

Village Head 601

Chapter 601 Deciding The Prismeron Race's Destiny

"It was a very strange one. Firstly, you took us over to Anara's side of the farm, where you introduced your firstborn to us, which you had had between yourself and Anara before you introduced Anara as your partner..." Celeste responded.

She wanted to continue; however, her words immediately trailed off when she realized something was wrong.

This wasn't their hut!

Before Orion could respond, she shifted her eyes back towards him, her gaze trembling as she asked, "Orion... Where are we?"

"We are not in our hut right now, okay, so take a deep breath," Orion said indirectly.

"Don't... tell me that what happened was real?" Celeste responded, staring at Orion with wide eyes.

Orion let out a wry smile. He sighed as he watched his mother's eyes instantly shrink to the size of needles, her breathing quickening.

Nonetheless, instead of replying so as not to make her suddenly faint again, Orion took a more calm and slow approach, "You are overthinking about it; I think you should cool down for a minute," he said.

However, instead of following his instructions, her breathing hastened even more.

"That means... you really have a baby," Celeste responded.

Orion sighed helplessly for the umpteenth time.

Nevertheless, that seemed to be the last straw for Celeste as her eyes immediately turned hazy before she became unconscious.

Orion sighed, giving up when he saw this. Unfortunately, all four of them had fallen unconscious once more immediately after they had woken up. He pondered what to do before deciding to leave it for Aunt Greta and the others to handle, as they might be more suited to help speak with his mother and the others once they wake up again.

Regardless, the sun was about to set, and he needed to attend the meeting before the evening ended.

'Let me go and tell them first because it's best not to be late,' Orion thought as he headed outside to meet with Aunt Greta, Sura, Lyra, and the others to inform them before he left.

He also wanted to ensure Aunt Greta checked on Sura since she would be pregnant soon.

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"Hmmm! So that is all that happened, and how you defeated the god, 'White Flame'," the Village Chief said thoughtfully as he nodded in response.

"If possible, can I see the blade you used to slay the god?" he asked curiously.

Not only him, but several others in the room were curious about the kind of blade that Orion had used to slay White Flame and how it looked.

Orion nodded his head. He stood from his raised platform and immediately summoned the Crimson greatsword into his grasp.

Luckily, Aerialia could now fully wield the total weight of the sword easily, or else he doubted if the treehouse could even support it.

"Who are they?" Aerialia said, observing the people around her as she hovered in the air behind Orion.

However, Orion ignored Aerialia's words, unable to respond due to his present situation.

"Are they your leaders?" Aerialia asked, observing their sitting positions and the dignified air around them.

After not getting a response once more, she immediately frowned, noticing that Orion was ignoring her.

Despite understanding that it was due to his current situation, Aerialia snorted loudly in response before proceeding to hover silently behind Orion.

She hoped to grasp some more information about Orion's Village and the world around them, which Orion might have hidden from her.

Unaware of the divine presence within the room, everyone's eyes, from the Village Chief and the Village Chieftess to Caretaker Zola, Caretaker Shani, Caretaker Ivor, Caretaker Nala, Caretaker Nadia, and Stronghold Leader Zogar, were fixed on the glowing Crimson greatsword.

Its brilliance entranced their eyes, making them understand that what they were currently looking at was something that surpassed anything in this world and shouldn't even exist in it.

Though Seth had already seen the Crimson greatsword a few times in action, he was also a bit mesmerized by its brilliance and uniqueness, which he was sure he would never get tired of.

The Village Chief quickly recovered his composure and focused his attention back on Orion, "You said that the Aegis of the Arctic Deity took you to a place which was supposedly a trial where you got the Crimson blade. Can you describe what it was?" the Village Chief asked.

Seth listened carefully, awaiting Orion's response. He, too, wanted to know how Orion had managed to acquire such an extremely powerful weapon.

Orion shook his head in response.

"Though I don't remember most of it, I do remember that I met a goddess who willingly gave me this Crimson greatsword for my protection," Orion responded.

The only ones aware of what had happened within the trial grounds were the Aegis of the Arctic Deity, the royal family, the Crystalforge Clan's elite warriors who had participated in the trial, and

him. He planned to keep it that way, not because he didn't trust them, but because he didn't think it would be a good idea to have such information out in the open, especially when there were bound to be other races and beings in various conditions out there.

Seth frowned, clearly expecting to receive a much more detailed explanation.

"A goddess?" The Village Chief said, his brows slightly raised as he looked at Orion. From Naka to White Flame and the Aegis of the Arctic Deity, they were all described as males. The fact that Orion had just mentioned that the divine being who gave him that Crimson greatsword was a woman, something they had never encountered, made him extremely doubtful.

However, not only the Village Chief, but everyone else, especially the women, glinted with interest in their eyes as they heard Orion's words.

"Yes," Orion nodded in response, "Her name is Aerialia, the goddess of the hunting moon. Without her help, we wouldn't have stood a chance against White Flame," Orion said, not forgetting to butter up Aerialia with his words, since she was right behind him.

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"Also, she has blessed some of the Prismerion warriors, making them her direct apostles," Orion added before explaining what an apostle was and how they would be helpful in the Village's development, especially now that they had a goddess by their side.

Even if they hadn't figured out how to settle the Prismerion race outside the mountain, Orion believed that convincing the Village to aid willingly would be much easier.

Aerialia, who was behind Orion, silently snorted at his subtle words of praise. Nevertheless, her gaze remained on the people before her to see how they would react. After all, even if she didn't allow it, her apostles were still a part of the Prismerion race, and it was her job to ensure their safety.

Meanwhile, everyone nodded in understanding as they finished listening to Orion's words.

Seeing that Orion had finished speaking, Seth felt compelled to share his perspective on the matter.

"I have seen them use their divine blessings to make themselves stronger. Although they aren't as strong as our warriors, they are still too useful to be overlooked," Seth said, staring at his father.

The Village Chief nodded his head and shifted his attention back to Orion. From Orion's previous explanation, he was smart enough to understand what Orion's words meant.

