

## Village Head 641

Chapter 641 Commencing The Migration (2)

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Crystalia nodded in understanding. She turned around and immediately saw Flintor waving at her from the distance.

Seeing the healed Flintor, Crystalia's eyes instantly lit up with joy, and she left her mother's side, running towards his direction to meet him.

Meanwhile, Fifi went to stand with the rest of the other warriors. Though she noticed the strange looks they all gave her, understanding that it was primarily because of her panties, she didn't care.

Moreover, the Prismerion culture was unlike theirs, and they didn't discriminate against her appearance. Unlike the warriors who found the Prismerion's race culture unusual and uncomfortable, Fifi could be said to be the only one present who found it comfortable to stay in throughout her time here.

Nonetheless, even if the Prismerions had felt the same way, Fifi didn't care about what anyone thought as long as Orion loved it, and she was sure that the sisters also felt the same way.

When Crystalia arrived, she stretched her arms and hugged him.

"It's good that you're okay. I thought that something bad would happen to you," Crystalia said as she breathed heavily in relief.

Only after they had reclaimed their position as the number one power in the Prismerian Kingdom did she learn about Flintor's conditions in the dungeon. Just like her mother, Flintor had been tortured and starved, and there had even been many attempts to repress his magical energy, all of which he had survived. However, despite the accumulated injuries, Flintor had managed to arrive at the engagement banquet and had attempted to save her.

How could she not be moved by such a gesture?

And most of all, knowing that Flintor would still do such, even if he were in a worse condition, Crystalia couldn't help but sigh deeply.

Flintor returned the hug with a warm smile before breaking apart within a few seconds. "I'm glad you are getting better, Princess Crystalia," Flintor said.

Crystalia wanted to respond; however, she noticed a girl standing extremely close to Flintor, causing her to hold her words and scrutinize her.

Flintor instantly noticed Princess's gaze and the strange atmosphere in the air. He quickly introduced the woman beside him. "Princess, this is Livia. She is a Prismarian Healer's Sanctuary healer and my soon-to-be partner," Flintor said, pointing at Livia.

Livia immediately bowed down in respect.

"It's good to finally have the chance to see the Princess of the Prismarian Kingdom this close. I thought that Flintor was merely the Princess's personal guard; however, it seems like I was wrong, and the relationship between you two is extremely close," Livia said.

Meanwhile, Princess Crystalia examined Livia. She looked at her long crystalline royal blue hair bangs before shifting her gaze to her blue gown and panties. Crystalia then stared at her incredible bust. From the size alone, she could tell that Livia's breast size was much bigger than hers, and although she also had a good figure, compared to her breast size, her buttocks were much smaller.

Nonetheless, Crystalia couldn't help but be happy that Flintor had managed to get himself a beautiful and capable partner; for a moment, she thought he would die alone.

Crystalia nodded in response to Livia's words.

"Yes. Flintor is my personal guard, so don't try to treat him wrongly, or else you might regret it," Crystalia responded.

So what if Livia was beautiful and capable? With Flintor's status as her personal guard and his qualifications as a direct apostle of a god, it wouldn't have been a surprise if even the elite female warriors started rushing to him to become his partners.

Princess Crystalia needed to make Livia understand that she caught a big harvest early, and unless she wanted to regret letting it go, she needed to be aware of the competition.

Livia quickly grasped Princess Crystalia's words and nodded in understanding. "Thank you for the advice, my Princess," Livia said, sighing in her heart as she bowed down again. She took Princess Crystalia's words seriously.

Flintor watched this scene and couldn't help but furrow his brows, wondering why the Princess had said such a thing.

Seeing that Livia somehow understood what the Princess was conveying, he kept his lips sealed as the two silently returned to their position and focused on the makeshift platform.

As another hour ticked by, the murmurs among the inhabitants of the Prismerian kingdom grew louder and more agitated, eventually directing their frustration at Queen Selene.

"I UNDERSTAND YOUR HIGHNESS IS TRYING TO FIND A WAY TO LEAD US OUT OF THIS MOUNTAIN, BUT PLEASE DON'T GIVE US FALSE HOPE BY GATHERING US ALL HERE AND SAYING NOTHING!"

"YES, IF SOMETHING HAPPENED DURING WHITE FLAME'S DEATH THAT CAN STOP US FROM LEAVING THE MOUNTAIN, THEN TELL US WHAT IT IS AND STOP GIVING US FALSE HOPE!"

"YOUR HIGHNESS, WHY THE SILENCE? WHERE IS THE WARRIOR THAT IS COMING TO TAKE US OUTSIDE THE MOUNTAIN? IF SOMETHING IS WRONG, PLEASE TELL US. WE ARE ALREADY USED TO LIVING IN THESE MOUNTAINS, AND SURELY WE CAN CONTINUE LIKE THIS FOR YEARS!"

Just as the voices were about to continue, an immense magical energy descended heavily on those speaking, accompanied by a loud thundering sound that resonated in the air, assaulting everyone's ears.

"KEEP QUIET!" Ralias Prismaflow commanded, his gaze sweeping over all the citizens of the Prismerian Kingdom. "WE HAVE BEEN STAYING IN THESE MOUNTAINS FOR SEVERAL THOUSANDS OF YEARS. CAN'T WE WAIT FOR ANOTHER HOUR?"

"IF THE WARRIOR DOESN'T COME BY THEN, WE WILL WAIT UNTIL THE NEXT DAY. IF HE DOESN'T ARRIVE BY THE NEXT DAY, WE WILL WAIT FOR A WEEK. IF HE STILL DOESN'T COME AFTER A WEEK, THEN WE WILL KEEP ON WAITING UNTIL HE ARRIVES! AFTER ALL THESE YEARS THAT YOU'VE BEEN HERE, DON'T TELL ME YOU CAN'T WAIT A WHILE WHEN YOU FINALLY HAVE THE CHANCE TO LEAVE THIS MOUNTAIN!"

"FINE, IF ANYONE WANTS TO LEAVE, THEY CAN LEAVE! BUT MAKE SURE TO UNDERSTAND THAT ONCE YOU DO, YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO LEAVE THIS MOUNTAIN ALONG WITH THE REST OF US!" Ralias added with a firm tone.

Once Ralias finished speaking, an eerie silence blanketed the area. The citizens of the Prismerian Kingdom clenched their fists in frustration.

If they could wait for several years until now, then why couldn't they wait a little longer?

Were they truly this weak?

Your gift is the motivation for my creation. Give me more motivation!

Creation is hard, cheer me up!

I tagged this book, come and support me with a thumbs up!

Chapter 642 Commencing The Migration (3)

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As Ralias had anticipated, everyone's resolve suddenly strengthened, and they decided to wait longer to see what would happen.

Ralias turned his gaze towards Queen Selene and nodded at her seriously. She responded with a thankful nod.

