

## Village Head 651

### Chapter 651 The Queen's Tender Moment

It was as if she had lost all her strength, and suddenly, Queen Selene collapsed to the ground on her knees.

Orion arrived beside her and lowered himself to his knees. He remained silent, watching as the Queen poured out her emotions for an entire hour before gradually regaining her composure.

"Orion, I think I'm okay now. Let's return to the city. It will soon be midnight," Queen Selene said, gazing at Orion with a weary smile.

Her current expression was indistinguishable from her usual composed demeanour.

Orion nodded, rising from the ground. He extended his hand, grasping Queen Selene's hand and aiding her to her feet. Then, he turned around, leaning forward with his back to Queen Selene, "If we walk back at this hour, we won't make it in time. You can enter; I'll carry you back home." Orion said, carefully observing Queen Selene's reaction.

Queen Selene was momentarily stunned. Although she had been open about her emotions with Orion since the day she opened up to him, especially when they were alone, she was surprised that Orion would make such an offer, especially in a situation like this.

"Come on, what are you waiting for? The Vylkr vines are already headed our way," Orion said, pointing at the Vylkr vines slowly approaching from the distance.

Queen Selene was immediately startled and snapped out of her thoughts. Without hesitation, she arranged her long, silky crimson gown and climbed onto Orion's back.

She wrapped her arms around him, clinging to his waist with her legs.

"Hold on tight," Orion said, gripping Queen Selene firmly.

He turned around, facing the direction of the approaching Vylkr vines instead of the opposite side.

"Orion, what are you doing?" Queen Selene asked, her eyes widening as she saw where Orion was facing.

"I don't think you've ever had the chance to look around the outside world since you arrived at the Village. And no, when we crossed the dead forest and arrived, it doesn't count as one," Orion explained as he crouched down.

Before Queen Selene could disagree, he added, "Just don't tell Crystalia about this, or else she might become jealous... well, don't let go."

Booom!

Orion launched into the sky, leaving a small web of cracks on the ground. As they ascended, Queen Selene's mouth immediately sealed shut as she took in the world from the sky for the first time.

With each succeeding lift-off and landing, Orion's lightning-

covered legs repelled any Vylkr vines in contact.

After a few repetitions, Queen Selene began to feel drowsy, resting her head on Orion's shoulders. For a moment, the burdens of being the Queen and the ongoing issues concerning her circumstances and the Prismerions were lifted from her shoulders.

Several scenes flashed before her eyes, attempting to remind her of her problems, but she shut her eyes, ignoring them all.

At this moment, she wasn't the Queen of the Prismerions but a woman in need of help, and strangely, the shoulder before her felt warm and sturdy, capable of providing just that.

So, even if it was just for a moment, Selene wanted to relish it thoroughly.

Orion sensed Queen Selene's current behaviour and exhaled in relief. After a few more jumps, he turned back and retraced his steps toward the city.

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Four months later.

"WAAHHHHH!"

Orion held the two weeping babies in both of his arms, rocking them gently in an attempt to put them to sleep, with Grace following beside him.

Startled, Grace felt her body lifted from the ground but immediately calmed down when she saw that it was one of her mothers.

"Why don't you go back home and take care of where they'll be staying so they can leave immediately after I am done?" Greta said, playing with Grace while observing Orion.

Since Elysia, Maya, Merida, and Seraphina had just given birth, they would no longer stay in the royal residence. Instead, they would move into the family manor with the rest of the group. Even though they could leave everything her sisters to handle, they understood that they needed to let Orion finalise the decision to ensure everyone was satisfied and without complaints.

After all, despite being sisters and recognising each other as such, with so many people living together, disagreements were bound to arise if things weren't handled delicately.

Orion nodded thoughtfully at Greta's words, "Okay, take care of all of them. I'll be back soon," he responded.

Despite having prepared everything for Elysia and the others' arrival a week ago, checking and finalising everything a few hours before they arrived was still a good idea.

Greta flicked her finger on Orion's forehead, "Don't worry, it's my job," Greta said with a chuckle as she walked over to meet Anara, who was with Maya and Merida.

Orion smiled before walking toward Seraphina and handing the baby with a blue skin complexion over to her before passing the other child to Elysia. He kissed all his wives and newborn children on their foreheads before turning around and leaving the room.

The building was the same one where his wives had previously given birth, a healthcare structure that he, Fifi, and Greta had planned and built together from the ground up.

Also, due to the arrival of the Prismerions and his relationship with them, Orion built several more branches around Orion's cities and even in both Strongholds.

As he exited the room and walked down the stairs, Orion could see many healers taking a break or walking to attend to their patients.

He had managed to build three cities—the first border city, which was around the Village for it to expand outward, as they no longer needed to suppress their population; the second border city acting as a bridge for Villagers and Prismerions to meet and interact; and the third border city constructed around all to accommodate more than two million Prismerions, ensuring they wouldn't worry about space in the future—they currently had enough to last for a few more years.

The second border city was constructed to facilitate communication between those interested. Orion and the key figures had already expected the Villagers and Prismerions to be unable to fully integrate, given the cultural differences perceived as equally strange by both sides.

## Chapter 652 Gearing Up For The Festivals

So, while some key figures had wanted to let the Prismerions stay on their own under the Village's protection, Orion understood it was not a good idea, and they needed to depend on each other now that they were together.

Orion mentally patted himself on the back for the excellent work on the construction of Orion cities. He also couldn't help but shake his head and sigh, remembering that only one of his women still hadn't given birth yet—

### The Princess of the Garden!

Unfortunately, she wasn't an ordinary human because the Princess of the Garden was created to be a goddess. Therefore, no ordinary healers could work on her, including Greta's healing gift. Strangely,

the herbs from the farm, which typically had effects on various ailments, had an impact on the Princess of the Garden and the baby.

Greta confirmed that nothing was wrong with the Princess of the Garden's pregnancy, and all that remained was for her to give birth.

However, there were no signs that she would give birth soon.

Orion consulted with Aerialia about this, but Aerialia was clueless about what to do, especially since she had never encountered or experienced such a situation before.

Aerialia had expected the Princess of the Garden to easily give birth, just as she had easily gotten pregnant, but the reality was different. Faced with this unexpected challenge, she was equally helpless about what to do.

