

Village Head 691

Chapter 691 Discovering A Hidden Race (2)

?Leona nodded in response.

The other four-eared elves behind her also nodded in response, aware of Iris's gaze.

After receiving their response, Iris remained silent for a few seconds, then nodded in understanding and exhaled deeply.

"There are still a lot of things I have yet to learn about this strange world, so I am thankful and appreciate the information you've just shared with me," Iris said with a grateful nod towards Leona and the other four-eared elves.

"Since we are done, we must leave and attend other activities. In the meantime, you can settle into your new home," Iris added.

However, just before she could turn around and leave, a familiar voice suddenly interrupted, "Wait!"

It was none other than Patriarch Rylan.

Iris halted her steps and turned to look at Patriarch Rylan, her voice tinged with doubt. "Is there anything else you need, Patriarch Rylan?" she asked.

The others also focused on Patriarch Rylan, wondering what he wanted to ask.

Patriarch Rylan nodded. "Do you perhaps also utilise the Vylkr energy?" he asked, his voice tinged with suspicion.

If the Prismerions can harness the Vylkr energy, then that would explain how they have survived on their own without a Runaway City in a secluded environment similar to the Villagers'. It would also explain why they have never been seen or heard of before.

Furthermore, it would clarify how they appeared seemingly out of nowhere and seamlessly integrated with the Villagers without any issues.

In short, the Prismerions utilising the Vylkr energy would reasonably explain everything.

Even Leif and the others couldn't help but inwardly nod their heads in understanding as they realised what the Patriarch was hinting at.

However—

Iris exhaled deeply and shook her head in response. "I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I cannot utilise the Vylkr energy; none of the Prismerions can harness such violent and dangerous energy. The only ones capable of using the Vylkr energy are the Village warriors and all of you," she said, gesturing towards the Village warriors beside her before pointing towards the gods' chosen standing beside Patriarch Rylan.

Bang! Bang!

It was as though a wrench had been thrown into Patriarch Rylan's thought process, causing his mind to shatter into countless fragments as he attempted to process the information he had just received while staring at Iris in disbelief.

A sudden silence soon settled upon their surroundings as Isadora, Leif, and the others couldn't help but stare at Iris with bewildered expressions.

If the Prismerions cannot utilise the Vylkr energy, how could they survive in such a secluded environment like the Village without the aid of a Runaway City?

Did they survive through other means? Or perhaps they utilise another kind of energy, just as powerful as the Vylkr energy, which they kept secret and totally unknown to the rest of the world.

As these questions flowed into their minds, Patriarch Rylan quickly regained his composure as he took several breaths in and out.

"What kind of energy do you use, then?" Patriarch Rylan asked, his burning gaze fixated on Iris's figure.

"Normally, I use Magical energy, but as one of the high-ranking warriors of the Prismerion race and an apostle, I use Celestial energy," Iris responded, her voice filled with pride.

She recalled the event when they had plunged into the Divine Essence Lake in search of a way to defeat White Flame and escape the mountain.

The memory felt as vivid as if it had happened yesterday, reminding her of the transformative journey that had brought her to this moment.

Bang!! Bang!!

When Iris's words reached Patriarch Rylan's ears, the gears in his mind seemed to grind to a halt, leaving him staring blankly at Iris.

Although surprised that Iris mentioned familiar types of energy like Magical and Celestial rather than introducing a new and unfamiliar kind, Patriarch Rylan was momentarily stunned when she said she was an apostle. While Magical energy was typical among many races, Celestial energy was unique to only a few notable races.

"Could you please explain what type of apostle you refer to?" Patriarch Rylan asked, his gaze intensifying as he focused on Iris.

Iris couldn't suppress the deep frown on her lips as she noticed Patriarch Rylan's burning gaze intensifying with no sign of abating. Initially hesitant to respond, she realised that with the influence of the apostles among the Village warriors and the cities, it was only a matter of time before the four-eared elves discovered their presence, especially now that they had settled within the Second Border City. Thus, Iris saw no reason to conceal such crucial information.

"I am a Divine apostle. Along with several others, we serve as apostles of Aerialia - the goddess of the hunting moon," Iris replied.

Bang!! Bang!!

When Iris spoke, Patriarch Rylan felt like his mind had been shattered. His eyes grew dizzy, and he staggered backwards, nearly losing his footing as he struggled to process everything he had just heard.

"Father!"

"Patriarch!"

Isadora and Lyndon rushed to catch Patriarch Rylan before he fell, while Leif and the others quickly moved to support him and ensure he was okay.

Despite their efforts, Patriarch Rylan continued to mutter with wide eyes, "A goddess! A Divine Apostle...."

"Father, are you okay?" Isadora asked, her trembling voice filled with fear and worry.

"Patriarch, listen to us. What's wrong? Please tell us if everything is okay," Leif asked impatiently and hurriedly.

After all, if anything terrible happened to Patriarch Rylan at this critical moment, their chances of restoring the former strength of the four-eared elves would be severely crippled.

"I'll go and bring over a healer," Balt said before he took off from the ground, landed on the nearby open roof surrounding the training ground, then jumped off once more and disappeared into the distance.

However, just as Balt left, Patriarch Rylan regained his composure. Instead of responding to the various voices around him, his heart raced as he focused his eyes on Iris.

"Can you grant me an audience with your goddess?"

?Upon hearing the Patriarch's question, the expressions of Isadora and the other four-eared elves immediately shifted to confusion.

"Patriarch, what are you talking about? Please, are you okay?" Leif asked with a hint of dread as he shook Patriarch Rylan again, attempting to draw his attention.

"Father, please look at us. Is there anything wrong with you?" Isadora and Lyndon also took turns calling out to him, but no matter how forcefully they tried, they couldn't capture his attention.

Patriarch Rylan's burning gaze remained fixed on Iris, awaiting her response.

Iris observed the scene, with her expression growing even more dignified. Nevertheless, sensing that the Patriarch awaited her response, she shook her head in reply. She replied, "I am sorry, Patriarch Rylan, but I cannot grant you an audience with Goddess Aerialia."

"I understand... A price... A price must be paid for such a thing... Though I don't have much wealth to offer, as I couldn't salvage all of my possessions while escaping from our enemies, you can have all of them... If they are not enough, please tell me the kind of price that I must pay to see the goddess," Patriarch Rylan responded hurriedly.

At this point, seeing Patriarch Rylan behave in this manner, the others remained silent and waited on the side, watching with concern as the Patriarch paid no attention to them.