Meanwhile, the rest of the clans and families wore displeased expressions. Ralais had been fortunate enough to capitalize on the situation and present himself and the Prismaflow clan favourably before the Queen. This significantly increased their chances of gaining the Queen's favour.

Just as Ralais sighed inwardly to regain his composure, the ground beneath him shook. Startled, Ralias snapped his head towards the ground before his attention shifted to the trembling castle.

An earthquake!

The tremors shook Queen Selene, and the entire Prismerian kingdom felt the ground's unsettling movements, prompting everyone to glance around in confusion. This unprecedented event left them bewildered, as they had never encountered such occurrences during their years in the mountain.

Suddenly—

BOOOMM!!

The ground violently ruptured at a distance behind the Queen, and to everyone's surprise, a figure emerged from it. Queen Selene immediately recognized the black-haired young man in strange attire walking out of the collapsed ground, carrying a massive box made of rock and crystal.

It was Orion!

And to everyone's surprise, not only Orion but even the Princess and the Guardians of the Garden followed closely behind him. They proceeded until Orion stepped onto the makeshift stage.

Bang!

Orion delicately placed the box on the stage, causing a momentary tremor. He turned to Queen Selene, saying, "I'm ready; we can leave now."

Queen Selene nodded solemnly, issuing orders to the surrounding guards and warriors, including those from other clans and families, to form a protective line at the edge of the sea of people as they prepared to depart.

They all quickly obeyed the Queen's orders and immediately went to take positions around the one million eight hundred Prismerions.

Queen Selene's eyes soon landed on the Prismerian Healer's Sanctuary healers and their patients, who were all carried on beds by a group of volunteers. Alongside them was the King, who had his own personal attendant. Her gaze shifted to Elara, the Gemheart Clan, and the Luminaris Clan.

She swept her eyes over the rest of the crowd and, with a nod, turned her head back towards Orion.

"We are ready too. We can start leaving," Queen Selene said.

Orion also looked around, noticing Madam Seraphina, Elysia, Crystalia, Maya, Merida, Fifi, and other warriors present. He nodded and bent down to pick up the large box again, placing it on his shoulders. He then looked at the Prismerions before him.

"EVERYONE, FOLLOW ME!" Orion shouted.

Orion descended from the makeshift stage and began walking in a certain direction. The Princess of the Garden and the Guardians of the Garden followed behind him. Meanwhile, the warriors trailed behind, with the Crystalforge clan members beside them. The sea of over one million Prismerions marched in tow, their footsteps echoing around them.

Queen Selene couldn't help but frown when she noticed Orion moving in a different direction. After all, the path they had previously carved to move outside the castle was in another direction.

Nonetheless, from the determined look in Orion's eyes, she understood that he probably knew what he was doing, so she sealed her mouth shut and merely followed behind.

As Orion arrived at a blockade of a mountain wall, the warriors were prepared, expecting Orion to order them to open the mountain walls so they could pass through. However, contrary to their expectations, Orion kept walking with the large box tightly secured on his shoulders, and then unexpectedly—

RUMBLE!!

As though sensing Orion's presence, the wall of the mountain before him crumbled, scattering into varying sizes of rocks that descended deep beneath the earth.

Watching behind Orion, the warriors, Queen Selene, the leaders of the various clans and families, and the Prismerions all stood in amazement at the scene before them, clearly not expecting to witness such a spectacle.

"Hey, how did he do it?"

"Is this the power of the warrior from outside the mountain?"

"Hahaha! I'm excited; this means we are truly getting out of this mountain!"

The Prismerions voiced their thoughts in surprise and happiness at the scene before them.

The crumbling of the mountain walls didn't stop until a gaping hole wide enough for them to pass through was made.

Once it had settled, Orion began to walk forward once more. And without hesitation, everyone else followed, afraid of being left behind.

They soon arrived outside after an hour of quickly climbing up the mountain. As the sun's brilliance shone down within cavern walls, the Prismerions all stepped out one by one for the first time in 7,500 years.

They collapsed on their knees and bowed when their bodies felt the sun's warmth.

"PRAISE NAKA!!"

"PRAISE NAKA!!"

"PRAISE THE WARRIOR FROM OUTSIDE THE MOUNTAINS!!"

Within minutes, a chorus of praises filled the air, each carrying a heavy emotion, some directed at Naka, while others directed at Orion. Nonetheless, the chorus became stronger by the second, as more Prismers walked outside the mountain and collapsed on their knees. Some even raised their heads, fixing their eyes on the sun, not caring about the stinging sensation as though they wanted to burn its image forever in their eyes.

Orion dropped the large box on the ground and observed this scene.

Fifi approached him, "Do you need any help?" she asked.

Orion looked at Fifi and nodded in response, remembering that he had almost forgotten to summon Aerialia as she wanted to see firsthand whether his plan would work or fail.

He immediately summoned his crimson greatsword and reduced its length to about 1.9 meters (6 ft) long before handing it over to Fifi.

"I was talking about the large box—" Fifi began, but she couldn't complete her sentence as an immense weight entered her hand, interrupting her and causing her to let go of the Crimson greatsword.

The Crimson greatsword immediately fell to the ground.

BOOM!!

The ground below it collapsed instantly, and a wave of dust gathered above it.

Chapter 643 Are You Sure He Isn't A God?

?643 Are You Sure He Isn't A God?

Witnessing this scene, Orion immediately remembered forgetting to reduce its weight. He looked at Aerialia from the corner of his eyes since she was partly in control of the Crimson greatsword.



Aerialia quickly understood Orion's gaze and snorted loudly before she reduced the weight of the Crimson greatsword.

Orion shifted his attention back to Fifi, "You can carry it; it won't be as heavy as it was before," Orion said.

Though there was a bit of scepticism in his eyes, Fifi nodded in response and bent down to pick up Orion's Crimson greatsword. To her surprise, though she could still feel the incredible weight of the Crimson greatsword in her hands, which she clenched tightly with both hands when compared to before, the greatsword felt incredibly light.

She could also sense power emanating from the Crimson greatsword even without swinging it.

"Since you can wield it, you can use the Crimson greatsword in case of any emergencies," Orion said, looking at the encroaching Vylkr vines, which he had pushed back with the help of the mountain before they had stepped out of the mountain.

Fifi furrowed her brows at Orion's words and shifted her attention towards the approaching Vylkr vines.

Since Orion had confidently brought out this many people outside the mountain, she had thought he already had a plan on how he would protect them.

"However, in the meantime, he will handle things from here," Orion said as he stretched his hands and lightly grazed his knuckles on top of the large box made from rock and crystal.

The large box suddenly trembled.

At first, Fifi was confused about what Orion was talking about. However, as she witnessed the box tremble when he lightly rasped his knuckle against it, the intensity of the trembling increased, attracting the attention of those around them.

