

## Village Head 721

### Chapter 721 Heartening News

Orion nodded in response and offered a slight bow. "Thank you," he said with gratitude evident in his voice.

Crystalia mirrored his gesture. "Thank you," she added.

Aegis of the Arctic Deity nodded silently at them before he controlled the stream of floating water again. The floating stream of water began to retreat as the Crimson blood cocoon slowly cracked. The golden threads loosened their grip on the collar.

Observing this, Orion dashed forward, swiftly positioning himself beneath Queen Selene to catch her securely before she could touch the ground. As the Crimson blood cocoon disintegrated into fine dust, it vanished entirely from the air.

Orion scrutinized Queen Selene's condition. Apart from her attire vanishing, leaving her naked in the open, he noticed a slightly dark, burnt-like scar where the collar had previously been and the bright milky mark of two wings on her forehead, one wing larger than the other, similar to Iris's other Divine Apostles.

He stretched his hand and grabbed the collar that had landed beside her, securely storing it in the pocket of his tulga.

"How is she doing?" Crystalia asked, her voice filled with concern as she arrived beside Orion.

"Don't worry, she is fine. Just as Aegis of the Arctic Deity said, she is only temporarily paralyzed and will return to herself after a good rest," Orion responded.

Upon hearing Orion's words, Crystalia exhaled in relief and activated her clan's unique ability to create a blanket, quickly draping it over her mother.

After properly covering Queen Selene's body, Orion summoned the Crimson Great Sword alongside Aerialia before rising to his feet, carrying Queen Selene in his arms.

As they prepared to leave through the passage that had emerged, Orion thanked Aegis of the Arctic Deity once more for his assistance, and Crystalia sincerely did the same.

"As I've said before, you don't need to worry. I'll solve whatever problems you have and protect Orion's cities, the Village, and everyone in them to the best of my abilities," Aegis of the Arctic Deity said, his golden-slitted eyes staring down at them.

As they both nodded in response, Orion couldn't help but ponder if his assumptions about Aegis of the Arctic Deity were wrong and whether White Flame was the one being untruthful about his words.

Nonetheless, he shook his head internally and walked through the passage with Queen Selene in his arms while Crystalia followed him.

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The Princess of the Garden patiently awaited near the Divine Essence lake for Orion and the others to return, exhaling in relief when she saw the passage appear on the ground. She stood up and observed as Orion emerged from the passage, holding Queen Selene wrapped in a blanket, with Crystalia trailing behind.

"How did it go?" The Princess of the Garden asked, her voice solemn as she noticed Queen Selene's condition.

Witnessing Orion's smile and nod, the Princess of the Garden's expression softened as she exhaled in relief.

"We need to return to the Palace manor to ensure she gets proper rest, but first, I'd like to hear the good news you mentioned," Orion said.

The Princess of the Garden gestured for Orion to follow her so

they could speak privately as she turned around and left.

"Don't worry, I'll carry her," Crystalia immediately offered as she

lifted her mother into her arms.

Crystalia sensed that whatever The Princess of the Garden had to share with Orion was meant for his ears alone. Considering that The Princess of the Garden is a being not even her mother dared to confront, Crystalia discreetly withdrew, pretending she hadn't overheard anything.

While Crystalia wasn't fearful, she couldn't deny feeling intimidated by the Princess of the Garden's presence. However, if the situation involved anyone from their household, she would have approached it differently.

Unaware of Crystalia's inner thoughts, Orion passed Queen Selene to her before heading toward the Princess of the Garden to join her.

The Princess of the Garden observed as Orion approached her.

"The good news I have for you is that the Guardians of the Garden have finally agreed to grant you an audience and hear

your request," she said.

Orion was momentarily stunned by the Princess of the Garden's words before a joyful smile spread across his face. "It seems all my hard work has finally paid off," he replied.

If the Pixies had resisted meeting him despite his numerous attempts, then it was safe to say that even a divine being couldn't reconcile their relationship.

"Yes, your efforts have paid off," the Princess of the Garden acknowledged, smiling as she observed Orion's jubilant expression. "However, I don't think you should be celebrating just yet," she warned.

"What do you mean?" Orion asked, his brows furrowing in confusion.

"You see, the pixies are a race very attuned and responsive to their emotions. If they love you, they'll go to any lengths for you, but if they hate you, they'll do the opposite—attack you or

ensure you feel the full force of their anger. The only reason they haven't acted against you is because of our relationship and the divine energy they sense around you, along with your connection to the god beneath the Garden, which makes your situation somewhat unique," the Princess of the Garden explained.

"However, now that they've agreed to meet with you, you have to be careful because I suspect they're still planning something," she added.

Orion nodded solemnly. "You don't have to worry, I'll be careful," he assured.

Even without the Princess of the Garden's warning, Orion had every intention of proceeding cautiously, having witnessed the Pixies' personalities firsthand.

"Okay. I'll inform them you're busy today, but be sure to arrive before sunset tomorrow," the Princess of the Garden

instructed.

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"Alright, I won't be late," Orion affirmed.

The Princess of the Garden nodded before they returned to

Crystalia and Queen Selene. Orion bid the Princess goodbye

with a kiss before taking hold of Queen Selene and making their

way out of the Garden.

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Palace manor

"Alright, you can come in and put her on the bed," Crystalia said,

holding her mother's bedroom door open as maids exited the

room, having finished cleaning it for Orion to enter.

Chapter 722 Presenting The Alternatives

Orion walked into the room and gently laid Queen Selene on the bed. He carefully removed the blanket from her body and adjusted the bedsheets to cover her properly.

Once he finished, Crystalia climbed onto the bed and settled in, pulling the bedsheet over herself as well.

Crystalia turned her attention to Orion. "You can go on and continue with your day. I'll stay here and take care of her until she awakens," she said.

Orion nodded in agreement. "Okay, I'll return in the evening to check up on the two of you," he responded.

Crystalia nodded back and watched as Orion left the room. She then settled comfortably on the bed, embracing Queen Selene, and drifted off to sleep.

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## The Village

### Village Chief's compound

Orion landed before the Village Chief's compound and exchanged pleasantries with the two guards before proceeding inside. He swiftly approached the second hut, where the Village Chief's workplace was located and entered without hesitation.

He lightly tapped his knuckles against the door, awaiting the Village Chief's acknowledgement.

"Enter!" The Village Chief's voice echoed from within.

Pushing the door open, Orion stepped into the room. His gaze swept over Thak and the Village Chieftess Zara before settling on the Village Chief seated behind his desk.

