all, I lift this cup to the Luminaris Clan, the Quartzwraith Clan, the Prismaflow Clan, and my Gemheart Clan, now collectively known as the Four Major Clans. Here's to all the other clans and families within the Prismerian Kingdom. May Naka guide and protect us until the day we depart this world to meet him," he concluded.

Owen Luminous, the head of the Luminaris Clan, and the rest of the Luminaris members raised their glasses in agreement, nodding as Owen spoke loudly, "A toast to the new changes that have come upon the Prismerian Kingdom!"

The Quartzwraith Clan readily joined the gesture.

In sync with the rest, the Prismaflow Clan raised their glasses high, contributing to the collective cheer that echoed through the air.

Former King Brylon, on the other hand, maintained his composure, casually sipping his drink as he gazed into the distance, seemingly oblivious to the festivities unfolding around him.

Observant eyes couldn't help but notice his detached demeanour, prompting sighs and headshakes from onlookers.

After all, if their fate was also sealed, they shared a similar indifference towards the thoughts and intentions of others.

King Garnet, however, couldn't suppress an inward snicker of annoyance.

He quickly shifted his focus back to the lively crowd, determined not to let his mood be tarnished.

After a few moments, King Garnet responded with an agreeable nod, a wide grin spreading across his face as he enthusiastically downed the fruit wine in a single gulp. Setting the empty glass back on the table, he turned his attention back to the crowd.

Abruptly, a servant hurried toward King Garnet, delivering a hushed message. Once the information was conveyed, she promptly retreated.

"Hahah!! Excellent!! It appears the bride has finally made her entrance," King Garnet boomed with laughter, the sound echoing through the hall. Sensing an intense gaze, he glanced briefly at Former King Brylon before snorting softly and redirecting his focus forward to address the guests.

"Now, without further ado, we shall commence the engagement banquet," As King Garnet spoke, he openly gestured for Zephyrion to stand up from his seat.

Zephyrion joyfully rose from his seat and joined King Garnet at his side. Clearing his throat, King Garnet addressed the crowd, "Everyone, if you would, kindly stand and join me in welcoming the wife-to-be, the Crystalforge Clan's heir, and the future crowned Princess of the Prismerian Kingdom, Crystalia Crystalforge."

As King Garnet's voice faded, each guest slowly rose to their feet, welcoming the former Princess of the Prismerian Kingdom, who would be reclaiming her previous position, this time as the wife of the Crowned Prince.

While most were aware that this engagement served to tether the Crystalforge Clan under the control of the Gemheart Clan, as the Gemheart Clan hadn't yet exterminated the Crystalforge bloodline, the guests, especially those from the Four Major Clans, acknowledged the former Princess with a nod of respect. Despite her now being a mere chess piece, she still held the title of Princess of the Prismerian Kingdom.

Crystalia entered the main engagement hall with six maids, forming a protective circle around her. Clad in a beautiful short white gown, her alluring white lace panties and plump buttocks were provocatively revealed.

"Is that the former Princess? She looks stunning."

"Hey, watch your mouth! Haven't you heard about the Prince's obsession with her? Unless you want to lose your eyes or have your family suffer, keep such comments to yourself."

As some people finally laid eyes on the former Princess Crystalia for the first time, they couldn't help but admire her beauty, while others shook their heads in sympathy for her fate.

Everyone understood that once this engagement was complete, regardless of what happened afterwards, the Crystalforge Clan would forever be a vassal under the Gemheart Clan, unable to regain their previous position of power.

Meanwhile, Elara couldn't help but fixate on the former Princess Crystalia, who gracefully approached their table. She had promised Selene to liberate her daughter and lead her out of the Prismerian Kingdom.

However, little did she anticipate her son's obsessive attachment to the young lady before her.

His obsession doubled the number of guards surrounding her and ensured constant surveillance of her every move. Coupled with her husband's covert watchful eyes, escaping with the former Princess or obtaining the Crystalforge Clan artefacts Selene had mentioned seemed nearly impossible.

