

Village Head 661

Chapter 661 Blood Bonds And Business

Reena, who would soon be the Village Chieftess, attended to gain leadership experience and rule over a territory. She had been lost in her thoughts since he arrived home; it seemed she had gained more than expected.

In short, the only ones interested in handling the charge of Orion's cities were Lyra, Derry, Vivian, Seraphina, Fiona, and Elysia. Lyra would handle the left-wing side of the First Border City, Vivian would manage the middle-wing side, and Derry would take care of the right-wing side. Seraphina would oversee the right-wing side of the Second Border City, Fiona the middle-wing side, and Elysia the left-wing side of the city.

Of course, aside from Seraphina and Fiona, Orion was still surprised that the women who had decided on this were Lyra, Derry, Vivian, and Elysia. Firstly, both Lyra and Derry were too naughty and playful, making it difficult to doubt anything they did, with Derry being much more subtle than Lyra. Meanwhile, Vivian's involvement was a real surprise, as she was the last person he expected to think about such things.

Lastly, Elysia, although he understood that she had the most experience among them considering her previous work, he had only expected her to take her time to rest and do whatever she wanted now that she had all the time to herself. Taking control of such a huge city territory was the last thing he had expected.

In fact, those he had expected to decide on such matters were Ursa, Merida, Ingrid, and Maya. However, even they weren't present.

As though they could understand what was going through Orion's mind, as he kept silent and mulled over the things they had told him, they began to speak individually.

"If I hadn't become as strong as I am currently, I wouldn't have had the confidence to consider such a decision, so you don't have to worry; this is something that I have thoroughly thought about," Vivian said with a confident smile.

"Same here. Besides, I am already accustomed to dealing with this type of work, and I don't think I can remain idle even if I wanted to, given this kind of opportunity before me," Elysia added with a deep exhale escaping her lips.

After listening to their words, Orion had no choice but to agree to their decisions.

"Okay, but I have only one condition," Orion said, "I don't want my women running back and forth around the city, so for convenience, each of you can have a building that will serve as an office near the manor. You'll have others below you who will deliver the information about whatever is going on in your part of the city. If there's anything that needs confirmation, you can verify it yourselves. This way, you'll deal with your work and not be far from home."

One by one, the women all agreed, recognizing it as a good idea that benefited them all.

"Okay, now everything is settled," Celeste said with a wide smile.

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BAM!! BAMM!!

Orion was stirred awake from his sleep by a loud banging on his door. He gently positioned the naked Reena towards the barely clothed Fiona and Vivian, who were still asleep alongside the others, each lying naked and tired on the sheets. After their discussion last night, they all decided to have a quick session before sleeping.

After several months, Greta, Seraphina, some of the Prismarions, and Village healers had worked together so that they could find a way to suppress his extreme fertility.

Of course, this would have been taboo for the Village since every child was a gift from Naka. However, considering that his condition was unique, his women had all readily agreed to it because, although they all wanted a big family, they wanted to experience Kushi for a very long time without worrying about getting pregnant.

After testing what they had come up with on several willing volunteers, they finally succeeded and came up with a herbal mix that was just as terrible as it looked, tasted, and smelled.

Regardless, even if he disliked drinking, it still worked well enough for him to go for several rounds like this without consistently making his wives worry about getting pregnant.

BAMM!! BAMM!!

"I'm coming!" Orion shouted as he pulled up his tulga. He pondered deeply about who was banging on his door at this time of the morning.

His women were already beginning to wake up one by one from the banging on the door.

"Don't worry, I'll take care of it," Orion assured them.

They all nodded and walked to their rooms to rest a little before taking care of the children.

Orion walked towards the door and pulled it slightly open.

"Who are you?" Orion asked with a frown as he looked at the two warriors before him.

With his reputation, people had to show him a certain level of respect, including having proper manners when knocking on his door.

The two warriors before him immediately bowed down apologetically.

"I'm sorry about the disturbance this early morning, Warrior Orion. However, the Chief has sent us because of the urgent matter that needs to be attended to immediately," one of the warriors said.

Orion gestured for the warriors to rise as he nodded seriously in understanding, "Is it about the bizarre Vylkr vine we found yesterday? Tell the Chief there's nothing to worry about. I've planned to meet him this morning along with Stronghold Leader Zogar and Stronghold Leader Seth so we can properly discuss it," Orion said, already guessing why they were here.

"No, it's not about that, Warrior Orion. It's about something else," the warrior responded.

Orion furrowed his brows in confusion. "What is it, then?" Orion asked curiously. If it isn't that, then why was the Village urgently calling for his presence?

He stared at the warriors, waiting for their response.

"The Chief urgently summoned you outside the Third Border City. From the information we've gathered, numerous boats are rapidly approaching downstream towards the city. The Rightward and Leftward Stronghold Leaders, Village Chief and other trustworthy individuals are already on their way there. He says to let you know that we may have unexpected visitors or a potential invasion."

Chapter 662 Arrival Of The Four-Eared Elves

Orion was instantly stunned as he processed the warrior's words before him.

Witnessing Orion's stunned reaction, one of the warriors sighed audibly, "The Village Chief has asked for your response, so the quicker we leave, the better," he said.

"Give me a few minutes to freshen up," Orion replied.

The warriors nodded their heads in response and waited for him outside as he returned to his home to take his bath and then leave immediately.

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Third Border City

Meanwhile, outside the Third Border City, thousands of boats steadily halted their movements on the river before the large wooden walls.

At the forefront, on a boat slightly larger than the rest, several four-eared elves stood outside, staring at the incredibly massive walls before them.

"Hey, Princess, are you sure that we are at the right place?" Leif asked, turning his head to look at Isadora, standing beside him with a raised brow.

From what they had been told, they were supposed to meet a village run by a few people, not a fortress that seemed to have been built by several hundred thousand individuals.

No matter how Leif looked at it, this place didn't resemble a village but rather a damned kingdom in the middle of nowhere.

"I don't know," Isadora said with a frown as she observed the large structure before her.

Even she was starting to feel sceptical about the information that her father had shared with them or if his injuries had affected his memories.

"Hey, don't you guys think there is something strange about this place," Lyndon said. He narrowed his eyes at the massive towering walls before focusing on the river and the land around him.

"From the looks of it, it seems like the structure was newly built, but with the Vylkr vines running around, how could such a massive structure be built without interruption?"