However, he couldn't help but ask, "Since they now have the protection of a goddess, doesn't that mean that they have once again forsaken Naka?" with a raised eyebrow.

Everyone in the room nodded in agreement except for Seth and Caretaker Shani.

"Yes, I think the Village Chief does have a point. Since the Prismeron race found refuge in another god just when they had gotten their freedom, shouldn't it be an insult not only to Naka but also to us, who worship him?" Caretaker Ivor said, staring at Orion seriously with a furrowed brow.

"I don't see it that way, Chief. Because just like them, I was also given the protection of Aerialia, the goddess of the hunting moon. Since the Prismeron race has gotten their salvation, I think she is someone Naka had sent to us in his stead to take care of them."

"So if we refuse to help them, wouldn't that mean that we have also refused to accept Naka's salvation upon their lives, and in return, disregarding Naka's will?" Orion said, looking at the Village Chief and the rest, observing as they all seemed stunned by his words.

The Village Chief immediately became thoughtful.

He then focused his attention on Orion, "Hmmm, I can see your point; however, even if the Village wants to help them, I don't think that it's something that we are capable of doing currently," the Village Chief said as a sigh escaped his lips, "With Stronghold Leader Drakar gone, the Village does not have enough manpower to protect such a large quantity of people outside the Village. Even sending you and the other warriors to the mountains to protect and bring Saria was something that we all had to carefully decide, as it concerned the safety of the Village," he added, shaking his head tiredly.

The rest of the key figures sighed silently, agreeing with the Village Chief's words.

If they had enough warriors to protect people of that quantity, then they wouldn't have to use newborns to distract the attention of the Vylkr vines away from the Village or force themselves to retreat and sacrifice more lands so that they could securely protect the rest of the land that they had left, and ease off the burdens from the shoulders of their warriors.

Their situation was already bad enough that they didn't need any other burden weighing down on them, especially when it came from another race.

Orion nodded in response, "I understand your concerns, Chief, and also properly understand the current situation of the Village, so I will never ask for the Village to mobilize its warriors to protect another race when we are barely managing to protect ourselves. All I am asking for is the Village's help in preparing the materials and the settlement that they can use to properly develop themselves when they come outside the mountain," Orion responded.

"As you're trying to say that you already have a way to protect the Prismerton race from harm's way when they return to the outside from the mountains?" The Village Chief said, his eyes narrowed straight at Orion.

He understood that for Orion to ask for the Village's support in taking care of the Prismerton race settlements only, with such a decisive expression, probably meant that he was confident about fixing the problem of a large gathering of people surviving in the midst of the Vylkr vines without worries about being attacked or had already come up with a solution.

Of course, someone his age, who had seen how difficult it was to survive the relentless attacks of the Vylkr vines, even with the protection of their strongest warriors, would have disregarded those thoughts without a second thought. However, he didn't, because the person in question was Orion—a young man whose extraordinary star potential was the highest ever awakened in their Village. This was something not a single soul in the Village knew about until that day.

His semen also possessed extraordinary capabilities, capable of impregnating a woman who had passed her fertility age. Orion had also devised ingenious inventions that helped the warriors more effectively protect the Village.

These innovations aided them in traversing great distances within a few hours, contributing abundantly to their explorations and reducing the deaths of warriors.

Additionally, the inventions allowed the injured to be taken to the sky and immediately brought back to the Village for treatment.

Also, along with his recent feats of slaying a god and being blessed and given a weapon by a goddess sent down by Naka to be with the Prismerion race—beings comparable to divine beings like Naka. All this had been achieved by a young man who had just finished his graduation ceremony two and a half months ago.

With more time, the Village Chief was sure Orion could achieve so much more. So, regardless of how nonsensical it might seem, the Village Chief understood that he couldn't afford to doubt Orion's confidence.

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"Not yet. But I am thinking about something and hoping it would work," Orion said, shaking his head in response.

"Forgive me for interrupting, but are you sure that you can come up with a solution for a problem that has troubled us for several millennia that easily?" Caretaker Naida said, narrowing her weary eyes at Orion.

Orion shifted his attention towards Caretaker Naida, whom he understood was the second oldest person before Caretaker Ivor, and shook his head in response.

"I am well aware of the difficulty of this issue and understand how it feels to hear someone who hasn't even lived past the early stages of his life say such a statement. So, although I might not be confident about coming up with a solution, there is no reason for me not to feel optimistic about devising one that I think might work," Orion responded, with a deep exhale escaping his mouth.

"Well, even if we have witnessed you shatter our perceived expectations repeatedly, I don't think that being optimistic..." Caretaker Naida wanted to say. However, before she could continue, the Village Chief instantly interrupted.

"Whether he is capable of coming up with a solution, being optimistic or not, as long as he is capable of coming up with a proper solution, is there anything else that matters?" The Village Chief asked, shaking his head at Caretaker Naida.

Although he understood her sentiments and was sure that everyone currently within the room did the same, by now, he thought she had already understood that a young man like Orion was someone who should not be dealt with using common sense.

Although she wanted to speak, Caretaker Naida held back her words and nodded in response, towards the direction of the Village Chief, "You are right, Chief. All that matters is that he comes up with a solution that can protect such a large number of people living in the midst of the Vylkr vines and keep the grasp of the Vylkr vines away from them. Then, I am willing to give him all of my support in building a settlement for the Prismerion race outside the mountains," Caretaker Naida said, her gaze focused on Orion as she nodded her head at him in reassurance.

Suddenly, another familiar voice broke out.

"Fortunately, I agree with Caretaker Naida. Suppose you are capable of coming up with a solution for this problem. In that case, I am also willing to support you in building a settlement for the Prismerion race, with the best materials you can find on the farm," Caretaker Ivor said, with an intense glint flickering through his eyes.

If Orion comes up with a solution for this problem that would completely remove the burdens from the warriors and help them expand the forest once more, forget about finding a clay settlement to build the settlement on. Even if Orion needed to build it somewhere else and came to him for materials, he would provide him with all the best building materials he could obtain from the farm.