Before Fifi could ask Orion what was happening...

WHOOOSSHH!!

An immense divine energy erupted out of the box, spreading in all directions and enveloping everyone within its vicinity.

Feeling the familiar pressure again, Fifi became instantly stunned as she took in her surroundings.

The encroaching Vylkr vines were no longer advancing!

It was as though someone had erected an invisible wall, preventing them from passing through, no matter how much they tried. Everyone was astounded by the scene, from Fifi to the warriors who had prepared to face the encroaching Vylkr vines to the rest of the Prismerions witnessing the Vylkr vines and the desolate world around them.

"This..." Seth stuttered as he struggled to find the right words for the unfolding scene.

Just a few seconds ago, he was waiting for Orion's skies to descend so they could board them. In the next second, an immense pressure, similar to what he had experienced from the god below the garden, suddenly descended on their shoulders. It then spread out, forming a protective shield against the Vylkr vines.

This was the first time Seth had seen something like this. He instantly turned his head towards Orion, focusing on the strange large box beside him.

Seth gulped deeply as he couldn't help but think, 'A god.'

Without a doubt, Seth believed a familiar god was locked up within that strange box.

"Orion, don't tell me that...?" Queen Selene couldn't help but walk up and ask, her eyes firmly glued to the box as she sensed its immense divine energy.

Observing Orion's gaze, Queen Selene gulped down deeply. She had been wondering where the god—the divine being below the garden, responsible for making Flintor and the rest apostles of a foreign god—was as they made their way out of the mountain.

However, who would have thought he was already before her, locked up in a box nonetheless?

Queen Selene now understood why Orion had carried the box from the castle to outside the mountain.

Apart from finding it difficult to stand before the immense divine energy emanating from it, she was unsure if she could even trust her own elite warriors to handle the box properly, especially after learning that there was a god within it.

Orion witnessed Queen Selene's expression and instantly shook his head, a deep sigh escaping his mouth.

"Don't worry, I will handle this. Just focus on your people and make sure that they stay calm and remain in order," Orion said, his eyes fixed on Queen Selene.

Queen Selene nodded immediately in response.

Seeing that everything was taken care of, Orion left the box in Fifi's care before he walked towards the mountain.

The whole area fell into a hushed silence, with everyone's gaze fixed on Orion's location.

As he quietly arrived before the mountain again, their eyes followed his every move.

"What is he trying to do?" Seth said, squinting his eyes at Orion as he tried to scrutinize his actions.

For some reason, he felt Orion was about to do something astounding again.

Meanwhile, as Orion stood before the mountain, he stretched his right hand forward and pressed it on the surface of the mountains. At first, nothing happened; however, within a few minutes, the mountain began to tremble.

Seth's gut feeling proved correct when he witnessed the enormous mountain tremble. Instead of boarding Orion's sky, he decided to stay on the ground and accompany them on their journey, much like Fifi.

Nonetheless, before the already stunned and astounded onlookers, the enormous mountain, once firmly grounded, suddenly uprooted with a resounding rumble and gradually ascended into the air, leaving behind a deep and frightening chasm in the ground.

The previously silent atmosphere suddenly became eerily quiet as everyone witnessed this scene with shock written all over their faces.

"Clan leader, are you seeing this?" one of the Prismaflow elders exclaimed, disbelief etched across their face.

The mountain that had ascended into the sky wasn't just any mountain; it was the same mountain where Naka had imprisoned them. For over 7,000 years, they suffered the ruthless onslaught of White Flame within its confines. And now, that very mountain had been effortlessly uprooted by Orion.

Ralias nodded in response, observing the scene intensely, his face mirroring his profound shock.

At this point, Ralias couldn't help but entertain the thought that maybe... Orion was Naka!

He had to be! It was the only explanation he could fathom for the incredible scene unfolding before him.

## Chapter 644 Are You Sure He Isn't A God? (2)

?644 Are You Sure He Isn't A God? (2)

In fact, Ralais wasn't the only one currently entertaining such thoughts. As the rest of the Prismerions stared at Orion's figure, they couldn't help but wonder if Orion was Naka. After all, it wasn't that difficult to conclude that the extraordinary feats they had just witnessed were things only a god could accomplish, and Orion had just performed them before their eyes.

Meanwhile, as the mountain ascended into the air, reaching a certain distance, it abruptly stopped. Then, unexpectedly, the mountain began to tremble again and shrink. It continued shrinking shockingly to the extent that what stood before Orion was no longer an enormous mountain but one of hand size.

As Orion stretched out his palm, the hand-sized mountain was immediately drawn to his hand, spinning terrifyingly before abruptly stopping. Then, in the blink of an eye, the hand-sized mountain transformed into a streak of light, vanishing onto Orion's right arm.

On Orion's right shoulder, an image of a brown miniature mountain mark suddenly appeared and etched itself onto his skin.

Orion took a deep breath and exhaled, sensing that he had fully taken control of the mountain. Although he had no immediate use for the mountain, he was confident he would in the future. After completing the task, he looked at the terrifying deep chasm in the air and then turned around, walking back toward the large box.

As Orion did so, the reverence in the Prismerions' eyes grew more profound, and even the gap they had left for him to walk through became slightly larger.

Queen Selene noticed their gaze and couldn't help but let out a deep sigh. Even she had almost begun to believe that Orion was a god, given all the remarkable things he had done for them since his appearance.

He arrived at the right times when they needed help, played a crucial role in their success in the trial below the garden, defeated White Flame, and restored balance to the Prismerian Kingdom. He was now leading them safely through the Vylkr vines to their new home.

In fact, it would be even stranger if they didn't entertain such thoughts after witnessing all of his actions.

Meanwhile, Orion didn't notice anything peculiar about their behaviour. He assumed it was expected, considering they had just witnessed him telekinetically pull out a mountain that had imprisoned them, a source of torment for several thousand years.

Once he reached the large box, he nodded at Fifi before lifting it and balancing it on his shoulder.

"Let's go," Orion said, his voice resounding through the air due to the terrifying silence in the surroundings, penetrating their ears.

As Orion walked forward, leading the way with others behind him, the Prismerions, including those still on their knees, immediately stood up and followed behind him, afraid of being left behind or caught by the grasps of the Vylkr vines.

Queen Selene ensured her warriors remained at the edge of the Vylkr vines to protect them, even though she knew they could do minor damage compared to the warriors from Orion's Village, who seemed much more adept at destroying them. She understood that having them there was better than leaving the task to ordinary citizens.

Once she was done focusing, she turned her attention forward, her eyes fixed on Orion's back as he carried the box correctly on his shoulders and walked on.

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## The Village

"Mom, Dad, I'm on my way to the farm. Warrior Jean will be taking us to the strongholds we have chosen for the test today," Tala said as she tidied up any spare tulga she might need, putting them in her sack and some kalna fruits for a snack.

