

Village Head 681

Chapter 681 Persuasive Wives

"Four-eared elves? Was the caravan the invasion that made you leave home early this morning?" Greta asked curiously, her brow raised inquisitively.

She had been working throughout the night, so she was only made aware of the incident by Seraphina when she arrived this morning. Though she had been concerned for her husband's safety due to the invasion, she had only managed to calm down after reminding herself of his strength and the security of their new home.

However, learning that the invaders were the four-eared elves piqued her curiosity.

Seraphina listened intently with a curious expression, awaiting Orion's response. Having only read about other races from the 'Ancient Codex' and having encountered only humans, the original inhabitants of this world, along with the tree nymphs and the Guardians of the Garden – the pixies, she was particularly intrigued by the four-eared elves. Learning that they visited the Village yearly for trade had only heightened her curiosity.

"Yes, but it wasn't an invasion..." Orion responded, his arms encircling Greta's waist as he calmly recounted the events that unfolded from the moment he left home to the occurrences in the training ground.

As he concluded his explanation, Seraphina and Greta stared at him, dumbfounded and shocked.

"Are you saying all of that happened today?" Greta asked, her voice tinged with disbelief as she leaned against Orion's frame, eyes fixed on him.

Orion nodded in affirmation.

"And are the gods' chosen currently in the city?" Seraphina's eyes widened with disbelief as she asked Orion, her expression intense.

Observing Seraphina's excited yet incredulous expression, Orion couldn't help but sigh inwardly as he nodded in response.

He could anticipate what was going on in her mind.

Excitement surged through Seraphina as she rushed beside Orion, wrapping her arms around his neck.

"Can you take me to them now?" Seraphina asked eagerly.

The Devourer's bracelet!

The Diluted Vylkr energy!

At first, it was the Village warriors she knew who could utilize and control the vicious Vylkr energy. However, no matter how often she attempted, she couldn't fathom how they managed such control.

Now, with a group of individuals in the city capable of harnessing and controlling this energy, she was fascinated and excited, especially after learning that they required something called a 'Devourer's bracelet,' along with a Devourer's heart and several other components, to utilize the Vylkr energy. How could she not be excited?

This could finally provide insight into the workings of the Vylkr energy and why only a select few could use it to such an extent.

However, Orion shook his head in response.

"I don't think it would be appropriate to disturb them right now, especially since they just arrived today and are still settling in," Orion said. He could discern the thoughts racing through Seraphina's mind just by glimpsing into her eyes.

Seraphina bit her lip, then sighed lightly. "Alright, I'll give them a month to settle properly in the city. But after that, you have to promise to help me convince one of them to allow me to study their bracelet and look at one of their vials," she said.

Although she could have attempted it herself, why bother with the stress when her capable husband could handle it?

Orion furrowed his brows. "I don't think it will be easy to get them to agree," he replied, sighing lightly.

Orion recalled Leif's explanation; while Leif had shown them the compartment on his Devourer's bracelet for his vial, he had refused to reveal his Devourer's heart. So, he was uncertain whether they would agree to such a request.

"You know, I'm not just saying this because I want to study their Devourer's bracelet, but also because if we can learn how the diluted Vylkr energy works and how it was diluted, then we might make considerable progress in figuring out what caused the strange occurrence with the potential four-star Vylkr vine," Seraphina said, tightening her embrace around Orion before sealing her words with a kiss.

Greta observed the scene and sighed tiredly. However, she saw nothing wrong with Seraphina's suggestion, not only because she was curious about how the Devourer's bracelet and the diluted Vylkr energy worked but also because the potential discovery could aid the Village's warriors.

With this in mind, she also helped ensure that Orion agreed.

Feeling Orion's hardened penis through their tulga pressing against her ample buttocks, Greta slowly shifted her waist up and down, grinding her protruding buttocks on top of her husband's bulge.

Within a few minutes, Orion's shaft throbbed.

"Alright... Alright... You both win! However, don't hold your expectations too high because there's no guarantee that they will even entertain or agree to my request," Orion responded, breaking the kiss and proceeding to pinch Greta's thighs lightly.

"I'm satisfied with whatever results as long as you speak with them," Seraphina said, leaning in to lightly seal her lips against Orion's again before pulling back and shifting her attention towards Greta.

"Thank you," she whispered.

"No problem," Greta responded, whispering with a smile.

With this, she was sure that her relationship with Seraphina had grown closer and stronger.

Orion, however, was already contemplating how to approach Patriarch Rylan and the gods' chosen to explain the matter to them.

But he inwardly sighed and shook his head tiredly, feeling a headache stirring at the back of his skull. 'I'll think about it later,' Orion thought.

Retracting his arms from Greta's waist, Orion focused on examining the potential four-star Vylkr vine with a plan forming in his mind, which was why he had waited behind.

"Can you bring the cylinder down again? There's something I'd like to try out," Orion asked, his eyes fixed on Seraphina.

Although Seraphina seemed slightly puzzled about Orion's intentions, she nodded in response. Turning around, she walked towards the furnace and lowered the heat before gently grabbing the potential four-star Vylkr vine in a tightly sealed container that she hadn't experimented or tested with yet. Bringing the container back, she placed it on the table before Orion.

Chapter 682 Unforeseen Ripples

"Though I'm unsure what you want to do, you can use these. These are still fresher than the ones we've already experimented with," Seraphina said, her voice filled with curiosity.

Orion nodded solemnly. "Can you both give me a bit of privacy for a while?" he asked, his expression serious.

Seraphina and Greta exchanged curious glances, eagerly awaiting what Orion had in mind. However, their excitement deflated when they heard his request.

With a hint of disappointment, they nodded in understanding, rising from their seats and leaving the room. Although curious about Orion's plans, they respected his need for privacy.

They understood he wouldn't keep any secrets from them without a valid reason.

Within the room, Orion exhaled deeply. Though he wanted to reveal Aerialia to his wives as it would make things a lot easier, he was unsure what would happen afterwards. After all, the knowledge that he possessed a literal goddess with him might do more harm than good.

Arranging those thoughts at the back of his mind, Orion summoned the Crimson greatsword, and with it, Aerialia appeared beside him.

"What is it?" Aerialia asked, her gaze fixed on Orion curiously.

She was aware that Orion didn't disturb her unless it was something serious, and after taking a brief look at the alchemy workshop before her, she was a bit curious about what it might be.

"I need your help with something," Orion said as he securely placed the Crimson greatsword on the ground before opening up the sealed container, revealing the potential four-star Vylkr vine inside.

Aerialia was about to ask Orion about what he needed her help with and if it had something to do with any one of his women again; however, the moment Orion raised the lid of the container, her lips immediately sealed shut as she stared at the butchered dead Vylkr vine within.