Nonetheless, Elara found comfort in identifying the Crystalforge warriors who had obtained the unknown power instrumental in defeating the bloodthirsty god that had plagued them for centuries.

The only concern lingering in Elara's mind was the revelation that they had ventured to the upper region of the mountain to confront White Flame.

As for their success or failure, she would have to witness the outcome firsthand. She cared little about defying Selene's agreement and explored the possibility of rescuing the Princess after her engagement. In the event of failure, she contemplated taking as many Crystalforge Clan artefacts as possible and escaping alone.

After all, she wasn't willing to gamble her life and would attribute any misfortune to the former Princess's ill luck.

Elara couldn't suppress a sigh as she contemplated the situation. Perhaps her inclination to attempt against the odds stemmed from her own streak of bad luck. She turned her gaze toward her son and his father, reflecting on when he developed such a character.

If only she had known earlier, she might have intervened to prevent it from progressing, especially before he ended up like his father, who exhibited an eccentric side when he suddenly became the ruler of the entire kingdom.

Nevertheless, she pushed these thoughts aside, focusing on resting for now and reserving her energy for the impending plan.

If nothing worked, she would make her way out of here, leaving behind everything without a backward glance, as her own life took precedence over everything else.

Unaware of when she had arrived, Crystalia found herself standing before the current royal family.

Zephyrion swiftly extended his hand, seizing hers firmly, and whispered, "You are mine now."

Crystalia snapped out of her daze, feeling the pressure of Zephyrion's grasp and hearing his possessive words. She shivered slightly, biting her lip in response as she averted her gaze downward.

Observing her reaction, Zephyrion maintained a confident smile and proudly puffed out his chest.

"Bring the engagement gem," King Garnet's voice echoed loudly.

The Master of Ceremonies, who had deliberately concealed his presence in the corner, swiftly emerged, holding a perfectly placed ebony gem at the centre of a pillow. His professional smile adorned his face as he presented the gem, reminiscent of Prismerian traditions where partners allowed each other's blood to touch their gems, symbolizing a lifelong commitment.

However, since such intimate actions couldn't be displayed in public, the engaged couple would each drop their blood on the gem for ceremonial purposes, signifying their engagement.

Even though it was only a ceremonial act, the public perceived it as the partners exchanging blood on their gems, and the ritual was treated with utmost seriousness due to the cultural significance attached to it.

In an instant, the Master of Ceremonies stood before Prince Zephyrion and Former Princess Crystalia, extending his hands to present the ebony gem to them.

"Proceed," King Garnet granted, allowing them to formalize their engagement.

Zephyrion nodded in agreement, extending his hands towards a maid who appeared to be carrying the ceremonial dagger. With a broad smile, he waited for the dagger to be handed over to him. However, within mere seconds, shock widened Zephyrion's eyes.

The maid rushed towards him, tightly clutching the dagger in her grasp.

The unfolding scene happened swiftly, sending shockwaves through everyone in the main engagement hall.

Even Crystalia, who was standing the closest to him, couldn't help but widen her eyes in surprise, with a sense of foreboding rising within her heart.

While the maid's sudden attack initially took Zephyrion aback, it didn't mean he was defenceless.

As the Gemheart clan's young heir, he stood among the geniuses of the Prismarian kingdom, and his reaction was far more robust than an ordinary Prismarian.

In the split seconds before the dagger reached his neck, the apparent target, Zephyrion, swiftly tilted to the side, using his formidable Gemheart physique to block the attack.

Shred!

The dagger immediately tore through Zephyrion's clothing, piercing his skin and embedding itself at the side of his neckbone.

"AAHH!!" Zephyrion yelled in pain. Despite his formidable physique, the attack still inflicted considerable pain on him.

Witnessing that she had missed her mark, the maid attempted to retract her dagger, but a powerful force slammed into her gut before she could do so.