As Orion temporarily set aside the matter to ponder a solution later, he couldn't help but sigh when thinking about Saria, Malaia, and Dariya's situation. For them, it was the opposite dilemma.

Though they were able to give birth, he didn't want them to endure the hardships Anara had experienced. The fear lingered that they might not be willing or able to endure what Anara herself had gone through.

Also, despite Grace's condition improving, he was adamant about not wanting his children to be born or grow up with such a condition. Therefore, he wanted to solve the problem before they could become pregnant and give birth to a child.

He had consulted Aerialia to see if she had encountered a similar case, but Aerialia was equally clueless about what to do. Her annoyance grew to the point where she began to look at him strangely, prompting him to refrain from asking her more questions for the time being.

'Haaa... You would think that a goddess would know everything,' Orion thought, exhaling as he left the building.

His mind shifted to the Guardians of the Garden at this moment. Despite recovering a small portion of the Garden in the Second Border City through some unknown means and reclaiming a small portion of the divine lake essence through Anara's and the Princess of the Garden's hard work, they still didn't like him after nine months.

While they were more tolerable and somewhat welcoming due to all he had done, a barrier stood between them. Orion still found it challenging to communicate with them, so he couldn't get any information about who Aegis of the Arctic Deity was. He knew it would be difficult but never expected it to be this high.

As Orion broke out of his thoughts and surveyed his surroundings, he noticed numerous villagers bustling about as he headed back to the Second Border City, where his manor was.

However, despite the continuous activity, he could tell the Village seemed scanty. This was understandable, as various villagers who didn't have much to lose and lacked advantageous gifts to help them amass wealth had migrated to the First Border City.

They sought to escape poverty and seize a new opportunity, taking a chance to try their luck.

With their arrival and a few others seeking a new experience, the wages for various labour skyrocketed, enabling those already occupied to amass more wealth than ever. Nevertheless, Orion was aware that the pay for labour would only continue to increase until it reached a peak, eventually stabilizing.

Meanwhile, the more adventurous individuals headed to the Second Border City, where humans and Prismerions could interact.

Unlike the villagers, the Prismerions' situation seemed challenging because the Garden took a few months to be reconstructed.

However, Orion expected things to improve soon and the situation to stabilize, even if it didn't match the level of wealth generated by the Village just yet.

As Orion released his Vylkr energy, he jumped into the sky and reached the First Border City within hours before racing to the Second Border City.

Alongside this expectation, he couldn't help but look forward to the end of the year, when one of the Village's biggest festivals would occur. While the Village had various celebrations throughout the year, several had been put on hold due to the events that unfolded, including Stronghold Leader Drakar's actions, the disappearances of him and Saria, and the integration of the Prismerions with the Village.

However, the upcoming festival, scheduled for the next two months when everything would settle down, made Orion excited. He pondered what kind of festival it would be, particularly considering the Village's culture.

The Prismerions were preparing for a festival which would mark their liberation from a curse that had tormented them for 7,500 years. It would also be their first celebration of freedom beyond the confines of the mountain.

Orion was also curious about the Prismerion festival and looked forward to experiencing the festivities.

As for the upcoming festivals within the Village and the Prismerion community, Orion's wives had chosen to keep the details a surprise until the day of the events.

Orion was also okay with their decision, as it provided a welcome distraction from parenting responsibilities after completing the taxing task that spanned several months.

Apart from those two, Orion also anticipated the arrival of the caravans. The caravans would regularly pass by to barter with the Village for their fruits or exchange unique items possessed by the villagers, which usually took place from the end of the month to the first day of the following year.

## Chapter 653 The Caravans

He looked forward to seeing what these caravans looked like, understanding their origins, and learning how they managed to survive in a world overrun by countless swarms of Vylkr vines at every corner.

Moreover, he hoped to discover if they had any information about the whereabouts of stronghold leader Drakar.

Though Orion recognized the caravan's strength, he began reassessing his thoughts after gathering information from the Village Chief and learning that some caravans were strong enough to hold

their own against two-star warriors. He wondered if the four-eared individuals were equal to the warriors in strength or even stronger.

Nonetheless, he would only be able to know once they arrived, so Orion was very much expecting their arrival.

As he landed before the main gates of his manor, Orion surveyed the scanty streets before giving a nod of acknowledgement to the two guards stationed at the entrance. These guards were three-star warriors whom Orion had hired and compensated using the revenue generated from the cities, reciprocated his nod.

Though the profits were currently modest in comparison to the construction costs, even with the assistance of the Village Chief and the other key figures who shared in the revenues, Orion was optimistic that, with time and a growing population, they would not only cover the expenses but also generate substantial profits.

The guards respectfully opened the main gates, allowing Orion to enter. As he entered the main compound, he calmly said, "I'm home."

Despite his subdued tone, the words resounded throughout the entire compound and its hundreds of buildings.

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Two months later

Tiny snowflakes drifted gently from the sky, blanketing the main Village and the cities and extending over all the lands with a serene wintry chill.

Down the small river that encircled the main Village, stretching far eastward beyond the mountains into the unknown lands, a multitude of small steel boats, numbering almost a hundred thousand, swiftly advanced in the direction of the Village.

A notably larger boat was at the forefront of the boats, dwarfing the smaller vessels behind it. Perched at the edge of this boat was a young man with four long elven-like ears adorned with an earring hanging from the lower left side, dressed in an attire seemingly crafted from leaves.



He surveyed the frigid river ahead with a deep frown, aware that it would soon freeze in the coming weeks.

Suddenly, a Vylkr vine rose from the river, attempting to climb into the boat. Before it could do so, a compartment on the side of the boat immediately opened up.

From inside, a medium-sized rotating blade shot out and sliced it off. The blade moved effortlessly across the upper side of the boat, effortlessly slicing through the other encroaching Vylkr vines before retracting back into the boat.

Witnessing this scene, the young man took a step back, his frown deepening before he exhaled tiredly.

"Whether on land or sea, even the one-star Vylkr vines are still troublesome."

"Lyndon, didn't Father tell you not to get too close to the edge of the boat?" a feminine voice sounded behind him.

Lyndon turned around, looking at his sister standing behind him.