Orion nodded approvingly at Aerialia's behaviour because it appeared that she could sense something wrong with the Vylkr vine, which meant that his plan had worked. "Can you sense anything strange from these Vylkr vines?" he asked.

However, instead of answering, Aerialia shifted her focus towards Orion and narrowed her eyes at him. "Where did you get this?" she asked.

"I killed it yesterday after it attacked some of my close friends," Orion replied, beginning to recount everything about the potential four-star Vylkr vine, from the encounter the previous day to the events of the meeting that had taken place earlier today.

Aerialia remained silent briefly before responding, "Yes, I can sense something strange within it."

Orion's ears perked up. "What is it?" he asked eagerly.

"It's divine energy," Aerialia replied solemnly.

Orion's eyes widened in response before he quickly regained his composure. "Are you sure?" he asked, trying to conceal his astonishment.

Aerialia nodded, a frown creasing her lips. "Although the quantity of divine energy is small, I can sense several traces of it within the Vylkr vine," she responded.

A deep frown suddenly appeared on Orion's face as he pondered the matter deeply. 'Was it the divine energy that caused the unusual changes in the Vylkr vine?' Orion wondered.

However, he couldn't figure out how the Vylkr vine had come in contact with divine energy. Unless --

Orion's eyes widened as he snapped his head back towards Aerialia.

"Do you think that the Aegis of the Arctic Deity shield might have caused this situation?" Orion asked, his gaze fixed on Aerialia.

Aerialia shook her head in response. "I don't think so. Aegis of the Arctic Deity uses his divine energy as a protective barrier for the Orion's Cities, deterring the Vylkr vines and preventing them from infiltrating and corrupting his divine energy. That's why the Vylkr vines avoid this area," she explained.

"So you're saying something else caused this?" Orion asked, his brows furrowing in confusion.

Aerialia nodded. "Yes, it seems this Vylkr vine directly consumed divine energy, so this has to do with direct contact," she said, her gaze shifting abruptly to her Crimson greatsword lying securely on the ground.

Then she returned her focus to Orion, narrowing her eyes. "Orion," she called out.

Orion was engrossed in his thoughts about Aerialia's earlier words but still responded to her call, "Yes?" he said, turning his attention to her.

Noticing Aerialia's intense scrutiny, Orion furrowed his brow, "What's on your mind?" he asked, his voice tinged with scepticism.

"I believe I may know how the Vylkr vines obtained the divine energy," Aerialia said.

"Where?" Orion's excitement was obvious in his expression. If Aerialia had indeed uncovered the source of the Vylkr vines' access to divine energy, it would not only help prevent future incidents but also provide a strategy for dealing with any other occurrences within the dead forest.

"How many encounters has that blade had with the Vylkr vines?" Aerialia asked.

"I've wielded it countless times," Orion began, but his words trailed off as he realized Aerialia's implication. "You don't mean..." he started to say, but Aerialia swiftly cut him off.

"Yes, I don't think that Aegis of the Arctic Deity was the culprit responsible for this matter, but instead, you," Aerialia replied, rubbing her temples gently.

Orion stared at her in disbelief, his expression dumbfounded by her revelation.

"But... how could that be possible? Wasn't the Crimson blade already refined?" Orion's voice cracked with disbelief as he stared at Aerialia.

"Yes, it should not be possible since I personally refined the blade as the goddess of the forge. However, we must remember that we are dealing with Vylkr vines, vicious, unnatural and insatiable entities whose sole existence and purpose is to seek out various sources of life and consume them."

"They are responsible for the Vylkr energy, an energy potent enough to harm divine energy and potentially surpass it in ranks. Furthermore, the blade is not just any divine weapon; it was forged from my blood, soul, and essence, making it an extension of myself," Aerialia explained.

"Under normal circumstances, such a thing would be deemed impossible. However, as we know, anything associated with Vylkr energy defies common sense. So, if there's a chance the Vylkr vines

could absorb divine energy from my Crimson greatsword, my answer would be, without a doubt, yes," Aerialia said, her gaze locked on the butchered Vylkr vine.

Chapter 683 Unforeseen Ripples (2)

"While the divine energy may have originated elsewhere, we shouldn't be naive and dismiss the possibility that this may also be the source."

When Aerialia finished her explanation, Orion felt like a heavy weight had been pressed onto his shoulders. He grabbed a wooden chair from nearby and slumped down on it.

"So, what you're saying is that I'm the reason for the emergence of a potential four-star Vylkr vine?" Orion asked wearily, feeling his strength drain away.

"Yes, unless we find another explanation for how they came into direct contact with divine energy, then it might be your fault," Aerialia replied, shaking her head with a sigh.

Orion lifted his eyes to meet Aerialia's. "Why didn't you warn me this was going to happen?" he asked.

Aerialia raised her brows in response. "How was I supposed to know this was going to happen? Besides, this is all your fault, so don't you dare put it on me," she retorted with a snort.

A sudden silence settled around them for a few seconds.

"So, how do you plan to deal with the matter? You must have thought of something, right?" Aerialia asked, her gaze fixed on Orion's weary expression.

Orion shook his head. "I haven't really thought about how to deal with it, but the only thing I can do now is mark the previous locations where I hunted down the Vylkr vines with the Crimson greatsword and thoroughly search those areas for any other potential four-star Vylkr vines," he responded.

"Though that's a good idea, I have a better one," Aerialia responded with a contemplating gaze.

"Oh, what is it then?"

"Instead of marking and visiting the locations where you previously used the Crimson greatsword one by one in hopes of discovering any more potential four-star Vylkr vines, why don't you take the easiest approach and burn the dead forest to the ground?"

"Since you are surrounded by mountains and the forest is already dead, not only will you be taking care of any remaining potential four-star Vylkr vines, but you will also be dealing with the other one, two, and three-star Vylkr vines at the same time. With Aegis of the Arctic Deity's protection, you won't have to worry about any Orion Cities or the Village getting in the way of the firebreak," Aerialia replied.

Hearing Aerialia's explanation, Orion pondered deeply before nodding in response.

"That would definitely work. However, by doing that, I don't think our worries would be about the four-star Vylkr vines anymore, but instead about what will happen if we get so many fumes from the Vylkr vines into the sky," Orion responded with a frown.

Aerialia furrowed her brows in deep contemplation. "You are right. Though I have witnessed several such occurrences with other higher energies, considering that Vylkr energy is ranked as high as divine energy, many fumes in the air might create a unique phenomenon, which might only last for a while or, at the very least, temporarily disturb the weather pattern. However, with Aegis of the Arctic Deity's protection, I don't think you should worry about that either," she responded.