"Since such a massive structure had to be built by many people, how can they feed and fend for themselves and survive in a terrifying, terrible place like this in the middle of nowhere?" Lyndon added. "From the way I see it, a village with several hundred individuals who can utilise the Vylkr vines seems more believable than the sight before me."

Leona nodded in agreement with Lyndon's words, "You are right," Leona said, "However, I think we should first focus our attention on what happened to the Vylkr vines. Also, I don't think I should be the only one who strangely hasn't noticed their appearance, right?" Leona narrowed her eyes as she looked at the calm river below her before stretching her eyesight to the land at the river's edge.

Though she might not have noticed it during the night, as she looked at the vast, cleared lands outside the towering walls, she couldn't help but be utterly stunned.

Leif nodded at Lyndon's and Leona's words as he also realised that the number of times the Vylkr vines had attacked them had drastically reduced throughout the night until now, along with the strangeness of their surroundings.

"Still, there might be various other settlements in these lands, and we just happened to stumble upon one by mistake," Lyndon said, trying to lighten up the atmosphere when he noticed how depressing it had suddenly become.

Leif exhaled tiredly, "It seems that things will not be as easy as we had thought," he responded with a frown.

"Everyone, calm down. I'll go and bring the Patriarch so that he can confirm if we are really at the correct location or somewhere else," Isadora said.

They nodded in response, understanding that bringing out the Patriarch was the best way to understand what was happening.

"Everyone, be prepared and stay on alert..." Leif said.

However, before he could finish his sentence, a massive shadow emerged out of nowhere and hovered over them, blocking the sun that shone down from above.

"What the—" Leona said, snapping her head upwards and immediately sealing her lips shut when she noticed the massive flying beast above them.

They all became frozen.

The beast was a mix between a winged tiger and a creature with scale-like hind legs, giant claws, and a scorpion tail. It hovered above them with its head staring down at them.

Suddenly, the beast raised its head, producing a gust of wind as it flapped its wings and flew forward over the towering wooden walls before disappearing.

When the beast vanished from their eyesight, everyone breathed in relief as though an immense pressure had been lifted off their shoulders.

"Hey... are we sure that the Patriarch didn't make a mistake because I am sure that we can all agree there's no way humans are living in there," Leona said, sitting down on her haunches, taking deep breaths in and out.

Leif also took a deep breath before exhaling, "It seems that we will meet our benefactors earlier than expected. Everybody, get ready and gear up in case of anything. I will go and get the Princess and the Patriarch so we can better understand what is going on," Leif said as he immediately turned around to walk into the ship."

"Ummm... Captain," a voice suddenly sounded behind him, causing him to halt his steps. Leif turned around and looked at Ronan, who had just spoken up, "What is it? Didn't you hear my orders?" Leif asked, his brow furrowing at Ronan's hesitant expression.

"...Captain, our benefactors are already here," Ronan responded, taking a deep gulp.

When he heard Ronan's words, a foreboding suddenly emerged in Leif's heart. He followed Ronan's line of sight and instantly froze when he saw the scene before him.

Above the towering wooden walls, he could see several beasts; some were smaller, while others were larger than the creatures that had just hovered over them, making the situation seem even more menacing and untamed in comparison.

Meanwhile, atop the towering wooden walls, several figures stood there, staring down at them, with a few even jumping and sliding from the imposing structures.

Leif took a deep breath as he looked at the beast flying above the wooden walls and the humans atop them, momentarily failing to understand what was happening.

Chapter 663 Arrival Of The Four-Eared Elves (2)

What kind of scene was this? Were humans now living alongside these terrifying beasts?

Everyone else present had similar thoughts passing through their minds.

"What's happening?"

Suddenly, a familiar voice sounded behind him, breaking him out of his daze.

Leif snapped his head backwards. "Princess," he said, immediately rushing towards her position.

"It's dangerous to be out here with the Patriarch. We have already determined that the Patriarch has given us the wrong coordinates, so we must get out of here as fast as possible. Meanwhile, you and the Prince should get back into the boat and hide safely with the Patriarch," Leif hurriedly added.

It seemed that the people or beasts living within this fortress had taken their arrival as though it was some kind of invasion, which Leif didn't blame them for thinking.

After all, if he woke up one morning and suddenly found out that there were hundreds of boats filled to the brim with a particular race heading towards his home, he would also think that an invasion was about to occur without hesitation.

Meanwhile, Isadora, whose eyes were immediately glued to the top of the towering wooden wall and the beasts flying about it, gulped down the air caught in her throat. She instantly nodded her head at Leif's words and followed his instructions.

However, just as she was about to turn around—

'WHO ARE YOU? IDENTIFY YOURSELVES, AND WHAT ARE YOUR REASONS HERE? YOU HAVE FIVE MINUTES TO RESPOND OR LEAVE THIS TERRITORY!!' A loud voice resounded through the air, thundering in everyone's ears.

"Father," Isadora cried out fearfully, her expression becoming pale as she stared at the Patriarch.

The Patriarch refused to budge from his position. Instead of moving back inside the boat, he raised his head and looked at the top of the towering mountain.

"Father, please..." Isadora said again.

She was beginning to get worried that the injury that he had sustained was even more threatening than it seemed and had affected his memories.

"Patriarch—" Leif began, but just as he was about to intervene, the Patriarch immediately interrupted, 'Who said that I gave the coordinates?' the Patriarch asked firmly.

Seeing the Patriarch's firm, questioning gaze, Leif gritted his teeth, "Patriarch, in the destination you gave us, you said that we would arrive at a small village with humans; however," Leif said, "...there is now a fortress there, along with several terrifying beasts, living together with several humans. And by the looks of it, it seems that they think this is an invasion, so I think we should change our course and return to finding out where the Village is," he pointed his head in the direction above the towering wooden walls.

The Patriarch directed his eyes upwards and narrowed them as he observed the scene, then shifted his attention to look at both sides of the river before him.

"Hmm! I get your point; this does look like an invasion, so it isn't surprising why they are trying to imitate us like this. However, you do not need to worry because we are in the right place," the Patriarch said. "Take me forward, dear."

Isadora nodded and began to lead her father towards the boat's edge.

Leif immediately clenched his fists at witnessing this scene. As the one responsible for the safety of their race, how could he not be annoyed at how the Patriarch had dismissed his warnings?

"Captain," one of his teammates called out, handing his weapon over to him.

Leif nodded in response as he grabbed onto a 2-meter metallic sword with various moving mechanisms within it. He held the handles of his sword tightly and patiently observed, hoping nothing terrible would happen.

He also signalled for the others to be ready. However, they already were.