She hung the sack firmly on her shoulders, her cutlass gripped securely in her hands.

"Ah~~ do you want me to escort you, dear?"

"Pahh~~ pah~~"

Tala initially shook her head at her mother's offer but then hesitated, eventually nodding slowly. No matter how brave she was, she still felt anxious and fearful.

After several months of training and preparing to be a warrior with Warrior Jean, this would be the first time heading to the stronghold. She realized that having someone escort her to the farm might ease her uneasiness.

"PAHH~~ PAHH~~"

"...Alright... Uh~~~ I will be done in a few seconds," Salia responded with a warm smile on her face, observing her daughter's expression.

Though Tala was strong, with a confident attitude to back up her strength, it wasn't hard for her, who was her mother, to see through her nervousness.

Tala's nervousness was natural since this would be the first time she would go to the stronghold.

Salia turned her head to look at her husband, whose hands were tightly gripping both sides of her waist as he stood behind her, thrusting in and out of his wife's wet entrance, "Ah~~ Be quick, sweetheart, remember today is Tala's first time at the stronghold... Uh~~ and we don't want to be late," she said with glazing eyes.

"Don't worry, I'm already.... It's coming!" Thak said before abruptly stopping and releasing into his wife's wet entrance.

Once done, he released his grasp from his wife's waist and turned to look at his daughter.

"Which stronghold did you decide to join?" Thak asked.

However, Salia immediately adjusted her tulga before pinching her husband on the side of his waist.

"Ouch..."

"Did you forget what she told us yesterday about which stronghold she would join?" Salia said with a fierce glare directed at Thak.

Thak coughed lightly in response, "You know that I've been coming back late lately because of the changes in the Village. It's not easy to be the Village chief's messenger at a time like this, you know," Thak said with a wry smile.

Saria sighed tiredly, "Tala has chosen to join the Leftward Stronghold. It's a wise decision if you ask me because there is a chance that the Rightward Stronghold might become chaotic again if no Stronghold Leader is chosen soon," Salia said.

Thak nodded his head in understanding.

## Chapter 645 Village In Peril

### ?645 Village In Peril

Although he would have wanted his daughter to take advantage of this situation, given her four-star potential, and become the next stronghold leader, considering her young age and the need for a less chaotic environment to develop her strength, he understood that choosing the Leftward Stronghold was the best decision.

Moreover, he understood that Seth would soon be appointed the Rightward Stronghold Leader, so there was no need to rush.

"Since it's like that, while your mother escorts you to the farm, I'll be at the Leftward Stronghold to watch you take your test, okay?" Thak said, looking at Tala.

He then turned to his wife, who had already finished arranging her tulga.

Salia nodded at him with a smile. Okay, it's settled then," she said, agreeing with his words. Shifting her attention to her daughter, she added, "Come on, let's go before we arrive late." Salia beckoned for Tala to follow her, greeted her husband goodbye, and then left through the door toward the farm, with Talia following behind.

Watching them leave, Thak also decided to exit the room.

He prepared to head out to the Village Chief's compound, certain that today would be busy. He sighed deeply, feeling his senses already tingling.

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"Tala!"

"Grim!"



Gorg called out as he quickly approached the group, his sister following behind him.

When he arrived at the group, he greeted the middle-aged woman with long, tied black hair, who seemed to be Tala's mother, before shifting his attention to the man beside Grim. Gorg greeted him as well, despite not knowing who he was.

"This is my elder brother, Gark," Grim quickly introduced his brother, noticing Gorg's confusion.

Gorg nodded in response and introduced the young woman beside him, "This is my sister, Ruby," Gorg said.

Ruby was a tall, slender woman with natural blue hair and eyes. She wore the traditional female tulga attire, but a piece of fabric was tied across her chest instead of a crop top cloth over her shoulder.

Despite this, her well-defined abdominal muscles, various toned muscular outlines, and the cutlass sheathed on her back made it clear that the young woman standing before them was a warrior.

As such, everyone greeted her with respect, and Ruby, in turn, returned their greetings humbly.

Nevertheless, Gark couldn't help but feel a twinge of jealousy when he noticed that his younger brother was right, and Gorg had another sister who was also a warrior. He was sure that their family would find it challenging to lack wealth.

Meanwhile, the other girl was the Village Chief's messenger's daughter, whose mother owned a large shop in the Village Square.

'So lucky,' Gark thought.

"Alright, guys, let's get going, or else we will be late," Gorg urged.

They all nodded in understanding and walked towards the forest.

As they approached the forest, they noticed something strange as soon as they stepped toward the farm. Various warriors who were supposed to guard the Village gates and others who were supposed to ensure the farm was safe and peaceful were all running towards a specific direction.

The scene made them all frown deeply, as it looked like something terrible had happened on the farm, and they were all running away from it.

However, they were sure that wasn't the case.

Ruby immediately caught a warrior who had just run beside her, "What's going on? Where's everyone headed to?" Ruby asked, with a deep frown on her face.

Feeling the strength of the grip around his arm, although her grip was weak, the man quickly understood that Ruby was a warrior.

"What are you still doing here? Quick, we have to leave and protect the Village; it will soon be under attack," the warrior responded.

"Hurry, everyone has been asked to head over to the first border to protect the Village," the warrior added.

He freed his arm from Ruby's grip and immediately shapeshifted into a three-meter-large, four-legged, golden, black-striped beast with incredible agility. He quickly disappeared in the direction the rest of the warriors were heading towards.

Meanwhile, the warrior's words left the group absolutely stunned.

The Village was being attacked!

How could the Village be under attack?

Suddenly, a frightening thought appeared in Ruby's mind.

Ruby turned her attention towards Gorg and the others, "I don't think the test will be taken today anymore, so you all should get back home and rest. I'll cross the river and see what is happening. If

the Village is truly under attack, then as a warrior, I have to go and protect it," Ruby said, directing her last words at her brother.

As they witnessed the scene and heard Ruby's voice, they all nodded in understanding, especially Gorg, realizing this was a serious and important matter.

"Be careful, sis," Gorg said with a worried gaze.

He couldn't help but wonder what kind of Vylkr vines or threats the Village faced, but he hoped his sister would be okay and return home safely.

"Don't worry, I will make sure that they all return home safely," Salia said, nodding at Ruby as she noticed her uncertain gaze.

Ruby replied, "Thank you," and nodded in gratitude before she turned around and jumped into the sky.

Suddenly, her back glowed with a bright dark light, and a pair of 9-meter-long (29 ft) translucent ebony wings unfolded behind her before she launched forward toward the direction the rest of the warriors were heading.

"Come on, everyone, I promise to get you all home safely, so let's go," Salia instructed with a serious expression.

Whatever the Village was about to face, she could only hope that it wasn't anything they couldn't handle.