"I agree. I am also willing to provide my full support in building a settlement for the Prismerion race outside the mountains," Caretaker Shani said as she stared at Orion with a warm smile, as though she could tell he was capable of achieving such a feat, having witnessed him do similar things several times already.

After all, he was the main reason her child was still alive, so why should she doubt him?

"I am also willing to provide my support in building a settlement for the Prismerion race outside the mountains if you are capable of coming up with a solution for this problem," Caretaker Nala said.

She and everyone else weren't paying attention to the fact that Caretaker Shani was willing to offer her support, no matter the results.

"Ahem! Since everyone else has agreed, I don't see any reason for me to withhold mine. If you are capable of coming up with a solution for this problem, I am also willing to provide my support in

building a settlement for the Prismerion race outside the mountains," Caretaker Zola cleared her throat and said, staring at Orion seriously with a hint of curiosity buried deeply within her eyes.

As the youngest Caretaker and key figure in the room, she was naturally even more curious about how Orion would pull off such a feat and if he could do so.

Seeing that one of his goals had been achieved, Orion smiled broadly as he shifted his gaze from Caretaker Naida, Caretaker Ivor, and others. He nodded in response, saying, "Since all of you have made such an agreement, then I will naturally try my best to not disappoint you and come up with a solution to such a problem."

They nodded their heads in response silently.

Meanwhile, witnessing this scene from his elevated platform, the Village Chief exhaled tiredly, understanding that Orion had already achieved his aim, with all of the Caretakers agreeing to help him build a settlement for the Prismerion race. However, a shiver couldn't help but also pass through his spine at that moment as he thought about what might really happen if Orion did come up with a solution that would keep a large gathering of individuals safe within the presence of the Vylkr vines and keep the Vylkr vines away from them.

"Since all the key figures have agreed, I'll also give you my word. If you are capable of coming up with a solution for such a problem, then the Village will wholly support in helping you build a settlement for the Prismerion race outside the mountains," The Village Chief said, his gaze fixed on Orion as his voice resounded around the four corners of the room.

"I, the Village Chieftess, also agree with my husband, the Village Chief," Zara said, her voice following soon after with a firm expression as her eyes scanned Orion, wondering what the young man before her was up to this time.

Chapter 604 Confidence Beyond Measure

Meanwhile, Seth sat on his raised platform, observing the bizarre scene before him. As the son of the Village Chief, he had been present at many meetings, diligently playing the role of an assistant as he accompanied either of his parents.

He made a conscious effort to listen and understand, envisioning that when he ascended to the role of the next Village Chief, handling all these matters would be a seamless task for him.

However, only the key figures were privy to the information during important decisions.

Throughout those occasions, Seth had learned that decisions often took hours or even days of disagreement before reaching an agreement. So, witnessing this rare occasion when they swiftly reached an agreement left Seth flabbergasted, and his gaze immediately focused on Orion, seated across from him, the apparent cause of this unusual turn of events.

Noticing Orion's smile, Seth furrowed his brows, contemplating how Orion had skillfully steered the conversation with the key figures in his favour. Once again, he gained insight into how the young man had achieved such a position at a tender age and why his father held him in such high esteem.

Pondering this, Seth sighed with relief.

Fortunately, he had already done what needed to be done, informing his parents about the events that had transpired before the meeting began.

Meanwhile, Orion nodded in response to their words.

"Thank you all for your support," Orion said, expressing his gratitude to the village chief and the rest of the key figures.

"There is no need to be thankful. Besides, if you can come up with a solution to this problem, then the Village itself won't even be able to repay this kind of favour," the Village Chief acknowledged.

The Village Chieftess and the other key figures agreed with the Village Chief's words. If Orion could develop a solution providing enough security to the Village, where their warriors would no longer need to fight tirelessly against the Vylkr vines, supporting him in building a settlement for the Prismerion race might be just the beginning. They might even grant him whatever he desires, as long as it doesn't harm the Village.

His merits were already enough to make him a strong candidate for the position of the next Village Chief.

"How long do you think you need before you can come up with a solution?" The Village Chief asked, addressing the most crucial question on everyone's mind.

"A month. Within a month, I promise to give you my answer. However, if I haven't figured out anything within that time frame, you can be sure that I've been unable to come up with anything," Orion responded.

As expected, the Village Chief and the other key figures were all taken aback by his words.

One month!

Initially, they had anticipated he might request six months or even a year to devise a solution that could ensure the security of a large number of people living in the midst of the Vylkr vines without depending on the protection of the warriors.

However, hearing him confidently say that he needed only one month to address a crisis that had plagued their race for millennia left them utterly stunned, wondering if he had become overly confident.

"Are you sure?" The Village Chief asked cautiously, narrowing his eyes at Orion.

"If you need more time, feel free to say it. We are all aware of the difficulty in finding a solution to such a longstanding problem," he added.

Observing the subtle gazes of the key figures around him, Orion realized he had made a mistake. Selecting a one-month timeframe stemmed from having a plan in mind and the desire to return to the mountains to test its viability. If it failed, he was confident in his ability to devise an alternative.

Orion knew himself well; if he couldn't devise a plan within a month, the chances of doing so later were slim unless he encountered a sudden encounter that sparked a new idea.

He had strategically chosen a date to keep them alert and ready to assist at any time while maintaining high expectations for his next move.

However, recognizing that they might perceive his words as overconfident, Orion understood it might have the opposite effect of what he intended.

Orion audibly cleared his throat before responding, "Alright, then I'll take two months. Within two months, I promise to give you a solution to the problem."

Inwardly sighing in response to Orion's words, the Village Chief had hoped that Orion would quickly realize his mistake and choose a longer timeframe. However, he added a single month. At this rate, he might face the displeasure of the Caretakers rather than gaining their support.

'Nonetheless, this might be a good thing. If his accomplishments keep growing, he might become even more overconfident, which won't bode well for him, the Village, and everyone around him. A few setbacks seem like the best way to teach him a few things about being overconfident,' the Village Chief thought as his expression softened.