As soon as the Patriarch and Isadora arrived at the boat's edge, Isadora felt her body shiver and suddenly felt countless gazes fixated on her figure.

The Patriarch suddenly placed his hand on Isadora.

"Don't worry and relax; I'll take care of this," the Patriarch said with a warm smile before he shifted his attention towards the top of the towering wooden walls.

The Patriarch took in a deep breath—

"THOUGH IT WOULD HAVE BEEN DIFFICULT FOR ME TO RECOGNIZE THIS PLACE IF I HADN'T BEEN HERE FREQUENTLY IN THE PAST FEW YEARS, HOWEVER, I HAVE TO SAY, I LOVE WHAT YOU'VE DONE WITH THE PLACE!" The Patriarch shouted.

When the Patriarch's words resounded, a sudden pin-drop silence occupied the air.

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When Orion reached the edge of the Third Border City facing the river, he was immediately led to where the Village Chief and the others were gathered. Upon arrival, he exchanged greetings with them individually, and they reciprocated.

"You've finally arrived," the Village Chief said with a smile as he looked at Orion.

Orion nodded in response, "Yes, I came immediately after I received the information," he replied.

The Village Chief continued, "We've already found out who the invaders are," and promptly proceeded to the main point.

"Who?" Orion asked curiously.

Surveying the many boats on the river, he estimated there were tens of thousands of them.

"They look closely alike to the Caravans, but the Caravans were never this numerous when visiting the village, so we're a bit doubtful about their identity," the Village Chief responded.

"I've already sent them a message. If they don't respond in the next five minutes, then I will have the warriors forcefully drive them out of the territory."

Orion nodded in understanding. Some of the Prismarions resembled humans closely, except for the crystals on their lower bodies, which made identification easy. However, with no way to confirm whether these were the Caravans, he understood that the Village Chief wanted to avoid taking risks.

Moreover, he had heard the Village Chief's resolute words on his way up to the top of the towering walls, so he waited patiently for their reply.

Suddenly, a loud voice echoed through the air.

Orion furrowed his brows at the words before turning to the Village Chief. Witnessing the surprise on the Chief's face, he sighed inwardly.

From the words he had just heard and the Chief's expression, he deduced that the people on the boat before him were indeed the Caravans.

Chapter 664 Arrival Of The Four-Eared Elves (3)

Meanwhile, the Village Chief couldn't help but suddenly frown. Though he was relieved that the individuals before him were indeed the Caravans, the four-eared race, he couldn't shake the feeling that something was amiss with their arrival in such large numbers.

Something was unsettling about it, and he needed to understand what was happening.

"Don't take any action; just wait here. I'll be back once I'm done," the Village Chief said to Orion before turning to Stronghold Leader Drakar, signalling for him to follow.

The Village Chief then leapt down from the platform, transforming into his massive green-horned owl form, and swiftly headed toward the boat at the forefront.

Stronghold Leader Zogar leapt high into the sky, following the same direction.

Meanwhile, on the boat below, the sight of the figure transforming into a massive green owl left Leif and the others frozen in their positions.

Their eyes darted nervously between the various beasts above the towering walls, and a dumbfounding realisation settled in—

they were looking at the humans.

The terrifying beasts were, in fact, the humans, the inhabitants of this place.

Several of them couldn't help but draw in sharp breaths, tightening their grip on their weapons as the unexpected revelation sank in.

Nevertheless, the Village Chief reached the boat and returned to his human form.

"Patriarch Rylan, it's really you?" the Village Chief said as he observed the elderly man before him, then turned his attention to the rest of the unfamiliar individuals surrounding him.

"Village Chief Brane, I'm glad to see you again," the Patriarch replied warmly.

He then acknowledged the familiar figure that had landed beside him with minimal disturbance, "It's good to see you looking as vigorous as ever, Stronghold Leader Zogar," he added.

"I would say the same about you, Patriarch Rylan; however, things have been quite unfortunate for you since we last met," the Village Chief responded.

Stronghold Leader Zogar nodded, exchanged greetings with Patriarch Rylan, and shifted his attention to scrutinise the figures beside him.

Hearing the words of the Village Chief, Patriarch Rylan let out a wry smile. "Yes, as you can see, things have not been for us since we last met," he said, releasing a tired sigh.

"I'm sorry for the sudden disturbance, Chief Brane. I hope I haven't caused any problems due to my arrival," he added.

The Village Chief shook his head.

"Your presence is always anticipated and welcomed in the Village, Patriarch Rylan, so there is no need to worry," the Village Chief replied. "Though I'm afraid I can't say the same today unless I understand why you made such a massive entrance this year."

As the Village Chief spoke, Isadora's body froze beside her father. Sweat drenched her forehead, streaming down to her cheeks; she rarely saw her father show such respect to anyone.

Isadora's heart raced as she tried to regain her composure.

She feared making any move that might provoke the anger or irritation of the individual before her.

Meanwhile, Lyndon, Leif, Leona and the others shared similar sentiments. They knew the Patriarch reserved his respectful demeanour for those deemed worthy. Observing the Patriarch's deference to the man before them, they became immediately wary and anxious as they observed the conversation unfolding before them.

Patriarch Rylan nodded in response to the Village Chief's words.

"It's a long story, but to keep it simple, my race and I have lost our homes and everything we own to our enemies. When we sought refuge in this desolate world, I couldn't think of any other place but here. With nowhere else to turn and no alternative, I had no choice but to bring the surviving members of my race here," Patriarch Rylan explained.

He gently distanced himself from the support of his daughter, choosing to stand alone as he awaited the Village Chief's response.

Hearing Patriarch Rylan's explanation, the Village Chief furrowed his brows, a deep frown etching itself on his face.

"Were you followed by your enemies?" the Village Chief asked curiously with a raised brow.

While he wondered about how such a large group managed to traverse vast distances—considering not everyone possessed the ability to convince a god-like Orion did—he understood that such questions could wait. For now, he needed to ascertain whether there was a potential invasion threat, which took precedence.

Patriarch Rylan nodded, affirming, "Yes, we were followed by our enemies; however, we lost them months ago before arriving here, so you don't have to worry about anything. We are here alone."

Patriarch Rylan then continued with a humble request, "Please, Village Chief Brane, I understand that we have only traded in the past, and you have no obligation to offer us such a favour. However, I beg of you, until we find a suitable settlement, if you take us in, we won't mind becoming labourers for your Village, no matter the type of work it might be."

His voice carried a firm resolve, emphasising the sincerity of his words.