"Urgh!" Her breath escaped sharply as her body was propelled backwards, coming to a stop only when she collided with one of the nearby tables.

Boom!

The table flipped over, leaving a deep imprint where the maid's body was embedded.

Regaining his senses, King Garnet screamed at the top of his lungs, "Arrest her!" His command echoed through the hall.

Within seconds, several guards surrounded the unknown assailant.

Chapter 549 Condition of Consequence

Once surrounded, the guards swiftly dragged her away from the table. Sensing something amiss, one guard instinctively reached for her hair and pulled it firmly.

To everyone's surprise, the hair came off, revealing back-length crystal-white locks flowing down her back and covering her face.

A serene silence fell over the hall.

'Elysia,' Crystalia thought, recognizing the assailant the moment the guards lifted her face for all to see.

While not everyone had the chance to meet the previous royal family, some had personally encountered them, especially the Queen. As a result, seeing the familiar face and hair of the woman in front of them triggered recognition among some attendees.

Elysia Crystalforge!

The Queen's personal servant!

Even Former King Brylon couldn't help but widen his eyes in surprise at the unfolding scene.

King Garnet, however, gritted his teeth in anger. "How dare you try to assassinate the crown prince?" he bellowed.

"WHAT ARE YOU STILL WAITING FOR? KILL HER!" he ordered.

While he would have wanted to subject her to a prolonged and torturous punishment, given what she had just attempted to do, he realized there might be others like her lurking in the shadows, waiting for the opportune moment to strike. So, he opted to issue a straightforward order for her execution, unwilling to take any chances.

The guards moved swiftly to carry out the king's orders, but just as their blades were about to strike, they were immediately halted as a figure appeared before them.

"Princess," Elysia murmured audibly, her gaze fixed on the figure standing protectively with her back and arms spread apart.

Observing this unfold, Olivia Quartzwraith, who had been eagerly awaiting the conclusion of the engagement ceremony, couldn't help but release a deep sigh. She knew the engagement banquet wouldn't come to a peaceful end.

Everyone present seemed to grasp that reality, so she maintained a silent watch, curious to see how events would develop.

Undoubtedly, she wasn't alone in harbouring such thoughts. Others, too, silently observed, waiting to see the conclusion of the unfolding drama.

"What is the meaning of this? Is the Crystalforge clan finally revealing their true colours?" King Garnet spat angrily as his eyes bore into Crystalia, who stood protectively before Elysia.

Crystalia shook her head in response.

"The Crystalforge clan isn't responsible for any of this. I am solely accountable for my actions, and so is she," Crystalia responded.

After witnessing Elysia's actions, Crystalia understood that Elysia had already embraced the possibility of death, regardless of the outcome. However, recognizing that Elysia had orchestrated this daring move for her sake, Crystalia found herself willing to face their fate together, rather than being shackled to a life with the so-called Crowned Prince of the Prismarian kingdom.

As for the Crystalforge Clan, they were already on the brink of collapse, physically and mentally shrinking daily. Instead of clutching onto hope for a miracle while holding it together single-handedly, she realized that the torment would never cease, causing her to ponder over whether death might be the only solution to their situation.

"AND DOES THAT MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE?" King Garnet roared.

"HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THAT YOUR ACTIONS DICTATE THE LIVES OF THOUSANDS OF CRYSTALFORGE CLAN MEMBERS STILL ALIVE?" he added.

Elysia, seated on the floor, couldn't help but display a pale expression as she instantly grasped that the Gemheart Clan head was ready to take action against the Crystalforge clan because of the Princess's actions, which were ultimately her fault.

"...Princess, please..." Elysia pleaded. As she was about to finish her sentence, Crystalia's voice immediately interrupted her.

"Elysia, it's okay. I am also doing this for myself, so you don't need to worry. If I die here, I would gladly accept it," Crystalia said firmly as she stared at King Garnet fiercely.