He recognized that Orion needed to undergo growth and believed this was the most effective approach to facilitate it. Thus, he responded, "Alright, is there anything else you would like to discuss with us?" Before addressing the issue his son had disclosed to him, he wanted to ascertain if Orion had any other matters to bring up.

Seth understood what his father wanted to say next, and his body immediately tensed with both fists clenched tightly.

Meanwhile, Orion nodded in response.

"There is something else I want to propose," Orion replied.

Seth's body relaxed as he sighed internally.

"What is it?" The Village Chief asked, his voice tinged with curiosity.

Orion then talked about the healthcare infrastructure he had discussed with Fifi and Aunt Greta. He explained how it would look, the structure of the healthcare infrastructure, and, most importantly, its usefulness and the significant positive impact it would have on the Village.

He broke down each aspect, confident that they would only fully grasp his idea if he did so.

Chapter 605 The Next Big Idea

Thankfully, judging by the expressions on their faces after he finished, he knew they understood everything he had just explained.

Meanwhile, everyone in the room, from the Village Chief and the Village Chieftess to Stronghold Leader Drakar and the other Key figures, sighed collectively as they stared at Orion, astonished by everything he had just explained.

Even Seth couldn't help but remain stunned as he scrutinized Orion from head to toe. Like several others, he wondered if Orion's mother had undergone anything special or done anything extraordinary before giving birth to him.

"This..." Caretaker Ivor began, his words faltering as he struggled to articulate his thoughts. He took a deep breath before exhaling deeply.

"Why haven't we thought of this previously?" he muttered audibly.

Stronghold Leader Zogar nodded in agreement, acknowledging Caretaker Ivor's sentiments. As he processed everything Orion had just conveyed, he couldn't help but draw parallels to the Rightward and Leftward strongholds, where every warrior was allowed to reside instead of staying in the Village.

Nonetheless, envisioning a place where every villager with the gift to heal could work, especially with healers in both Strongholds and where they could accumulate wealth like the warriors, struck Stronghold Leader Zogar as an exceptionally brilliant idea.

Once again, the young man before them astonished them with a plan that none had even considered.

"How did you come up with this idea?" Stronghold Leader Zogar asked.

At this point, he wished he could open Orion's head and examine its contents because none of Orion's ideas seemed like something a young man of his age could conceive.

Orion shook his head in response, "I wasn't the one who came up with this plan," he replied.

Everyone was stunned by Orion's response.

He wasn't the one who came up with the idea? If he didn't, then who did?

Stronghold Leader Zogar furrowed his brows, "If you hadn't come up with the idea, then who did?" he asked curiously.

"The idea came from Fifi, while I merely helped improve it," Orion responded.

Even if he had other ideas that could revolutionize the Village, like the hot air balloons, he understood that it was best not to release these ideas all at once, or else their impact might be lost.

Instead, he chose to unveil them one by one when they were needed.

Stronghold Leader Zogar's curiosity instantly died down when he heard Orion's response.

From his perspective, he could tell that Fifi might have managed to come up with this plan with Orion's help. So, even if Orion might have been the one to lay it out, he still decided to be humble and give the credit to Fifi so that she, too, could benefit from it. Because, with his records and achievements, everyone would naturally think he was the one who came up with it.

Stronghold Leader Zogar inwardly sighed for the umpteenth time. Previously, Orion was brimming with overconfidence about coming up with a solution to the problem that had troubled the Village for several millennia. Now, he was so humble that he would rather have another person take the credit than take it himself.

At this point, Stronghold Leader Zogar didn't know what to make of Orion.

Everyone else also felt the same way.

"Alright," the Village Chief said as he looked at Orion, making a mental note to speak with Fifi about this amazing innovation. He added, "You must have a reason why you presented this idea to us, correct?"

Orion nodded.

"What is it, then?"

Orion proceeded to explain his reasons. However, before he could finish speaking, a loud voice immediately interrupted.

"Impossible!" Caretaker Naida shouted as she turned her head to look at the Village Chief. "Chief, we cannot accept this," she added.

How ridiculous!

Asking them to construct such a thing and then asking them to willingly hand it over to him, especially when it is something that would impact the whole Village, wasn't that insane?

At this moment, the other Caretakers couldn't help but agree with Caretaker Naida's words.

"I must agree with Caretaker Naida on this one once more. Although I do believe that you must be rewarded for the number of contributions you've made to the Village, I don't think that this should be it," Caretaker Ivor said, shaking his head in disagreement as a tired sigh escaped his mouth.

"Yes, I agree with them. I don't think it would be wise for us to hand over something like this, which could heavily impact the whole Village, to you, especially since we will be in charge of building it," Caretaker Nala said.

"Unfortunately, I also have to agree with the others this time," Caretaker Zola said with a serious expression.

Meanwhile, Stronghold Leader Zogar, Seth, the Village Chief, and the Village Chieftess couldn't help but furrow their brows, wondering why Orion had suggested such a thing.

'What is he up to?' Seth thought.

Although he had several doubts about whether Orion could succeed this time around as well, he listened and carefully observed, just in case.

The Village Chieftess turned her head to look at her husband. She shook her head in disagreement with Orion's words.

Even for her, this proposal was too much.

"Though you would be given a percentage of the income for the invasion, just like the Orion skies, however, since you have asked for such a thing, unfortunately, this proposal is a little bit too much, even for me," The Village Chief said, shaking his head at Orion in response.

"Nonetheless, before I say anything else or reject it, I would first like to know the reason why you have presented such a proposal despite already having an idea about how it would end up because I am very much sure that you did?" he asked, narrowing his gaze at Orion as he waited for his response.

Orion smiled in response, "I'm sorry, Chief, but it seems that I haven't arranged my words well, so please allow me to rephrase it," Orion responded as he observed the Village Chief and everybody present.