"Father," Isadora said, tears streaming down her cheeks.

Though she was aware that no one would take in such a large quantity of people all at once, no matter how close they were, she couldn't help but be optimistic about her father's plans.

Regardless, upon hearing the Patriarch's words, Isadora couldn't hold back her emotions, breaking down almost immediately.

Is this what their race had become? After losing everything, sacrificing what remained, and travelling a long distance, they only hoped to work as labourers until they found a new place to settle.

Leif and the others felt similar discontentment, but unlike Isadora, they kept their emotions concealed, locked within themselves.

Patriarch Rylan sighed tiredly upon hearing Isadora's sobs.

"Don't worry. With my knowledge of the Village, I am sure we won't be treated as badly as you think. Otherwise, I wouldn't have gone to such lengths to make this decision," he said, gently wiping away the tears streaming down her cheeks.

Meanwhile, the Village Chief's frown deepened as he finished hearing Patriarch Rylan's words. Though he had already understood that the man before him wasn't in a good situation, he suddenly realised it might be even worse than he had imagined.

Besides the Village Chief, Stronghold Leader Zogar frowned deeply as he listened and observed the scene before him.

"Patriarch Rylan, you and the other Patriarchs before you have always traded with our Village and done so fairly. We have always anticipated your next return. So, even if nothing is owed, let it not be known that in your desperate hour, you ran over here with everything you could gather to ask for help, and we turned you down," the Village Chief shouted.

Although the settlement of the four-eared race would be best left for Orion to decide upon, as he was in charge of Orion's cities, the Village Chief was sure that Orion would have made the same decision, especially since he had been extremely curious lately about the Caravans and their origins.

Stronghold Leader Zogar nodded in response, supporting the Village Chief's judgment.

After hearing the Village Chief's words, Patriarch Rylan's eyes widened in surprise as his body trembled. Honestly, although he had hoped that the Village Chief would take pity on them and allow them to settle in the Village, he also understood that the chances of the Village Chief rejecting them were vastly higher than his accepting. And even if the Village Chief had refused to offer them his help, he wouldn't take it to heart.

After all, even as a leader of his race, he understood that, before anything, the survival of your own race should be considered first.

So, he was somewhat surprised by the Village Chief's words before a wave of happiness suddenly surged through his heart.

"Thank you," Patriarch Rylan said, slightly bowing toward the direction of the Village Chief and Stronghold Leader Zogar, who was beside him.

Witnessing the Patriarch's behaviour, everyone stunned by the Village Chief's response immediately did the same, bowing their heads in the Village Chief's direction.

"Thank you," they all said in unison.

"Hohoho!! Don't thank me yet. Although I might have been enough to grant you entry into the city, there is still someone else who needs to approve before you can comfortably settle within the city," the Village Chief said with a smile, "Don't worry about it, though, he has been expecting your visit for a while now, so I am sure that he will eagerly agree to it."

Patriarch Rylan's brows shot up when he heard the Village Chief's words.

City? He couldn't help but look at the towering wooden walls, wondering if a city was within it as the Village Chief had hinted.

"Village Chief Brane, is he perhaps someone whom I've already met previously?" Patriarch Rylan asked curiously.

If this person could genuinely make their life much more comfortable, he was curious to know who this person was so that he could be prepared to meet him or her and better ensure that his race could further secure the agreement to comfortably settle down within the city.

"Hmm, you might have seen him on your previous visit. However, it's difficult to say if you have met him," the Village Chief responded.

Patriarch Rylan heard the Village Chief's words and sighed deeply, "Okay, if he is as you've said, then I can't wait to meet him," he responded, understanding that he wouldn't be able to get an idea of who this person was from the Village Chief.

The Village Chief nodded before shifting his attention towards the towering walls.

He suddenly took in a deep breath, "RAISE THE GATES!!" He shouted, ordering the warriors at the top of the towering wooden walls.

Within minutes, the water below them rippled with slight waves appearing on the river's surface as they watched a path suddenly emerge. The towering wooden walls pulled open like two doors, gently sliding towards each side.

"What are you waiting for? Steer the ship forward," Patriarch Rylan immediately said, seeing a path had been opened for them to move forward.

Leif nodded in response and dashed towards the boat's steering, guiding it forward. The rest of the boats behind them followed suit.

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Orion observed as the boats entered the city one by one. Without being told anything yet, he could sense that something had happened to the four-eared race's home, forcing them to take such a risk and venture towards the Village in large numbers.

Fortunately, he had already expanded the Village and had several spaces for them to settle.

However, if it were before, he knew their presence wouldn't be accepted, as there was no way the Village could accommodate so many people while also caring for its own.

"Huh, what's that?" Orion said to himself as he spotted several dots in the distance.

He narrowed his eyes to get a closer look at the dots, which appeared to be approaching quickly within the river and only seemed to increase as seconds passed.

A feeling of foreboding suddenly surged from within Orion's heart.

Suddenly, Orion noticed a shining bright dot leaving one of the ships, soaring into the air and quickly approaching them from afar.

"Shit!" Orion cursed out loud.

It was obvious that the four-eared race had not arrive alone.

Orion immediately snapped his head towards the other warriors.

"SEND THE ALARM!! WE ARE UNDER ATTACK!!" Orion shouted, pointing a finger towards the incoming projectile.

The warriors heard Orion's words and immediately noticed the approaching dots from afar, alongside the incoming projectile, briskly hurtling through the air towards them.

As the warriors, including those still in their shape-shifting form above the towering wall, prepared to intercept the incoming projectile before it reached the city—

BOOOOM!!

The towering wooden walls of the city vibrated.

A familiar, resounding voice suddenly echoed through the air. "Don't worry, I'll handle it."

As the voice subsided, a massive wave formed on the river's surface, instantly advancing. The wave spared the boats, avoiding harm or capsizing them until it reached the edge, where it rose high, forming a colossal wall of water that took shape.

It assumed the form of a transparent, watery image of a man they all recognized.

It was none other than Stronghold Leader Zogar!

Chapter 666 The Enemies Stealthy Pursuit (2)

Orion scrutinized the man dressed in a familiar tulga, his massive form appearing to be composed of water. He nodded in acknowledgement as the watery figure strode forward.

In mere seconds, the projectile pierced through the colossal watery mass.

BOOOOM!

The remnants erupted outward, threatening to extend beyond the massive liquid form. However, the explosion was short-

lived, subdued, and virtually extinguished within moments.