Meanwhile, Gorg had only just noticed when his sister disappeared from sight. He quickly began to walk forward to catch up with the others.

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Within the first borders of the Village, various warriors and those in their shapeshifting beast forms, capable of flight, hung in the sky. Their weapons were clenched tightly in their grasp as they stared at the countless moving dots far away in the distance, heading towards them.

## Chapter 646 A Place to Begin

### ?646 A Place to Begin

Meanwhile, below them, those who could not fly prepared themselves for whatever they were about to face. Their eyes were fixed on the countless approaching dots in the distance.

Suddenly, one of the shapeshifters reverted to his human form and landed before the Village Chief and Stronghold Leader Zogar.

"What did you see?" the Village Chief asked, his expression serious.

Despite his doubts about the identity of their enemies, the Village Chief believed that facing a large and quickly advancing multitude was a crisis the Village might struggle to overcome.

"Chief, you need to see it for yourself," the warrior said, his face filled with disbelief. He turned around, pointing in a specific direction in the sky.

The Village Chief furrowed his brow at the warrior's words.

Was the situation so dire that he struggled to convey what he had seen? Nonetheless, he turned his head and fixed his gaze on the direction the warrior indicated. Suddenly, his eyes discerned several objects in the sky heading their way.

The Village Chief squinted at the flying shapes, and as their details became clearer—

Baddum!

His heartbeat gradually intensified. A thought struck him like a lightning bolt.

"Impossible," the Village Chief muttered.

Stronghold Leader Zogar quickly noticed the Village Chief's odd behaviour. "What's going on, Chief?" he asked.

Receiving no response, Stronghold Leader Zogar shifted his attention to the warrior. "Spit it out; what did you see?" he demanded.

"I saw the Ori..." the warrior began, but the Village Chief abruptly interrupted before he could continue.

"STRONGOLD LEADER ZOGAR, FOLLOW ME!" the Village Chief roared, leaping into the sky and transforming into his shapeshifting form.

However, to everyone's surprise, he didn't morph into a massive green owl form. Instead, a monstrous dragon-like beast with a magnificent array of brown, white, and orange feathers on his back stretched outwards as he ascended into the sky, leaving a sharp gust of wind in his wake.

Witnessing the Village Chief assume a shapeshifting form, an ability he rarely used due to the risk of accumulating injuries, Stronghold Leader Zogar found himself momentarily stunned. Shaking off his astonishment, he tightly clenched his weapon and swiftly raced towards the direction of the Village Chief, determined to catch up with him.

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Eight days had passed since the Prismerions began their arduous journey through the dead forest, and finally, they reached their destination.

Their progress would have been swifter if not for the short breaks they took and the numerous obstacles they encountered.

During this time, they profoundly understood the world beyond the mountain. They realised the external world was far more brutal and unforgiving than the mountains. Without Orion and the warriors accompanying them, their survival outside the mountain would have been non-existent.

The thought sent shivers down their spines whenever they glimpsed the Vylkr vines slithering in the distance. Nonetheless, they were all united in the belief that given another chance to leave the mountain, even with slim odds of survival, they would gratefully seize it.

Their regrets would intensify if they realised they could leave the mountain but missed their chances.

However, the one aspect that never ceased captivating them was the moon's radiant glow, an enchanting scene that filled them with wonder. The sun's brilliance was equally fascinating, providing an unfamiliar, soothing warmth that left them feeling invigorated rather than fatigued, no matter how long they basked in its glow.

Amidst the sea of Prismerions, a member of the Prismaflow clan materialised out of thin air beside Ralais, whispering something into his ears.

Ralais, wearing a solemn expression, listened attentively before releasing a loud sigh of relief as the figure vanished once more into thin air.

"What's happening, father?" Conrad Prismaflow asked curiously, his eyes keenly observing the unfolding scene and catching his father's expression of relief.

The other Prismaflow Clan Leader's family members gazed at Ralais curiously, sensing that there might be good news in the air.

Could they have finally reached their destination?

Ralais turned to face his sons and wife with a warm smile. "It seems that we have finally arrived at the place where we can settle down and build our new ho—" Ralais began, but before he could finish his sentence, a large shadow loomed above him.

Startled, Ralais snapped his head upwards, trying to discern the cause of the sudden interruption. However, as he raised his head and looked skyward—

He suddenly froze in his steps.

Above him was a dragon-like beast with broad, colourful wings that seemed smaller than its massive body, an entity far from anything he had read about in the 'Ancient Codex,' blocking the sun from their view.

At this point, Ralais and every other Prismerion had frozen in their steps, stretching their necks upwards to get a good look at the colossal creature casting its shadow over them.

The beast circled in the air as though observing them and everything around until it abruptly halted mid-flight. Then, suddenly...

"ROOOAAAARRR!!" The beast roared, its body pointing towards the direction they were heading.

Within minutes, the sky above them darkened.

Whether they were various beasts of different sizes, humanoid figures, or the two in the same body, Ralais and the others watched with astounded expressions as they gathered above them in the sky, only allowing small waves of sunlight to pierce through as they moved around.

Although their numbers were nowhere close to the over a million Prismerions below, their varying gigantic sizes and frightening forms made them understand that they were no match for the figures above their heads.

"Everyone hide! We are under attack!"

"Hurry, someone inform the warriors! We are under attack!"

Within seconds, panic swept through the Prismerions as they believed an imminent attack was upon them.

Contrary to their expectations, however, instead of being assaulted, they watched with bewildered expressions as the numerous figures flying above them uniformly arranged themselves and moved forward along with them.

They refrained from harming the flying contraptions that housed the warriors from Orion's Village!

"DON'T BE AFRAID; THESE ARE THE WARRIORS FROM OUTSIDE THE MOUNTAINS; THEY ARE HERE TO PROTECT US!"

Suddenly, a resounding voice echoed around them, piercing their ears and leaving them even more astounded.

## Chapter 647 A Place to Begin (2)

### ?647 A Place to Begin (2)

From Ralais to the rest of the Prismaflow Clan, the Quaztrwraith clan, the Luminaris Clan, the Gemheart Clan, and every Prismerion present, all raised their heads in unison and looked upwards.

These beasts... are genuinely part of the warriors from outside the mountains.

A collective gulp resonated through the throats of clan and family heads present because they realized without a doubt that if a conflict should ever break out between the Prismerions and the warriors, they were sure that they wouldn't have the strength to retaliate.

Immediately, the thought of submitting everything they had to the Queen was reinforced within their hearts.

Meanwhile, at the forefront, Orion had already halted his steps. He placed the box on the ground when he noticed the Village Chief's dragon-like komodo shapeshifting form heading towards them.

As the Village Chief shifted back into his human form, his eyes immediately locked onto Orion's figure. With a broad smile emerging on the Village Chief's face, he appeared before Orion, stunning Queen Selene, Crystalia, and the surrounding Prismerions, as they couldn't even observe his movements.