She shook her head, exhaling with a long sigh. "You standing there in a daze isn't going to change anything. Why don't you come inside and rest for a while? After all, we will be arriving soon," she added, stretching her body as though she had just had a long and comfortable rest.

However, instead of responding, Lyndon asked, "Will they happily receive us, as Father said, sister?"

"Of course, Father said that they would happily receive us, so I am sure they will," she responded.

"Are you sure, sister?" Lyndon asked, staring intently at his sister, Isadora. Like him, she also had four ears, two on each side, with an earring on the lower right.

She also had short, shoulder-length black hair and wore a long attire crafted from leaves covering her entire body. Also, a small, snowy-furred beast rested with its eyes closed on her left shoulder.

While Isadora wanted to respond to her brother's words, she found it difficult after everything they had experienced in the past months.

"Humph! So you aren't sure about it, too, right?" Lyndon asked with a sigh escaping his lips for the umpteenth time.

"Even if we aren't sure, that doesn't mean we shouldn't believe his words. After all, Father has been here several times already, more than us, so he must know them better than anyone about what kind of people they are. So, I choose to believe Father's words, even though I'm not entirely sure about it," Isadora responded with a firm expression.

When she finished speaking, as though understanding everything she had said, the snowy-furred beast on her left shoulder nodded in agreement.

Lyndon exhaled deeply at his sister's words, "Honestly, even I choose to believe his words. However, now that we're getting closer to our destination, I can't help but doubt if we are doing the right thing," Lyndon said.

"What do you mean?" Isadora asked with furrowed brows.

"Over a hundred thousand people of our race are currently on a one-way trip to seek shelter from another race, whom Father claimed were good people with whom he had only done business. Though I ignored the matter when we had just started running away, now that we are getting closer to our destination, sister, what do we do if they refuse to offer us assistance?"

"Where will we run to then? Our runaway city has already been captured, and everything within it has been ransacked. So, sister, what will we do if these people refuse us?" Lyndon asked, his voice trembling as he clenched both hands into fists.

Suddenly, just as Isadora was about to respond, the water before the boat moved, and a figure immediately jumped out of the river, landing before them.

"Prince Lyndon, I can hear your voice complaining from deep under the river," the figure said as he looked at Lyndon.

## Chapter 654 The Caravans (2)

The figure that had just spoken was a tall, fit, four-eared man with numerous glyphs tattoos—some resembling a ball of fire, lightning, and various others—on his arms and other parts of his body. He dropped his curved blade by the side before drying away the water from his body.

"Also, although I understand your worries, there is no use complaining about it now that we are this close. All we can do is face whatever is ahead of us and hope for the best result," the man said.

As he reached out for his clothing—a long gown crafted from leaves—the river below them sounded once more, and another figure shot out of the river, landing inside the boat.

The figure was a fit four-eared woman who seemed to be in her late 20s. Though some of the glyphs on her body resembled those on the man's body, they were still vastly different, with numerous others on some parts of her body.

Nonetheless, they both possessed an extremely thick metallic bracelet on their right arms.

"Leif is right; complaining about the results won't change anything. The only thing we can hope for now is to try our best and see if they would accept us," the woman said, shaking her head tiredly, with a sigh escaping her lips.

She dropped her rounded-bladed weapon to the side of the boat, which she had used to clear away the Vylkr vines attacking them from below the river, and then bent down to take the cloth she had kept earlier to dry her body.

Lyndon clenched his fists so tightly that his veins began to show before he abruptly released a deep breath and slumped his shoulders downward in defeat.

"Besides, if anything happens, then we can use our strength to force them to take us in," the woman added, observing Lyndon's demeanour.

After drying her body, she picked up her attire—a long gown crafted from leaves—and wore it, staring at the others with a confident smile.

Leif, however, shook his head in response.

"Though I'm glad that you agree with me, Leona, I don't think it's a good idea for us to plan on intimidating people we hope will assist us. Remember what the Patriarch said about these people, calling themselves villagers—humans who eat and fight the Vylkr vines with nothing but crude weapons."

"From that information alone, we can tell they are strong. It would be best for us to handle our first meeting peacefully and not risk heading into battle with them, forming another enemy with a group of people whose capabilities we aren't yet aware of," Leif responded.

Isadora nodded in agreement. "Leif is right; we shouldn't be thinking about being aggressive during our first approach. Remember, we've already lost all our top and best units. It would be bad for us if we lost the remaining ones," Isadora said.

"Humph! I'm just saying that it doesn't matter how weird or unique they are. As long as they aren't god's chosen, I'm sure we'll be able to defeat them and forcefully settle ourselves there if things don't go as planned," Leona said as she traced her finger along the thick mechanical bracelet on her right arm.

"Also, I am sure that them being able to eat Vylkr vines and utilize the Vylkr energy is a lie made up by the Patriarch so that we won't face the situation without caution," Leona added with a wide grin.

Leona couldn't help but snort inwardly when she remembered the Patriarch's words. After all, how can such a dangerous world-level threat—a threat which would give the highest-

levelled sanctuary problems and always requires cautiousness to be dealt with—be something that a village of backwater individuals would be able to handle, to the extent that they could even eat it and utilize the Vylkr energy?

How ridiculous was that?

Nevertheless, even if she was wrong because she doubted that the Patriarch would lie to them and lead their entire race to a dead end, she figured that they must have another way to protect themselves or be able to utilize some kind of lower-

ranked energy, which was strangely similar to the Vylkr vines. This might be the reason why they had been able to survive to this extent.

Leona was still confident that they could defeat them. After all, as one of the wielders of the 'Devourer's bracelet,' which made it possible for them to utilize the Vylkr energy, she knew how powerful the Vylkr energy was. She also understood that it isn't something that just anyone can wield, as history had repeatedly proved, whenever anyone tries to do so forcefully.

"And what if the Patriarch isn't lying, and these humans really have a method of using the Vylkr energy?" Leif asked, his eyes fixed on Leona with a raised brow.

"Then we'll simply have to find out who has the best compatibility rate between us and them," Leona responded, a glint flashing through her eyes.

Isadora wanted to open her mouth and speak; however, she abruptly sealed her lips and thought, 'Forget it.' Isadora could tell just by staring at Leona, even though the other tried to be playful about it, that she was more than ready to do anything to ensure the survival of their race, no matter the odds they might face, even if it meant gaining another enemy.