Chapter 606 Orion's Bold Assertion

"After the graduation ceremony, as the individual with the highest points, I am allowed to ask for anything I want within the Village Chief's power. After careful deliberation, I am neither asking for more wealth nor for the Village Chief to put me in a position I do not deserve. All I am asking is for you to reward me by building a structure for healers and victims, which would heavily impact the Village positively," Orion added, "And yet, I have no idea why I am being refused."

Orion's words dumbfounded the village chief and the other key figures. They thought Orion would use his merits as leverage or find a way to convince them to hand over the structure, given that he and Fifi were the ones to come up with such an idea.

However, they never expected that Orion would use such a method to make them hand the structure over to him.

Nonetheless, Orion's words had placed the Village Chief in a challenging position, leaving them on the sidelines with no chance to refute his words.

Immediately, their gazes turned towards the Village Chief's position, who was staring at Orion with a deep frown. "Are you sure you want this to be your reward?" he asked, narrowing his eyes at Orion.

Meanwhile, internally, he couldn't help but smile. 'Good... Good... Look at their faces. My instincts were not wrong from the beginning. He will make a good Village Chief,' he thought.

The only reason he had initially refused to accept Orion's request, was that, although his proposal was revolutionary, his demands were too irrational. Even an ordinary villager would doubt their ears several times, as they wouldn't have the courage to make such a request in the midst of the key figures.

Coupled with the fact that the rest of the key figures, except for a few, had rejected him, the Village Chief found his demands impractical. However, seeing how Orion composed himself and listened to his words, the Village Chief had no other reason to refuse his request.

After all, Orion was the one who had presented the idea to them, and behind him was the best healer in the Village, Greta, who was also his wife. Added to that, he already had a child with Anara, his partner, another key figure, and Saria's husband, which meant that if he refused his request after such a compelling reason, things would not bode well for any of them.

"Chief..." Caretaker Naida couldn't help but open her mouth to speak, but the Village Chief's words resounded through the room's wooden walls.

"ENOUGH!!"

Caretaker Naida immediately sealed her mouth shut.

"During the graduation ceremony, it is the rule that everyone who comes out on top is given the chance to request anything that is within the Village Chief's capacity, which I am sure you all are

aware of, as some of you have all benefited from," the Village Chief said, his eyes staring at them as each lowered their heads and sighed tiredly.

"However, instead of asking for more wealth or something that might benefit his personal interest, he has chosen something that would positively impact the whole Village. He even went as far as presenting the whole idea to us. Even if we refuse his demands, are you all confident that you could recreate everything he has just said?... No, you wouldn't because you would still need his help to do so," the Village Chief asked and answered his question by himself, seeing as none of them had replied.

"As such, I am willing to answer his request," he said, his gaze focused straight on Orion with a smile.

As the Village Chief, it was not only his responsibility to ensure that the order and rules of the Village were intact but also to make sure that there was a worthy person capable of maintaining such order and rules. Without a doubt, the Village Chief was satisfied once again that his judgment was not wrong and Orion would be the person to fulfil such a role.

After listening to the Village Chief's words, Caretaker Naida and the others who had initially opposed Orion's request didn't have anything to say, knowing that everything the Village Chief had just said was correct.

They weren't blinded by wealth; they were the farm's Caretakers. They would be the last people to become poor or grow hungry in the Village. Instead, they were after the opportunity to be the Key figures who would mark their names in the Village's history by developing a structure that could positively impact the Village for several millennia to come.

And that was something they were aware that they couldn't barter for it with wealth.

However, as they gradually regained their composure, they suddenly realized there were other ways to go about this.

After all, they had already made up their minds to give Orion the highest-ranking position in the new structure since he was not only the one who presented the idea to them but would surely need someone to handle and take care of it—something none of them were capable of doing currently.

So, rather than selfishly wanting all the recognition, they realized they were better off being known as one of the Key figures who supported the construction of such a structure.

The Village Chieftess couldn't help but exhale deeply after listening to her husband's words. He was right. She raised her head and observed Orion, wondering if he was taking the bet they had made seriously without any hidden intentions.

Meanwhile, Caretaker Shani and Stronghold Zogar, who had remained, had smiles on their faces, nodding at the Village Chief's words. Neither of them cared about the immense recognition, as they were each satisfied with where they currently were.

However, Seth felt his body gradually losing its strength little by little as he observed the scene unfolding before him.

With the way his father had defended and with the gaze of approval in his eyes as he looked at Orion, it wasn't hard for anyone with eyes to see that his father held Orion in such high regard that he might as well be considering him for the position of the next Village Chief.

Chapter 607 Seth's Punishment

At that instant, after witnessing everything that had taken place throughout the meeting, Seth immediately gave up hope of competing with Orion for the next Village Chief position.

'It's no use,' Seth thought, shaking any useless thoughts of refusal out of his head. He had already attacked Orion once with the intent to harm him seriously, but thankfully, Fifi had been there to protect him from harm.

However, even with that, the fact that he, a three-star warrior, had attacked Orion, a one-star warrior, had still gotten him into very deep trouble that would take him several months to dig out of.

So, he quickly disillusioned himself from making rash decisions that would put him at risk of getting a much more severe punishment and losing everything he had worked hard to attain.

Seth had understood that his dream of becoming the next village chief would be difficult and stressful; however, he had never expected that even before the battle had begun, he had already lost to a young man with far more achievements and merits than his own.

"Is there anyone who wants to disagree with his request again?" The Village Chief asked, his gaze fixed on the key figures.

The key figures all shook their heads one by one in response.

"I agree with his request. I'm sure that Orion would bring more ideas for us to implement in the future, so I don't see any reason not to grant this request," Caretaker Shani said, shaking her head in response.

"Hohoho, I also agree with his request. However, with the way things are, why don't we already make him the Rightward Stronghold Leader, so that he can develop something beneficial to the warriors, just like the Orion skies," Stronghold Leader Zogar said.

He decided to pitch his idea of making Orion the next Rightward Stronghold Leader because he understood that with how things were going with Orion, his opportunity to do so would only get smaller and smaller as time passed.