They hoped he would notice them once the conversation was over.

Iris shook her head once more. "Patriarch Rylan, I can't grant you an audience with the goddess because she is already dead," she responded, a weary sigh escaping her lips.

Patriarch Rylan's eyes widened, stretching to an unbelievable degree as he stared at Iris with an inconceivable expression.

Leif couldn't hold back any longer. "Patriarch... Patriarch Rylan, are you with us?" he asked, shaking the Patriarch even more to snap him out of his frozen state.

Fortunately, the Warrior Balt returned at this moment, landing beside them with a healer in his grasp. He quickly released him, allowing him to do his work, as he had already explained everything before arriving here.

At this point, Isadora had already begun to shed tears as she witnessed her father's sudden behaviour.

Meanwhile, Lyndon couldn't help but clench his fist tightly, feeling helpless about the situation unfolding before him.

However, their emotions visibly calmed as the healer arrived and checked the Patriarch's condition.

"Let's get him inside. He has only entered into a state of shock and needs proper rest and treatment before he can properly recover. Fortunately, it is nothing serious," the healer said wearily before standing up with the other four-eared elves carrying the Patriarch's body and following them inside the building.

"I am sorry about this unsightly display, Warrior Iris. I don't know what had gotten into my Patriarch today. I can assure you that he doesn't normally behave like this," Leif said, briefly bowing before Iris and then at Warrior Balt to thank him for his help before racing into the building, leaving the warriors outside.

"What a strange race," Iris muttered under her breath as she turned around and left the compound, with Warrior Balt bidding her farewell before he leapt into the sky, presumably returning to one of the strongholds.

Iris had to return to the Queen's estate immediately and inform her about all the information she had just received. Though she doubted that her Queen wasn't yet aware of the information, it was still her job to do so, and the reason she was chosen to escort Patriarch Rylan and the gods' chosen to their new homes.

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Orion's manor

Orion reclined on the carpet while Reena, clad in a thigh-high strap dress, sat beside him, a sigh escaping her lips. "I think that should be enough family role-play for today," she said, smiling at Orion.

"Yes, I think so too," Orion responded tiredly, nodding at Reena before shifting his attention toward Fifi, who sat at his other side.

Fifi snorted in response to his gaze. "Next time, you'll understand that these muscles aren't just for show," she said, folding her muscular arms under her enormous, uncovered motherly breasts as she sat cross-legged on the ground.

She was dressed only in white lace panties, her whole body naked, with the only noticeable thing being the white drops of breast milk on her erect nipples.

Orion sighed deeply and nodded his head in response. He knew he could only tame Fifi by using his special bedroom skills; however, in terms of competing with her in physical prowess, he could easily be overwhelmed by her tight, muscular biceps.

"Okay, enough of that. Will you tell us what has been weighing you down now?" Reena asked, her eyes fixed on Orion with a solemn gaze.

After being briefed on the situation by Ingrid and her other sisters, Reena immediately sought Fifi's help to completely drain Orion of his energy. Of course, Fifi had done most of the work, as she was the only one capable of competing with Orion's strength, followed by Crystalia and then Ursa.

Now, witnessing Orion lay exhaustedly on the ground, she decided to see if their plan had worked and if Orion would finally open up to them.

Hearing Reena's words, Orion nodded his head in response. "I will," he responded.

Upon hearing Orion's response, a smile suddenly emerged on Reena's and Fifi's lips.

"Better because if you hadn't, I wouldn't have minded going for another round," Fifi said with a satisfied smile as she stood up from her seat and squatted before him.

Orion shook his head in response. "Don't worry, I'm going to tell you guys everything," he said, pushing himself to sit upright.

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Three minutes later

Orion surveyed the women of Orion's manor, all seated before him, including Anara and Dariya, who appeared to have travelled quite a distance from the Village to be present.

Observing their serious expressions as they focused on him, Orion began to disclose the heavy burden on him.

As Orion explained, a sudden silence descended upon the main room. The women wore expressions of solemn contemplation as they processed everything they had just heard from Orion.

Chapter 693 Derry's Musing

Greta's shoulders slumped as she watched her sisters' expressions shift through various emotions as Orion recounted everything that had occurred in the Healers' Association workshop earlier in the day.

"I find it hard to believe that everything you've just said happened today," Anara said, a hint of disbelief in her voice.

She couldn't shake that incredulity at the idea that everything had occurred within a single day.

The rest of the women also nodded in agreement with Anara's words. They could have understood if this had occurred over a week or even a month; however, for all these events to have occurred within a single day was...

Ridiculous!

Nevertheless, they now understood why Orion's mood had been so heavily affected when he had returned home. In fact, they were all aware that they wouldn't even have the inclination to speak or be bothered by anyone if they had been in his shoes.

Yet, despite his mood, Orion had done his best to pretend nothing was amiss so he could shield them from feeling the same way and preserve the mood and atmosphere at home.

Orion nodded. "I know it sounds unbelievable, but everything I've just mentioned occurred today," he replied, sighing for the umpteenth time.

Suddenly, a voice reverberated through the main room.

"ORION!!" Celeste screamed at the top of her lungs, rising from her seat and darting towards Orion.

She crashed into him, wrapping her arms tightly around him, burying her head in his chest.

"Sniff... As your mother, I couldn't tell that this was what was weighing heavily on you! Sniff... I'm such a bad mother!" Celeste added, tears streaming down her cheeks as she held Orion in a protective embrace.

Greta's hands clenched into fists as she observed the scene unfold. "Ouch!" she exclaimed, feeling a sharp pain in her side as though someone had just pinched her.

She immediately turned her head to see who it was.

The culprit was none other than Lyra.

As Greta stared at her, Lyra withdrew her hands and fixed her with a dignified gaze.

"I understand that you were acting in what you thought was the best interest of our household, but I'm warning you, Greta, never attempt to hide a secret like this again. If you do, I promise I won't forgive you," Lyra said, her voice laced with a cold, icy tone.

Derry, who sat beside Lyra, nodded in agreement. "Though I don't always agree with Lyra, she's right this time. Even if you believe we may be unable to find a solution, you should never keep such an issue from us again. You know what kind of man Orion is—a confident, brave individual who would do anything to protect and care for his family."