Orion nodded in understanding.

Though he could tell that Aerialia was confident in her words, which was a good thing as it meant that everything that she had said was true, however considering that they were currently dealing with something that shouldn't be treated with common sense, he was a little wary about going through with the plan.

He would instead ponder about it and be cautious, avoiding worsening the situation with something even more drastic than going through with it and hoping that nothing worse happens.

Aerialia understood his train of thought and exhaled deeply.

"You can make any decision you want, but don't forget that I wouldn't be confident if I wasn't sure of my words. I'll leave you to your thoughts for now and return to my rest," Aerialia responded before vanishing into a streak of light and disappearing into the small Crimson greatsword on his right arm.

Feeling the Crimson greatsword mark on his right arm sting a little, Orion couldn't help but sigh wearily. After being with Aerialia for a while now, he didn't need anyone to inform him that she was annoyed with him for doubting her words.

Orion summoned his strength and went to the door to let his wives back in, to explain the situation to them and the plan he had in mind.

Seraphina furrowed her brows, a deep frown etched on her face. "This is definitely a tricky situation," she responded.

She was shocked to learn that divine energy might be the catalyst for the emergence of a four-star Vylkr vine. However, what surprised her even more was how Orion had managed to figure it out, considering she had been trying to do so after performing several experiments.

Nevertheless, as Seraphina recalled how Orion had led them through the dead forest with a large box, which she later learned housed a god within it, she realized that his ability to recognize the strands of divine energy within the potential four-star Vylkr vine might stem from his familiarity with divine energy or some method he possessed.

Despite her desire to learn how he had accomplished this, she understood that he had kept it a secret for a reason, and it was better not to probe too deeply until he was ready to reveal it, along with his other secrets.

Afterwards, Orion revealed that he might be the cause of the divine energy coming into direct contact with the Vylkr vines and the development of the four-star Vylkr vines.

A realization suddenly dawned on Greta's face. "Is that why you look so down?" she asked.

"Yes," Orion responded with a weary nod.

Greta stepped closer to Orion's side, encircling her arms around his waist and drawing him into a warm hug.

"I know you didn't mean for this situation to happen, so don't beat yourself up over it," Greta said soothingly, gently resting Orion's head against her bountiful cleavage as she felt his arms around her.

.....

Author's Note: Do you think Orion is responsible for the emergence of a potential four-star Vylkr vines?

Sigh! Orion needs to rest for a while.

Chapter 684 Orion's Offsprings

?However, Orion didn't reply; instead, he heaved a weary sigh.

Seraphina exchanged a silent nod with Greta, conveying her agreement. It was clear to her that Orion needed to return home and rest for the day.

In response, Greta nodded decisively. She retracted her hands and spoke gently, "Let's head home. You need to give your mind a break and gather your thoughts," she said, guiding Orion towards the door.

With another nod to Seraphina, Greta led Orion out of the workshop.

After they left, Seraphina redirected her focus to the sealed container. She sighed and securely placed it aside, her mind already racing with new plans spurred by the revelation about the divine energy's possible role in the emergence of the potential four-star Vylkr vine. Seraphina dove back into her work to test her theories.

'I just hope it works,' Seraphina thought.

.....

Orion's manor

As Greta opened the door, she brought Orion into their manor, where they were immediately met with the heartwarming sight of Ingrid, Grandma Meldra, Saria, Celeste, Crystalia, and the other women.

They were gathered on a vibrant, well-designed mat in the main room, tending to the babies, some of whom were breastfed.

"Greta, you're back," Celeste greeted, her eyes shifting from Greta to Orion. She noticed his fatigued appearance and early return. "Orion," Celeste continued, rising from her seat and cradling two newborns nursing at her breasts beneath her tulga top. She approached Greta and Orion.

"What's happened? You're home earlier than usual," Celeste asked, her brows knit with concern as she directed her attention to Greta and Orion.

However, before Orion could respond, Greta immediately interrupted, "An important matter arose today, and Orion needs to clear his mind to figure out a solution," she said.

Celeste furrowed her brows for a moment at the two figures before her. She sensed they were withholding something significant from her. "What's the matter? I can also offer my help, you know," she insisted.

She was curious about the source of Orion's fatigue and confusion, as she had only seen him in such a state during the construction of Orion's Cities.

Greta gave a brief shake of her head before releasing a heavy sigh. She grappled with the urge to divulge the situation to her sisters but ultimately recognized the potential dampening effect it could have on the family's atmosphere. Keeping their concerns under wraps seemed the wiser choice for now, especially with the newborns in their midst.

Orion cast a fleeting glance at Greta, acknowledging her decision with a silent sigh of his own. He agreed that this was a crucial matter which they should only keep among themselves.

Observing Greta's words and actions closely, Celeste narrowed her eyes suspiciously. After a moment's consideration, she sighed softly. "If you need to clear your mind, why not hold Alden?"

Looks like he's already spotted you," Celeste suggested with a warm smile, nodding towards the adorable baby boy who was now reaching out to Orion with a broad smile.

A warm smile suddenly appeared on Orion's face as he focused on Alden, who reached out to him eagerly, nestled in Celeste's protective grasp.

Alden is Lyra's son, the second son and the family's fifth child. Grace holds the position of the firstborn, followed by Naimh, Reena's daughter, who is the second daughter and second child of the family. Luna, Celeste's daughter, is the third daughter and third in line. Nash, Ayla's son, is the family's first son and fourth child; all were Alden's elder siblings.

Meanwhile, Remy, Ursa's son, is the third son and sixth child of the family; Jasmine, Sura's daughter, is the fourth daughter and seventh child; Kiera, Fifi's daughter, is the fifth daughter and eighth child; Milo, Fiona's son, is the fourth son and ninth child; Ragnar, Greta's son, is the fifth son and tenth child.

Ivan and Fiora, Celia's children, are the sixth son and the sixth daughter, respectively, making them the eleventh and twelfth children of the family.

Lysander and Maeve, Vivian's children, are the seventh son and seventh daughter of the family, marking them as the thirteenth and fourteenth children overall. Aneira and Astraea, Ingrid's, follow suit as the eighth and ninth daughters, becoming the fifteenth and sixteenth children. Thalia and Oriana, Derry's daughters, are the tenth and eleventh girls and also the sixteenth and eighteenth spots.

Jasper, Elysia's son, is the eighth son and nineteenth child. Orion Junior and Bara, Maya's children, are the ninth son and twelfth daughter, making them the twentieth and twenty-first children. Yara and Astrid, Merida's daughters, are the thirteenth and fourteenth girls and the twenty-second and twenty-third children.