Orion greeted the Village Chief before doing the same to Thak and the Village Chieftess Zara.

The Village Chief and the others reciprocated his gesture.

"Orion, what brings you here?" The Village Chief asked curiously.

He hadn't expected Orion's visit to the Village this morning and speculated that it must be related to the previous night's events.

"I've come to share an idea that I believe could aid in taking care of the potential four-star Vylkr vines," Orion responded.

Upon hearing Orion's words, the Village Chief and the others' expressions turned solemn.

"Please, have a seat and tell us what you know," the Village Chief said, gesturing to the empty spot beside the Village Chieftess and Thak.

Orion took a seat and began to explain his plan. He detailed his conversation with Aerialia from the previous day, discussing the option of burning the dead forest and the potential repercussions.

Also, he suggested organising multiple groups of warriors to search the areas where he had previously encountered strange occurrences.

After Orion finished explaining, they all wore contemplative expressions.

"I believe we should only resort to burning the dead forest as a last resort, given its consequences. However, organising multiple groups of warriors to search your identified areas is a viable approach. I'll notify Stronghold Leader Zogar and Seth to accompany you when you're ready, considering the gravity of the situation we're currently facing," the Village Chief said with seriousness.

"After I've delegated some of the Village affairs to Thak and the Village Chieftess, along with preparing for the upcoming festival, which will occur in a week, I'll turn my attention to the potential four-star Vylkr vines and address any reports related to them," he added.

Upon hearing the Village Chief's plans, Orion nodded in understanding.

"Are there any other matters you'd like to discuss?" the Village Chief asked.

Orion nodded, "I won't be available tomorrow as I'll be meeting with the Guardians of the Garden," he responded.



Upon hearing that Orion would meet with the Guardians of the Garden, the Village Chief and the others wore surprised expressions. While they had visited the Garden a few times due to its similarities to the farm and had met the Guardians of the Garden, they were only on friendly terms with them and didn't know them personally. They were genuinely curious about why Orion would be meeting with them.

However, they all understood Orion's connection to the Garden and assumed it was personal, so they kept their questions to themselves.

"Alright, we'll wait for you to join us when you're done. For now, I'd like to know what you did with the Devourer's bracelet and the divine artefact," the Village Chief said.

Orion nodded in response, then explained his decision to give Seraphina the Devourer's bracelet, hoping she could recreate it. He also mentioned that it might aid her in experimenting with the potential four-star Vylkr vine. Also, he mentioned his plan to take Solara's Divine Eye to Aegis of the Arctic Deity for examination since he was a god and would know more about a divine artefact.

Since only he could meet with Aegis of the Arctic Deity, Orion had to fabricate an excuse to conceal the divine artefact.

"I agree that giving Seraphina the Devourer's bracelet is the best action for now. Also, please inform me of any important information you receive from Aegis of the Arctic Deity," the Village Chief replied.

Orion nodded in understanding. "Okay, Chief," he responded.

"Is there anything else that you would like to inform me about," the Village Chief asked.

Orion shook his head in response, "No. I'll be taking my leave now, Chief," he replied.

"Alright, I'll see you later," the Village Chief responded.

Orion nodded in acknowledgement. He rose and bid farewell to the Village Chief and the others before exiting the room.

Stepping out of the hut, Orion strode through the Village Chief's compound and headed toward the farm to visit Grace, Anara, and his other tree nymph partners.

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#### Patriarch Rylan's Residence

Patriarch Rylan sat opposite Isadora, Lyndon, Leona, and the other gods' chosen in the main room.

"Do they all sense the same thing?" Patriarch Rylan asked.

"Yes, they're all experiencing the same sensation of a whisper urging them in a particular direction. It intensified after they had consumed the fruits," Leona responded, her expression grave as she awaited Patriarch Rylan's reaction.

Patriarch Rylan let out a deep sigh. "I had a hunch this might occur, but I expected it would take days if not weeks," he responded.

"What do you mean, Father?" Isadora asked, her confusion evident as she awaited Patriarch Rylan's explanation.

"It's your ears; aside from their innate ability to interpret the language of magical beasts and spirits, which we use as glyphs, they're also tuned to the whispers of the trees and the natural world."

#### Chapter 723 Innate Impulse

"That's what our ancestors wrote, and my father confirmed it after spending a few days here, listening to the whispers of life within the Village. Although I was sceptical at first, I no longer doubt it after experiencing it myself, so I can handle this feeling," Patriarch Rylan explained.

He sighed wearily. "Unfortunately, this aspect of our racial abilities has become dormant over the millennia of living in this dead world, so it's perfectly normal for them to feel strange and struggle to handle this sensation."

Patriarch Rylan observed their ears, observing how all four twitched regularly.

It was obvious that his children and the gods' chosen ones were also experiencing the same sensation. However, they were strong-willed enough to suppress it and continue with their day.

This was one of the reasons why he had pleaded and negotiated with the Village Chief to allow him entry to the farm; it was instinctual. Nonetheless, he had only succeeded once and had stayed throughout his visit, almost missing the trade he had come for before returning to his Runaway City.

In fact, there were times when he had doubted that his father had found the Village by mere luck alone. He suspected it was because his father possessed much stronger ears than any of them.

"So, you're suggesting that we're all feeling this way because we're picking up on the whispers of the trees in the area, and we're instinctively drawn to them?" Isadora said, her eyes widened with curiosity as she gently rubbed the fur of the small snow-furred beast lying on her lap, which seemed to be listening to the conversation with a hint of intelligence in its eyes.

"Yes," Patriarch Rylan responded, nodding.

"Fortunately, though you might feel uncomfortable now, after a few days, it will become easier for you to handle and ignore without much problem," he added.

Isadora, Lyndon, and the gods' chosen nodded in understanding. Despite harbouring doubts, since they had never experienced this, they decided to believe his words.

"And what about Leif? How is he currently feeling?" Patriarch Rylan asked.

"He's still locked inside his room, refusing to come out. While he may not regret his attempt to kill Ronan, he's blaming himself for Lirien's and her unborn child's death. So, it seems unlikely he'll come out anytime soon," Leona explained, sighing as she shook her head tiredly.

Isadora and the others sighed in shared frustration.

They had all attempted to persuade Leif out of his room, but he refused to let them in or even acknowledge their presence. At this point, all they could do was wait for him to finish his grieving process and become ready to face them.