"Hahahahaha!! I knew you could do it! In only ten days, you've already solved the problem that plagued us for several millennia

—amazing! Amazing!" The Village Chief roared out in happiness as he hugged Orion firmly.

After a while, he released Orion and observed the strange groups of people before him.



His eyes immediately caught sight of Fifi and Seth. He nodded at them before shifting his attention back to Orion.

"Are they...?" The Village Chief began to ask, but before he could complete his sentence, Orion interrupted.

"Yes, they are the Prismerions," Orion said, completing the Village Chief's words for him. "This is Queen Selene and King Brylon, the leaders of the Prismerian kingdom," Orion introduced the royal couple before introducing Crystalia. "And this is Princess Crystalia, the next heir to the Prismerian kingdom."

Orion then turned to them, "Everyone, meet the Village Chief, the head of our Village," he introduced.

Queen Selene, Princess Crystalia, and the other Prismerions unconsciously gulped beside them.

The dragon-like beast that had suddenly shapeshifted into a human was the leader of Orion's Village!

They felt an oppressive weight suddenly pressing down on their shoulders the moment the Village Chief set his eyes on them again.

Queen Selene forcefully squeezed a smile on her lips and attempted to respond, but a loud gust of wind suddenly appeared within their surroundings, interrupting her words.

Queen Selene sensed another presence and immediately shifted her attention to the side to see who it was.

Her eyes fell upon a man almost as muscular as Fifi, tightly hugging Orion like the Village Chief had done, roaring out with laughter into the sky. From her instincts alone, Queen Selene could sense that the man before her was dangerous and even more powerful than the Village Chief.

She could see the Crystalforge warriors beside her gripping their weapons tightly, probably also sensing the same danger.

When Stronghold Leader Zogar released him from his grip, Orion introduced him to Queen Selene and the others, "Everyone, this is the Leftward Stronghold Leader, Stronghold Leader Zogar. He is the leader of the Leftward and Rightward strongholds currently."

Queen Selene and the others felt their breaths hitch as Orion's words fell. They had thought that the Village Chief was also the leader of the warriors; however, from the looks of it, it appeared that he wasn't.

Oblivious about the thoughts currently passing through the minds of Queen Selene and the others, Orion introduced the Royal family to Stronghold Leader Zogar.

Stronghold Leader Zogar nodded in response and carefully scrutinized the figures whom Orion had just introduced to him.

Seeing that she could speak, Queen Selene finally opened her mouth. She smiled as she said, "As the Queen of the Prismerian Kingdom, I speak for all of the Prismerions and would like to show my gratitude for all the help and protection that your warriors and Village have provided us with." Queen Selene bowed deeply at an angle of 90 degrees towards the Village Chief and Stronghold Leader Zogar, showing her ultimate respect.

"As children of Naka, how could we refrain from offering you help when the Prismerions needed it the most? Also, you shouldn't be thanking us, but instead should thank Orion, as none of this would have been possible without him actively pushing for it and bringing it to our attention," the Village Chief responded.

Stronghold Leader Zogar nodded with a huge smile as he briefly shook Orion's shoulders, approving of the Village Chief's words.

Queen Selene and the rest of the Prismerions felt their hearts throb at the Village Chief's words and Stronghold Leader Zogar's confirmation.

Crystalia felt her eyes almost leaking tears, mirroring the emotions of those around her.

Meanwhile, Queen Selene gave Orion a bright, warm smile. She was aware that, no matter how much they thanked him, she wouldn't be able to repay him for what he had done for them.

So, Queen Selene could only ensure that she actively looked for a way to repay Orion for the help he had provided once they had settled down in their new home.

"Don't worry about it; it was nothing," Orion said with a smile.

Unbeknownst to them, the rest of the Prismerions had the same idea and swore to ensure they would fulfil it.

"What's in that box?" The Village Chief asked with furrowed brows, finally noticing the enigma of the box and the strange oppressive energy it gave off, constantly pushing itself on his being.

Orion quickly explained what was in the box to the village chief and Stronghold Leader Zogar.

The moment they heard that a god was locked within the box, which was why all the Vylkr vines were pushed back by an invisible force, their bodies instantly froze.

They inwardly took in sharp breaths before quickly regaining their composure.

"Come on, let's get back to the Village. I am sure there are many things we all want to address before the day ends," the Village Chief said as he briefly looked at the countless Prismerions behind Orion.

He nodded at Orion before turning around and swiftly transforming into his massive green owl form, cutting through the sky and heading straight towards the Village.

Chapter 648 Descendants Of Orion

?648 Descendants Of Orion

Four and a half months later

Orion paced restlessly outside the room.

"Don't worry, they are going to be alright," Crystalia said, looking at Orion with a warm smile.

"Yes, Crystalia is right. Ursa, Reena, Greta, your mother, Ingrid, and the others are all strong women. I'm sure they can handle this," Merida said, agreeing with Crystalia's words.

Though they understood the reason for Orion's anxiousness, they didn't want to see him pacing up and down worriedly like this.

Orion heard their words and sighed in response.

Although he understood their thoughts, there was no way that he could stop himself from worrying about the results when it was over. Though he knew that childbearing wouldn't be an easy task for all the women, he was also aware that Vivian, Celia, Derry, and Ingrid were going to experience several difficulties before giving birth.

That alone added another layer of worry to his already concerned self.

Even if Greta had prepared a special herbal mixture for them and the ones shared with everyone else, Greta had confirmed that she didn't know how effective it would be or if it would work.

Currently, there was a fifty-fifty chance that neither they nor the baby could make it or only one of them.

Orion could feel his restlessness shoot into another dimension as several more minutes elapsed with no sound inside the room.

"Orion, I don't think Ingrid and the others would want you to be this hard on yourself. Though I understand it might be extremely difficult for them to make it through this session, they are my friends. I believe they possess the strength to pass through this easily, and as their partner, you should, too. It would be bad if you worry too much to the extent that you mix up or momentarily forget the names that you all have come up with for your children, right?" Grandma Meldra observed Orion with a smile, briefly chuckling.

She had taken care of all of them before the arrival of Orion's Prismerion wives, so she was well aware of the women's nature and their temperaments.

Crystalia, Merida, Gina, and Saria, who were present, nodded in agreement.

Orion immediately halted his steps and breathed out deeply.

"Yes, you are right. They would all be unhappy if they found out that I had been burdening myself like this," Orion responded with a deep sigh, nodding in agreement as he stared at the blue-silver-haired woman beside him.

Witnessing this scene, Merida, Crystalia, and Grandma Meldra all sighed in relief.

Suddenly, the sounds of several footsteps walking up the stairs resonated in their ears, and they all turned their heads in that direction to see who it was.