Lastly, Kimaya, Seraphina's daughter, is the family's fifteenth girl and twenty-fourth child.

The only one among his wives who hadn't given birth was Crystalia because, surprisingly enough, she had decided to wait and help Grandma Meldra take care of the rest of the women.

Also, Dariya, Saria, and Malaia, because Orion still hadn't found a way to ensure that what happened to Grace wouldn't happen to the rest of his children.

Nonetheless, Orion treated all his children equally, even though some of them were from different races, because, after all, they were all his children.

"How are you doing?" Orion asked Alden as he gently rubbed his tummy.

Alden chuckled lightly, sporting a bright smile as he stretched his tiny hands upwards, attempting to reach Orion's face.

Orion chuckled in return as he approached his wives and children, with Celeste and Greta by his side. As he sat down, he noticed Alden's expression suddenly souring. It dawned on him that Alden was hungry, so he swiftly turned to return him to his mother.

However, Celeste's hands were already occupied with Jasmine, Sura's daughter, while nursing Ragnar, Greta's son, with her other hand.

Both babies were happily nursing from her breasts.

"Bring him here," Greta said, stretching her arms to take Alden from Orion, recognizing his dilemma. Since Celeste was already occupied with Ragnar, she decided to breastfeed Alden herself and help him fall asleep.

Chapter 685 Ingrid's Authority*

?Orion handed Alden over to Greta, exhaling in relief as he noticed Alden's expression calming down.

As Orion glanced at his wives, he noticed their worried expressions. Despite his attempt to mask his earlier demeanour, it was obvious that they were perceptive enough to sense something amiss.

They might have also caught on to the conversation between Greta and Celeste.

"I'll go and take a bath now to clear my head," Orion said, nodding at them as he rose from his seat.

He made his way towards the stairs on the left, climbing slowly as thoughts of resolving the current crisis consumed his mind.

As Orion reached the bathroom area, he realized he had forgotten to bring an extra tulga to change into after bathing.

Orion briefly exhaled in frustration.

Just as he was about to turn around and head towards his master bedroom to retrieve a fresh tulga, two pairs of arms wrapped around him from behind, causing him to halt abruptly.

"Orion, what's on your mind that you didn't notice me calling your name?" a familiar voice said behind him.

"I'm okay, Ingrid. I'm just feeling a little exhausted now," Orion replied, instantly recognizing her voice. Though he could have identified her by the feeling of her breasts, it was a bit tricky due to the changes brought about by childbirth.

"Oh, is that so..." Ingrid responded, her brow raising slightly before a smile slowly spread across her lips.

"Alright, I won't pry further into what's bothering you. But how about I help you ease your mind instead of bathing?" Ingrid suggested, slipping her hand under Orion's tulga, lifting it gently, and wrapping her hand around his flaccid penis that immediately began to throb fiercely.

Orion moaned lightly, feeling his shaft throbbing, being held firmly within Ingrid's palms, "... And how do you plan on doing that?" Orion asked, his breath slowly speeding up.

Ingrid brought her lips close to Orion's ear, whispering softly, "Like this..." She then tightened her grip around Orion's throbbing shaft, stroking it slowly and deliberately.

Feeling the slight pain from Ingrid's grasp tightening around his throbbing hardened penis, Orion felt his breathing becoming quicker and quicker until he suddenly felt his scorching spear throb fiercely within Ingrid's grip.

Before Orion could warn Ingrid about his impending release, a warm breath brushed against his ears. "Did I say you could release?" Ingrid asked.

Orion immediately became silent. As he tried his best to hold back his release for a few more minutes, Ingrid said, "Hehehe, don't worry, I was only joking with you. For today, I'll allow you to cum as you wish," her tone filled with amusement, "Now release your semen for me darling... cum on my hands baby boy," she added.

Once Orion finished, he observed as Ingrid withdrew her hands, freeing him from her grasp. Glancing back, he witnessed her raising her right palm, where he had deposited all his semen, and licking it clean until not a drop remained.

"Feeling better now?" Ingrid asked, her gaze filled with warmth as she looked at Orion.

Turning fully to face her, Orion nodded. "A bit," he replied.

Though Orion had already realized that Ingrid's dominant trait had likely awakened due to her desire to protect and provide for her loved ones, it sometimes came across as overbearing or controlling. One of her major weaknesses was her strict adherence to rules and routines, which made her inflexible when faced with unexpected challenges.

This personality may have been one of the reasons she was always in charge of many things while living with Celia, Grandma Meldra, and the others.

In contrast, Ursa had merely toughened up emotionally and physically, preparing herself to stand toe-to-toe with him and fight alongside him as a warrior. This change made Lyra extremely curious, prompting her to investigate the root of her daughter's sudden behavioural change during Kushi.

In fact, Orion suspected Ursa might harbour the same submissive trait as Lyra but was masking it with a dominant demeanour.

However, he chose not to divulge this to Lyra; instead, he handled Ursa's situation delicately and saw if Lyra could uncover the reason for her daughter's sudden change during Kushi.

However, despite this, Orion found that he strangely enjoyed the new experience each time with Ingrid.

Ingrid furrowed her brows in response. She hoped her actions would improve the mood, but seeing little effect, she grew concerned, realizing that Orion's thoughts might be much heavier than she had imagined.

"You don't need to worry yourselves too much; I know it's something I can handle once I've taken my bath and rested a little," Orion responded wearily.

Ingrid snorted in response, "Come with me," she said, tightly gripping Orion's wrist and turning toward the direction of the main parlour. "Regardless of whether you want to inform me about what is currently troubling your mind, you have to understand that I am your partner and wife, along with the rest of my sisters, and there is no way we will sit idle while you look so exhausted."

"So you better not argue and follow me! Of course, unless you want to tell me... us what's currently on your mind, we'll be more than happy to listen. It's your choice to pick whichever you want," Ingrid added fiercely as she strode down the hallway with Orion tightly held within her grip.

Upon hearing Ingrid's words, Orion, who had wanted to speak, immediately sealed his lips shut.

"I don't want to weigh your or anybody's mind down with it. Besides, I didn't keep it to myself to handle alone; Greta and Seraphina already know about the issue," Orion said with a weary sigh escaping his lips.

Forget about his reaction when he learned about the emergence of a potential four-star Vylkr vine and afterwards discovered that he might be responsible for it.

Even the Village Chief, Stronghold Leader Seth, and the others were shocked to their core that they had to reassess the information a few times.

So, despite understanding that he had capable wives, Orion would rather not burden them with such a solemn matter.

Chapter 686 Pillar Of Support*

A realization suddenly dawned on Ingrid's face upon hearing Orion's words. She turned her head, narrowing her eyes at Orion as she glanced at him from the corner of her eye.