"I'm sure you, of all people who have been with him for the longest time, have noticed and understood that he is also a selfish man; A selfish man willing to bear whatever burdens he encounters and go as far as he can, stopping at nothing until he discovers the solution himself. Haven't we all witnessed him save a race from a proclaimed god? Haven't we seen him single-handedly lead them out of their prison right through the dead forest towards the Village without a single death recorded?"

"Haven't we seen him build these cities from the ground up with unconventional ideas and work to achieve them every day through sleepless nights, their time and time again; achievements that none of our minds could ever hope to grasp, let alone physically achieve?"

"Are all those feats something a young man his age should even be capable of achieving? Or have you become so numb to his accomplishments that you now perceive them as ordinary?" Derry's voice trembled as she tightly gripped her attire, continuing to speak.

"You know, because I've lived with people staring at me with disgust my entire life. I wouldn't even survive without Ingrid's and the others' help. We all live in poverty, always worrying about securing enough Kalna fruits. I used to doubt why the Village Chief cherished Orion and took care of him to such an extent, overlooking certain things just for his sake. Then, I realized that the answer I needed was already right before my eyes."

"No wonder the Caretakers allowed us to live on the farm for such an extended period. Even the warriors regard him with such esteem that the two Stronghold Leaders consider him a friend and close companion. Although he might have taken Fifi along during that time, we all understood that it was because she was more than capable of handling the task. At that time, it was also because we couldn't handle the issue that Orion kept everything a secret."

"He only shared bits and pieces, several unimportant events, to prevent us from worrying. And suppose it weren't for Fifi, Crystalia, Maya, Elysia, and Merida, who each provided more context. In that case, we might not have been able to hear and understand everything that occurred during his journey to the mountain," Derry added, her body shivering as she found it more challenging to maintain her composure.

Several drops of tears rolled down her cheeks, forming a stream that poured down her face as she continued to speak.

"Though I agree that I'm always mischievous at times, have you ever wondered why I'm always playful when I'm around him? It's because the things he's decided to keep hidden away from us always slip out of his mouth, and we laugh it off or ignore it like nothing happened. Seeing the relief it brings to his shoulders and his satisfied expression are always some of my favourite things to look forward to."

"So, Greta, what would happen if he continues like this? Have you ever thought about a day when Orion encounters an injury far greater than your healing abilities, and because of that, he would rather hide it away from you than inform you about it?"

As Derry spoke, Greta's body trembled, no longer stable at this moment, her expression paling as she repeatedly processed Derry's words, repeating every question, especially the last one.

Chapter 694 Seeking The Solution

However, Derry's teary gaze remained locked on Greta.

"So even if you are my sister, Greta, if you ever hide such a secret from us again, I'll never forgive you," Derry said, her voice filled with a mixture of resolution and determination.

At this point, the women were keenly aware of what was occurring beside them and listened intently to Derry's words.

After hearing everything she had said, they all nodded inwardly in agreement, their hearts resonating with her sentiments.

However, despite the effectiveness of Derry's words, some of the women weren't pleased with how Derry had approached the matter.

Fiona, seated near Greta, reached out and grabbed Greta's trembling hand, holding it tightly within her grasp.

"We know you only did what was best for the family, Greta. Though Derry and Lyra may be correct, they obviously cannot control their emotions. Don't allow their words to weigh you down," Fiona said softly, gently rubbing Greta's hand to soothe her nerves.

Greta's body soon ceased trembling as she shifted her attention toward Fiona and nodded in response. She wiped away the tears in her eyes, "Sniff... Don't worry, Fiona, I understand. I was just so shocked and foolish that I didn't realize all these things until now," Greta responded, her voice filled with regret and pain.

Fiona exhaled deeply. "Come here," she said, opening her arms wide and wrapping them around Greta, pulling her into a tight embrace, burying her head in her chest.

Greta returned Fiona's hug.

"What's happening here?"

Suddenly, a familiar voice sounded behind them, causing Greta and the others to nearly jolt in shock.

Greta, Lyra, Derry, and several others who had been distracted immediately turned behind them and saw Orion and Celeste standing behind them.

"How much did you hear?" Lyra asked a hint of doubt in her voice, her narrowed eyes fixed on Orion.

Orion shook his head. "I only noticed that some of you were distracted after she finished crying," Orion said, gesturing towards his mother, whose eyes were swollen and reddish and whose arms were tightly wrapped around him, ".... so I could only hear the end of Derry's speech. They refused to tell me what was going on, so I decided to find out myself," he added, briefly scanning all the women present.

However, before Lyra could respond, Derry interrupted. "Well, since you decided to sneak behind us, you won't hear anything from us because our lips are sealed," she replied, snorting as she shifted her attention in another direction.

Orion smiled wryly, shifting his attention toward Lyra, but she snorted and looked away. With a sigh escaping his lips, he turned to Greta.

Seeing her tearful gaze, he bent down and wrapped his arms around her. "I heard some of what they said, and they are wrong. It's not your fault for not speaking up about the issue; it's mine. If I had chosen to explain everything earlier, then this issue wouldn't have happened," Orion said.

Greta shook her head in response.

"No, it's still partially my fault since I decided to keep a secret from the others as well," Greta replied, shaking her head in disagreement with Orion's words.

Orion sighed tiredly. He didn't respond or argue with her; instead, he embraced her until he felt she was doing much better.

"Are you feeling much better now?" Orion asked, briefly sealing Greta's lips with a kiss.

Greta nodded.

"Humph! I was also bawling my eyes out here, you know," Derry said with a loud snort.

"Me too," Lyra chimed in.

Orion simply smiled and hugged Derry in his embrace, giving her a kiss on her lips before he did the same to Lyra.

After he finished, Orion escorted Celeste back to her seat before returning to his own, noticing that some women still had questions.

"Is Saraphina still at the Third Border City Headquarters Branch of the Healers' Association, trying to find a solution?" Celia asked.

As one of the few individuals closer to Saraphina than the others, she was a bit worried about Saraphina experimenting with something so dangerous.

"Yes," Orion nodded, "But don't worry, I trust Saraphina to handle the situation properly, so you can rest assured that nothing bad will happen to her," he reassured her.

"Alright, if you say so," Celia responded with a nod and a tired sigh escaping her lips. She felt a bit calmer after receiving Orion's reassurance.

"Are you certain you are the reason for the development of a potential four-star Vylkr vine?" Crystalia asked curiously.

She was less worried about Seraphina's safety; after all, Seraphina had been one of the leaders of the Prismerions Healers Council, so Crystalia knew she was more than capable of handling the situation.