"Cough!!" The Village Chief coughed a few times before he cleared his throat and said, "I think it's too early to consider Orion for such a position. After all, he is still a one-star warrior and would require much time before he advances into becoming a two-star warrior or even reaching his full potential. So, it's best to take this decision slowly and allow him to develop peacefully in the Village."

Stronghold Leader Zogar furrowed his brows at the Village Chief, "Chief, I don't think it's good for a warrior, especially one with extraordinary star potential like Orion, to live peacefully within the Village without facing any challenges. He needs to train and sharpen his senses to make the most of his potential," he said.

"Yes, I understand that. I've already made sufficient arrangements for Orion to be trained and protected under the best warriors. After all, his life shouldn't be put at unnecessary risk just because we want to sharpen his instincts. In fact, as for the future Rightward Stronghold Leader, I have the best idea in mind," the Village Chief said, shifting his attention towards Seth. "With his contributions to the village and achievements in the Strongholds, I believe Seth is the best candidate for the next Rightward Stronghold Leader."

Seth felt his shoulders deflate even more as the reality set in: he stood no chance against Orion for the next Village Chief position.

Stronghold Leader Zogar immediately frowned. While he acknowledged Seth as a candidate for the Rightward Stronghold, the comparison with Orion made it abundantly clear that the latter was incomparably superior.

"Ahem! I think we should set aside this delicate matter for another time," Stronghold Leader Zogar suggested.

"I agree," the Village Chief responded, focusing his gaze on Orion.

"Is there anything else you want to say?" he asked.

Orion nodded; his expression suddenly became serious.

"I would like to report an incident that occurred on our journey to the mountains, involving Seth and me," Orion said, shifting his attention towards Seth.

Seth instantly felt his body tense, lowering his head as he sensed everyone's eyes on him.

The Village Chieftess, who had been silently observing the meeting, perked up after hearing Orion's words.

"Alright, can you explain what happened?" the Village Chief asked, his attention shifting back to Orion with a serious expression.

Orion proceeded to narrate the entire incident. Once he finished, the Village Chief nodded in understanding.

"I see," the Village Chief acknowledged with a thoughtful nod. He exhaled deeply and continued, "Before we even gathered here, Seth had already confessed everything to us."

The Village Chieftess nodded in agreement, her expression becoming tired.

"However, seeing as everything he said matches your own explanation, even though I am pleased he decided to handle this situation this way, I still believe he should understand better than to do what he did. As his punishment for attacking a one-star warrior with the intent to kill during a very

important mission, you will be given the right to choose whichever punishment you desire for him," the Village Chief said, observing Orion as he furrowed his brows thoughtfully in response.

Seth's fists immediately tightened, but he didn't dare raise his head, his mind racing with uncertainty about the kind of punishment Orion might choose for him.

Meanwhile, Orion pondered thoughtfully about the kind of punishment he wanted to give Seth. Recognizing that Seth had not only attacked him but had done so with the intent to kill, Orion understood that this was the only chance he had to make Seth regret his actions until he became strong enough to retaliate on his own.

"Can I ask for his life?" Orion asked of the Village Chief. He saw no reason to wait until he became stronger and when he could promptly deal with the enemy.

A sudden silence fell over the room, catching everyone off guard, mainly as Orion directly addressed the Village Chief and Chieftess.

Seth's body tensed, and he took a deep breath to regain his composure.

The Village Chieftess felt a similar tension, narrowing her gaze on Orion.

Meanwhile, the Village Chief wore a wry smile.

"Given that he is my son, could you please refrain from asking for his life?" he requested, locking eyes with Orion and awaiting his answer.

Chapter 608 Seth's Punishment (2)

Hearing the Village Chief's words, Orion inwardly smiled faintly. Even though he knew the Village Chief would likely deny his request, he still wanted to test his luck.

"Okay, Chief, since I can't ask for his life, how about requesting his servitude for a certain period?" Orion responded.

It seemed like the most reasonable punishment he could think of, providing a more productive outcome than subjecting Seth to several lashes for his transgressions.

"For how long?" The Village Chief asked, gazing at Orion with curiosity.

He wondered why Orion sought a warrior's servitude. While it wasn't uncommon for individuals to hire warriors by paying a fee, especially considering Orion's accumulated wealth, the Village Chief couldn't help but be intrigued by this unusual request, mainly since Fifi, the strongest warrior of her generation, was already by Orion's side, along with a few warriors which he had arranged by himself.

"When the Prismerion kingdom begins to move out of the mountains to their new settlements, they will need protection. While I'm open to negotiating with various warriors who might volunteer for their services and help us accomplish our goal, I don't think I can let go of the chance of securing a three-star warrior in advance." Orion responded.

Orion was aware that moving the Prismerions out of the mountains would be a challenging task, requiring careful coordination and protection.

He also recognized the difficulty of finding willing warriors for such a dangerous mission. Thus, he saw the value in securing the commitment of a dedicated three-star warrior who would willingly face the challenges and give their utmost effort without any charge.

The Village Chief looked surprised as he nodded in understanding, hearing Orion's words. Initially confused about why Orion wanted Seth's servitude for a certain amount of time, he now fully understood the reasons behind it. The Village Chief turned to Seth, "Seth..." he said.

"Yes, Chief," Seth responded, already accepting the punishment after hearing Orion's words.

"As your punishment for attacking a one-star warrior with the intent to kill during a very important mission, your punishment henceforth is to listen to every command from Orion and take care of the Prismerion race as they make their way to settle outside the mountain when the time comes. Don't look for a way to dodge this punishment, as the next one will be several times more severe if you do," The Village Chief said.

"Don't worry, Chief. I willingly accept my punishment," Seth responded firmly.

The Village Chief nodded with satisfaction.

He had been momentarily worried that his son might do something unreasonable, which would not bode well for him and his future.

He then refocused his gaze back on Orion, "Is there anything else you would like to talk about?" he asked.

However, Orion shook his head in response, "No, that's all," he replied.

"Okay, since that is it, then this meeting will end. Tomorrow, you and the rest of ..." The Village Chief was about to continue when a hand suddenly tugged against his tulga.