"If Seraphina and Greta already know about this, then isn't that reason enough to let us know what's currently weighing you down so heavily?" Ingrid asked.

Orion, however, didn't respond and simply remained quiet.

Ingrid snorted irritably in response; her annoyance was obvious as she exhaled sharply. She refocused her gaze ahead and strode toward the stairs leading down to the main room.

Instead of descending, Ingrid paused at the top, overlooking her sisters tending to their newborns below. She infused her voice with Celestial energy and addressed them, "Sisters, our husband seems burdened by an important matter. Please tend to the babies and put them to sleep quickly. We'll be in his master bedroom, awaiting you for the family role-playing event!" Her soft voice resonated throughout the main room and spread through the entire manor, reaching even those engaged in other activities or outside.

Witnessing this scene, Greta furrowed her brow in concern. She had been curious about Ingrid's sudden departure when she handed her children to Saria and Crystalia. She observed as Ingrid stood authoritatively at the opposite end of the staircase with Orion by her side; it was obvious that the older woman had pursued Orion.

Greta couldn't help but exhale in defeat, realizing Ingrid's intentions.

Meanwhile, Celeste mentally applauded Ingrid's initiative. She knew she could always rely on Ingrid to handle the situation.

.....

Orion's manor training ground

After hearing the familiar voice deliver its message and vanish, Fifi immediately halted the training session.

"That's enough for today. You can all go and take your baths so we can quickly regroup with the others and see what they have in mind," Fifi instructed, her gaze fixed on Ursa, Sura, and Gina, all battered and drenched in sweat.

Since giving birth, she had been teaching them proper combat techniques without relying on their gifts, making the girls more formidable than their peers and stronger than they were before.

The girls, however, looked visibly worried after hearing Ingrid's words.

"What do you think happened to Orion?" Gina asked, her voice tinged with worry.

"I'm not sure, but organizing a family role play suggests it's something serious," Sura replied, her eyes reflecting her concern as she pondered what Orion might have experienced to be in such a state.

"Well, we won't find out until we arrive, so let's not waste time. We don't want to be late," Fifi said, leading the way toward the nearby extra bathroom for her bath. "That includes you, Ursa," she added, her gaze briefly resting on Ursa, who remained silent with a deep frown etched on her face.

Sura grabbed Ursa's folded hands without hesitation and pulled her along to catch up with the others.

.....

After Ingrid finished her announcement, she took Orion to his master bedroom to await the women.

Leaving the door unlocked, she guided Orion to the bed to take his seat. Then, she strode over to the drawer beside the bed and pulled open the middle compartment.

Within it, Ingrid looked at the several medium-sized glass vials, numbering up to twenty, each filled with a blend of pink and green-coloured mixture. She selected one and closed the drawer before returning to Orion's side and handing him the vial.

Orion accepted the vial containing the mixture concocted by Seraphina and Greta to suppress his incredible fertility. He opened the lid and drank its contents with a gulp.

He would have taken a bit if he were only planning for a short kushi session. However, to prolong its effects, he drank the entire contents. Once finished, he replaced the lid and set the vial on the ground by the bedside.

"As I mentioned, it's fine if you don't wish to share what's troubling you. But you can't expect us to stay silent and watch you be burdened by your thoughts, so either you choose to continue remaining silent or choose from the options I've presented," Ingrid said, her voice filled with authority.

Having been Orion's partner for nearly a year, Ingrid knew one of the most effective ways to soothe his mind and alleviate his stress was by indulging in a sweet, fantastic kushi.

So, not only did she hope that Orion would feel better after this, but she also desired that her plan would work, leading Orion to open up about what was on his mind with them.

Orion nodded silently as he observed Ingrid's attire. Unlike the rest of his wives, who had taken the opportunity to use the family's wealth to weave several new tulgas for themselves and the newborns, Ingrid was one of the few who chose to keep the same style of her previous tulga.

Her grey tulga was still a long-sleeved dress with hems that halted at her fleshy mid-thighs while stopping at the edge of her juicy protruding butt cheeks from behind. However, it looked a lot more silvery and brighter.

Without hesitation, Orion felt his shaft twitch vigorously as his veins pumped more blood into it, until his shaft was suddenly trapped within his tulga, trying to break free and get a look at what had awakened it.

A smirk appeared on Ingrid's lips as she observed the massive bulge on Orion's tulga.

No matter how often she experienced it, she always felt happy knowing that Orion had always felt as excited as he had been since they first had kushi.

Though she and the others no longer considered their figures ugly at this point after meeting and communicating with different races, along with having sisters who were from different races, unlike Sura, Ursa, and several others, it was still incredibly hard for an aged woman like her to easily forget about such memories.

Regardless, Ingrid observed as Orion's stiff veiny penis twitched impatiently, prompting her to chuckle lightly.

She proceeded to free her breasts from her tulga, pulling down the dress's long sleeves and revealing her large, motherly milky breasts. She then bent forward towards Orion, shoving it in his face as she stretched out her hand and raised his tulga.

Chapter 687 Sanctuary Of Affection**

Ingrid tightly grasped his twitching, veiny penis, giving it a slight pump before tightening her grip as she raised her head and planted a light kiss on his cheek.

"Seeing you as vigorous as ever will always make me happy," Ingrid said with a smile, her voice filled with warmth and affection.

Orion shifted his attention towards Ingrid's enormous, motherly breasts, noticing the little tooth bites around her darkened erect nipples and puffed areola; he could tell the newborns made them.

"Ahhh~" Orion moaned as he felt Ingrid tighten her grip against his scorching shaft again.

He watched as Ingrid pressed his throbbing penis downwards to lay on his thighs before she climbed onto the king-sized bed with both of her legs over his thighs.

She then sat down on his thighs, pressing her vulva and the slick opening of her already wet vagina above his veiny, scorching penis.

"Urgghh~~" Ingrid moaned, feeling the heat of her husband's incredible penis gently warm her insides.

Feeling her thighs becoming wet as she unknowingly released her breast milk while pressing her large breasts against Orion's chest, Ingrid pulled back slightly and raised both of her motherly milky breasts towards Orion's face. "Here, you can't drink them until you are satisfied; we don't want to waste any of them, do we?" she said.

Without hesitation, Orion silently leaned in and took one of Ingrid's nipples into his mouth. As he gently sucked, he felt the wave of fresh, tasty breast milk flowing onto his tongue, satisfying his taste buds before it streamed down his throat.

Despite this, Ingrid held her other breast and placed her other nipple into Orion's mouth before she began to massage her two bountiful breasts, causing even more breast milk to overflow from them and fill up Orion's mouth.