However, as one of the only remaining units they had, Isadora could only hope that Leona would have calmed down before they arrived at the Village.

Turning her attention to Leif, Isadora asked, "Are we still being followed by the enemy's vessel?"

"Yes, Princess. I personally investigated, but there was no sign of their vessels. It's safe to say we lost track of them about a month ago," Leif replied seriously.

Isadora breathed a sigh of relief at the reassuring news.

"How many vials do we have left?" Isadora asked. Having just cleared away the Vylkr vines, she needed to ensure they had enough vials to survive on until they found a settlement and got back on their feet.

Leif quickly ran the numbers through his mind.

## Chapter 655 Survivors' Resolve

"There are only 56 gold vials remaining, which would last all eight of us for seven months, and three platinum vials, supposed to last at most three months each, up to one year and four months if we used them consecutively. However, if we utilize them sparingly, it isn't hard for us to stretch it up to two and a half years, or even three years if we want to stretch," Leif responded.

The depletion of each vial depends on how many times they had activated it to use the Vylkr energy within it.

However, it isn't wrong to say that due to the constant attack of the Vylkr vines, as long as they have fixed the vial into their Devourer's bracelet, it will always be activated.

So, to save the number of vials they had, they would need to cut down their usage, and that also meant making some sacrifices, which he was sure nobody present wanted to make.

Suddenly, the river below them moved, and about six figures—

four men and two women—jumped out of the water and landed in the boat.

"Make that 55 gold vials; I just utilized my last one," one of the men said. He opened up a small compartment in the thick bracelet on his right hand and brought out a small intricately structured gold cylinder, throwing it towards Leif.

Leif immediately caught it and shook it slightly close to his ears. He then proceeded to open the golden lid on the tip and sighed when he saw that nothing was inside. "Did you finish them off?" Leif asked, his eyes fixed on Ronan, who had finished drying his body and was helping his partner, who seemed like she had been injured, to dry off.

Ronan shook his head in response, "Unfortunately, there were too many of them, so we had to retreat when the vial had finished," Ronan responded.

"We lost three boats in the process," he added with a heavy, tired breath escaping his lips.

After hearing that Ronan couldn't properly handle the two-star Vylkr vines on their side of the mission, Leif exhaled deeply as he shifted his attention towards Isadora and Lyndon.

"Princess Isadora, Prince Lyndon, we now have one year and three months. However, if we utilize them sparingly, we should be able to last for at least two years and four months, and a couple of more months if we manage to stretch it," Leif said.

When Leif finished speaking, a heavy silence settled in the air.

No one present was stupid enough not to understand the meaning of his words.

"Tch! I will go and check if the Patriarch is awake. We'll need him to give us the coordinates of where the Village is located," Lyndon said.

He immediately walked into the boat without waiting for their response.

Isadora sighed deeply before a smile slowly emerged on her lips, "I'll go check on the Patriarch, too. But before I leave, I would love to thank everyone for their hard work, once again," Isadora said as she bowed down towards the gods' chosen before her.

"Don't worry about it, Princess."

"We will keep on fighting until we reach our destination."

"Yes, we would rather fight than sit idle and do nothing."

The last remaining units of their runaway city all spoke individually with determination or confidence in their voices.

Though they weren't the top or best units that their runaway city had to offer, it was precisely because of this that she felt incredibly grateful and happy that these were the kind of individuals they could depend on in times like this.

"Alright, I understand your enthusiasm, but you all should get some rest and fill your stomachs in the meantime. Eat as much as you can so we won't have any more problems during the next attack," Isadora said with a smile.

She watched as the group nodded their heads one by one seriously before they leapt into the sky and landed on the smaller boats beside the larger boats.

After all of them had left, only Leif remained.

Isadora nodded at him before entering the boat to meet with her father. After all, he had mentioned that there was only one day left before they arrived at the Village.

Also, she could only cling to the hope that their pursuers had genuinely lost track of them.

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Later that day

The Village

"Come on, guys, don't you all want to become stronger?" Orion urged the Village warriors before him.

They were seated on the scorching ground within the First Border City training ground.

After teaching the Crystalforge warriors how to control and utilize the Celestial energy, which they had learned quickly within a week, thanks to their status as Aerialia's apostles, Orion recognized that their strength had reached an astonishing level. They could now handle swarms of two-star Vylkr vines on their own. However, Orion sensed that the Crystalforge warriors couldn't push beyond that limit.

Of course, this realization dawned upon him after Aerialia, who always observed their training and battles, shared the information. Curious about further enhancing their strengths, Orion asked if there were other methods they could explore.



Aerialia explained the possibility of using powerful artefacts or external means to do so, but she kept the details vague for unknown reasons. He had quickly seen through it and understood that it was merely because of pettiness.

Unfortunately, the artefacts they had recovered from the mountain were only pseudo-lower-ranked-artefacts, offering negligible effects at best. While Orion did discover some valuable artefacts in the mountains, now under his control, he had already distributed them among his wives, a select group of Crystalforge warriors, and the Village warriors.

In addition, he shared with the Village Chief the revelation that drinking from the divine lake could temporarily allow even those who hadn't unlocked their full potential to harness the Vylkr warrior state.

But, to his surprise, the Village Chief simply smiled and disclosed that this was a well-guarded secret known only to each Village Chief and the Stronghold Leaders, a piece of knowledge kept from even the other key figures.

Orion couldn't help but feel a pang of ignorance as the Village Chief could effortlessly go to the edge of the farm for treatment, which made it abundantly clear that he was already aware of this secret.

Regardless, during this exchange, the Village Chief revealed his retirement plans and shared a surprising piece of information with him.

## Chapter 656 Passing The Mantle

### Flashback

One week ago

Standing atop the towering wooden walls that encircled the Second Border City, the Village Chief gazed beyond, his eyes tracing the outline of the distant Third Border City'.

"In less than a year, look at everything you've accomplished. Amazing. It's simply amazing," the Village Chief said, admiration obvious in his voice as he praised Orion and the impressive structures he had erected. He turned to face Orion with a warm smile.

Orion shook his head, "I wouldn't have done it without your help or that of the key figures," Orion responded.