The colossal water-man remained seemingly unscathed after such an assault as he advanced toward the approaching boats.

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At the distance,

A much larger boat floated in the middle on one of the hundred boats, closing in on the towering gates in pursuit of the four-

eared elves.

"Captain Seig, we have company," a voice echoed from the boat.

"Yes, I can see that," said a man clad in full leather armour adorned with bronze plates on his shoulders, legs, arms, and stomach as he surveyed the unfolding scene.

A colossal mass of water, taking on the shape of a man, surged toward their location.

"A fortress in this desolate land, an immense water figure effortlessly shrugging off our attacks and advancing toward us. Evadne, can you make sense of what's happening?" Seig asked, narrowing his eyes at the massive humanoid mass of water.

"Uhhmm," a woman wearing a long leather coat with bronze armour plates on her arms, legs, and stomach said as she stared wide-eyed at the scene before her.

Since they had begun to follow the four-eared elves secretly, guessing they might be heading towards a secret location, none of them had expected it to be true. After all, who would have guessed that there was a fortress in the middle of these unknown lands, and not only that but there also seemed to be people living within it?

It doesn't only look like a home but also a sanctuary.

A sanctuary in the middle of nowhere!

How? How was that even possible?

Evadne didn't think such a thing should be possible, no matter how she saw it, especially with the presence of the Vylkr vines.

Wait a minute!

Evadne mind halted, taking a sharp breath as a thought abruptly entered her mind.

She understood that if the other runaway cities and sanctuaries outside of here got wind of this place, it would surely lead to an all-out war, with everyone trying to gain a piece of it.

As the humanoid mass of water got closer, Evadne swiftly regained her composure.

"Captain, it seems we are looking at a secret sanctuary. Though I am not sure what grade it is, looking at it, I can say it's above a grade 3 sanctuary," Evadne said, narrowing her eyes at the fortress before her.

"And him?"

"It's hard to say, sir, but considering that he withstood your attacks without any external means, I would say that he's at the Ascendant level or above it," Evadne responded, shifting her attention towards Captain Seig.

"What are your orders, Captain?" she added.

BOOOMM!!!

"AHHH!!!"

The man, formed from a large mass of water had already arrived before them and began attacking their boats one by one, all of which failed to resist for even a second.

Seig observed their surroundings as the boats were crushed into bits and plunged into the river with the people within them.

Several minutes ago, there were about a hundred boats; however, approximately 42 were destroyed instantly.

"The four-eared elves seem to have led us to what appears to be a sanctuary of about Grade 3 or above, and we're up against someone with the strength of an Ascendant or above. We lack enough strength to defend ourselves from an Ascendant properly, so we can't fight back, as there might still be more Ascendants within the sanctuary waiting to launch an attack. We can't escape either, as there is no way they will let us go after we attack their sanctuary. This is truly a tough situation," Seig said with a sigh escaping his lips.

Evadne bit her lips as everything her captain said were true. They were truly in a challenging situation right now.

"Evadne, how good are you at pretending to go all out?" Seig asked, shifting his attention towards her.

Evadne furrowed her brows in response, "I don't understand, sir," she replied.

"Since we have been sent out here to die by the council, that means even if we manage to escape from here with this information and report back to base, they might think we're lying and punish us for abandoning our mission. Or, if they believe us, they may still find other ways to eliminate us."

"Besides, after following the four-eared elves for several months, finding our way back would be stressful and burdensome. So, with nowhere to return to, we should consider the sanctuary before us as our new home. Don't you think so, Evadne?" Seig asked with a smile.

BOOOOM!!

Evadne's mind suddenly stopped again before her eyes widened in shock.

"Chief, are you saying we allow ourselves to be caught?" Evadne asked, dumbfounded, as she stared at Seig.

"Allow might be a stretch. I meant that we don't attack back to the extent that the enemy would see the need to capture us instead of killing us. Hopefully, their prisons are much better than the one back home," Seig responded.

He was aware that Evadne wouldn't be able to survive against the massive humanoid mass of water heading towards their direction, so he needed her to ensure she didn't waste her attacks or put herself in unnecessary danger.

"Okay, captain," Evadne responded, nodding her head in understanding as her eyes gained a hint of realization.

BOOOOOM!!

"Alright, get ready; he's already here," Seig responded, raising his head to observe the giant humanoid mass of water now towering over them.

"Captain! Captain, we are under attack!" a man yelled toward Seig, joined by a few others in fright.

After witnessing the destruction of the other boats and the people within, they had thought there was nothing to worry about, especially since they had two gods' chosen with them on their boat. However, as the giant humanoid mass of water got closer, fear gripped them, and they sought Seig's intervention. But—

Chapter 667 The Enemies Masterplan

"Humph!" Seig snorted in response, ignoring them and clenching his weapon within his hand as he watched the massive humanoid mass of water brought its hands downward.

"BRACE YOURSELF!" Seig shouted, signalling as he grabbed hold of Evadne's collar and flung her into the air before he fiercely leapt into the air.

BOOOM!

The humanoid mass of water held the boat within its palms before squeezing it, crushing it into bits before sending it deep down the river.

The massive humanoid mass of water soon shifted its gaze upwards, focusing on Seig and Evande, now descending from the sky, having reached an astonishing height in the air.

Seig clenched his weapon and instantly said, "Boost!" Immediately, an incredibly dense wave of Vylkr energy spread from the bulging metallic bracelet on his right arm, covering his whole right arm and spreading outwards until it enveloped the rest of his body.

His entire body was covered with countless inky strands of Vylkr energy. His eyes turned inky black as he plummeted from the sky, fixing his gaze on the massive humanoid mass of water.

The gears in the metal bulging bracket began to move along with the gears within his bow. His bow suddenly expanded from a few inches to a staggering 1.5 meters as he pointed it towards the massive humanoid mass of water.

The Vylkr energy within his body surged along with a different kind of energy, and a burst of blazing reddish flame emerged from his fingers, taking the shape of an arrow as it aligned itself on the bow while he pulled the tough strings backwards.

Various strands of Vylkr energy appeared in the reddish blazing flame, dyeing it into an reddish inky black blazing flame arrow.

Furnace Sky Technique - Act Two: Meteor Soaring the Heavens!

Seig let go of the string and shot the arrow forward.

WOOOSHHHH!!!

The reddish inky black arrow descended, its brilliance covering the sky.

Meanwhile, Evadne had already followed suit.

"Boost!" Evadne shouted.

Her entire body was instantly covered in countless inky strands of Vylkr energy.