Her main focus was on discovering whether there might be ways for the Vylkr vines to come into direct contact with divine energy.

"Yes, though there are other potential explanations for how the Vylkr energy might come into contact with divine energy; since it's the only plausible current explanation, there's no way we can rule it out. So, I have to take responsibility for it and ensure I find a solution to this issue," Orion said, exhaling deeply.

"You're not going to take responsibility for this by yourself; remember, we're all here to support you and help you bear the responsibilities for what has happened, so you better not forget it next time," Derry said loudly.

The women all nodded in agreement, agreeing with Derry's words.

"Thank you," Orion said, a smile emerging on his lips as he looked at Derry in her position.

"You're welcome," Derry responded with a broad, proud grin.

"How about we ask that god? He might be able to give us an idea of what's happening and perhaps also figure out a way to handle the potential four-star Vylkr vine," Anara promptly suggested.

Orion furrowed his brows in response. He had thought about seeking the opinion of Aegis of the Arctic Deity on this. However, he had dismissed the thought the moment it had emerged in his head.

He didn't want to become too dependent on him since he didn't fully trust Aegis of the Arctic Deity yet. Allowing him to be responsible for the shield safeguarding their lives was already more than enough.

Chapter 695 Probing The Attackers

But with Anara's suggestion, he had no choice but to consult Aegis of the Arctic Deity and see what would happen next.

"No, I haven't yet spoken with him. I wanted to see if there was a way that I could find a solution instead of going to him every time we encountered a problem. However, it seems that I have no choice but to speak with him about it if I want a solution to this problem," Orion responded, shaking his head in resignation.

"Alright, the quicker you speak to him, the more chances we have to solve this issue before it becomes worse than it already is," Anara responded, nodding in agreement.

She understood Orion's reluctance to disturb a god for every problem they encountered. However, this time, it was necessary. They had no choice but to meet him.

Orion nodded. "Does anyone have any other ideas?" he asked, his eyes scanning the contemplating expressions of the women.

After a while, the women all shook their heads defeatedly.

"Sorry, we can't think of anything right now," Celeste responded, her voice laced with frustration as she shook her head and slumped her shoulders in defeat.

Orion shook his head, a warm smile playing on his lips. "Don't worry, I wasn't expecting an immediate response from all of you. Take your time to digest the information and share your thoughts later," he reassured them.

They all nodded in understanding, silently agreeing they needed more time to process everything they had just heard.

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Leftward Stronghold Main Headquarters

After addressing urgent matters, the Village Chief finally arrived at the Leftward Stronghold Main Headquarters. This title distinguished it from the other Stronghold branches within Orion's Cities, such as the Rightward Stronghold Main Headquarters.

Shapeshifting from his giant Green Horned Eagle form to human, the Village Chief landed beside Leftward Stronghold Leader Zogar and Rightward Stronghold Leader Seth.

"Welcome, Chief," greeted Stronghold Leader Seth with respect.

Stronghold Leader Zogar greeted, also respectfully welcoming the Village Chief's arrival.

The Village Chief acknowledged their respect with a nod, leading the way as he said, "Let's proceed," with Stronghold Leader Zogar and Seth trailing close behind.

They traversed through the bustling streets lined with various huts belonging to the warriors, encountering some of the warriors in the Stronghold who respectfully offered their greetings as they passed.

Finally, they reached their destination, a cell where the attackers captured by Stronghold Leader Zogar earlier were detained, also serving as a punishment site for misbehaving warriors within the Stronghold.

Two warriors stood guard outside the building, immediately acknowledging the presence of the Village Chief and the two Stronghold Leaders with respectful salutes.

One of the guards swiftly opened the door for them to enter before closing it behind them.

Surprisingly, upon entering the building, they were met with a lone staircase leading downwards into what seemed like an underground chamber.

Without hesitation, the Village Chief and the others descended the stairs, reaching a vast underground hall in under ten minutes.

The hall was lined with numerous deep pits, each sealed with iron bar cages scattered across the ground. Most of the cells were empty, except for one that held the two attackers, surrounded by a group of twenty-three-star warriors standing guard to prevent potential escape attempts.

After witnessing Stronghold Leader Zogar's battle, they knew the attackers had enough strength to defeat a three-star warrior in single combat. However, facing off against twenty-

three-star warriors, all in their warrior Vylkr mode, presented a significantly greater challenge, especially considering the potential danger posed by their unique gifts.

Nonetheless, if the attackers somehow overcame these odds and defeated them, it would only delay their escape, giving either of the Stronghold Leaders ample time to arrive and recapture them.

With this in mind, they weren't so much hoping to imprison the attackers as they were expecting them to break out of their cells.

"You're finally here," a voice immediately echoed from within the cage as they stopped before it.

Seig narrowed his eyes and glanced upwards at the iron bar cages. Immediately, his gaze fell upon two additional unfamiliar figures standing behind the unknown man who had been captured. "It seems you brought company as well," he stated, his eyes locked on the two figures.

Although he couldn't discern their current levels of strength or sense their energies, the mere presence of these newcomers gave him a sense of foreboding similar to that of the man who had captured him.

Seig immediately surmised that they might be as powerful as himself.

Evande, who had been lounging comfortably on the ground, suddenly sat upright and directed her attention to the steel bar cage above.

"Yes, this is the Village Chief, and this is Stronghold Leader Seth," Stronghold Leader Zogar said, introducing the Village Chief and his son, Stronghold Leader Seth.

"Though you can probably guess why we are here, to be direct, you are going to tell us who you are, where you come from, how you are related to the Four-eared elves, and why you launched an attack on our city," Stronghold Leader Zogar added, his gaze icy as it fixed on the two attackers within the cell.

However, rather than complying, Seig snorted in response. "And what if we decide to remain silent? There is nothing you can do about that, right?" he asked, wearing a wide smile.

Stronghold Leader Zogar frowned at Seig's words. While they had a few individuals with varying gifts capable of reading minds, using such a gift against warriors or individuals as strong as the two attackers had a lower probability of success due to their powerful and battle-hardened minds, which would be tough for anyone to penetrate.

Nonetheless, there was still one individual, a warrior, who also possessed such a gift. However, Stronghold Leader Zogar couldn't decide if such an option was wise. After all, there was no guarantee that their attackers didn't possess some unknown means to counter such an attempt, especially since they already had a way to harness the Vylkr energy and attain a state similar to the Vylkr warrior mode simply by utilizing the Devourer's bracelet.