"Nonsense! You definitely deserve the praise. Without you and your ingenuity, none of this would have been possible," the Village Chief responded.

"From Orion's skies, enabling us to soar through the wide sky and easily observe the dead forest, to the healthcare structures that have improved the lives of so many people, to these strongholds..... these fortresses, each capable of standing on its own against the Vylkr vines and helping us deal with the spread of our population, saving us from the headache of where or how to build a new settlement. Lastly, with the presence of the god you convinced to bring back to the Village, we no longer need to worry about Vylkr vine attacks."

"We can focus on reproducing, tending to our farms, and strengthening our security to our heart's content. Also, because of you, the warriors are no longer constantly burdened with the weight of protecting the Village. They can now rest as they please."

"If you've noticed, they are much friendlier and respectful towards you. There has even been an uproar about making Seth step down from his position as the Rightward Stronghold Leader, and you take his place," the Village Chief added with a chuckle.

Orion nodded in response. He knew this was why the warriors listened to his instructions respectfully and why even those he had never met appeared to understand who he was on their first meeting. However, he couldn't help but smile wryly as he didn't know there was an ongoing uproar for Seth to step down from his position.

"I didn't know such a thing was happening," Orion responded.

The Village Chief exhaled, "Seth has just become the Rightward Stronghold Leader a few months ago, and with the peace and calmness in the Village, which is unlike before, he hasn't had the chance to further show his strength. It's a given that others are still doubtful of his position and think that he might have gotten there because he is the Village Chief's son. Nevertheless, don't worry about it. I am sure he will soon be given the chance to settle in and prove his capabilities," the Village Chief replied.

"My only disappointment is that Drakar made such a terrible mistake by leaving the Village and cannot witness the beauty that it is now. Maybe if he had stayed, then he might have had the chance

to witness such a beautiful sight," the Village Chief added with a disappointed sigh escaping his lips.

After a few seconds of silence, the Village Chief realised he had been sidetracked from his real purpose of coming here. He coughed lightly before saying, "Do you want to know why I called you outside today?" his eyes fixed on Orion.

Orion shook his head in response, "I don't know why, Chief?" Orion replied.

"I called to speak with you because I've been considering retirement. Of course, this was something that I only wanted to address in four or five years. However, after witnessing your journey and how you transformed this Village, I realised it would be stupid to wait until then before deciding to announce my retirement. I have already discussed it with the rest of the key figures, and they have no disagreements with my decision," the village chief said, slightly becoming weary.

"I've thought carefully about this. I want you to succeed as the next Village Chief."

Orion was instantly stunned by the Village Chief's words.

Though his number one priority has always been wanting to hold enough influence so he could have his own voice in the Village, despite already achieving that and becoming even more respected, Orion realised that becoming the Village Chief would further cement that authority, placing him in a position that would be difficult for anyone to dispute against. However, Orion didn't expect the Village Chief to make such a decision so soon, especially since he still had yet to become a three-star warrior or reach his six-star potential.

Orion was already aware that it took up to a year or within years for a one-star warrior to advance into becoming a two-star warrior. So, he had also been consuming Vylkr vines or going out to hunt them himself whenever he had the opportunity to do so to advance quickly.

"What? You aren't interested in becoming the next Village Chief," the Village Chief said, furrowing his brow.

He had thought Orion would be excited about the prospect, considering it was an honour that even an ordinary Villager would never dream about.

However, noticing Orion's pondering expression, he couldn't help but become confused.

"No, it's not that. I feel like becoming the Village Chief might be a little early, especially since my strength is still improving," Orion responded.

"Oh! True, though it would be wrong to say that you haven't been sharing the burdens of the Village with us, a young man like you still has enough time to enjoy the rest of his life before being burdened by the full responsibilities of the Village Chief," the Village Chief responded with a thoughtful expression.

"However, your achievements have overwhelmingly surpassed the benchmark for the qualifications to become the Village Chief, and with the Key figures' agreement, I am sure that everything will go as planned. Also, if you choose to accept the mantle of the Village Chief, it would be in name only until you gain enough strength and are fully capable of bearing the responsibilities of the Village Chief, so there isn't really anything for you to be worried about."

"Okay, I don't have any complaints if it's like that. I'll do it; I'll succeed as the next Village Chief, Chief," Orion responded firmly.

## Chapter 657 An Unsettling Discovery In The Vylkr vines

The Village Chief smiled broadly as soon as he heard Orion's words.

He nodded approvingly, "That's good. In the meantime, just continue what you are doing. I and the rest of the key figures will ensure that your appointment as the next Village Chief takes place before the end of the year."

As Orion nodded seriously in response, the Village Chief leapt over the wall before him. He dived downwards before transforming into his massive green-horned owl, disappearing towards the direction of the village.

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Present

Orion was glad that this information had come early, allowing him to focus on various other things without worries, as within a few weeks, his authority with the Village and the Orion's Cities as a whole would be undisputed.

"Alright, everyone, that's enough!" Orion said as he stared at the warriors before him, "Before we close, I'll remind everyone this again: to sense the Celestial energy, you need to feel the warmth of the sun entering your body with each breath. Feel it flowing through your lungs, circulating through your bloodstream, and reaching every part of your body. Then, picture your body becoming translucent, with the same warmth as the sun radiating from you and spreading towards everything around you."

"If you can do that, you will feel the Celestial energy flowing through your veins like the Vylkr energy. After that, it would be much easier to sense the moon's breath through its warmth. Following that, I'll teach you all a technique that you can use to manifest the Celestial energy in you. You are dismissed."

The warriors stood tiredly and bowed their heads towards Orion in respect and gratitude before they all turned and left the training area individually.

Orion also left the training home and returned home since it would be almost dark. However--

"ORIONN!" a resounding voice called his name from the sky.

Orion immediately shifted his attention upwards and saw Grim falling from the sky, seemingly shapeshifting back to his human form.

Orion reacted swiftly, jumping into the air and catching Grim before stabilizing him safely as he landed on his feet.

Grim sat on the ground before laying his back firmly to catch his breath, "Orion, I need your help," Grim said with a desperate expression.

"Calm down, and then tell me what happened?" Orion asked with a solemn expression.