Clenching her mechanical sword tightly as the gears within it surged rapidly, she raised it up high and channelled her energy, along with the Vylkr energy, before she swung it downwards.

Hurricane!

Almost instantly, a wave of descending whirlpool air emerged from her sword, quickly expanding from the clouds above to below as it descended upon the massive humanoid mass of water.

Witnessing the scene before him, Stronghold Leader Zogar was instantly stunned. He wasn't shocked by the attacks of the two individuals before him, as it wasn't something he couldn't handle. Instead, he was astounded by their whole bodies being covered with a dense, inky black strands of Vylkr energy.

Vylkr energy!

They were currently covered in Vylkr energy, which made Stronghold Leader Zogar realize that these people were proficient in using Vylkr energy and capable of activating the Vylkr warrior mode.

Doesn't that mean that they have also reached their full potential!

Stronghold Leader Zogar inwardly shook his head as he sensed something was amiss within the two individuals before him. Nonetheless, he instantly made the decision to capture them.

Within an instant, Stronghold Leader Zogar allowed the large arrow of reddish inky black raging flame arrow to penetrate his watery form.

BANGGG!!

BOOOOOMM!!

The arrow exploded upon impact.

This explosion proved more powerful than the previous ones, spreading outwards and expanding Stronghold Leader Zogar's watery form, threatening to burst out and spread into the atmosphere.

However, within a few seconds, the expansion halted, and the explosion dissipated utterly.

Without stopping for a second, he swung his right hand against the dense, massive whirlpool of wind, instantly scattering and dispersing it into the air before shifting his attention towards the two figures about to plunge into the river.

Stronghold Leader Zogar's massive watery form reduced and melded back with the river, only to rise again, with the two figures clenched tightly within his watery palms.

While the unusual woman struggled, the man, who seemed several times larger than a normal human being, remained unmoving as though he had been drained of his last bit of energy.

Stronghold Leader Zogar tightened his grip on the woman, suffocating her with his strength and the volume of water around her body. Nevertheless, within a minute, the unusual woman became unconscious.

After that, Stronghold Leader held the two figures in both hands and destroyed the remaining boats.

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Orion nodded appreciatingly as he witnessed the battle that had just taken place at a distance from their position.

Though the exchange was brief, he understood that Stronghold Leader Zogar had fought and had already captured the individual responsible for sending such a large flaming arrow in the direction of the city.

Nonetheless, Orion couldn't help but contemplate the fierce power that had emerged from the attacks he had just witnessed. Looking at it, he was sure the individuals behind the power were formidable. Nevertheless, he sighed in relief, knowing that despite their strength, the village was stronger.

As Stronghold Leader Zogar completed his eradication and returned to his city, Orion turned to look at the warriors who observed the battle with blazing gazes and intense admiration.

"SEARCH AND SEE IF THERE ARE ANY SURVIVORS! IF THERE ISN'T, BRING BACK EVERY SCRAP YOU CAN FIND!" Orion loudly ordered the shape-shifting flying beasts in the sky, well aware that they were more than capable of handling the task.

The shape-shifting beast warriors immediately acknowledged Orion's orders with roars of affirmation before diving toward the wreckage of the boats.

Satisfied that everything had worked out in the end, Orion descended from the towering wooden walls, finally meeting with the long-awaited Caravans.

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Meanwhile, on the docks constructed along the slightly expanded river within the Third Border City, Isadora, Lyndon, and the others watched with wide eyes at the scene that had just unfolded before them.

They had been surprised by the alert that several more boats were following them from behind, so they were worried about the possibility that they had unwittingly led the enemies to this location.

Chapter 668 Establishing Supremacy

They had been ready to confront the enemy, even if it meant sacrificing their lives. However, when they saw the man standing behind the Village Chief, who had decided to handle it himself, they opted to wait and prepare for any potential developments.

They were well aware of the enemy's strength they faced and knew he couldn't be taken lightly.

However, as they witnessed the battle unfold, their expressions shifted from shock to astonishment.

Incredibly powerful! The boats were destroyed, and the Captain of a unit was defeated just like that!

A collective gasp echoed inwardly as they all swallowed the remaining contents in their mouth down their throat.

Suddenly, their gaze shifted toward the Village Chief. If that man possessed such strength, then as their leader, they couldn't help but wonder about the extent of his power.

As if sensing their scrutiny, the Village Chief turned his eyes toward them and offered a light smile. While he was willing to extend a helping hand, he only knew Patriarch Rylan among the individuals present.

Therefore, he saw no reason to divulge the secrets of the Village. Moreover, he harboured a lack of trust toward the newcomers. How could such a large fleet of boats have followed them without anyone noticing?

There had to be a traitor among them, and he was determined to expose the individual. Thankfully, Stronghold Leader Zogar captured their leader, resolving this matter more straightforwardly.

Observing the Village Chief's scrutinizing gaze, they awkwardly redirected their attention elsewhere. Soon, they noticed the Village Chief's gaze shifting to another part of the port.

Following the Village Chief's gaze, they turned their attention toward a lone figure approaching from the distance.

The figure eventually reached them.

"Orion, you're finally here. Come, let me introduce you," the Village Chief said joyfully, gesturing for Orion to join them.

Orion nodded in acknowledgement and walked over to stand beside the Village Chief.

Before him stood an old man dressed in a long gown crafted from leaves, exposing only his head and shoes. Besides the old man were a young woman and man, similarly attired and unmistakably his children. Orion instantly recognized the familial resemblance. Behind them were about seven more figures, all dressed in the same peculiar leaf attire.

What captured Orion's attention were the strange metallic bulging bracelets on their right hands and the peculiar, unusually sized weapons they gripped. These weapons were several meters long, bringing his own Crimson great sword to mind. Not only that, but they also appeared several inches thick, housing a series of small gears within.

As Orion shifted his gaze back to the bracelets, he noticed a few exposed gears in some of them.

"Here is Patriarch Rylan, the leader of the four-eared race," the Village Chief introduced. "Patriarch Rylan, meet Orion, one of the key figures of our Village."

Orion nodded at Patriarch Rylan. "It's a pleasure to finally meet you, Patriarch Rylan," he said with a warm smile.

Patriarch Rylan scrutinized Orion from head to toe, unable to conceal a faint frown. He had encountered all the key figures over the years of visiting the Village, making him familiar with them. However, as he observed the young man beside the Village Chief and noted the personal introduction, Patriarch Rylan sensed something special about Orion that he wasn't yet aware of.