Her words resonated through the room, leaving everyone surprised as they stared at the scene unfolding before them. Clearly, the engagement wasn't going to proceed as smoothly as planned.

Nonetheless, Zephyruon, still recovering from the stab at the side of his collarbone, couldn't help but widen his eyes in shock after hearing Crystalia's words.

Immediately, he snapped his head towards his father with an agitated, fearful look, "Father..."

"SILENCE!"

King Garnet's voice thundered through the main engagement hall. His face was filled with fury as he gazed at Crystalia and the battered maid behind her before snapping his head to the side, towards the former King Brylon's position.

He instantly narrowed his eyes at him.

"This is all part of the Crystalforge clan's plan, right?" he asked.

Former King Brylon, seated at the corner, watched the entire scene unfold with intense emotions rising deep within his heart.

He couldn't help but raise a brow in surprise when he heard Garnet's voice, turning his head to meet the gaze directed at him.

Former King Brylon stared at King Garnet. "Although I think that King Garnet's suspicions are legitimate, if the Crystalforge clan does have the capabilities to retaliate, then why would they go for a crowned Prince instead of the one already seated on the throne?" he said.

Gently sipping his wine, he awaited King Garnet's response.

Despite his concern for the Crystalforge clan's future, his daughter's safety worried him more. However, that didn't mean he would reveal such a weakness. Being perceived as a man who had lost everything, with his death seemingly imminent, he decided to maintain a stern face.

It was better to act like one who had nothing left to lose, rather than risk having his vulnerability exploited. He observed his daughter and her personal maid before shifting his attention back towards Garnet.

An unnatural silence descended upon the hearts of everyone present.

What does this mean?

Sure enough, King Garnet took Former King Brylon's words seriously. His face contorted into different expressions before abruptly returning to his previous demeanour.

Locking his gaze with Former King Brylon's, he nodded, "Very well, I am willing to overlook this whole thing if the Crystalforge clan truly had no involvement in what has happened today, under one condition," he said.

"What is the condition?" Former King Brylon asked with a foreboding in his heart, unsure of what terms Garnet, considering the kind of man he is, would be willing to set.

Chapter 550 The Shocking Arrival

King Garnet gestured for one of the guards to bring the sword to him before he grabbed it and threw it towards Former King Brylon.

Clang!

The sound of the sword landing on the floor before Former King Brylon caused him to look down briefly at the weapon at his feet.

"For me to accept that the Crystalforge clan has no hand in this failed assassination, I want you to kill her yourself. In return, I will pardon the fallen Crystalforge clan heiress for her remarks since she is still young, and considering her current situation, such words should be understood," King Garnet said, briefly glancing at his son who seemed to have calmed down, relieved that nothing would happen to Crystalia from the corner of his eyes.

Although one of the main reasons for sparing the Former Princess's life was his awareness of his son's attachment to her, the more considerable motivation was to humiliate the Crystalforge Clan once again and make them understand that regaining their former glory was an impossible feat.

Meanwhile, everyone couldn't help but gulp down a mouthful of saliva as they immediately grasped King Garnet's words.

The former King of the Prismarian Kingdom, killing the Queen's personal servant under the orders of the present King of the Prismarian Kingdom—forget about the embarrassment and shame that would forever plague the previous royal family until the day they died.

Once the citizens of the Prismarian Kingdom heard about what had happened, it would also serve as a stark reminder that the Gemheart clan had the power to consolidate itself within the kingdom. The incident would highlight the capability of the Gemheart clan to compel the former King of the Prismarian Kingdom to kill his own people.

And to them, it was a message, a proclamation that from henceforth—

The Crystalforge Clan had indeed fallen. Therefore, they should dispel any thoughts of retaliation with the Crystalforge Clan.

The Four Major Clans wore various expressions witnessing the scene unfold, especially Clan Head Ralias Prismaflow and Clan Mistress Dailia Prismaflow. They continued to watch the unfolding events with deep frowns on their faces.