He had never seen Grim with such a frightened expression, so he immediately understood that something terrible had happened.

"It's the Vylkr vines," Grim said, a frightened look in his eyes.

Orion immediately felt his heart race.

Throughout these past months, he had also taken several missions with Gorg, Tala, Grim, and sometimes with their warrior groups to clear away some nearby Vylkr vines to stop them from accumulating outside of Aegis of the Arctic Deity's divine pressure, so he was very much worried when he heard Grim's words and was afraid that something had happened to them.

"Gorg, Tala, and I all went to clear away some of the accumulating one-star Vylkr vines as usual. However, something happened... When we were about to return, they ambushed us just after we had completely destroyed the Vylkr vines."

Orion was astounded. His eyes widened as he processed Grim's story.

"...With three of us, even if we were tired, we could still handle them, so we didn't think anything was wrong and merely thought that the Vylkr vines were relentless as always."

"However, it was already too late when we began to notice something due to their coordinated attacks and attempts to separate us from each other. Tala had entered exhaustion from using her gift and had become immobile, alongside Gorg too," Grim said, his voice trembling as he revealed the unbelievable revelation of the scene they had seen.

He would find it difficult to believe someone had told him about it unless he witnessed it himself. He could only hope that Orion would believe him and offer his help; after all, Orion already possessed an undeniable influence in the Village and the Orion's Cities despite being the same age as them.

Orion's eyes then shrunk to the size of a needle, "Where... are they?" Orion asked.

He was aware that being a warrior was dangerous work, where many unlucky individuals died, and those who survived could never return to their ordinary lives as the villagers they were before.

That was why the details of what being a warrior entailed were kept hidden from the public and why his mother had initially stopped him from becoming one in the first place. However, even if it sounded selfish, Orion didn't want anybody he knew personally to go through such an experience.

Grim looked at Orion worriedly and shook his head in response, "They are okay. I managed to shapeshift into my strongest shapeshifting form and take them as far away as possible. They are currently at the Prismerions' healers' healthcare, receiving treatment."

"I tried to inform the ranking warrior groups about my story; however, they didn't take it seriously and only said we were reckless because we were still one-star warriors. So, I didn't waste any time and immediately got your location and came to see you because I am sure that you will believe," Grim said, his pleading gaze fixed on Orion, "If you don't believe that I'm telling the truth, then it doesn't matter, because none of the Strongholds or the Village Chief either."

"It's okay, I believe you. I know that you would never use such a situation to tell a lie, so there is no need for you to worry," Orion replied.

He felt slightly relieved after hearing that Tala and Gorg were okay. However, he couldn't help but worry about the rest of Gorg's words.

Vylkr vines that can formulate a plan! How incredibly ridiculous does such a thing sound?

"How long has this been happening?" Orion asked with a solemn expression.

"Two and a half hours ago."

Orion nodded in response, "Don't worry, I will handle it from here," Orion said as he proceeded to help Gorg back to his feet, "Let's get you to a healer first. And also, forget the payment; I will take care of it for Gorg and Tala," Orion added.

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Fortunately, the health care also had several healers on night shifts, which the Villagers further welcomed as they could get treatment anytime.

"Thank you," Grim said gratefully as they walked toward the nearest healthcare.

It was his luck to be born in the same generation as Orion and to have a close companion like him.

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One hour later

"Stay vigilant; keep your eyes peeled for anything out of the ordinary," Orion commanded, surveying the terrain below from one of the floating Orion's skies.

The warriors nodded solemnly, refocusing their attention on their surroundings.

After delivering Grim to healthcare, Orion swiftly assembled a team of four strong warrior groups and proceeded to the location of the Vylkr vine attack.

Two warriors scoured the ground from below while the others searched above. Orion joined them in one of the Orion's skies. Thankfully, the bright moon provided ample illumination, and their enhanced warrior sight allowed them to clearly observe the events unfolding beneath them.

After three hours of carefully observing their surroundings to see what they could find, one of the warriors caught something and immediately signalled for the others' attention, including Orion.

Orion and the others shifted their gaze toward where the warrior was pointing and widened their eyes at the sight below them.

Under the moon's radiance, they observed a miniature leg-

sized Vylkr vine resembling a massive three-star Vylkr vine. It was within a sphere-like structure with an open closure on top of it, seemingly comprised of various one-star warriors.

From the one-star Vylkr vines' sphere-like structure, tendrils spread outwards into the surroundings, moving around with strange and almost unnatural coordinated movements for an entity like the Vylkr vines.



"I'm seeing this correctly," one of the warriors said, gulping down a large amount of air.

He had defeated numerous three-star Vylkr vines as a three-

star warrior but had never encountered such a strange three-

Vylkr vine.

"Is... this even possible?" another warrior asked, her voice slightly trembling as she stared at the scene below.

The other warriors shared the same thoughts. Although they had previously doubted Orion's words when he explained what was happening, they immediately understood that everything Orion had told them was right as they observed the sight before them.

Meanwhile, Orion couldn't help but watch the scene with an astounded expression.

Though Grim had explained to him what had occurred during the ambush, it was pretty obvious that Grim himself hadn't had the time to take a good look around his surroundings, or he might have encountered such a sight and understood what had caused the Vylkr vines to attack them.

Nevertheless, with the cause of the source of their attacks, Orion didn't waste any time.

"Signal the groups below and let them know their target is far to the left," Orion ordered.

The warriors nodded seriously in response and immediately went into action as they now understood the severity of the situation. Suddenly, some of the warriors in the Orion's skies whistled strangely.

This was how they had come up to communicate, either screaming at each other from the Orion's skies or those on the ground when going out on missions.

Orion observed as the warriors below raised their heads upward, moving cohesively towards the side where the strangely unique Vylkr vine was located.

Within seconds, the warriors arrived before the Vylkr vines, easily breaking through the surrounding one-star Vylkr vines. As if possessing some intelligence to sense the approaching warriors, Orion and the rest of the warriors watched with amazed expressions as the Vylkr vines turned around and fled, using the abundant one-star Vylkr vines around it as cover.

Orion swiftly grabbed a bow and an arrow from the quiver, resting on the side of the basket.

He positioned the arrow on the bow, stretched the strings backwards, and immediately activated his gift.