Patriarch Rylan nodded wearily. "It's understandable that he's feeling this way, especially given what had happened. All we can do is give him the time he needs to heal before attempting to reach out to him again," he replied.

"For now, I want all of you to keep an eye on our people and ensure they don't do anything reckless. Not everyone will have the resolve to control themselves. Meanwhile, I'll take the time to try and come up with any ideas on how to sustain ourselves before the month ends. That concludes the meeting. You're free to leave and return to whatever you were doing," he added.

However, contrary to his expectations, no one budged from their spot. They all seemed to have something on their minds but hesitated to voice it.

"What is it?" Patriarch Rylan asked, raising an eyebrow in curiosity.

"Patriarch, we want to ask about Ronan and Leif's Devourer's bracelets. Are we simply going to hand them over like that?" Leona asked, voicing the question that was in everyone's thoughts.

With only six gods' chosen currently present and one incapacitated until recovery, their numbers had dwindled to five.

This reduction significantly weakened the overall strength of the Four-eared elves, prompting them to wonder if there was truly no way to retrieve the other two Devourer's bracelets, which were crucial for their race's recovery.

Patriarch Rylan sighed deeply, shaking his head with a sense of resignation.

"I'm sorry. Since they took an interest in the Devourer's bracelet, I can do nothing about it. At this point, it's safe to say we owe much to the Village Chief, as the fact that we haven't been thrown out of the City yet is largely due to our relationship with him."

"They've also protected us from our enemies and provided us shelter and sustenance like no other place we've been to. If all they desire are the Devourer's bracelets, so be it. It's a small price to pay for all they've given us," Patriarch responded, his smile tinged with a hint of emotion as he observed their dejected expressions.

He chose not to disclose that he had also handed over the Divine artefact, preferring to keep that information concealed for now. He wasn't sure of the consequences that might arise if it were revealed.

Fortunately, everyone who knew about the existence of the Divine artefact was already dead, so there was nothing for him to worry about.

"Of course, if there ever comes a point where we are oppressed in any way for no reason, I promise you that as your patriarch, I'll do my utmost to address it," Patriarch Rylan added.

Lyndon let out a defeated sigh. "You're right, Father. Exchanging the Devourer's bracelets for all this doesn't seem like a bad deal," he responded.

"Yes, though I still believe we could find other ways to repay them. However, if it's for all this, I suppose it's acceptable," Isadora added.

Leona and the other gods' chosen also agreed with Lyndon and Isadora.

"Alright, you all can return to settling in, and remember to keep an eye on the others to prevent any reckless behaviour. Also, if anybody claiming to be Thak, the Village Chief's messenger, arrives, inform me and let him in. This meeting is officially over," Patriarch Rylan said.

He rose from his seat and climbed back up the stairs, returning to his room.

## Chapter 724 Grace's Efforts

"Okay, Grace, you've got this! I have full faith in you," Orion said, his excitement noticeable as he watched Grace standing before the vast, empty expanse of grass beside Anara's towering tree.

Anara, Dariya, and Malaia stood behind him, gazes filled with hope and expectation, eagerly awaiting Grace's attempt to create her own tree again.

"I believe in you too, Grace. Show us what you're made of!" Dariya chimed in, mirroring Orion's enthusiastic expression.

Grace nodded with a determined look on her childlike features etched with resolve as she prepared to channel her innate ability.

"Will she succeed this time?" Malaia asked, turning her attention to Anara, who stood beside her with a hopeful expression.

"I certainly hope so. While I adore the bond we share and the strange sensations it brings, as Grace grows older and healthier, it's becoming increasingly uncomfortable for both of us," Anara replied, her voice tinged with weariness as she sighed.

Malaia raised an eyebrow in surprise. "But I thought you found joy in the unique sensation that comes with motherhood," she said curiously.

Anara shook her head in response. "You won't understand until you experience it yourself," she responded.

Upon hearing Anara's words, Malaia nodded eagerly, her eyes blazing with anticipation as she refocused on the scene before her.

"You can start whenever you're ready, Grace," Orion said.

"M ready," Grace responded, firmly nodding her head.

"Okay then, go ahead."

Grace stretched out her hand, and a pulsing soft light emanated from her palms. Almost instantly, medium-sized green vines emerged from the grassy earth-like roots. They slowly took the shape of a tree, forming its stem and gradually rising upwards. Step by step, the bark began to form, growing bigger and bigger until suddenly, the bright light vanished, prompting the tree to stop growing abruptly. As this happened, Grace's mind immediately became tired, causing her to fall backwards towards the ground.

Fortunately, Orion was already behind her and caught her before her body could hit the ground.

"Are you okay, Grace?" Orion asked carefully as he checked her for any signs of injury, sighing in relief when he found none.

"M okay, just tired," Grace responded, nodding wearily.

Anara soon arrived and knelt down beside them, using her ability to check Grace's health and aid her in fully recovering. Within seconds, Grace had returned to full health, prompting Anara to deactivate her ability and withdraw her hand.

"I still don't understand why she is still falling like this," Anara said, her voice firm, as she couldn't come up with any explanation except one, which was that it might be because Grace was not a fully-blooded tree nymph but a natural offspring between her and Orion.

Though this explanation settled many of her unanswered questions, they needed a much more detailed explanation to understand why Grace was finding it difficult to communicate with the earth.

Orion inwardly sighed and picked up Grace, pulling her into his embrace as he stood up. "Instead of doing this every week, how about we reduce it to once a month?" he suggested.

He could feel Grace subtly nodding her head in agreement.

Anara shook her head. "I don't think that would be a good idea. We need to get it right now while she's young so that when she grows older, she won't have much trouble utilizing her ability and won't cause trouble for herself and those around her," she responded.

Hearing Anara's response, Orion sighed and decided to remain quiet, understanding the importance of what she had said. Anara, alongside Dariya and Malaia, had properly explained to him how crucial this was for Grace's growth in the future.

However, despite Grace's rapid development, for him, she was still his newborn daughter with a very long life ahead of her.

He had to ensure that situations like this wouldn't adversely affect her.

Upon hearing Anara's words and strict voice, Grace lowered her head slightly, "M sorry, modda," she said.

Listening to Grace's words and witnessing Orion's comforting gesture, Anara couldn't help but exhale inwardly, wondering if she had been a little too strict in handling the situation.

"No, there's no need for you to apologize. You've done nothing wrong; I'm the one who has been a little too strict," Anara said, reconsidering her approach. "Maybe it's best I agree with your father and push this to only once a month."