As Stronghold Leader Zogar's expression shifted while he deeply contemplated the matter, the Village Chief's voice suddenly resounded, "You are right," he nodded.

Chapter 696 The Village Chief's Offer

"We can't do anything if you two decide to remain silent. However, since you have refused to say anything, you two will remain locked up here until we decide what to do with you for attacking our City," the Village Chief said. "I will warn you, though, that if you try to escape as punishment, your hands will be chopped off and then placed back in the cell. If you decide to escape again, your legs will be chopped off, and then you will be placed back in the cell."

"And suppose you still attempt to escape after that. In that case, you will be hanged in front of the people within the City that you've previously tried to attack," he added, his cold gaze fixed on the two frozen figures below the cell as his voice, filled with a hint of threat, reverberated through the underground hall.

The Village Chief then diverted his gaze, focusing on the twenty three-star warriors standing before him. "We'll reduce the guards to ten; each group of ten will take turns watching this cell until we determine our next course of action. You will be generously compensated for your time and effort, so give it your all."

He then turned to the two Stronghold Leaders beside him. "Let's go," he added before turning around and walking away.

Stronghold Leader Zogar and Stronghold Leader Seth exchanged surprised glances as the Village Chief abruptly exited. They hadn't expected his sudden exit. Nonetheless, they nodded to each other and followed suit, understanding that the Village Chief's decision was final, regardless of their own authority.

Seig observed as the village chief, accompanied by the two stronghold leaders, walked away with a frown after he had made such a serious threat.

Initially, Seig had assumed that the Village Chief was merely attempting to intimidate him into speaking. However, watching them leave, he realized that the Village Chief had meant what he said.

"Hey, this is not how it's supposed to go, you know?" Seig yelled.

He had willingly surrendered to them, hoping to start a new life in this sanctuary. So, if they just walked away and left such a threat after a single rejection, wouldn't that be bad for him and Evadne?

"If this is how you handle a single rejection, no wonder the cells beside me are empty. You guys don't really know how to handle criminals, do you? Well, I want to tell you that we are ready to talk if given the right offer!" Seig added, his voice carrying enough weight to reach the ears of everyone above their cell.

Upon hearing Seig's words, the Village Chief and the Stronghold Leader immediately halted their steps. The Village Chief couldn't help but furrow his brows as he processed Seig's words. Then, he turned around and returned to his previous position near the cell.

Stronghold Leaders Zogar and Seth breathed a sigh of relief as they watched the Village Chief return to the cell.

The Village Chief's cold gaze bore down on the cell, with the Stronghold Leaders flanking him. "Are you finally ready to talk?" he asked.

"It depends on what you are willing to offer," Seig said with a smirk, feeling a sense of relief over him.

He had been somewhat concerned that the Village Chief wouldn't return. Nevertheless, if he wanted to start a life here, he would have to be more flexible in answering their questions.

"What do you mean?" The Village Chief asked, his expression clouded with confusion.

He couldn't quite understand the man's intentions.

"What I'm trying to say is, I am willing to provide you with any information you desire, depending on what you are willing to offer in return," Seig clarified.

The Village Chief's frown deepened as he narrowed his eyes at Seig. "Are you serious about what you just said?" he said, his voice filled with scepticism.

Seig nodded in agreement.

"Of course I am. I know I won't be able to escape due to waterman over there," Seig said, pointing his finger at Stronghold Leader Zogar. His gaze then shifted to Stronghold Leader Seth, who had a stern expression and was staring at him with a chilling stare. "And I am sure that there are others like him who can stop me but won't be as forgiving as waterman," he shifted his focus back to the Village Chief.

"With the threat you just gave, attempting to escape would not be wise. Besides, even if I manage to escape, I am far away from home, and I don't think my partner and I could cross the treacherous dead land and fight the countless vicious Vylkr vines simultaneously to make it back home."

"So the choice I can make now that will guarantee the safety of myself and my partner is to comply with your demands. However, even though I have no choice but to comply, I won't do it for free. So, what is your offer?" Seig sighed tiredly, his shoulders slumping downwards in defeat.

The Village Chief furrowed his brow and then turned his gaze towards the Stronghold Leaders, Zogar and Seth. The two leaders silently communicated through brief eye contact before nodding in agreement.

The Village Chief then returned his focus to the cell below.

"Alright. Although I don't think that you are in a position for me to make you one, I will still make you one - in exchange for giving us all the information that we need, I will withdraw my orders of putting you and your partner to death by hanging in the City which you had attempted to attack," The Village Chief said, narrowing his eyes at the incredibly tall man below the cell, "I don't think that is a bad offer isn't it?" he asked.

Seig, who had been inwardly smiling upon hearing the Village Chief's words, suddenly frowned as the Village Chief finished his sentence.

Even Evadne, standing beside him, couldn't help but sigh. Seig narrowed his eyes at the Village Chief and said, "I don't think this still counts as an offer."

Chapter 697 Probing The Attackers (2)

The Village Chief replied coldly, "Then I will take my leave. I have to pass an order for you and your partner to arrange your sentence and ensure it is quick. I will see you later."

However, just as he was about to turn around and leave, another voice suddenly sounded from the cell.

"Wait!" Evadne yelled, causing the Village Chief to halt his steps and turn around to focus his eyes on her.

Evadne sighed. "We'll do it. We'll tell you everything we know in exchange for our lives," she said, slumping her shoulders down in defeat.

Seig frowned as he watched Evadne. He coughed a few times and asked her quietly, "What are you doing, Evadne?"

Evadne looked at Seig with a furrowed brow, "Captain, the longer we stay here, the better our plan's chances of success. Besides, since the council has already sentenced us to death, we might as well tell them everything they need to know in exchange for our lives. And I don't think he has the patience or time to play with us, so if we want to survive longer, we should stop wasting their time," she replied.

Seig was about to respond when the Village Chief's familiar voice suddenly echoed through the cell.

"If you're done talking, tell me everything I need to know before I change my mind," the Village Chief said, his voice tinged with impatience.

Seig exhaled deeply, "Alright, I accept the offer. I'll tell you everything you need to know then." He responded, looking upwards, "My name is Seig, also known as Captain Seig. I lead the 2nd Unit of the Vanguard team in a grade 1 Runaway city called 'The Sleeping Fox'. As you can tell, I'm a half-giant." He gestured towards the woman beside him. "This is Evadne, my lieutenant and most trusted person. She comes from the Sloth Demon Race."