CRACKKLEEE!! CRACCKLEEE!!!

Immediately, a wave of vibrant bluish lightning emerged from his hands, gathering around the bow and arrow. Over the past few months, Orion had diversified his arsenal, learning to wield various weapons such as daggers, a spear, a sword, a war hammer, a war axe, and now a bow and arrow.

The dagger and spear techniques were acquired from the Crystalforge elite warriors, while the sword, war hammer, and war axe skills were learned from some of the Village warriors and Fifi. Lastly, the bow and arrow techniques were directly taught by Aerialia, who also shared a set of techniques utilizing Celestial energy.

Aerialia initially had reservations, fearing the interaction with the violent Vylkr energy within Orion's body might threaten her own survival.

However, realizing that her concerns were unfounded and their promises in the Garden were unnecessary, she taught him everything she knew about archery and the best techniques to complement it.

Though he was surprised by Aerialia's archery knowledge and assistance in refining his fighting techniques, Orion recalled that she was also the goddess of hunt and forge, making it natural for her to possess such knowledge.

Taking a deep breath, Orion felt the sun's warmth merging with the Celestial energy in his veins. Suddenly, an external warmth enveloped his skin as he exhaled, extending to his fingertips.

"Celestial Ember Forge Technique: Stellar Ignition!"

A scorching torrent of golden flames burst forth from Orion's fingertips, engulfing the bow and arrow in his hands. The golden flames, interwoven with his bluish lightning, illuminated the surroundings with the vibrant hues of the sun. Just as Orion prepared to release the string, aiming at the peculiar Vylkr vines below—

BOOMM!

One of the three-star warriors swiftly caught up with the Vylkr vines, crushing them beneath his feet.

Another warrior emerged behind, reducing the remaining Vylkr vines to bits and pieces.

Observing this scene, Orion promptly deactivated his technique and then his gift.

As the dancing golden flames and vibrant bluish lightning retracted into his body, the bow and arrow immediately became ashes, scattering into the wind.

Orion sighed in relief; at least this time, he confirmed that the golden flames wouldn't harm him when he wrapped his lightning around his body.

## Chapter 659 Home

Of all the techniques taught by Aerialia, the Celestial Ember Forge Technique was the one Orion took seriously. Not only was it highly destructive, enhancing his offensive power, but its versatility was crucial for mastering the usage of his strength and gift.

A warrior below suddenly raised her head and whistled in their direction.

"Should we bring back its remains, Warrior Orion?" one of the warriors asked, translating what he had heard.

Observing the one-star Vylkr vines moving toward the bizarre, lifeless Vylkr vine, ignoring the warriors around it, Orion furrowed his brows in confusion.

"Secure it and bring every piece of it back to the Village. It would be best if we could figure out what caused this and how to prevent it from happening again," Orion responded with a deep frown.

If given a choice between an endless onslaught of unthinking, tireless, and insatiable Vylkr vines that never grew tired nor slept or a continually intelligent, strategic, insatiable Vylkr vine that also never grew tired nor slept, Orion would firmly decline both options without hesitation.

However, if he were forced to choose without the option to refuse, Orion would reluctantly opt for the former. As such, this sudden revelation made his heart throb with fear and fueled his desire to uncover how such a Vylkr vine had come to be, how long it had survived, and whom else it had ambushed before encountering Tala and the others.

The warrior nodded his head seriously and immediately whistled back.

After receiving her instructions, the warrior below pulled a sack from her waist and securely packed the Vylkr vines within it while fending off other one-star Vylkr vines that tried to get close.

.....

"I'm home," Orion announced as he stepped into the main building of his manor.

After safely securing the bizarre dead Vylkr vine at the Lefthold Stronghold, he alerted Thak to inform the Chief. Also, he dispatched a few warriors to notify Stronghold Leader Zogar and Stronghold Leader Seth.

However, they had decided to wait until morning to investigate the bizarre Vylkr vine carefully and to check for any others within the dead forest since it was well past midnight and a few hours remained until morning.

However, as he took another step forward, a piece of fabric suddenly flew through the air and landed on his face, blocking his vision.

Orion halted, closing the door behind him.

"Shh! The babies are asleep," a familiar voice whispered through the air.

Just hearing the distinct, familiar voice, Orion recognized it was Fiona. He removed the fabric from his face and immediately noticed it was a pair of panties. Apart from his Prismerions wives, only Fifi, Sura, Fiona, Ingrid, and Celia were fond of wearing panties regularly.

The others usually reserved them for family roleplays or whenever they wanted to spice things up, understanding how much of a trigger this simple piece of fabric was to him.

He scanned the main room and saw that the only people still awake were Lyra, Derry, Reena, Vivian, Seraphina, his mother, Fiona, Elysia, and Anara.

Usually, when he went out during the day, he and a few others would care for the children at night, allowing the rest to get some well-deserved rest during the day. Therefore, it surprised him to see them still awake at this time of night.

"Come and sit," Celeste said, tapping a spot on the rug between her and Lyra.

Orion first removed his sandals, which he had crafted with the assistance of the Prismerions. He then walked over and settled down between them.

"Where is everyone else?" Orion asked.

He wondered if a new faction was emerging within the already established faction of his family or if it was something significant that concerned the absent women.

Sensing Orion's thoughts, Celeste shook her head. "Don't worry; it's not what you're thinking," she assured him.

Though she considered all the women in the house her sisters, it was impossible not to have occasional conflicts, particularly with Crystalia and Elysia.

"Oh, then what is it? Why is everyone gathered here?" Orion asked.

"Although we didn't expect you to return home this late, now that you're here, we wanted to let you know that we've all decided on what we discussed previously," Celeste responded.

"Decided on what?" Orion asked, a raised brow indicating his curiosity.

He had discussed many things with his wives, making it challenging to recall precisely what they were referring to.

Suddenly, Orion felt a finger pinching his arm.

"Don't tell me you've already forgotten what we all talked about that day?" Lyra whispered in his ear.

Orion turned his head to look at Lyra, finding her staring at him with a cold glint in her eyes.

Suddenly, snickers echoed through the air. "It's best if you stop trying to imitate Ingrid because that look doesn't fit you," Derry said with a disappointed expression, as though she had just witnessed a failure of immense proportion.