When Anara said this, Grace immediately lifted her head from Orion's embrace and turned to look at her mother with hope and joy in her eyes. "Really?" she questioned eagerly.

Anara nodded, a warm smile appearing on her lips.

Grace's eyes widened in excitement, and she instantly leapt out of Orion's embrace and into Anara's. "Yesh! Thank you," she responded with gratitude.

Anara slightly gestured as she comfortably held Grace in her arms.

Dariya and Malaia observed the scene from a distance, feeling the burning desire to have a child of their own grow stronger within them. Orion noticed their longing looks and couldn't help but sigh. Despite loving them as his partners, he hesitated to give them a child because of Grace's condition, which was something that they all understood.

Nevertheless, as their tasks for the day were complete, Orion decided it was time to return. He bid Grace farewell with a warm hug and a kiss on her forehead, repeating the gesture with Anara, Dariya, and Malaia, lingering a bit longer with each of them.

Then, he turned and took off into the sky, heading towards Caretaker Shani's side of the farm.

Upon landing at Caretaker Shani's side of the farm, it took some time before Orion located her.

"Orion, why are you here?" Caretaker Shani's surprise was evident in her voice, unexpected as Orion's visit was, especially at this hour. Nonetheless, a thought quickly crossed her mind. "Are you here to see the Village Chief?" she asked curiously.

After all, after yesterday's events, it wouldn't be surprising if Orion came to see the Village Chief today.



Orion nodded in agreement. "I came to inform him about some things that might be helpful in our current situation," he replied.

#### Chapter 725 Caretaker Shani's Unintentional Bond\*\*

Caretaker Shani nodded understandingly. "Okay, I understand," she replied.

As one of the key figures in their territory, she knew Orion was likely to be the next Village Chief. It was evident to anyone who paid attention, given Orion's remarkable achievements and the advancements he had brought to their territory. Therefore, she decided not to pry too much into the details of his visit.

"Nonetheless, I'm glad you showed up," Caretaker Shani said, smiling warmly.

"Oh, and why is that?" Orion asked, raising a curious eyebrow as he stepped closer to Caretaker Shani, their skin almost touching.

Caretaker Shani felt her breath quicken without hesitation as she sensed Orion's closeness and caught his scent. "It wouldn't be proper if you make me say it," she murmured under her breath, diverting her attention to the farmers tending to their plants. She began giving them instructions, hoping to regain her composure.

However, her instructions only lasted for a few seconds before she abruptly halted as Orion held her butt cheek firmly from underneath her tulga bottom.

As Orion continued to massage her buttocks, Caretaker Shani couldn't help but moan slightly as she felt her vagina becoming wet to the extent that it began to drool. The wetness gradually gathered around her thighs.

"I don't think this is the best place; we don't want to distract the workers," Caretaker Shani said, her eyes fixed on Orion.

She couldn't help but inwardly chuckle, reminiscing about the time she had tried to seduce him when he visited her hut. She had intended to show Orion the emotions stirring in her heart, but he had instead taken complete control of the situation and penetrated her until she was unconscious.

Orion nodded in agreement. He then gestured for Caretaker Shani to follow him towards the nearest storage building.

As they walked, the farmers and workers continued their tasks, briefly acknowledging Orion and Caretaker Shani with nods due to their status. Finally, they reached the storage building.

As Orion reached for the door handle, he abruptly stopped.

"What's wrong?" Caretaker Shani asked, her brow furrowing. She could feel the vagina becoming increasingly wet, making it increasingly difficult to contain herself.

"I believe someone might be already inside?" Orion responded.

Caretaker Shani arched an eyebrow. "We'll find another one then," she suggested. She knew Orion didn't like having kushi in the open unless it was in specific locations or among his wives.

Despite Orion's desire for her to meet his wives, she still lacked the courage to do so. She grappled with whether to inform them as her sister about their relationship or keep it a secret between herself and Orion.

After all, there was nothing more that she could want at this age rather than to enjoy the rest of her time within Orion's embrace, take care of her child, and ensure the stability and functionality of her farms and territory.

However, Orion shook his head and gently pushed the door open, closing and locking it shut once they had both entered.

As the sound of moaning and rhythmic clapping of cheeks resounded, Orion and Caretaker Shani soon found the culprits.

They took a small-sized hole through the shelf and saw the figure of an early twenty-year-old young woman with her back over, being penetrated by a young man in the same age category with about three kalna fruits laid on top of a soft piece of cloth on the ground.

While Orion valued his privacy, he sensed Caretaker Shani was reaching her limit. As long as those on the other side minded their own business and left once they were finished, he saw no reason not to fully enjoy the current atmosphere.

"I'm going in," Orion said as he swiftly raised Caretaker Shani's tulga upwards, revealing her plump, small, round buttocks.

However, instead of plunging in with his penis, Orion gently plunged his fingers into her and began to massage her damp pussy walls.

"Ahh~~" Caretaker Shani moaned as she began to feel her vaginal walls loosening up until her juices instantly poured outwards, flooding Orion's fingers and sliding down her thighs and staining the floor below them.

Orion removed his fingers and aligned his throbbing hardened penis with Caretaker Shani's entrance, and then thrust his hips forward.

"Pahh~~~ Paahh"

"Pahhh~~~ PAHH~~"

"Uhhh~~" Caretaker Shani moaned out in pleasure; her voice became higher by the second as the intensity of Orion's thrust increased.

Within a few minutes, the two figures on the other side had already realised that other people were in the storage building.

"Who's there?" the young man asked.

However, he didn't receive any response. Instead, the moans became louder, spreading around the storage building.

"We were almost there, so let's finish fast and go," the young woman said as she spread her legs a little wider and used her hands to hold both sides of her butt cheeks open, revealing her drooling vagina lips.

The young man nodded and immediately thrust back into her, ensuring that he released his seed deep inside of her.

On the other side, Caretaker Shani's back was now comfortably positioned against the shelf, with her tulga top raised up, exposing her petite womanly breasts. Both of her hands were secured around Orion's shoulders, and one of her legs held upwards as they both shared a deep wet kiss, with Orion's waist relentlessly thrusting in and out of her wet womanly pussy, and showing no signs of stopping.

"PAAHHH~~~ PAAHHH~~~"

"AAHH~~~ AUHH~~~"

"PAHH~~~ PAHH~~~~"

Within minutes, they were both lost in their own world, trying to ensure that every moment was fulfilling.