After hearing Seig's words, the Village Chief nodded with satisfaction. Patriarch Rylan had already given them information about the two attackers, making it easy to tell whether they were lying.

The Village Chief then turned his attention to the sizable bracelets on their wrists and asked, "And the bracelets?"

"These bracelets are special tools called the Devourer's Bracelet, granted to us by the institution of 'The Sleeping Fox' Runaway City. They enable us to control and utilize the Vylkr energy, protect our city, and eliminate the Vylkr vines. We are also known as the gods' chosen, as we have been specially blessed to be compatible with the Vylkr energy, making us the only ones capable of utilizing it," Seig explained.

The Village nodded in understanding with a contemplative expression, as did Stronghold Leader Zogar and Stronghold Leader Seth, who was standing behind him.

"Go on," the Village Chief said, "Tell the reason for the conflict between you and the four-eared elves. Why did you attack my city?"

Seig sighed, "The Sleeping Fox' Runaway and 'The Four-eared Lone Rabbit' Runaway City have a fragile relationship, with various longstanding misunderstandings, just like every other Runaway City. According to what I know, 'The Four-eared Lone Rabbit' Runaway City had broken an

agreement with 'The Sleeping Fox' Runaway City by not fulfilling the quota of provisions that they were supposed to deliver to 'The Sleeping Fox' Runaway City during the appropriate time."

"We initially assumed that the delay was due to some problem they were facing. However, after waiting for almost a month, we discovered that the reason why 'The Four-eared Lone Rabbit' Runaway City failed to fulfil their quota as promised was because they had formed a trade agreement with another Runaway City without informing us."

"They were providing the other Runaway City with our resources in exchange for their own, which was unacceptable. When this came to light, 'The Sleeping Fox' Runaway City entered the territory of 'The Four-eared Lone Rabbit' Runaway City, creating a potential conflict between the two Runaway cities if the matter was not resolved peacefully."

"Fortunately, we spoke with the leader of the 'The Four-eared Lone Rabbit' Runaway City, Patriarch Rylan, who explained why they could not fulfil their quota. Another Runaway City had threatened them into breaking their agreement with us. Considering that you live in such a high-grade sanctuary, you won't understand what people like us face, so let me explain. Outside here, food, water, and other necessities are scarce."

"Because of these things, one Runaway City will have to enter an agreement with another Runaway City or various other Runaway Cities to survive or fulfil some of their needs. In the case of the 'Four-eared Lone Rabbit' Runaway City, they provide a special fruit that can sustain a person for a whole day or a warrior for half a day after a battle. This is why we trespassed into their territory. And the other was...."

The Village Chief's voice abruptly echoed from above, "Wait!"

Seig furrowed his brows, "What is it? Are you doubting my words?" he asked.

He knew it was hard for them to believe him after he had just attacked their city. However, he had no other way to prove his sincerity.

"If you're still sceptical, you can confirm everything I've said with Patriarch Rylan, the leader of 'The Four-eared Lone Rabbit' Runaway City, who is also here, once I'm done speaking," Seig suggested.

The Village Chief shook his head at Seig's words, "Although I have already planned to meet with Patriarch Rylan later on so he can give me a detailed briefing on what led to the destruction of his

Runaway City and verify if everything you are saying is true, there is something I need to confirm first," the Village Chief said.

The Village Chief then instructed one of the warriors to quickly fetch each Kalna and the Lipry fruits.

The warrior nodded his head and immediately raced out of the hall. Within five minutes, he returned with a Kalna and Lipry fruit in each hand.

"Hey, are the fruits, Chief," the warrior said, handing the fruits over to the Village Chief.

Chapter 698 The Moment Of Revelation

The Village Chief presented the fruits, scrutinizing Seig and Evadne's reactions. "Are these the fruits you are talking about?" he asked.

Seig's initial scepticism melted into a furrowed brow. He was on the verge of dismissing the idea that such a valuable fruit could originate from this place, but his words halted as he scrutinized the fruits in the Village Chief's hands.

"Captain," Evadne interjected, her tone tinged with disbelief.

She followed Seig's gaze, noting his intense scrutiny of the fruits before returning her attention to them.

Seig turned his focus back to the Village Chief. "Where did you get these fruits?" he demanded, his gaze piercing.

Though a suspicion had begun to form in his mind, he was reluctant to entertain it.

The Village Chief scoffed at Seig's question. "These are the Kalna fruit and the Lipry fruit, grown here in my village," he responded.

Seig directed his attention to the Village Chief. "Are these genuine?" he questioned.

"Check for yourself and see," the Village Chief said. He tossed the fruits through the cell, observing as Seig caught them.

Seig examined them closely, scrutinizing their appearance and aroma.

"You can taste them to verify," the Village Chief suggested, urging Seig to confirm their authenticity firsthand.

Without hesitation, Seig brought the fruits to his mouth and took a bite.

Seig felt a surge of satisfaction over his stomach as a piece of the apple-shaped fruit entered his mouth, filling him with incredible strength.

"This..." Seig began, his eyes widening in shock.

Evadne, frozen in disbelief since the appearance of the fruits, reached for the Lipry fruit.

Upon tasting it, she was instantly overwhelmed by an indescribable sensation, causing her to stare at the fruit in astonishment. "Captain, this..." she started, but her words trailed off as Seig looked up at the Village Chief, who observed them expressionlessly.

"Now it makes sense. No wonder the Leader of the 'Four-eared Lone Rabbit' Runaway City left everything behind when his Runaway City fell just to come here. This Sanctuary is the source of the special fruits that the Four-eared elves used to trade," Seig said, a look of realization dawning on his face as he swallowed hard.

The Village Chief nodded in agreement. "Yes, Patriarch Rylan has been trading with us for these fruits and other items for a while now," he confirmed. "Although it's clear that Patriarch Rylan hasn't been entirely truthful in his dealings, our agreement was made under certain conditions. So, it wouldn't be fair to say it's unfair, considering we've both profited in our own ways."

However, he kept it in mind to speak with Patriarch afterwards to clarify everything Seig had mentioned and discuss what contribution the Four-eared elves were planning to make to the City, as their unexpected arrival would undoubtedly impact the farm's and the Garden's production.

Hearing the Village Chief's response, Seig and Evadne suddenly felt their bodies tremble as a shiver ran down their spines.