Gradually, she began to grind her wet vagina on her husband's veiny, scorching penis, covering and painting it with her juices.

Meanwhile, several trails of breast milk dribbled down Orion's lips before he instantly pulled his head backwards and coughed lightly.

Ingrid continued to massage her enormous breasts and looked at Orion, whose lips and upper body were painted with her breast milk, while his lower body was also covered with her vaginal juices. She couldn't help but feel a slight tingling within her pink, fleshy narrow folds, causing her to moan, "AUHHhh~~~," and immediately climax on her husband's veiny scorching penis.

Seeing Ingrid's exhausted appearance and feeling the warm wetness on his lap, Orion sighed in relief as he had almost felt like cumming before Ingrid.

At least this time, he could win against Ingrid despite her dominant traits.

"We are not done yet," Orion said, his eyes fixated on Ingrid.

He stretched both his hands forward, sinking them under her enticing attire, and gripped her fleshy, aged buttocks tightly.

Ingrid leaned in, pressing her motherly milky breasts against Orion's chest, before stretching both her hands and hanging them over his shoulders.

"I'm ready," Ingrid whispered into his ear, her warm breath brushing against his ear as she tightened her grip around him even more, causing her breast milk to steadily leak out and paint their lower bodies.

Orion nodded in response.

He pulled Ingrid's waist upwards with her support, aligning her moist, narrow vagina with his throbbing spear before she slowly descended, his scorching penis gently filling up her insides.

"Uhhh~~" Orion moaned, feeling his scorching spear finally being sheathed.

"Uarghh~~" Ingrid followed suit, feeling her husband's veiny penis finally occupying and penetrating deep into her insides, her aged protruding buttocks slapping against his thighs as she descended.

"Pahh~~ Paahhh~~"

"Pahh~~ Paahhh~~"

And then, as time went by, their movements began to get faster and faster until finally --

"I'm cumming!" Orion warned.

"Go ahead, release your child-bearing semen deep inside me~~" Ingrid responded, her voice filled with pleasure.

Ever since Seraphina and Greta had developed a strange mixture to suppress Orion's fertility, they no longer needed to worry about getting pregnant after several rounds of Kushi. This freedom was something that she and her sisters were all grateful for, allowing them to indulge without any concerns.

Feeling the hot, scalding semen flow deep into her wet, folded insides, Ingrid couldn't help but moan loudly, "AAHHHHH~~~" As the sensation faded, she slumped down on Orion's chest, exhaling deeply in satisfaction.

"Haa... That was beautiful," Ingrid said breathlessly.

Orion nodded, his hands securing Ingrid's waist as they eased back onto the bed. He released his grip, allowing her to settle on the other side.

Just as Orion was about to relax, feeling significantly better than before, a resounding knock suddenly echoed through the room.

"It seems they're finally ready," Ingrid remarked, leaning in to seal her lips with Orion's in a deep kiss before sitting back up.

After several intense Kushi sessions, she found it easier to recover and regain her strength quickly despite the exhaustion.

With some effort, she slowly rose to her feet and went to the door to see who it was.

Ingrid nodded in response as she glanced at Elysia, wearing one of Orion's favourite attires—a maid dress he had specially commissioned from one of his close friends for their role-

playing sessions.

A maid dress! That's what he called it, at least.

Ingrid nodded and gestured for Elysia to enter the room, her beautiful custom-made maid dress stopping above her ankles as she walked.

Elysia smiled as she noticed Orion's intense gaze fixed upon her.

Suppressing a chuckle, she bent down and began to use the wet towel she had brought to wipe the traces of the intense kushi session from Orion's body.

After completing her task, Elysia turned to Orion. "Husband, I've prepared the bath for you. Please follow me to the bathing area," she said with a slight bow, straightening up afterwards.

She exchanged nods with Ingrid before leading Orion out of the master bedroom.

Ingrid swiftly made her way to another bathroom to freshen up, to return in time to catch a glimpse of the family role-play. She was curious to see what the others had planned, having missed out on the preparations.

Above all, she hoped this experience would help Orion relax and be more open with them.

Chapter 688 Sanctuary Of Affection (2)**

"Husband, not now, please. You need to properly take your bath," Elysia said as Orion pinned her against the wall in her maid uniform.

Orion had been trying to figure out what Elysia's role-play scenario was about, which was one of the enjoyable aspects of the family role-playing game. It also involved searching the building for each woman, allowing them to stretch their creativity each time.

If they particularly enjoyed a role-play scenario, they could repeat it as much as they wanted. The primary purpose, after all, was to spice up their Kushi and make it more enjoyable - a goal all the women agreed on after getting used to it.

"Auuhh~~ Husband~~"

Seeing her garter belt under her long skirt, which wasn't made of leather but of a particular firm fabric, Orion noticed her soaked panties and shifted them to the side, revealing her drooling vaginal lips, before he proceeded to plunge his raging penis.

"PAHH~~"

"Uaahh~" Elysia's legs trembled as she felt her husband's penis plunge deep into her narrow insides.

Feeling her garter belt being pulled and slapping against her thighs, Elysia could only moan loudly as Orion continued to pound her insides, shaping and conforming them to the throbbing, scorching shape of his penis again.

"PAHH~~ Paahhh~~"

"Husband, how does my youthful insides feel compared to the madam's own~~~?" Elysia said with a blissful expression as she looked at Orion from the corner of her glazed eyes.

"It feels much younger and tighter, right? Though I may have already given birth, compared to her aged narrowed folds that have also experienced childbirth, it seems that you prefer my much

younger vagina over that of the madam's. Otherwise, why would you eagerly penetrate me and want to impregnate me again just after you have finished having kushi with the aged madam~~~?"

"Pahhh~~ Pahh~~"

"~~Ah~~~ Husband, I never knew you loved me so much~~~"

Orion's hips moved faster and faster, the tip of his raging spear touching and pounding against her womb until finally, he began to feel the tension as his hardened penis throbbed fiercely.

"I'm coming..." Orion warned.

"Husband, come in me~~" Elysia cried out, her voice filled with incredible pleasure and affection.

Hearing Elysia's intoxicating voice, Orion couldn't hold himself back any longer and immediately released his semen deep within her folded insides.

"AAHHHH~~~" Elysia screamed out in pleasure before she abruptly went unconscious, her face pressing against the wall with her legs still standing and the hem of her skirt still over her waist.

Fortunately, Orion had already caught her and held her up before she could reach the ground. Within a few seconds, Elysia quickly stirred back awake and held herself back up.

"Knock! Knock!"

Orion shifted his focus towards the door, curious about who it could be.

"Haa... Haa... I'll be taking my leave now, husband. It seems I won't be able to properly bathe you. Perhaps my sister will succeed and do it better," Elysia said with a slight bow.