Immediately, the figures of Anara with Grace in her arms, Dariya, Malaia, and three more tree nymph overseers following behind her came into view.

Orion immediately walked over and gently took Grace from Anara's arms.

Witnessing this, Anara loudly snorted in response but still gently handed over Grace to him, saying, "You aren't even going to greet me with a kiss," while staring at Orion with a cold gaze.

Without hesitation, Orion wrapped his arm around Anara's waist, pulling her over before giving a warm, wet kiss.

Crystalia, Maya, and the others chuckled at the scene, as they were already used to Anara's character and the blunt manner in which she expressed her emotions.

Orion then nodded at Dariya and Malaia with warm emotions in his eyes. Though Dariya and Malaia had already confessed their feelings for him, Orion surprisingly wanted to understand them more before taking further steps. However, he had been extremely busy constructing the new settlement home for the Prismers and a few other pending matters, which he still needed to finish.

Orion then turned his head to greet the others beside them out of respect.

Suddenly, a burst of cute laughter resounded alongside a soft, high-pitched voice that screamed, "Papa! Papa!!"

Orion looked at Grace, who was in his arms, and responded, "Did you miss me, sweetheart?" Though Grace had gotten a little better and even begun speaking a month ago, she was still only used to simple, short phrases.

They knew that she would have learned to communicate even earlier if it weren't for her condition.

[Author's note: No, Grace will remain his daughter.]

As Grace cutely nodded and laughed, several other footsteps abruptly sounded again.

Everyone turned their heads towards the direction of the stairs, guessing who might have also arrived.

Suddenly, Queen Selene came into view alongside Maya, Elysia, and Madam Seraphina beside her.

Meanwhile, Iris and two other Crystalforge clan members who had become Aerialia's apostles stood guard behind them.

Noticing her gaze, Orion nodded at her before doing the same to the others beside her, who all responded solemnly.

"Orion," Maya immediately ran towards him and wrapped her arms around him.

She then kissed him before letting go of the others behind her to meet the rest of her sisters.

Madam Seraphina and Elysia all did the same thing.

"I thought we were going to be late. Fortunately, we have arrived on time," Queen Selene said.

Orion nodded in response, "Yes, you are all on time. However, my only hope is that they all make it out successfully," Orion responded.

Queen Selene shook her head in response, "Don't worry, I am sure that they would; after all, they are all strong women," Queen Selene responded as she looked at Orion with a warm smile.

Orion nodded with a sigh escaping his lips, "Yeah, they've also told me the same thing," Orion said with a smile as he turned to look at Crystalia, Saria, and the others who were discussing with each other before his attention shifted back towards Queen Selene.

"How is the King doing?" Orion asked with a solemn expression.

Queen Selene's expression suddenly deflated with a lost gaze as her eyes fell towards the wooden floor.

"Although some of the helpers we've called for from the village were helpful, it did not but slowly halted his death. Since there is no way that we can permanently reverse the effects of the artefact, he has refused to receive the treatment of any healer we have brought and is merely waiting for his death right now," Queen Selene responded as she raised her head.

Chapter 649 Descendants Of Orion (2)

?649 Descendants Of Orion (2)

Her gaze met Grace's broad, golden, curious eyes, which caused her to force a warm smile on her lips before she lifted her head and looked at Orion. Queen Selene's smile slowly dropped as pain filled her eyes.

"I..." Orion began. However, a loud voice sounded in the air.

"I hope we are not late!"

Orion turned his head to the side and saw the Village Chief and the Village Chieftess, Stronghold Leader Zogar, Caretaker Shani, Ivor, and the others behind them. Meanwhile, Seth was positioned at the end of the group.

Orion shook his head in response, "No, you are just on time," Orion responded.

He greeted them one by one, welcoming them with Grace gently carried in his arms.

"WWAAAHHHH!!!"

Suddenly, a loud crying voice rang out in the air, stunning Orion and causing him to stand rooted in his spot in a daze.

"HAHAHAHAHA! Congratulations, you have finally become a father yet again," the Village Chief roared in laughter, briefly smiling at Grace, who was also stunned by the crying baby sound.

One by one, they all congratulated Orion with smiles on their faces. Though under normal circumstances, bearing children was a routine occurrence happening every week within the Village, which they would only bother paying attention to if it was something extremely important, like this one. After all, no matter how they looked at it, Orion was one of the most influential individuals in the Village.

Also, considering the peculiar situation concerning the childbirth of Orion's women, it wouldn't look good if they weren't present for such an event.

Nonetheless, Orion didn't dare walk into the room after receiving their congratulations. He waited until he could be invited inside the room.

"WWAAHHH WAHHHH!!!"

It didn't take long, and after several minutes, the cries of various children could be heard from inside the room.

Even without being told, Orion was aware that everything was going smoothly.

His partners and everyone around him sighed in relief, sharing the same sentiment.

Suddenly, the door flew open.



Bang!

Just as Orion wanted to speak, three midwives rushed out of the room and passed by the corridor before they went down the stairs.

Orion was momentarily stunned by their actions before running forward to see what was happening. However, before he could approach, the door was abruptly snapped shut.

Orion furrowed his brows, pondering what was going on inside. His body gradually became restless again, wondering if anything terrible had happened to either his children or his wives.

Everyone around him, from his wives to Queen Selene, the Village Chief, and other key figures, couldn't help but also become doubtful about the results.

Fortunately, the midwives arrived several minutes later. Just as they were about to rush back into the room, Orion caught one of them quickly.

"What's happening in there?" Orion asked immediately, his expression solemn.

The three midwives immediately halted their steps, flustered as they looked around and realized everybody's eyes were on them. They just noticed their presence.

The midwife caught by Orion stared at him with a broad smile and a look of envy as she said, "Warrior Orion, congratulations! Mrs. Ingrid, Celia, Vivian, and Mrs. Derry just gave birth to beautiful, healthy twins."

BANG!!

The woman's words hit Orion like a hammer, stunning him and causing him to lose his grip on the midwife. The impact reverberated through everyone present. While they were generally a fertile village, the chances of conceiving twins were extremely rare, happening only once or twice a year, even during peak fertility.

The fact that four of Orion's partners, who had a higher risk of complications during childbirth, had each given birth to a pair of twins was nothing short of extraordinary. This revelation left everyone amazed.

Even Grandma Meldra, contemplating whether to have her own children, felt her heart race as the gears in her mind shifted.

Although the midwife had not yet provided information on the condition of Orion's other partners, it was evident that they were all doing well.

Seizing the opportunity presented by the momentarily stunned silence, the midwives rushed back into the room.

The surroundings fell into complete silence as they waited, understanding that everything would soon be revealed.

An air of anticipation enveloped everyone as they remained silent, awaiting the conclusion of the events inside the room.