He paused and turned his head to look at his wife.

The Village Chieftess slightly raised her body from her platform and whispered something into his ears.

The Village Chief's eyes suddenly lit up before he cleared his throat and looked at Orion, "A few days ago, a blood-like rain fell from the sky. We would like to know how such a thing had occurred or if it had something to do with White Flame perhaps?" he asked, trying his best to connect the dots as he waited for Orion's response.

"Yes, after I had slain White Flame, the clouds slowly darkened, and then rain mixed with water and blood began to fall from the sky. I've already confirmed that it occurred due to White Flame's death, so don't worry, it's not something that I think we should all be concerned about, or so focused on," Orion responded, nodding his head in agreement.

Upon hearing Orion's response, the turbulent waves in the Village Chief's heart were instantly suppressed as he breathed a sigh of relief. He nodded and said, "Alright," then continued "Ahem! As I was saying previously, you and the rest of the warriors need to rest so that you can leave early for the mountains the day after tomorrow and bring back the rest of our warriors. Oh, and if possible, we want a representative of the Prismeron race to further understand who they are. So, bring them with you when you return."

He added, "Also, within two months, we will be expecting an answer on how you plan to keep many people safe within the presence of the Vylkr vines. As for everyone else, now that the tree

nymphs have become a bit calmer, I expect the harvest on the farm to be three times more bountiful than before." He said, "This concludes the meeting."

.....

As Orion descended from the treehouse, he turned his head to catch a glimpse of Molya, who concealed herself within one of the tree branches.

Molya silently observed him as though scrutinizing his every figure, attempting to decipher the puzzle before her.

If Orion had approached her, he might have suspected he had committed some wrongdoing, prompting her suspicious surveillance. However, her intense scrutiny remained a mystery since he rarely conversed with her beyond the usual greetings.

"Come on, let's go so we can finish quickly, and you can return to your home and rest," Caretaker Shani said, gesturing for Orion to follow her as she moved ahead.

Orion redirected his attention from Molya's concealed presence, bid farewell to the departing Caretakers, and followed behind Caretaker Shani.

After half an hour of walking, they finally reached her hut. Observing the familiar structure, Orion couldn't help but internally sigh as memories flooded back from his first visit during the awakening ceremony with the other students. At that time, he was curious about everything around him.

Fortunately, he now had a more substantial understanding of the world he inhabited.

Knock!! Knock!! Knock!!

Chapter 609 A Discussion Over Breastmilk

Caretaker Shani rapped on her door, and within a minute, it swung open, revealing a young girl in her teens cradling a sleeping baby in her arms.

The girl's face immediately lit up upon seeing Caretaker Shani.

"Caretaker Shani, you're back."

Caretaker Shani nodded, "You can give him to me and go back home to get some rest. Don't forget to return tomorrow to get your payment," she said gently, raising both hands to receive the baby.

The girl nodded in understanding, handing the baby to her before bidding her farewell.

"See you later, Rick."

"Goodnight, Caretaker Shani."

"Goodnight," Caretaker Shani replied with a warm smile.

She watched as the girl gave one last silent nod at Orion before turning around and disappearing into the thick tree and bushes in the distance.

"Come on, come in," Caretaker Shani added, turning to look at Orion with a warm smile as she walked into her hut.

Orion nodded and calmly entered the hut. He was directed to the centre of the room, where he sat down and patiently waited as Caretaker Shani spread a mat with several folded fabrics, positioning it correctly before gently placing her baby on it to allow him to sleep comfortably.

She then walked back into the kitchen, bringing out two small wooden bowls and placing them beside her as she sat opposite Orion.

She then grabbed one of the bowls upwards and brought it close to her chest area before she proceeded to raise her tulga top. Immediately, her small, perky breasts were revealed, displaying her dark brown areola and slightly erect nipples, which she placed on the edge of the bowl before she gently squeezed the sides of her breasts.

Drip!! Drip!! Drip!!

Instantly, a stream of white creamy milk poured from her nipples into the bowl in a steady flow, gradually filling it up.

Caretaker Shani then placed the bowl of breast milk in front of Orion, filling up her own bowl. After finishing, to allow for a quick refill and prevent residue breast milk from staining her tulga, she didn't pull her tulga top downwards.

She placed the bowl of breast milk before her and then focused her gaze on Orion.

"You must be curious why I called you here, right?" Caretaker Shani said, staring at Orion with a warm smile.

Orion nodded in response.

Caretaker Shani's smile became strained.

"It's about my husband," Caretaker Shani said, her eyes fixed on Orion.

"What happened to him?" Orion asked.

Although he could infer from what he overheard earlier today in the discussion between Caretaker Shani and Seth, Orion needed confirmation from Caretaker Shani herself before he believed the conclusion he had arrived at.

"He's dead," Caretaker Shani responded, her voice croaking as though she was trying to hold back her emotions before suddenly regaining control.

Orion slowly nodded, clearly not expecting such a direct and blunt answer.

Nevertheless, even without Orion asking, Caretaker Shani explained, "My husband was among the group that had been sent on an exploration with Seth as the leader. According to the warrior who informed me and conveyed their condolences, the exploration had gone extremely well. However, on their way back, they encountered several three-star Vylkr vines. My husband and several others stayed behind to fight them off so the rest could escape."

"As the other warriors escaped, and after a few days, they noticed that my husband and the others hadn't caught up with them yet. They assumed that he and the others had died in the battle. Of course, before this exploration, we were already aware of and prepared for the risks."

"However, looking back now, I wish he had stayed behind just in time for you to create the Orion's skies. At least he would have had a higher chance of escaping, and the warriors could bring back his body even if he had died..."

As though she could no longer hold her composure together, tears burst forth from her eyes as she continued, "...at least, he would be able to see that his son, whom he had been waiting for, was still alive. He could then decide whether to stay behind with me and take care of him or continue his exploration regardless."

"You know, he didn't have the choice the first time because he had only joined the exploration to relieve his mind and let free of his emotions in battle... at least, I wanted him to have a choice."