Though the young man seemed too young to hold a key position, Patriarch Rylan had encountered other youthful key figures during his previous visits, so he dismissed that observation for the time being.

Regardless, as Patriarch Rylan examined him, he couldn't discern anything particularly remarkable about Orion besides his muscular, toned physique, suggesting that he was a warrior.

"It's a pleasure to meet you too, Warrior Orion," Patriarch Rylan responded with a nod before redirecting his attention to the Village Chief.

The Village Chief coughed lightly. "Ahem! I forgot to add one more thing—Orion is the one who must agree to your stay within the City for you to settle here," he added with a smile.

BOOOOMM!!

As the Village Chief finished speaking, his words resonated explosively in Patriarch Rylan's mind and those of the other four-eared elves beside him.

Suddenly, an unnatural stillness settled in the air around them.

They couldn't believe their ears and would have doubted if they misheard the Village Chief's words if it wasn't for the Village Chief's smile as he calmly waited for them to digest his words.

Isadora, Lyndon, and the others behind them fixed their eyes on Orion. They couldn't wrap their heads around why someone so young would be placed in such a position.

Nonetheless, even if they couldn't understand how such a thing was possible, they all understood that this person held the final decision on whether or not their race would be able to settle in this City. No matter how much they tried to recompose themselves, they couldn't stop several beads of sweat from forming on their foreheads.

Even their heartbeats were racing fiercely at this very moment.

Hearing the Village Chief's words, Orion shifted his attention and looked at the Village Chief, confused about what he was talking about.

The Village Chief, however, flashed a smile at him and gave him a brief nod.

Orion furrowed his brows briefly before instantly understanding the Village Chief's words. Although the Village Chief might have accepted them into the City for the sake of familiarity, to make it clear that he was indeed in charge of the City, not the Village Chief, Orion needed to demonstrate that he could willingly decide their fates, with or without the Village Chief's intervention.

In short, this was a chance for him to demonstrate and cement his authority within the minds of the four-eared elves before they could settle in the City.

"Are you truly the one deciding whether my race settles here?" Patriarch Rylan asked, feeling a lump in his throat as he looked at Orion, awaiting his response.

Orion nodded.

At Orion's confirmation, Isadora and the others could almost hear their hearts pounding against their chests.

Chapter 669 Establishing Supremacy (2)

"Though I would have preferred not to ask this question so soon, I don't think my mind would be at rest unless I do," Patriarch Rylan asked, his expression becoming firmer as he continued, "So, Mr. Orion, can we please know the decision you have taken on whether we are allowed to settle down in the City?"

Orion observed Patriarch Rylan and couldn't help but nod his head admirably. He had seen Patriarch Rylan's expression filled with shock and utter astonishment before quickly recovering his composure. Meanwhile, the others besides him and those behind him didn't seem like they would be recovering from their shock anytime soon.

"Although we hadn't expected such a huge entrance during your arrival, along with your attackers who seemed to have been secretly following you, considering that we have been expecting your arrival and the fact that you no longer have anywhere to go, I think that I can find a place for you within my City," Orion replied with a smile.

Though the four-eared elves felt their bodies tense up at the beginning of Orion's voice, a collective sigh escaped their lips after Orion finished speaking as they all felt like a heavy burden had been lifted off their shoulders.

This time, before Patriarch Rylan could bow again in gratitude, Isadora, Lyndon, Leif, and the others immediately bowed their heads towards Orion and the Village Chief.

"Thank you, Mr. Orion. We promise to follow all the rules of your city and ensure that you haven't made a mistake in welcoming us here!" Isadora said, her voice filled with gratitude and conviction.

She had witnessed the hardships her father had endured to secure a place for them in this fortress, so she couldn't take this decision lightly. She was confident that everyone else shared similar sentiments.

As if to affirm her thoughts, Leif raised his head, "EVERYONE, THANKS TO THE VILLAGE CHIEF AND MR. ORION, WE HAVE BEEN ACCEPTED AND ALLOWED TO SETTLE DOWN WITHIN THE CITY. BY DOING SO, WE WILL FOLLOW THE CITY RULES AND RESPECT THIS CITY AND ITS HOST! SO, EVERYONE, SHOW YOUR GRATITUDE TO THE VILLAGE CHIEF AND MR. ORION!" Leif shouted, his voice resonating through the air, reaching the ears of

the remaining four-eared elves waiting and those still disembarking from their boats onto the ports one by one.

At first, they were stunned and afraid, uncertain of their surroundings and the unfolding events, especially with the appearance of the massive humanoid made of water. However, after hearing Leif's voice, they immediately grasped the situation.

Without hesitation, they all bowed their heads in the direction of the Village Chief and Orion.

"THANK YOU!"

"THANK YOU!"

"THANK YOU!"

Orion and the Village Chief acknowledged their gratitude with nods. The expressions of thanks continued for a minute before coming to an end.

At that moment, two figures emerged from the water, crashing on the side of the port before Stronghold Leader Zogar landed.

Stronghold Leader Zogar took a deep breath and exhaled before shifting his attention towards the Village Chief.

"They seem to be the leaders. Although it's been a while since I've used some of my strength in battle, they still weren't that difficult to capture," Stronghold Leader Zogar said.

As he spoke, Orion looked curiously at the leaders. The first was a tall man with bulging muscles dressed in leather and bronze armour. Orion might have mistaken the man for a giant because, judging by his figure, he appeared to be at least 2.1m (7ft) or 2.3m (7'5 ft) tall.

Nevertheless, Orion shifted his attention to the woman beside him.

She seemed relatively normal, except for her blue skin and dark curved blue horns protruding from her forehead. She also wore leather armour with bronze plates on her arms, legs, and stomach.

As Orion scrutinized them, one more thing caught his attention. On both of their right hands, two bulging metallic bracelets appeared similar to the ones worn by the eight individuals besides Patriarch Rylan. Alongside these, they carried large, oversized weapons with apparent ease.

The Village Chief also noticed the similarities and frowned.

"Chief, we have a problem," Stronghold Leader Zogar added, observing the Village Chief with a serious demeanour.

"What is it?" the Village Chief responded with concern.

Stronghold Leader Zogar walked and spoke quietly with the Village Chief. As their conversation unfolded, the Village Chief's expression turned solemn. When it ended, he nodded with a loud sigh escaping his lips. Shifting his attention towards the four-eared race, the Village Chief's eyes lingered on their weapons and the bulging bracelets on their right arms. He then focused on Patriarch Rylan.