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Second Border City

The Four-eared Elves Residence

Due to the gods' chosens being unable to monitor the large numbers of Four-eared elves, the Patriarch's Children decided to join them and help lighten the task.

"I don't think this is going to make the task any easier if you are just going to follow and monitor us," Isadora said, her eyes fixed on Leona disapprovingly.

"Yes, what's the use of us deciding to help you monitor everyone's houses if you're just going to follow and monitor us all the time?" Lyndon chimed in, agreeing with his sister's words.

"You know I have no choice but to do this, right?" Leona responded, shaking her head with a tired sigh escaping her lips."

## Chapter 726 Unintentional Shenanigans

"You both are the Patriarch's children, so if we choose to leave you alone and anything happens to you two, we risk getting the ire of the Patriarch and losing a potential leader candidate for the Four-eared elves," Leona added.

Isadora rolled her eyes at Leona. "Though, we aren't gods' chosens, that doesn't mean we are weak, you know," she responded.

"I understand that; however, I don't think your strength means much in a place like this, Princess," Leona responded, a smirk emerging on her lips.

Though she understood what the Princess was talking about, that doesn't mean she agrees. After all, there were divine apostles in this territory whose strength was still unknown to them and individuals capable of utilizing the Vylkr vines with just a single thought.

After witnessing the way Ronan was killed, Leona didn't doubt their strength anymore. Realizing that there might be others like that, even if they weren't as strong, was enough to make her skin crawl.

Isadora's brow furrowed as her expression shifted in annoyance upon hearing Leona's words.

Understanding that the conversation wasn't going to end anytime soon, Lyndon cleared his throat loudly, interrupting Isadora before she could respond.

"Since it's like that, I think we should use this opportunity to look around the city before heading back home to rest," Lyndon responded.

Listening to Lyndon's response, Leona focused on him and stretched out her hand to playfully hold his cheeks. "Look at how cute you are, protecting your senior sister," she replied lightly.

Lyndon's expression immediately became beet red as he froze in his position.

Witnessing this scene, Leona's smirk deepened. As gods' chosen, despite not being close to the strongest, there was a deep ingrained fear and respect in the hearts of individuals around them, regardless of whether they were incapable of utilizing the different ranks of energies or warriors. Instead, they would freeze in fear and die from overwhelming shock if she behaved with any of them like this.

However, as the Patriarch's son who had spent much of his time around various gods' chosens, all feared and well-respected, her actions would only make him blush and shy, which she greatly enjoyed.

A loud snort escaped from Isadora. "If you continue to tease him like that, he --," she said. However, just as she was about to complete her sentence, her words were instantly stuck in her mouth as something immediately caught her attention.

Leona immediately halted her actions, noticing Isadora's sudden change in demeanour. She followed her line of sight to see what had captured her attention.

Lyndon quickly regained his composure and turned to see what they were looking at.

In the distance, they observed a small figure climbing out of the window of their wooden home, quickly followed by another more petite figure. The two children, a boy and a girl no older than ten years old, steadied themselves before scanning the surroundings to ensure nobody spotted them.

Having just turned the corner and standing a few meters away, the children didn't see Isadora and the others.

Seeing no one was watching, the children dashed off in a specific direction.

"It seems Father was right," Isadora sighed, shaking her head. "Come on, let's go get them before they do something stupid," she added, walking toward the children to prevent them from straying too far from the Four-eared elves' residence.

Leona and Lyndon nodded in agreement with a solemn expression as they followed suit to catch up with them.

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"Got you," Lyndon said as he captured the little boy while Isadora swiftly intercepted the girl. Leona took her place before them, blocking their escape route.

"Hey, what's going on? Let us go!" the little boy asked, struggling against Lyndon's grasp. His sister, whom Isadora caught, remained frozen in place.

"Alright, go on. Give me one good reason why I should let you go," Lyndon responded, turning the boy to face him directly.

The little boy froze when he saw Lyndon's face, clearly recognizing him. He then shifted his attention to the other individual who had gotten hold of his sister before turning his head backwards to take a good look at the woman who had blocked their path, prompting him to gulp loudly as he caught a glimpse of the big metal bracelet on her wrist and the large sword strapped to her back.

The little boy immediately lowered his head. "Please, don't hurt us! My sister and I weren't planning to do something bad," he said pleadingly.

Realizing that the boy had recognized them and seeing his fearful reaction toward Leona, Lyndon sighed. "Don't worry, we're not here to harm you," he reassured him.

Lyndon then released the boy, who rushed to hug his sister, who was simultaneously freed by Isadora.

"Alright, why don't you tell us where you were heading despite receiving the information that everyone should remain indoors for the time being?" Isadora asked, her gaze fixed on the boy's ears, twitching at different intervals.

Though she already knew the answer, she wanted to hear it from their lips and also understand if there was any other reason why they had come outside.

"It's not our fault. Some weird voices were disturbing our ears, causing them to itch fiercely, and we felt like it wouldn't stop until we knew what it was. Also, it felt boring to be inside all day without having anything to do, so we decided to come outside and take a good look," the little boy responded, his voice getting quieter as he completed his words.

Hearing the little boy's words, Isadora nodded. "Well, I can understand how you are currently feeling. See," Isadora said, pointing to her twitching lower ears.

The little boy and girl observed Isadora's twitching ears curiously. Just as her father had mentioned, she was beginning to get control over them, so it wasn't really a problem anymore.

"Alright, now that you know there's no need to worry about your ears itching, as everyone is experiencing the same thing, let's take you back to your parents. They might be looking for you," Isadora said, straightening her back.

However, just as she was about to turn around and lead them back to their hut, she noticed their gloomy expressions, prompting a foreboding feeling to creep into Isadora's heart.

#### Chapter 727 Delivering A Crucial Information in Person

The little boy shook his head fiercely. "Our parents are already dead. We are staying alone, so you don't need to worry," he replied.

Upon hearing the boy's response, Isadora and the others frowned deeply.

"Then, aren't you supposed to be living with a family or a group of elder brothers or sisters like you?" Isadora asked with a solemn expression.

Many lives were lost, from fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, partners, and even relatives before they had arrived in this territory, so it would be a lie for her to say she wasn't aware of the Four-eared elves' current situation, especially when she had also witnessed a few deaths and sacrifices.

However, to manage these occurrences, they had paired them with several families who had happily received them, allowing those who wanted to stay alone to do so.

So, after hearing that the two little children beside her were living alone, Isadora and the others were a little perplexed and confused and even wondered if they had missed a few individuals.