Caretaker Shani's lips suddenly parted, as though she was trying to chuckle but ultimately failing to do so, with only a deep breath coming out of her mouth.

"It makes sense now. I think that is why my husband chose to stay behind and fight off the three-star Vylkr vines instead of escaping with the others. He saw it as an opportunity to die valiantly as a warrior. He had a choice that wasn't there for him before he left. He could die valiantly as a warrior in battle and meet our supposedly dead son, now with Naka."

"Or he could come back home with the same pain of knowing that he could take down a three-star Vylkr vine but couldn't stop his son from dying. And he selfishly chose without thinking about how I would feel about it," Caretaker Shani added, "After getting my son and becoming promoted to Caretaker, even if I didn't know how to explain it before, I understand it now."

Her unfocused gaze, with tears streaming down from it, suddenly became focused as it fixed on Orion, with her voice croaking out of her lips once more, trembling with even more intensity, "Orion... I hate this Village," Caretaker Shani said.

Orion, who had been silently listening to Caretaker Shani, not even touching the bowl of breast milk before him, widened his eyes at her statement.

He had never expected to hear Caretaker Shani utter such words.

Seeing Orion's expression and understanding that he was doubting her words, Caretaker Shani locked her gaze with him and nodded.

Chapter 610 A Discussion Over Breastmilk (2)

"Yes, you heard me correctly, and I only found out why I did so ever since I discovered that my son was still alive... ever since I became a Caretaker, ever since my husband became a warrior, not knowing if he would make it back home or not..."

"Yes, I understood my husband's sacrifices for the Village as a warrior and the burden that I need to carry as a Caretaker, the hard decisions that I need to make for the sake of the Village and that of the ordinary Villagers, but sometimes... I wished my husband had never been a warrior and I hadn't worked so hard to become a Caretaker," Caretaker Shani said, her tears becoming even more intense as they continuously rolled down from her eyes.

"I wished that instead of finding out about my child's life the way I did, I could have found out in a different way, just like how the rest of the ordinary villagers had. Then, that way, I would have believed that Naka was the one who had given me back my child in exchange for the loss of my husband. That way, I wouldn't have felt the way I'm currently feeling."

She then raised her hand to wipe away the tears that had stained her cheeks, properly wiping away the rest of her eyes. As her eyes became clearer, she focused on Orion.

"I think I might have overreacted when I said I hated this Village. What I really meant is that if I had an opportunity for my family to be like every other villager, surviving like every other villager within the Village, I would grab hold of such an opportunity without hesitation..."

"I... I think that I might have overestimated myself by thinking that I was the best candidate for the next Caretaker position when former Caretaker Hrok retired. Honestly, I don't know why I am telling you all of this; it's just that when I thought about who to talk to, you were the only one that popped into my mind," after she finished speaking, her gaze lowered towards the ground as her body slowly began to fidget, waiting in silence for Orion's response.

Meanwhile, after absorbing everything Caretaker Shani had shared, Orion found himself at a loss for words.

Since the day Caretaker Shani was reunited with her son, he had witnessed her emotional journey, observing her carrying him everywhere, even to her meetings. After a while, he assumed she was coping well, only to realize that she was far from okay from the current state of her emotions and the revelations she just made.

She appeared even more emotionally messed up than before.

"That explains why she looked normal," Orion thought, inwardly sighing.

It didn't take a genius to grasp that Caretaker Shani's apparent normalcy resulted from her attempts to mask the turbulent emotional turmoil within her.

Observing her restlessness, Orion extended his hand and gently grasped hers. He was about to offer comforting words, but Caretaker Shani swiftly interjected, "Don't say anything. I don't want you to say anything." She raised her eyes, shaking her head with a strained smile.

A tranquil silence enveloped the room for several minutes as Caretaker Shani gradually regained her composure.

"Ahem!" Caretaker Shani suddenly cleared her throat.

"I would like to give you some things that my husband brings back home from his explorations," she said, her voice sounding much clearer than before, as though she hadn't just shed tears a minute ago.

Orion raised his brows at her words.

Although he already knew what the Warrior's explorations were about, that didn't mean he wasn't curious to see what the things they brought back looked like.

However, he was wise enough to understand that there were other ways to make that happen than getting it from the hands of someone like Caretaker Shani, who had just lost her husband and was more emotionally unstable than she seemed.

So, Orion quickly shook his head, "Caretaker Shani, I don't think that there's..." However, he was interrupted once more.

Caretaker Shani had already stood up, walked into her other room, and soon emerged with something wrapped within a thick piece of fabric, which she carried within her arms as she arrived and placed it before him silently so as not to wake up the baby behind her. She untied the fabric and opened it without hesitation, revealing what was within.

Orion's eyes immediately widened at the sight before him. Within the fabric were several rusted circuit boards that seemed to have been broken into smaller parts and wires, filling it up to the brim.

Suddenly, Orion noticed something else and picked up. He cleared off the accumulated dust on it before using both hands to open it gently just in case it was fragile.

It was a compass!

He wiped off the crystal-clear glass and saw the four cardinal directions, along with several other recognizable lettering and numbers beside it, with the long, pointed needle exhibiting two distinct colours. Eager to see if it was still functional, Orion shifted his hands to the side and watched as the needle moved.

"My husband saved these things to trade them the next time the Caravans come, so you don't have to worry. It's because I don't have it in me to barter with them when the Caravans arrive that I'm handing them over to you."

"Besides, you're a warrior, so these items should be much more valuable to you and the stronghold than just allowing them to gather dust here," Caretaker Shani said as she stretched her hands and wrapped them around Orion's, which were still holding the compass as if wanting him to accept what she had given without protest.

However, Orion immediately shook his head. He freed his hands from her grasp and carefully wrapped the compass back in the fabric.

Caretaker Shani observed the scene with her furrowed brows, but before she could say a word, Orion quickly interjected.

"I believe you should hold onto them for now and only hand them over to me when you're ready. Because, from what I can see, you aren't yet prepared," Orion responded with a serious expression.