After about half an hour, the door was suddenly pulled open, and Lola, Greta's assistant and the second-best healer in the Village emerged with beads of sweat on her forehead. Lola respectfully greeted everyone present, acknowledging the authority each held in their own right before shifting her attention to Orion.

"You can come in, Mr. Orion. They are all waiting anxiously to see you—" Lola began, but before she could finish her sentence, Orion had already rushed through the door. Witnessing this, Lola simply shook her head with a smile before turning around and closing the door once more.

As Orion entered the room, he saw several midwives, two or three attending to each of his wives. The room was spacious enough for them to move freely, resembling a vast hall that allowed everyone to walk about without feeling crowded.

The moment Orion walked in, their wives immediately noticed his figure.

"Orion!!"

"Orion!!"

"Orion!!"

One by one, they all called out to him, urging him to come forward and help soothe the discomfort they had just experienced.

Orion immediately approached the person closest to him. "How are you feeling now?" he asked.

"Although it was a little uncomfortable, it was nothing I couldn't handle," Reena said tiredly, with a weak smile. "Besides, I delivered first, so you should start taking my words seriously from now on," she added, showing the baby in her arms.

Lola rushed forward and whispered something into his ears, leaving Orion unsure whether to cry or laugh. Lola had just informed him about which child was born first and who was the last.

"Come on, Orion, tell her her name," Reena said as she revealed the child within her grasp under Grace's curious eyes.

Orion nodded and began to name his newborn children one by one.

....

One month later

## Chapter 650 The End Of King Brylon's Reign

Under the cloudy night sky, Queen Selene, Orion, Crystalia, Maya, Merida, Elysia, Madam Seraphina, Flintor, the Prismaflow head family, and the elders of the Prismaflow Clan, the Quatzwraith head family, and the elders of the Quaztrwraith Clan, the Luminaris head family, and the elders of the Luminaris Clan, the Village Chief, and the rest of the key figures, all stood beside a dug hole, watching as the former King of the Prismerian kingdom was slowly buried into the ground.

The burial ceremony for the former King had already taken place, so once the burial was complete, they all gave their condolences to the royal family and left one by one.

After they were all gone, only Orion, Queen Selene, Crystalia, Maya, Merida, Elysia, and Madam Seraphina remained. Crystalia cried her eyes out until they were swollen, while Queen Selene maintained a frosty appearance, revealing no emotions on her face.

Orion sighed deeply as he comforted Crystalia; he understood that Queen Selene also wished to express her grief at this very moment.

However, as the Queen of the Prismarian kingdom, she couldn't afford to break down easily and needed to maintain a steady appearance.

Elysia stepped forward to soothe Crystalia. Despite feeling little emotion regarding the King's death and burial, Elysia couldn't forget that the former King had attempted to kill her. The attempt might have succeeded if she hadn't been rescued in time.

Nevertheless, she understood that he had taken drastic actions to protect the Crystalforge Clan.

Elysia turned her head to the side, gazing forward at Queen Selene, who was lost in a daze while staring at the sky.

She then shifted her attention towards Orion and signalled silently for him to take care of the Queen while she focused on comforting Crystalia.

Orion quickly grasped her meaning and nodded in response.

"Come on, let's go. We can't stay here all night," Elysia said, wanting to take Crystalia back home for some much-needed rest and sleep.

The other women present also decided to escort Crystalia home. She immediately gave in and chose to follow them under their persuasion.

The women looked at Orion and nodded in acknowledgement before they returned to the Prismarians' residence. Their temporary stay outside was made possible by Aegis of the Arctic Deity, who had erected an invisible wall made of divine pressure. This barrier pushed back the Vylkr vines into the distance, preventing them from advancing.

However, they knew that Aegis of the Arctic Deity reduced the protective area at night, so they needed to return before it became too late.

Only Flintor, Orion, and Queen Selene remained before the grave of former King Brylon. Flintor turned his head and bid Orion goodbye while Queen Selene prepared to leave.

Flintor needed to perform a midnight patrol of the newly developing city around the Village alongside the Prismerion warriors and some of the Village's own warriors.

Orion caught a glimpse of Flintor and couldn't help but sigh, seeing how incomparable he was to his former self after undergoing some of the gruesome warrior's training, similar to what he had experienced from Warrior Jean when he first entered this world.

Flintor's expression was steadier, his aura sharper, and even his posture appeared composed, resembling a raging beast ready to sense danger before attacking.

Despite the benefits of becoming Aerialia's apostles, he and the other Crystalforge elite warriors could still only deal with one-

star Vylkr vines. While this might not be impressive compared to the Village's own warriors, who had easily handled such threats during their initial training, it was worth mentioning for the Prismerions; handling the Vylkr vines wasn't as straightforward for them.

Compared to the villagers' warriors who could freely touch, hold, and eat the Vylkr vines as they pleased, the Prismerions, much like the tree nymphs and everything else that came into contact with the Vylkr vines, risked having their strength and life force drained if a Vylkr vine managed to get a grip on them.

Although Orion had begun teaching them some of the techniques Aerialia had shown him, emphasising that these methods would enhance their control over their apostle abilities and increase their strength, he didn't have any delusions that the Prismerions could easily bridge the gap and compete with the villager's own warriors easily.

The Village and its warriors were unique, and Orion knew that expecting the Prismerions to match their capabilities solely with these techniques was unrealistic.

As for his wives, they were still busy taking care of the children, simultaneously preparing for Elysia, Maya, Merida, and Seraphina's pregnancies, and overseeing the construction of the new city for the Prismerions and the villagers. Once all these responsibilities were taken care of, Orion planned to teach them to master and utilise Celestial energy.

Also, Orion couldn't help but wonder about the potential outcome if he provided Aerialia's Divine blood to his wives. He pondered if it would empower them to efficiently utilise and control celestial energy.

Shifting his attention, Orion gazed at the collar around Queen Selene's neck. The thought occurred to him - What would happen if he gave Aerialia's divine blood to Queen Selene?

Could she break free from the collar, or would the divine blood be forcefully suppressed?

He had already asked Aerialia for her opinion, but she had never been in a position where she had to make a crippled individual her apostle. However, she mentioned hearing about instances during the 'Great War' where terribly sick or presumed dead individuals were resurrected after becoming a god's apostle, making her optimistic about the possibility.

Since the discussion involved her divine blood, there was no way she would speak negatively about it despite mentioning the potential consequences if it didn't work.

Fortunately, the artefact in question was a pseudo-divine artefact, leading Orion to maintain optimism about its effectiveness.

However, before proceeding, he needed Queen Selene to be in the right mind to ensure nothing went wrong.

"They are all gone now," Orion said.

When Queen Selene heard his words, it was as if a seal had been removed from her eyes, and a burst of tears immediately began to roll down her cheeks. She reached out her hands to wipe them away, but she couldn't, no matter how hard she tried.