The little boy shook his head in response. "No, they are not our daddy or mommy, so we don't want to stay with them. My sister and I can survive and take care of ourselves," he responded, his voice filled with resolution.



The little girl nodded firmly, also agreeing with her brother's words.

Hearing the little boy's response, Isadora inwardly exhaled deeply. "Are you sure that you can survive by yourself? There are a lot of dangerous people out there, after all," she asked, pointing a finger at Leona, who was watching the scene with her arms crossed.

Leona loudly snorted, observing as they both turned to look at her momentarily before immediately shifting their attention back to Isadora and shaking their heads fiercely.

"Since it's like that, why don't you come live with us then? We have a few empty rooms that we can spare," Isadora said with a wide smile.

The girl's eyes immediately brightened. "Really, are you sure?" she asked sceptically, narrowing her eyes at Isadora.

She and her brother already knew they were standing before the Princess and the Prince of the Four-eared elves race. So, although their parents had told them stories about the Princess's goodwill and kindness, this was still the first time they had met her up close. She remained sceptical about why a Princess would ask them to come and stay with them.

The little boy also looked at her with an expectant gaze.

Isadora nodded firmly. "Yes," she responded seriously. "Now, let's get going before I change my mind."

She gestured for them to follow her as she turned around and walked forward.

The little girl immediately dragged her brother forward and followed behind Isadora.

Leona couldn't help but sigh at the unexpected turn of events, unsure if their building was the right place to train children. Nonetheless, she followed suit from behind with Lyndon.

Since they were already at the end of the Four-eared residences and were familiar with some parts of it, they decided to take a shortcut. However, just as they were about to turn a corner, a familiar voice suddenly resounded from behind them, "Hey, how are you all doing?"

Leona, Lyndon, Isadora, and the others abruptly halted in their steps before snapping their heads backwards to see who it was.

"Warrior Orion," Isadora blurted out, surprised to see the young man who had sneaked up behind them.

Leona, who had already gripped her sword and prepared her Gearweaver for an attack, instantly loosened her grip and exhaled in relief. Just because they were in another safe environment didn't mean they couldn't be attacked at any moment, so she couldn't help but frown as she pondered why such a prominent figure of the territory was present.

Orion nodded, greeting each of them, to which they reciprocated.

"I was just passing by and decided to personally inform you about a piece of information," Orion said.

"What is it?" Isadora responded curiously.

She knew that for someone like Warrior Orion to personally deliver this news to them, it must be very important, so she was interested to hear it.

Leona and Lyndon also peeled their ears open to Orion's words.

"To prevent any unfortunate incidents, the left district at the end of the Four-eared elves' residence is restricted from entry. If you need to pass through to reach the main districts, use districts 11 to 2," Orion said solemnly.

To avoid spreading the warriors too thinly, he could only place Seig and Evadne a few districts away from the Four-eared elves, which allowed the warriors to monitor both groups simultaneously.

However, he immediately came here after leaving the farm to inform Patriarch Rylan about this information to avoid potential conflicts.

Luckily, he had arrived just in time and encountered the Patriarch's children, who seemed to have come from that direction but had fortunately not encountered Seig and Evadne's residence.

Nonetheless, this saved him the time of going to Patriarch Rylan's residence, so he simply delivered his message.

Upon hearing Orion's words, Isadora and the others furrowed their brows in confusion. They had just returned from that direction and had yet to encounter any dangers, so they were puzzled about what Orion was talking about.

Nevertheless, despite their scepticism, they noticed the seriousness in Orion's expression and solemnly nodded their heads.

"You don't have to worry, Warrior Orion. I'll inform the Patriarch about this and do my best to share it with everyone to avoid any unfortunate incidents," Isadora responded seriously.

Leona and Lyndon nodded in agreement also.

"Alright, that's all I wanted to inform you about. I'll be coming by in the coming days to check on things and see how well you are settling in the city," Orion said.

Even if he would only send those under his command, there was no need to explicitly state it. After all, he needed to make it clear that he would be keeping a close eye on each of them, including the Four-eared elves residence, so they could behave accordingly.

Orion nodded, bidding them farewell. His gaze briefly settled on the small children behind them before he turned around and leapt high into the air, disappearing into the distance.

## Chapter 728 A True Friend

Isadora's eyes briefly lingered on Orion's figure as he disappeared from view. She had wanted to plead with him and see if there was a way he could return their Devourer's bracelets, but she couldn't find the right words. 'I'll find a way later,' Isadora thought to herself.

"Come on, everyone, let's head back home so we can inform Father and the others about this new information immediately," Isadora said, turning around and resuming her steps towards their residence, with the two children following closely behind.

Leona and Lyndon nodded solemnly, their expressions serious, as they trailed after her.

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### Third Border City

In less than an hour, Orion arrived at the Third Border City and swiftly approached one of the Leftward Stronghold Branches. These branches resembled hotels with expansive training grounds where warriors could train, rest, eat, or reside temporarily or permanently.

Upon entering, Orion headed straight for the receptionist's desk. The woman behind the counter recognized him immediately and greeted him with respect. She promptly excused herself and disappeared into the storage room as though she could already guess the reason for his presence. After a few minutes, she returned, clutching a bulky sack.

"Here it is, Warrior Orion," the receptionist said, handing the sack over to him.

Orion accepted the sack with a nod. "Thank you," he replied before exiting the building. He opened the sack and reached inside, retrieving a dissected one-star Vylkr vine.

Due to the Orion's cities and the protection of the Aegis of the Arctic Deity in place, warriors now had the freedom to rest, train, or fight the Vylkr vines that had gathered near the protection barrier. They could also harvest the Vylkr vines to sell at the Stronghold branches, which would be transported deeper into the city or back to the Village, aiding those unable to leave their posts or harvest due to various tasks or limitations.

This opportunity allowed warriors to acquire more wealth, but for Orion, such concerns were unnecessary; the revenue generated by the Orion's Cities would cover any expenses, regardless of how many Vylkr vines he chose to take.

Orion placed the one-star Vylkr vine in his mouth before leaping into the air, heading straight towards the Headquarters Healers' Association Third Border City Branch to check on Tala's and Gorg's condition. He had wanted to do so yesterday but didn't have the opportunity due to the events that had transpired.

Once he landed, Orion swiftly returned to the rooms where Tala and Gorg were recuperating. He knocked briefly on Gorg's door before entering. To his surprise, he found Gorg standing at the far end of the room, energetically training with his cutlass.