Initially, they had thought this was an unknown sanctuary where the Leader of the 'Four-eared Lone Rabbit' Runaway City sought aid. However, after learning that this was the Sanctuary that provided Patriarch Rylan with 'The Fruit of Complete Fulfillment,' they were immediately dumbfounded.

Seig's mind raced, searching for the best way to express his thoughts, but he found himself unable to articulate them after several attempts.

BAMM!!

A resounding sound suddenly echoed from within the cell.

Everyone observed as Seig stood up and immediately dropped to the ground on one knee, his fists clenched as he bowed his head towards the direction of the Village Chief and the others.

"Village Chief Brane, Leader of the..." Seig furrowed his brows, realizing he still didn't know the name of this Sanctuary; nonetheless, he continued, "Please, grant us the privilege to help protect this sanctuary."

After this revelation, he understood there was no longer a need to stall. If he wanted the opportunity to stay in this Sanctuary, he needed to be proactive, or else he might lose it.

Once Sieg finished speaking, Evadne immediately followed suit. "Please, Village Chief Brane, grant us the privilege to help protect this sanctuary," she said firmly, her eyes focused intently on the Village Chief.

However, after witnessing this scene, the Village Chief, Stronghold Leader Zogar, and Stronghold Leader Seth couldn't help but frown deeply in response.

"What are you doing?" The Village Chief asked, his questioning eyes fixated on Seig and Evadne.

"We are pledging our allegiance to you and this Sanctuary," Seig responded with a wry smile.

"Your allegiance? Why would I need your allegiance after you attempted to attack our City?" The Village Chief's chilling voice spread through the cell as he looked at Seth.

"We only did that to test whether the Sanctuary before us was real. I can assure you that such a thing will never happen again," Seig responded, his wry smile faltering.

By observing the Village Chief's expression, Seig understood that the chances of the Village Chief accepting them into the Sanctuary were almost nonexistent. However, there was no harm in trying.

"I know it's hard for you to believe our words, but as I mentioned before, necessities like food, water, or other essentials are scarce. Runaway Cities have to rely on each other to survive, leading to endless conflicts that span generations," Seig said with a sigh, "And now we find ourselves in a Sanctuary with enough strength to stand alone, a place even the Leader of the 'Four-eared Lone Rabbit' Runaway City relies on for survival. Even if the chance of acceptance into this Sanctuary is slim, wouldn't I be foolish not to try?" he added.

And as expected, the Village Chief shook his head in response.

"Even if I were foolish enough to believe your words, I cannot overlook your attack on our City. Moreover, I am certain that the Four-eared elves will not easily forget your responsibility for the deaths and near-extinction of their race. You drove them from their homes and seized control of what little remained. As Village Chief, I must prioritize the well-being of our citizens, making decisions that benefit everyone."

Chapter 699 The Moment Of Revelation (2)

"However, compared to the fate of tens of thousands of four-eared elves, even with your extraordinary strength, imprisoning you both seems to be the best course. Still, since you provide valuable information, I will cancel the order for your execution. Now, go on, continue telling us all you know about your conflict with the Four-eared elves," the Village Chief said.

Hearing the Village Chief's response, Seig exhaled deeply, 'Well, at least it was worth a try,' he thought.

He resettled himself on the ground, then glanced at Evadne, who also had a downcast expression.

Suddenly, an idea flashed through Evadne's mind, causing her to turn sharply towards Seig.

However, Seig immediately shook his head, signalling her to stop. "That would only make us appear more desperate," he cautioned.

He could discern from the desperate look in her eyes that Evadne was considering explaining their predicament to the Village Chief and the others above. However, Seig recognised that rather than provoking sympathy, such an act would likely make them look at them in distrust for going through such an extent just so they could save their lives.

If it was the outside world, Seig knew it would offer more context for their allegiance; however, he was more than aware of its effects on those living within a Sanctuary.

Evadne's shoulders slumped downward as she leaned against the wall, her gaze fixed on the fruit in her palm. She no longer paid attention to the Village Chief, the others, or Seig, who was seated beside her.

Seig sighed, shifting his attention away from Evadne and focusing on the Village Chief and the others. He continued, "The other valuable item they provided in their trade that led us to trespass into their territory was the 'Elixir of the Four Ears', a unique brew capable of quenching the thirst of any individual for half a day or warriors, depending on how much they consume."

"You see, with the special fruit 'The Fruit of Complete Fulfillment', capable of filling up the stomach of a normal mortal for a day, and half a day for a warrior who has just been through a rigorous battle, along with the unique drink, 'Elixir of the Four Ears', capable of quenching the thirst of an individual or a warrior for half a day, we were not willing to let go of such a trading agreement so easily."

"When we learned that Patriarch Rylan had been threatened to break the trade agreement, we immediately searched for who was behind it. However, we soon discovered that the Runaway City responsible for the issue was only a grade 2 Runaway City," Seig said, sighing heavily.

"The only difference between a grade 1 and a grade 2 Runaway City is the size of their territories, their Runaway City, and the number of god's chosen individuals they had. While a grade 1 city typically has a minimum of 200 gods chosen, a grade 2 city may have double or even triple that amount. So, as you can imagine, the moment we learned about this information, we abandoned any idea of confronting them directly for what rightfully belonged to us."

"Instead, given that the Four-eared elves had already entered into a trading agreement with them and were obligated to deliver items to fulfil their monthly quotas, we resorted to the principle of survival of the fittest: if someone has what you need, you take it by force."

"So, every month, we'd set up ambushes, which usually went off without any problem. Both sides would end up with a few injuries, and we'd manage to forcibly obtain some of their quotas," Seig explained. "Naturally, such a thing was naturally in the outside world, so we were all well aware of what we were doing, having done so several times before this."

"Nonetheless, that was how things were until one day when we received a shocking order from our council: my unit and I were tasked with attacking the 'Four-eared Lone Rabbit' Runaway City and exterminating every Four-eared elf within while the others would block any escape attempts."

"A Runaway City never stops moving, so despite our numbers and the full support from the council, it was still a risky mission," Seig added, "However, even after the loss of my entire unit, who fought to the end, we soon realised that the Four-eared elves had somehow caught wind of our attack. They had already prepared an escape route, abandoning everything to flee."

"This led the Council to blame our unit for not finishing the task properly. Therefore, the last remaining member of my unit," Seig nodded towards the downcast figure of Evadne, "she and I were sent to complete the task. We had no choice but to pursue them and ensure the mission's completion."