Orion inwardly nodded as he suddenly remembered why that look seemed so familiar. During a family roleplay session, he discovered that both Ingrid and Ursa had a dominant side, which all the women had witnessed.

However, no one else seemed interested in such activities except Lyra, who wanted to understand why her daughter enjoyed it. So, she decided to mimic Ingrid to make it less noticeable to Ursa. Still, she had underestimated the scrutinizing eyes of her fellow sisters, leading to the same results she wanted to avoid.

Nonetheless, Lyra was persistent enough to continue and find out why, which was one of the traits that Orion admired most about her.

Lyra snorted back and rolled her eyes at Derry.

Orion chuckled softly, "What if you're going about this all the wrong way?" he said with a light smile.

Lyra redirected her attention toward Orion, "What do you mean?" she asked curiously.

If Orion knew what had between Ingrid and her daughter that night, she was extremely curious to understand the details of the situation.

Orion smiled, "Are you sure you want to know what it is?" Orion asked mischievously.

## Chapter 660 Home And Kinks

Lyra hesitated initially when she saw Orion's expression but eventually nodded in response. She was determined to find out what had led her daughter to enjoy such an act, no matter what.

Witnessing this scene, Celeste couldn't help but shake her head and frown. She could tell that Lyra had fallen into a trap set by her son; however, she didn't interrupt. After all, it wasn't a lie to say that they were all curious about the reasons behind Ingrid's and Ursa's behaviour that night.

So, she merely observed to see how this was going to unfold. The others shared the same idea and did the same, observing.

Orion extended his hand toward Lyra and raised an eyebrow before proceeding to lightly pinch her nipple.

"... Hee!" Lyra flinched as she felt Orion's fingers graze over her sensitive nipple.

It's worth noting that after childbirth, their breasts had undergone a significant increase, accompanied by a slight increase in sensitivity, which was natural as they had already started producing breast milk.

Suddenly, drops of clear white milky breast milk spilt from her pinched breast, staining her fingers and thighs. Surprisingly, it didn't take long before her other motherly breast released several drops of breast milk. Orion raised a brow in surprise as he watched this scene.

He had only intended to divert Lyra's attention towards something else since there was no way he could explain how Ingrid and Ursa had awakened their dominant sides during kushi. He had chosen to play along that time to see how far their new tendencies would influence their kushi together.

Surprisingly, it made the experience even better.

Orion slightly increased the amount of force he applied to her breast, causing Lyra to moan loudly.

"Did I say that you could moan?" Orion asked with a harsh tone and a deep, displeased expression.

Lyra's eyes widened at Orion's odd tone, immediately thinking she had done something wrong. "Sorry," she said, biting her lips.

Strangely, after her apology, the milk leaking from her breasts increased.

Orion shifted his gaze toward her thighs, noticing the subtle shivering.

Seeing this, Orion gulped and increased the pressure of his grip from all angles on both her breasts. He noticed Lyra getting wetter from her dripping breastmilk and wet patches spreading on her vulva.

Witnessing this scene, Orion withdrew his hands. Though he had always suspected it due to Lyra's tendency for rougher kushi, he had never explored it further, unwilling to inflict pain on his women.

However, seeing Lyra's reaction to the pain, given her sensitive nipples, Orion realized he had uncovered another hidden tendency of his woman.

Orion immediately withdrew his hands and patiently waited for Lyra to catch her breath.

Firstly, it was Ayla who seemed to like anal to the extent that she always felt like their Kushi was amazing whenever he finished in her ass, or even better, used her ass from the beginning till he finished, to his mother and Celia, who always enjoyed bathing in his semen, and Ursa, and Ingrid who had both awakened some kind of dominant trait and now to Lyra who seemed to enjoy pain and pleasure mixed together, which meant that she was a masochist.



"Is that all?" Lyra asked, doubt obvious in her eyes as she struggled to see the connection between Orion's previous actions and understanding what Ursa and Ingrid had done that night.

Orion leaned in and whispered something into her ear, prompting Lyra's eyes to widen, piquing the curiosity of all the women in the room.

"What are you two discussing?" Derry asked, narrowing her eyes at Orion and Lyra as soon as he pulled back.

"Don't worry, it's nothing important. Come on, let's continue with the meeting," Orion said, swiftly redirecting the conversation toward the other matters at hand.

Derry was about to respond; however, Celeste intervened, "He's right. We need to wrap this up quickly so we can get some sleep and be ready to handle the kids tomorrow," Celeste said.

"Whatever secrets they're keeping is their business. We all have secrets, and I'm sure none of us would appreciate someone digging into them."

Orion acknowledged his mother's adept handling of the situation, mentally giving her a thumbs up for maintaining order among the women.

In recent months, her leadership role had become firmly established, dissuading anyone from causing trouble in her presence to avoid her wrath. Crystalia and Elysia, however, remained exceptions.

As a former princess unaccustomed to obeying rules, Crystalia retained a rebellious demeanour, leading to occasional clashes with his mother. Meanwhile, Elysia supported Crystalia and only stepped in to correct her when she felt she had crossed some boundaries.

Despite Orion's efforts to mediate and prevent physical altercations, they insisted on handling the matter themselves, asking him to stay out. He had no choice but to observe how they would resolve the issue.

Derry sighed deeply and nodded in response. She was already at odds with Greta and Vivian and had the necessary backing to go against Celeste, so she chose to remain quiet.

Lyra sighed but continued to look at Orion throughout the meeting, pondering the meaning behind his words.

Although she was worried about whether Orion had discovered her secret, she chose to wait and see what he had in mind.

During the meeting, Orion learned that his women had been discussing the Orion Cities. They proposed managing it as a family business, an idea he didn't object to as long as the cities operated efficiently.

In fact, Orion had previously shared details about how he managed the city with one of them, highlighting the screened villagers and Prismerions providing him with a complete report of everything going on with each city every week, which he had to constantly check.

When he mentioned their considerable payment, they were surprised and even joked about doing the work and keeping the wealth for themselves instead of always using the family wealth as they pleased.

Apart from Anara, whom the women had called for advice because she was the only one overseeing a territory and several hundred individuals for the longest time, Celeste was present out of curiosity, interested in ensuring the home was in order.