Her eyes filled with affection as she looked at Orion before she turned and walked towards the door and opened it.

Elysia smiled when she saw Ayla on the other side of the door and welcomed her in.

"Take care of husband," Elysia said, watching Ayla nod in response before leaving the bathroom and closing the door behind her.

However, Orion couldn't help but gulp as he looked at Ayla's attire for the family role-play. Unlike Elysia's custom gown with a long skirt, Ayla's maid uniform hugged her mature, voluptuous body.

The plunging neckline displayed a massive cleavage between her enormous motherly lactating breasts. At the same time, the skirt was incredibly short, stopping just a few inches below the middle of her curvaceous, fleshy buttocks.

From the front, Orion caught a glimpse of Ayla's thick thighs and a hint of her shaved, puffed pussy peeking out from beneath the scanty fabric.

The entire ensemble gave the already mature and beautiful Ayla an even more seductive, mature appearance befitting that of an experienced household housekeeper who had cared for a home for many years and knew every corner of it like the back of her hand.

"Master, please take a seat. I'll bathe you properly," Ayla said, leading Orion to a small chair to sit down.

The bathroom was a spacious room equipped with three bathtubs and four shower areas, which he had constructed with the help of some of the villagers and the Prismarions.

As Orion sat naked in one showering area, he watched Ayla turn around towards the opposite bucket. He thought that Ayla wanted to bring the bucket closer; however, contrary to his expectations, he observed as she placed her voluptuous buttocks before him and squatted as though she was thoroughly searching for something within the water.

However, the moment she squatted, Orion observed as her alluring maid skirt rose towards her waist, her ass cheeks spread open, revealing a crystal pearl sticking out of her ass.

Orion gulped. He remembered giving Ayla this idea about using anal beads to make it easier for him to use her ass, considering that she seemed to be the only one who loved whenever he penetrated and cum inside her backdoor. However, who could have imagined that she would take his advice seriously and expand her backdoor with anal beads?

As Orion realized what Ayla's role-play was, he observed as Ayla turned around to pour a bowl of water over him and seriously cleaned his body before she turned around again. This time, without hesitation, Orion stretched his hand and firmly held onto the anal beads.

Ayla suddenly froze in her position, "Master... you are not supposed to be touching that," Ayla said, staring at him from the corner of her eyes with a pleading expression.

However, considering that Ayla's current demeanour was like that of an alluring mature house help who had served her master for many years but was now trying to seduce him, her actions had the opposite effect on Orion.

As Orion gently tugged the anal beads outwards, Ayla screamed, "Uuuhh~~ Master~~," before her knees collapsed on the ground, her hands firmly gripping the bucket.

And just as Orion had expected, Ayla stretched her hands backwards and used them to spread open her ass cheeks.

"Please, master, they are stuck in my ass, help me remove them," she said with a seductive, pleading tone.

Chapter 689 New Home**

Orion nodded, "I'll try my best," he responded reassuringly.

He gently tugged on the anal beads once more, each pull evoking a gasp from Ayla as she felt the beads leaving her, one by one. Ayla's insides became even wetter, her body reacting excitedly as the beads left her ass.

After the final pull, Ayla nearly collapsed to the ground, her breath coming in ragged gasps, but she quickly regained her composure, gripping the bucket firmly again. Meanwhile, her vagina juices flowed freely from her lower lips, pooling on the ground below them in a beautiful puddle.

.....

"PAAHHH~~ PAAHHH~~"

Orion's hips thrust against Ayla's rippling buttocks, driving his veiny shaft deep into her backdoor and withdrawing it repeatedly.

"Ah~~ Uhh~~" Ayla moaned, her face and folded arms pressed against the shower wall, while Orion gripped her scanty maid uniform, plunging his raging penis in and out of her. Her legs were now soaked with her juices.

"PAH~~~ PAH~~"

"I'm coming," Orion said, his arms securely wrapped around Ayla's waist as he released his semen deep within her butt hole.

"AAAHHHHHH~~~"

After Ayla had recovered and collapsed onto the ground, she suddenly spread her legs and used her fingers to spread open her shaved vaginal lips. "Master, I am already so wet for you. Please fill me up with your semen and allow me to carry your child~~" Ayla pleaded with a warm, affectionate smile.

.....

After the test at the Third Border City, instead of returning home to rest, Patriarch Rylan and the others decided to visit the homes of the other four-eared elves to check on their well-being and see if they encountered any problems after moving in with the help of the Village and unknown race warriors.

Once their visits were complete, the warriors escorted them to their lodging.

"Is this where we'll be staying?" Isadora asked, her eyes wide as she gazed at the grand two-story building before her.

Not only Isadora but Patriarch Rylan, Lyndon, Leif, Leona, and the others couldn't help but widen their eyes in surprise at the house provided for them.

"Yes, the Village Chief and Warrior Orion respect Patriarch Rylan enough to grant him a comfortable place to stay. So, since you will be staying with Patriarch Rylan, you all can call this your home for the meantime," the Prismeron warrior responded.

Hearing her response, Patriarch Rylan felt a wave of pride surge through his heart. He couldn't help but think about all the years he spent visiting this place and treating them with fair trade, despite objections, were worth it.

Otherwise, he was unsure where they would have gone if the Village hadn't offered aid.

Meanwhile, Isadora and the others couldn't help but feel excited and embarrassed at the fact that not only did this mean they would have minimal issues settling here due to the incredible amount of respect the Village Chief and Warrior Orion had for their Patriarch, but also because they had all once doubted the Patriarch's words, believing he was merely making things up due to severe injuries he had encountered in the battle.

Of course, they had chosen to follow his words, but only because they didn't know where to go or what to do next. So, witnessing that everything had turned out for the best, they all couldn't help but exhale in relief as a weight was suddenly lifted from their hearts.

"Follow us, please, so we can show you the way in and around the building," the Prismeron warrior added, walking into the building with the Village warrior as they showed them the entrance, rooms, and the entire section of the building before arriving at the training ground.

"That's all the information. The Second Border City serves as the meeting ground between Humans and the Prismeron race, so there are occasional minor skirmishes to be aware of. Please be careful. The patrol station is nearby if you need assistance, have any requests, or wish to lodge complaints," Iris explained.

"Additionally, fruit will be distributed in the morning, afternoon, and evening, with one per person. Any questions?" she asked, gazing at the four-eared elves.

"I don't mean to sound ungrateful, but isn't one fruit per person a bit little?" Leif asked, his voice tinged with hesitation.