"Patriarch Rylan, from now on, your father's agreement with the previous Village Chiefs has been broken. I need you to tell me everything about the world beyond this place, yourself, especially these strange weapons and bracelets, and how you've found yourselves in this mess," The Village Chief said seriously.

"After that, I need you to explain how they can use Vylkr energy and if the others behind you can use it as well," the Village Chief added, pointing his finger at Leif, Leona, and the others.

Patriarch Rylan took a moment to glance at Captain Seig and his lieutenant, Evadne, before he sighed deeply. He was relieved that they had been captured.

After witnessing the battle between Stronghold Leader Zogar and them from afar, he had already expected this outcome, knowing it was only understandable for the Village Chief and others to grow suspicious.

Nonetheless, he didn't mind and would have revealed everything about the world beyond this place even if they hadn't asked. After all, they finally had a place to settle down with food and security, and he no longer needed to worry about the extinction of his race. His only concern was anything that might strain his relationship with his hosts.

Patriarch Rylan nodded immediately.

"You can ask anything you wish to know, Village Chief, and I promise to respond truthfully," Patriarch Rylan said, his gaze filled with seriousness.

Chapter 670 The Devourer's Bracelet

In a spacious hall, all ten key figures—Caretaker Ivor, Caretaker Nala, Caretaker Shani, Caretaker Naida, Caretaker Zola, Stronghold Leader Zogar, Stronghold Leader Seth, the Village Chieftess, the Village Chief, and Orion—gathered. Queen Selene sat in a specific direction, with Elara standing behind her.

Seated on the other side were Patriarch Rylan, along with Isadora, Lyndon, Leif, Leona, and the rest of the gods chosen.

"Okay, you can continue, Patriarch Rylan," the Village Chief requested with a contemplative expression as he looked at Patriarch Rylan.

Patriarch Rylan nodded and continued, "The man is called Captain Seig. He is a god's chosen and a member of the half-

giant race, serving as the captain of the 2nd unit of a vanguard team in a grade 1 runaway city known as 'The Sleeping Fox.' Meanwhile, the woman with him belongs to the Sloth Demon race and serves under him as the Lieutenant of the 2nd Unit Vanguard team of 'The Sleeping Fox' runaway city."

"They both graduated from their training with high Vylkr energy compatibility. After receiving their Devourer's bracelets and weapons, they made a name for themselves by plundering other Runaway cities and successfully defending against attacks on their own Runaway City. Our Runaway City and theirs had been in a longstanding misunderstanding for years. Unfortunately, eight months ago, both cities reached their boiling points and decided to part ways. Before we could fully grasp the situation, we were suddenly attacked by Captain Seig and his team."

"Fortunately, we had been on high alert for any imminent attacks, allowing us to eliminate some members of his team. This left only Captain Seig and his second, Lieutenant Evadne. Also, we managed to secure the remaining two million Four-

Eared Elves and abandoned our Runaway city, making our way towards this Village, hoping for a miracle," Patriarch Rylan responded.

"Unfortunately, with the loss of every single one of our units and those who had survived but were left with life-threatening injuries sustained from the battle and barely clinging to life, the journey was as dire as we had expected."

"After a few weeks, we realized we were being followed. We managed to escape with our lives only through the sacrifice of our remaining injured units. However, they located us again after a few weeks and launched another attack."

"In retaliation, our unit numbers dwindled one by one as they were not fully healed from their injuries. The constant attacks of the Vylkr vines further decimated our forces, reducing our numbers to one million, five hundred thousand. Every day, we lost 500 to 100 people to the Vylkr vines, and each time Captain Seig located us, we suffered losses of over a thousand more. When we arrived here, our numbers had dwindled to a mere hundred thousand, with only one unit remaining."

"Unfortunately, Captain Seig, whom we had believed we had lost track of, reemerged. If not for the interference of the Village, we could have all been killed off one by one and devoured by the Vylkr vines until none of the four-eared elves remained. Fortunately, Captain Seig and his Lieutenant have been captured, and all I plead for is for you to make them suffer the agony of what the four-eared elves endured before their eventual death."

After Patriarch Rylan finished speaking, he released a deep sigh.

The key figures, from the Caretakers to the Stronghold Leaders and the Village Chief, the Village Chieftess, Queen Selene, and Orion, all wore deep, contemplative expressions. Patriarch Rylan's explanation had left them in shock and amazement.

The information they had just received showed them a harsh image of the world beyond the Village. A desolate world ravaged by Vylkr vines. Various races occupied territories in this barren expanse, living in Runaway cities. As their name suggested, these cities constantly moved to evade the relentless onslaught of Vylkr vines.

Simultaneously, they engaged in conflicts with other Runaway cities, plundering them for resources and forming alliances with those deemed allies for protection and necessities.

However, as they digested the story, they realized that the world outside was slightly vastly different from their own Village. The key distinction was that the Village stood alone without external enemies, apart from the relentless attacks of the Vylkr vines, and it wasn't a Runaway city.

"Now, regarding the Vylkr energy, considering its nature, I need you to explain how the two attackers and the individuals behind you can wield it. This is something I believed and confirmed to be impossible. So, Patriarch Rylan, shed light on how such a phenomenon became possible," the Village Chief asked, shifting his attention toward Leif and the others standing behind Patriarch Rylan.

The eyes of the other key figures followed suit, fixing their gaze on Leif and the others.

Patriarch Rylan nodded in understanding and gestured for Leif to come forward.

Leif acknowledged with a nod and walked forward steadily.

"I believe you'll gain a proper understanding if he handles the explanation, being a god's chosen himself," Patriarch Rylan stated.

The Village Chief nodded in understanding, his gaze shifting towards Leif as he arrived at the centre of the hall and stood before them.

Leif stretched his right hand forward, showcasing the bulging bracelet to everyone.

"This bracelet on my right hand is called the 'Devourer's bracelet.' It is an artefact— an unranked artefact, to be precise. Although powerful, it requires various components for proper use, one of which is the vial," Leif explained.

He brought his right arm forward, opening a compartment on the Devourer's bracelet to reveal a small gold vial with detailed designs.

"As we all know, Vylkr vine in its purest form is too dangerous even for a powerful warrior at the peak of their race to handle or fight against. However, they are first diluted using a special achemichal process and stored in vials of different grades to utilise them. Each vial contains a collected amount of Vylkr energy, and the higher the grade, the more potent and challenging it is to handle," Leif explained, carefully placing the vial back in its compartment and closing it.