Without hesitation, Former King Brylon picked up the sword from the ground and walked towards the injured Elysia.

"...Fat...her," Crystalia stammered out as she gazed at her father steadily, walking towards them with a firm expression on his face, devoid of every emotion.

"Restrain her," King Garnet ordered, noticing that Crystalia was still shielding the assailant protectively with her body.

Instantly, several guards grabbed onto Crystalia, restraining her and dragging her to the side. She didn't attempt to break free or struggle, knowing it would be easy to do so with her strength.

Instead, she stared in disbelief at the scene unfolding before her. Elysia watched the former King arrive before her and raised his sword high in the air, as though he was about to deliver a swift, decisive strike.

Gritting her teeth, various emotions churning within her heart, she closed her eyes and lowered her head, accepting her fate. She had already prepared for whatever was to come.

Even if she didn't have the chance to see Orion for one last time, or give birth to her unborn child and witness who they would take after, she didn't regret any of her actions at that very moment.

Former King Brylon brought his arm downwards.

"ELYSIA!!!" Princess Crystalia screamed at the top of her lungs.

BAAANNG!!

A loud explosion reverberated through the main engagement hall, momentarily shaking it to its core.

Former King Brylon's arm halted in the air, stopping several inches above Elysia's neck.

Including Former King Brylon, everyone who had felt the force turned their heads upwards, toward the crystal and rocky ceiling, believing it to be the source of the commotion.

BANGGG!!

King Garnet furrowed his brows before looking at the guards and shouting, "WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? GO A..."

Before he could finish his sentence, he was instantly interrupted.

BOOOOMMM!!!

A thunderous explosion echoed upward.

The roof of the main engagement hall caved inwards before it broke apart, prompting everyone to abandon their seats and leap backwards, distancing themselves from the debris to avoid any unnecessary circumstances.

Those who reacted late bore the full brunt of the collapse and were immediately buried under the fallen roof.

Crystalia, however, managed to arrive at Elysia just in time to save her. Fortunately, Elysia survived with only a broken bone in her left leg due to debris collapsing on top of her.

After ensuring that Elysia was okay, Crystalia turned her head toward the source of the collapsed debris.

As the dust in the air began to settle down, Crystalia's eyes widened in surprise at the figure that had emerged from within it.

"...Flintor," she muttered audibly.

Witnessing that the person who had caused such a ruckus was the former Princess's personal guard, King Garnet felt the veins on his forehead about to pop open, wondering how he had escaped from the dungeon.

The dungeon itself was sturdy enough to cage down a Tenth-tier Crystal Sage, which was why he wasn't worried about anyone breaking out of their cell, especially the former Queen, given her weakened state.

So, seeing that Flintor had managed to escape left King Garnet at a loss for words, wondering if the guards around him had become too complacent.

"WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? RESTRAIN HIM IMMEDIATELY!!" he shouted, deciding that it would be a little too much for him to handle the situation alone.

Eleven guards charged forward without hesitation, wielding their blades and activating their clan's specialty. They decided not to take the opponent in front of them lightly and aimed to avoid any mistakes.

Gleaming Heart Scale!!

Gleaming Heart Surge!!

Their bodies transformed, dark grey scales formed around their skin, and their magical energy increased several times over. They instantly arrived in front of Flintor with the sole intention of incapacitating him until he was on the brink of death.

However, before they could swing their swords, they halted—

SWISSH!

SWISSH!!

A gentle breeze grazed along their skin. Some looked down to witness their heads flying away from their headless bodies, while others felt their bodies detaching and falling to the ground.

Clang!

Bam!

In the blink of an eye, eleven Gemheart Warriors, all of whom were in the Crystal Luminary Rank, were killed before they could even understand what had happened.

Everyone in the main engagement hall was shocked and could only stare dumbfoundedly at the scene, wondering what had just occurred.