As Orion stepped inside, Gorg lunged towards him with his weapon.

Orion reacted instantly, sidestepped, and jumped sideways into the air, using the back of his feet to kick the cutlass out of Gorg's hand. The weapon soared across the room and embedded itself into the wooden wall.

"Ouch!" Gorg grimaced, cradling his wrist and gently massaging it.

Orion raised an eyebrow. "Seems like you're already feeling better."

Gorg turned to face him and nodded. "I actually felt better yesterday. But they decided to keep us for another day to ensure there were no remaining issues from our unique situation that rendered us unconscious," he explained.

Orion nodded thoughtfully. Since Seraphina and Greta were overseeing their treatment yesterday, it made sense for them to conduct thorough examinations to rule out any potential dangers from the four-star Vylkr vines before releasing them.

"I think that's reasonable. After all, considering what happened to all of you, it's important to carry out a proper examination to ensure you're alright," Orion replied.

Gorg nodded. "Of course, I know. However, my sister, parents, and even Salvia were anxious, thinking something terrible had happened to me for me to remain at the healthcare for two more days. Nonetheless, Healer Greta managed to give them an explanation that calmed them down since we aren't supposed to discuss what brought us here," he explained, sighing wearily.

Orion handed a few one-star Vylkr vines to Gorg, who accepted them with gratitude. "Thank you," Gorg said before biting down on the one-star Vylkr vine and allowing the Vylkr energy to accumulate within his body.

"As your best friend, though, I don't like taking advantage of our friendship since hunting Vylkr vines nowadays is dangerous. I would appreciate it if you could put a word for me at the Stronghold

so that I could freely gather Vylkr vines from the Strongholds and consume them to advance as quickly as possible," Gorg requested with a hopeful expression.

Orion nodded understandingly. "Is that all?" he asked.

Since Gorg had proven himself as a true friend by assisting in creating attire for his family's roleplay events and everyday wear for his wives, Orion saw no reason to deny his request, especially considering that Gorg might be asking for this due to the danger he had encountered with the others.

"Well... I would like to gather enough to share between Grim and Tala. Also, I wouldn't mind if you could arrange a house for me and Salvia in the First Border City. It's much closer to the Village, so we can visit whenever we wish and easily go to the Second Border City whenever we want," Gorg responded.

"You don't have to worry about Grim and Tala; I've already considered granting them the same privilege. As for the house," Orion replied, feigning a moment of contemplation before nodding in agreement.

"I'll ensure you have one of the finest homes in the First Border City for you, Salvia, and your future children," he added with seriousness.

As Orion finished his sentence, Gorg immediately lunged forward, wrapping his arms around Orion.

"Thank you! Thank you!" Gorg said gratefully.

"Alright, I need to go see Tala and check on her now," Orion said, breaking the hug with Gorg.

"Wait a moment; before you go, let me show you something," Gorg interjected hurriedly, stretching out his hand with the remaining one-star Vylkr vine in his grasp.

Chapter 729 Just Answer The Question!

?Gorg activated his gift, and his hand pulsed a soft light, causing the Vylkr vine to squirm and small follicles to form on it.

Before Orion could understand what was happening, Gorg abruptly deactivated his gift and collapsed backwards.

Orion immediately stretched out his hand and caught him before properly positioning him to lie on the bed.

"What was that?" Orion asked, his expression serious. He could discern that what he had just witnessed was not a trick but real.

"It's as you've seen. Somehow, I think I can control fabrics and plant fibres they are made from. Though I don't know its limits yet, considering how weak I am currently. However, I believe I can unlock more of my gift's potential as I advance and become a Two-star warrior. Then, I will become a much stronger warrior for the Village," Gorg smiled, though he breathed heavily from exhausting himself by using his gift.

Orion furrowed his brows as he processed Gorg's words. From what he knew, Gorg's gift allowed him to exert control over existing fabrics with a mere thought, enabling him to reshape, mend, or disassemble them as he wished.

Gorg's gift was already powerful; he could take control of enemies' attire depending on what they wore, rendering them helpless before they could understand what was happening.

Considering that their gift is amplified the moment they create more Vylkr containers and advance to the next stage, and according to what Gorg had told him, it wasn't hard for Orion to understand that the extent of Gorg's gift might also grant him the ability to exert control over both organic and inorganic fibres.

Nonetheless, he exhaled inwardly, understanding that Gorg wouldn't be able to properly tap into that side of his gift even if he became a two-star warrior. Instead, his range and the amount of fabrics he could control would increase significantly, just like his. Only when Gorg became a three-star warrior, he guessed, would he adequately gain access to it.

"From what I've just seen, I also believe that you have the chance to become one of the strongest warriors in the Village. However, I don't think you should have too much hope about tapping into that side of your gift when you become a two-star warrior. Instead, be prepared to do so when you advance one more and become a three-star warrior," Orion said, focusing his attention on Gorg.

Witnessing Gorg's disappointed expression, Orion added, "I'm not saying this to demotivate you. However, considering how dangerous your gift is, I think you should take things slowly rather than trying what you did a few moments ago."

Gorg shook his head in response, "You don't have to explain. I know that you wouldn't say something like that without a reason, so I'm willing to listen to whatever you say," he responded.

Orion sighed in relief. He had been worried that Gorg would act recklessly out on his own due to being excited about the progress of his own gift, but it seemed he had been concerned for nought.

"You will be at the festival, right?" Gorg asked curiously.

He knew that Orion had been busy trying to solve the mystery of what had attacked them and also handling the caravans that had arrived this time around with their entire race, so he took the opportunity to confirm that Orion would be present at the festival.

Orion nodded in response, "I'll be there at the festival," he responded.

The Village Chief would appoint him as the next Village Chief during the festival, so there was no reason for him to miss it.

"Okay, I'll see you at the festival then," Gorg responded, smiling with a nod.

Orion nodded, "I'll catch you later," he replied, reciprocating with a smile of his own. He exited the room, closing the door behind him before going to Tala's room, which was adjacent to Gorg's.

He knocked briefly before pulling the door open and stepping inside.

Once he entered, he found Tala sitting on her bed, leisurely snacking on a piece of fruit and sipping fruit juice.

Tala turned her attention to Orion, a smile lighting up her face. "You came," she said warmly. "Honestly, I thought you wouldn't make it today because of the several things you had to do."



"I had to make time to check up on you and Gorg before attending to other issues. As for yesterday, my hands were full, so there was no way I could have made it," Orion responded.