The Village Chief furrowed his brows as he digested the information he had just received and couldn't help but ask, "Was that why you chased after them all the way here?" The Village Chief asked, frowning deeply.

After hearing Seig's words, he couldn't determine whether the man before him was loyal or a fool who would follow commands without questioning them.

Though the Village warriors also received commands without questioning, they knew when to question an order when it felt amiss. If they obeyed every order without question, then Stronghold Leader Drakar might have successfully manipulated the entire Rightward Stronghold in plotting his escape rather than what he had done.

Seig nodded, "Yes. Failure to obey the Council's command means death. Considering I had no other choice, my Lieutenant and I followed the Four-eared elves with the warriors arranged for us by the

Council, taking them down bit by bit until we finally arrived at their location, realising we had been led to a sanctuary in the middle of nowhere. At first, I thought it might be some kind of trick to deter us, so I attacked..."

"If the attack was blocked, then you had confirmed the authenticity of the sanctuary. However, if it had been destroyed, you would have continued pursuing the Four-eared elves until every single one was dead," Stronghold Leader Zogar said, completing Seig's words for him.

Chapter 700 Unmasking The Traitor

"Yes. Fortunately, it was real," Seig affirmed, nodding his head. "So rather than fighting, we decided to do the only thing we could and willingly surrender."

Hearing his words, Stronghold Leader Zogar raised a brow. He narrowed his eyes at Seig and Evadne, scrutinizing their figures to see if he had miscalculated their strengths.

Seig noticed the probing gaze of Stronghold Leader Zogar and looked at him with a smirk.

"That's everything I know about the information related to the Four-eared Elves conflict," Seig said, shifting his attention towards the Village Chief.

The Village Chief nodded in response. "Apart from the 'Four-eared Lone Rabbit' Runaway City and the 'The Sleeping Fox' Runaway City, how many Runaway Cities are there? And what are they?" the Village Chief asked, his questioning eyes fixed on Seig.

After learning about the Runaway Cities, the Village Chief wanted a detailed explanation of what they were.

"I'm not certain about the exact number, but I've heard there are fewer than a hundred Runaway Cities. As for their current count, I'm unsure of that," Seig explained, shaking his head.

"As for what they are, Runaway Cities are massive moving shelters capable of housing enormous populations, each with their own distinct culture, population, and way of living. Depending on their grade, these cities are mostly constructed from special ores or metal scraps. A grade 1 Runaway

City can house anywhere from 700,000 to 3 million individuals and has a territory spanning about 114,780 kilometres (71.9 miles)."

"A grade 2 Runaway City accommodates a minimum of 4 million to 10 million individuals and has a territory of about 344,350 kilometres (213.75 miles). However, I can't provide information about grade 3 Runaway Cities, as my knowledge of them is limited," Seig added.

After Seig finished his explanation, a contemplative expression appeared on the Village Chief's face.

Currently, the Prismeron race has the highest population, totalling about 1.8 million. Despite their diverse range of techniques, their physical strength falls somewhat short. However, their status is bolstered by the presence of the Crystalforge elite warriors, allowing them to hold their own among the Village warriors.

In contrast, the Four-eared elves, with a population of approximately 100,000, possess the least physical prowess within the city despite some individuals being adept at controlling the Vylkr energy.

On the other hand, they were the minority group, numbering around 1,500 individuals, and held the most power and authority within the territory. Despite their smaller population size, they maintain dominance.

Despite Orion's close ties with the Prismerions, the Village Chief held no concerns about them or the Four-eared elves surpassing their authority. His confidence stemmed from the Village's rapidly expanding population, with births occurring even as they spoke.

Moreover, they were the sole warriors naturally capable of using Vylkr energy, further solidifying their influence.

Nonetheless, when he first learned about the Runaway Cities, he knew they were special. However, after hearing Seig's words, he understood that he might have underestimated how special they were.

This was especially true considering the possibility of several more capable individuals like Seig or others who were even more formidable than him who might as well be capable of entering a form like the Vylkr warrior mode as they wished.

Stronghold Leader Zogar and Seth couldn't help but ponder deeply after hearing Seig's words. They also understood the implications of what would occur if the Runaway cities crossed paths with the Village.

Regardless, they all tucked this information away in the back of their minds, preparing themselves for when the time comes.

A momentary silence enveloped the air as they all processed the words they had just heard, arranging their thoughts properly.

"One more question," the Village Chief said. "I also want to know if there is any traitor among Patriarch Rylan and his group?"

Seig frowned upon hearing the Village Chief's question. He hadn't expected to be asked such a probing question.

Nevertheless, Seig shook his head in response. "Unfortunately, I don't know if there is a traitor within the—" Seig began, but before he could continue, the Village Chief's resounding voice thundered through the hall, cutting him off.

"ENOUGH! According to Patriarch Rylan's words, during his escape with the remaining members of his race, you managed to locate them again and again, even when they were sure that they had lost you. So it's either you had a way to find them whenever they got lost, or you had someone leading you towards their location. Which one is it?" the Village Chief asked.

Of course, none of this was originally his concern. However, with the Four-eared elves now residing within the Cities, it became his responsibility to find out who among them would willingly betray their own kind, potentially leading them to the brink of extinction.

Considering their past actions, there was no telling what they might do in the future, endangering the safety of Orion's cities and the Village.

A deep frown etched across Seig's face as he furrowed his brows in contemplation.

After a few moments of intense thought, he heaved a heavy sigh and nodded in acknowledgement. "Yes, you are correct. There is indeed a traitor among the Four-eared elves, someone who helped track their location whenever we lost sight of them," he confessed.

The Village Chief's piercing gaze bore into Seig. "And who is this person?" he asked.

"His name is Ronan, one of the gods' chosen from the last remaining unit of the Four-eared elves," Seig replied, his voice heavy with resignation.

"In exchange for the lives of his wife and unborn child, he left trails for us to follow, leading us towards the Four-eared elves' boats whenever we lost track of them," he explained.

The Village Chief nodded thoughtfully, his mind racing as he noted the name, attempting to recall who Ronan was among the gods' chosen. However, given that he wasn't yet familiar with all of the gods' chosen, he couldn't place him.

Even the two Stronghold Leaders paid close attention to the name, making a mental note to ascertain Ronan's identity among Patriarch Rylan's group.

"Alright, tell us about the Sanctuary," the Village Chief pressed.