He didn't want to come across as unappreciative, considering fruits were typically reserved for the wealthiest and most prominent individuals. However, having eaten them before, he couldn't shake the thought that consuming only one fruit at each mealtime wouldn't be sufficient for him, the other four-

eared elves, and their sustenance needs.

Iris furrowed her brows at Leif's question, with a deep frown suddenly emerging on her lips. However, before she could respond --

"Actually, the fruits here are different from the ones in our Runaway City," Patriarch Rylan interrupted.

Leif furrowed his brows, a frown suddenly appearing on his face. "How different?" he asked.

"There are two kinds of fruits: the Kalna and the Lipry fruits. The former is ripe, while the latter is unripe but still edible, albeit with a much sourer taste. What sets these fruits apart is that consuming just one is sufficient to fill a normal person for an entire day. However, for a warrior or a gods' chosen, eating just two can provide enough strength to last through any battle," Patriarch Rylan explained.

As he spoke, he noticed Leif and the others' eyes widening in surprise, each mouth gaping wide open until he finished his explanation.

Of course, Patriarch Rylan understood their surprise. After all, he had spent several years travelling back and forth just to trade with the Village to obtain these fruits. While he had traded many incredible things with the Village, none held the same importance as these fruits.

He had even wanted to learn how they were produced despite the Village Chief's repeated refusals. So he understood their current emotions.

Meanwhile, Leif, Isadora, and the others couldn't help but process the information Patriarch Rylan had just revealed to them, their expressions filled with astonishment.

Kalna and Lipry fruits! A god's chosen can satiate their appetite for a whole day by eating just two of these fruits.

Chapter 690 Discovering A Hidden Race

?They would all understand if Patriarch Rylan had talked about normal individuals being satisfied for a whole day after eating this fruit. It was already well known that the appetite of normal individuals could be overwhelmed with food made with magic. So, for him to say this, it only meant that he was not lying, and everything he had just said was the truth.

Nonetheless, Isadora and Lyndon couldn't help but abruptly freeze in their positions as a sudden thought entered their heads.

"Father, are those fruits the ones that you..." Isadora said, trembling as she stared at Patriarch Rylan in shock and astonishment.

Lyndon's lips remained sealed tight, his eyes also focused on Patriarch Rylan as his expression mirrored his sister's.

However, Patriarch Rylan suddenly shook his head in response.

"Now is not the time to bring that up. I promise to explain everything to you later," Patriarch Rylan responded.

Upon hearing the conversation between Princess Isadora and the Patriarch, Leif and the others suddenly frowned.

They could tell this was a very important conversation by looking at Patriarch Rylan's solemn expression.

Nonetheless, since the Patriarch said he would explain more later, they remained silent and said nothing about it.

Patriarch Rylan noticed the chosen gods' suspicious and solemn gaze and sighed briefly. He understood that he would have to explain everything to them as they were the only remaining security the four-eared elves had. So they no longer needed to hide something like this from them.

Observing the sudden solemn atmosphere enveloping the four-eared elves, Iris remained unfazed. Instead, she nodded in agreement. "Though there are more fruits this time, everything Patriarch Rylan has just said is true. You don't need to worry about being unable to satiate your appetite with the fruits for your daily activities, as they are more than capable of doing so," she said.

"Any more questions?" Iris asked.

Leona promptly raised her hand. "I have a question," she stated.

"What is it?" Iris inquired.

"Can we know your names?" Leona inquired, her gaze fixed on the two of them.

"I'm Iris," Iris replied.

"My name is Balt," Balt replied.

"Which Runaway City did you come from?" Leona asked, her curious eyes fixed on Iris' figure.

She had been trying her best to keep the question to herself, but the more she couldn't help but wonder where the Prismerions had come from, the more her curiosity grew. Also, because even Patriarch Rylan didn't know where they came from, even after hearing the names of the race, Leona couldn't keep quiet any longer.

She immediately asked to learn about the origins of the Prismerions the moment she had the chance to do so.

Patriarch Rylan wanted to intervene again. However, considering that he, too, had been curious about the Prismerions' origins and quickly picked up on the confused expressions of the woman before him, he remained silent to see how they would respond.

Even Isadora, Leif and the others were curiously waiting for her response.

However, contrary to her expectations, Iris furrowed her brows in response.

"What is a Runaway City?" Iris couldn't help but ask curiously.

Upon hearing Iris's response, Patriarch Rylan, Leona, and the others were instantly stunned.

"Don't you know what a Runaway City is?" Leona asked, her eyes narrowed at Iris as she scrutinized her whole figure from head to toe, wondering if the woman before her was joking or absolutely telling the truth.

Iris shook her head in response.

The expressions of Leona, Patriarch Rylan, and everybody else couldn't help but change drastically upon witnessing this response.

"You... mean you don't know what a Runaway city is?" Leona asked, her voice trembling with shock and disbelief at the response she had just received.

From the explanation they had received from the Patriarch, the only individuals present during his travels to the Village were the Villagers, not the Prismerions. Seeing the Prismerions, who seemed to have appeared out of nowhere, they had assumed that maybe the Prismerions had also arrived from a faraway Runaway city, which even they didn't know about.

However, after hearing the woman's response, they couldn't help but be astounded. If she didn't know what a Runaway City was, it was possible that the Prismerions hadn't come from one.

But where did they come from if not from a Runaway City? It seemed unlikely that they had just appeared out of nowhere in the Village.

Even Patriarch Rylan's expression became dignified, pondering on the seriousness of the situation.

Iris shook her head once more. "No, unfortunately, I don't know what a Runaway City is," she responded, her frown deepening as she observed the drastic change in expressions among the four-eared elves.

When Iris's words left her lips, everyone present—Leona, Patriarch Rylan, Leif, and the others—felt their brains suddenly halt as a realization emerged.

Could it be that, like the Villagers, the Prismerions had survived on their own, without a Runaway City?

Impossible! The four-eared elves all thought simultaneously.

They understood that to survive in such a harsh land without the help of a Runaway City, the Prismerion race would need to possess either the same level of strength as the Villagers or even more remarkable, depending on their numbers.

However, if that were the case, it would be impossible for them not to be aware of the Prismerion race unless they were just as secluded as the Villagers.

"What is a Runaway City?" Iris asked curiously, her eyes scanning the strange expressions of the four-eared elves.

She could tell they were inquiring about something significant she had no knowledge of, so her curiosity was aroused.

Leona took several deep breaths inwardly before exhaling tiredly, then focused on Iris. "A runaway is..." she began to explain.

As Leona described what a Runaway City was, Iris and Balt couldn't help but listen with shocked and astonished expressions until she finished her explanation.

"...A city like that actually exists?" Iris asked, her voice trembling as she stared at Leona with a dumbfounded expression.