Tala chuckled lightly. "Don't worry, I heard about what happened yesterday from my father. Besides, I had a feeling you would visit us today, and thankfully, you came," she replied.

"How are you feeling?" Orion asked, approaching the bed.

"I'm feeling much better. But even though I'm ready to leave anytime, the healers plan on keeping us here for a few more days. Of course, I understand, but being cooped up here for two days straight is tiresome," Tala responded, exhaling wearily.

Orion nodded. "Here, you can have some of this too," he said, offering her slices of Vylkr vines.

Tala eagerly accepted the Vylkr vines, devouring them piece by piece and relishing them as the Vylkr energy surged through her body. "Thank you," she said appreciatively.

"You're welcome," Orion replied, handing her a few more one-

star Vylkr vines from his sack before deciding it was time to leave.

"Since you're both feeling better, I'll leave you to enjoy your rest," Orion added. But just as he was about to turn and head for the door, a firm grip caught his wrist, accompanied by Tala's firm voice, "Wait!" Tala held his gaze as he turned to face her.

Before he could say anything, she spoke again, "Orion, what do you think of me?" she asked, her eyes locked onto his.

Orion raised a brow. "Why are you asking such a questio--" he started, but before he could finish his sentence, Tala interrupted him again.

"Just answer the question. Tell me what you think about me?"

Chapter 730 What Do You Think Of Me?

?Orion nodded, sighing deeply.

"Alright, I'll tell you what I think about you," Orion responded.

Tala loosened her grip on Orion, but her hold remained firm.

"You are a beautiful young woman and also one of the fiercest warriors I know. When I look at you, I don't just see your beauty; I see a flame, a spirit that refuses to be extinguished, even when it's at its ember. Your fire blazes against the Vylkr vines, no matter how they come or how many there are. You always ensure that the fire burning at your fingertips matches the spirit ablaze within you, making you magnificent in every way as a woman and as a warrior," Orion responded.

He shook his head. "Of course, I could go on about how mesmerizing your beauty is, especially how beautiful your eyes look. But saying all that would be useless because it would still be incomplete. An hour or even a day would not be enough for me to express what I think about you," he added.

Upon hearing Orion's words, Tala's grip tightened again around his wrist. "Then if this is all you think about me... why haven't you proposed to me yet?" she asked, staring fiercely at him, her eyes teary as if she were holding back tears streaming down her cheeks.

Orion sat down on the bed and gently held Tala's wrist. He was about to speak, but Tala interjected, saying, "Forget it. I don't want to know your reasons, and I don't care why you made them," as if she were unwilling to hear his response.

Without hesitation, she pulled him toward the bed, shifting to the side to ensure he lay flat with her on top, holding him down and straddling him.

"And if you don't say it yourself, then I will," Tala said fiercely, her eyes locked with Orion's, her heart throbbing with force as though she was afraid of the words she was about to utter and the response she would receive.

Nonetheless, she gritted her teeth and began, "Orion, will--" However, before she could speak, contrary to her expectations, Orion immediately interrupted, "Tala, will you be my partner?"

A brief silence settled within the room.

The only sounds were the tiny tears falling upon Orion's cheeks, sliding onto the bed. Tala was crying, weeping profusely upon hearing Orion's words. She nodded fiercely. "Yes, I'll be your partner," she responded. And before Orion could say anything, Tala leaned forward, sealing his lips with hers.

Orion, however, didn't resist. Instead, he kissed Tala back, their lips melding together. They exchanged saliva, their tongues intertwining, neither wanting to let go.

But suddenly, Tala broke the kiss, pulling her head back. "Haa... Meet me after the festival at my home. I can't wait to have your child," Tala said, breathing heavily.

She knew the rules of the Third Border City, which were the culture of the Prismeron race, and understood that they needed to respect them, so it wouldn't be proper for her and Orion to have Kushi in this location.

"Aren't you coming to the festival?" Orion asked, curious.

Tala shook her head in response. "My parents will be here early tomorrow morning to take me home. They want me to stay at home until the thing that attacked us is discovered. For my safety, there will be daily routine checkups from healers to ensure I am perfectly okay until I am prepared to return to being a warrior. So even if I want to, I won't be present at the festival," she responded.

Orion nodded in understanding, believing Tala's words. If something like this had happened to Grace or his other children, he would have taken similar actions.

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Orion nodded in understanding, believing Tala's words. If something like this had happened to Grace or his other children, he would have taken similar actions.

"So promise me you'll come to my place immediately after the festival, okay?" Tala said, her eyes fixed on Orion.

Orion nodded. "I promise. I'll come to your place after the festival," he responded.

"Tala smiled brightly. Without hesitation, she leaned in again to seal her lips with Orion's, but the door was abruptly pulled open just as they were about to touch.

A voice suddenly rang, "I spoke to the healers to see if we can use the backyard to train--" before it immediately halted.

Gorg had just walked into Tala's room to ask her if she could train with him. However, he was immediately stunned as he witnessed the scene before him.

"Orion -- You and Tala are partners?!" Gorg stuttered out, his eyes widening in disbelief at the words that had just escaped his mouth.

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Palace Manor

After informing Gorg of his relationship with Tala and redirecting the conversation to avoid further questioning, Orion briefly observed Tala and Gorg's training before making his way to the Palace manor.

At this point, there were still a few more hours before sunset, and since he had already decided to be back home early today, Orion decided to keep his promise.

Orion soon arrived at Queen Selene's room and knocked at the door briefly.

"Come in," Crytalia's voice sounded from inside.

Without hesitation, Orion pulled the door open and entered the room. His eyes fell upon Queen Selene, regally dressed and seated on the bed beside Crytalia, who was gently feeding her fruits.

"You are finally back," Queen Selene said, her eyes fixed on Orion.

Orion nodded. "I had other matters to take care of. How are you feeling now?" he asked.

Queen Selene smiled, but instead of replying, she immediately released her magical energy. A golden aura emerged from her, enveloping her entire body. An immense pressure filled the room, pressing against the shoulders of everyone within the manor until it covered the whole Palace manor with its tremendous pressure.

Despite sensing that her abilities were several hundred times more powerful than before, Queen Selene restrained her magical pressure from spreading further.

She didn't want to harm the inhabitants of the Third Border City or let it extend toward the Second Border City.

Nevertheless, within Queen Selene's room, where the pressure was at its peak, Orion remained unaffected by the immense pressure she had just released.