

## Village Head 741

### Chapter 741 Tarnished Image

Although he was aware of Orion's strength from the rumours circulating about him, which would likely render most of the attires' effects useless, he also knew there was no harm in displaying or using one's status occasionally.

Orion nodded, "Yes. Compared to the others, I like the effect of this one, so I don't think I'll be changing my mind," he responded, unaware of the thoughts going through Prince Alden's mind.

Prince Alden nodded in understanding, sighing lightly. "How much do I need to give in exchange for it?" he asked, his eyes fixed on the shopkeeper.

The shopkeeper shook his head decisively with an honest expression. "Though this costs about two medium crystal pieces, considering that my shop has been blessed by the revered Mr Orion and Fourth Prince Alden, I am willing to give it out for free, along with anything else you choose to purchase," he responded with a light smile.

After today, he'd have the opportunity to boast to other shopkeepers in the market about being the first to host the revered Mr Orion's visit to the Market Square. This would increase the influx of potential wealthy buyers to his shop, allowing him to dominate the other popular stores in the Market Square.

Of course, he was aware of Orion's terrible reputation among others of their race. However, this reputation was limited to the Gardeners, Guards, and others who possessed significant power and authority in the kingdom.

As such, it didn't concern him. In front of absolute power, he could only bow his head and focus on ensuring the growth of his wealth and shop.

Prince Alden snorted. He could already guess that the attire cost no more than one medium crystal piece or less and that the shopkeeper was merely showing generosity by offering it for free. Nonetheless, he saw no need to argue and shifted his attention towards Orion.

"Why don't you go and try it out in the fitting room and see if it's to your liking before we head to our next location," Prince Alden suggested.

Orion nodded. Though he was curious about their next location, since Prince Alden remained silent, he decided to change first so they could proceed rather than pressing for details.

"Show, Mr Orion, the fitting room is this way," Prince Alden said, his eyes fixed on the shopkeeper.

"Okay. Please follow me, Mr. Orion," the shopkeeper responded, nodding fiercely as he wiped away the sweat from his forehead, leftover from Prince Alden's previous stare, before proceeding to lead Orion forward.

"I'll wait outside here until you're done," Prince Alden said with a slight smile as he quickly headed towards the waiting section.

Orion nodded. He followed behind the shopkeeper with the attire in his hand until they finally arrived at their destination.

"Here you go, Mr Orion," the shopkeeper said, opening the door to the fitting room, a slightly wide wood space that seemed to have a viewing area.

At this point, Orion could speculate that the Pixies might have learned a few innovations from the Prismerions or perhaps were influenced by the humans just like them upon arriving in this world.

Orion nodded, then entered the dressing room. Just as he was about to close the door, he noticed the shopkeeper standing outside, watching the fitting room closely.

"You can leave; I'll come out when I'm done," Orion said firmly. The last thing he wanted was an old man staring at him while he changed clothes.

The shopkeeper nodded awkwardly, flashing a tight smile, before turning around and leaving.

Orion closed the door behind him and removed his tulga, storing it away in his miniature mountain before changing into his new attire.

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Prince Alden couldn't help but smile brightly as he entered the waiting area, his gaze sweeping over the many women who outnumbered the few men in the wide waiting area.

Bringing Orion to this shop wasn't solely because it was frequented by nobles and the wealthy of all ages but also for the chance to converse with a few beautiful ladies.

"Ahem! I couldn't help but be blinded by your beauty as I passed by. Can I know your name? It's the healer's prescription," Prince Alden said, swiftly approaching a group of women with a smile.

The women chuckled collectively at his words, and just as the one he was addressing was about to respond, a voice suddenly thundered from behind them.

"ALDEN!!"

Prince Alden's body tensed as a familiar voice echoed behind him. Slowly, he turned his head to see none other than Princess Morgana standing there.

The sixth princess, and last child of the royal family.

Prince Alden couldn't suppress a sigh as he turned fully to face her, mustering a smile. "Sixth, younger sister, what are you doing here?" he asked, lightly smiling.

Glancing past her, he noticed three more figures he recognized. Two were nobles from the royal family's extended circle, and another was the daughter of an elder.

Upon hearing her fourth brother's words, Princess Morgana's face was etched with a deep frown. "What do you mean, 'What am I doing here?' Shouldn't I be the one asking you such a question, especially since you aren't supposed to be here? Or do you want to be kicked out and punished again, just like last time?" she retorted, narrowing her eyes at him.

Listening to his sister's sharp retort, Prince Alden felt a knot of nerves tighten in his stomach. He remained silent, unsure how to respond.

Princess Morgana snorted in response to his silence. "My friends and I came here to get new attires for Mr Orion's departure. So, it would be best to leave this shop immediately before ruining the atmosphere. Also, I'll keep my mouth shut and not report whatever you were doing to Dysis, saving

you from whatever punishment you'll receive for coming here again," she said, her tone firm and resolute.

She remembered when Alden had been caught peeping into one of the women's fitting rooms. Unfortunately, the one he had been spying on was the wife of one of the King's younger brothers.

News of this scandal had spread throughout the kingdom, resulting in Alden receiving severe punishment and being banned from ever setting foot into this shop again.

#### Chapter 742 Sixth Princess Morgana

Such an incident had also tarnished his reputation, making him one of the least respected princes.

Of course, he claimed that it was a lie and that he had been framed. However, the only person who believed his words was the King. Given Alden's reputation as one of the most diligent and hardworking Princes in the royal family, the King suspected something was wrong and decided to personally investigate the matter.

However, the damage had already been done, leaving the King with no recourse but to proceed with Alden's punishment.

Upon hearing Princess Morgana's words, Prince Alden was momentarily shaken and grew nervous. He understood the potential consequences if word got out about his return to the shop.

However, his confidence surged when he recalled that Orion had accompanied him there.

Suddenly, Prince Alden observed from the corner of his eye as the shopkeeper walked into the waiting area with a broad smile, only to abruptly freeze in his tracks upon witnessing the unfolding confrontation.

The shopkeeper took a deep gulp and hesitated, with fear in his steps, as he approached the scene, fully aware of who the two sides were.

Observing this exchange, Prince Alden's confidence surged as he realised he was untouchable, given his presence alongside Orion.

Princess Morgana witnessed the shopkeeper's entrance and was about to speak with him when she noticed her fourth brother's sudden confident expression. She became intensely irritated by his composure. "What is it? Don't tell me you've already forgotten what you've done?" she asked, narrowing her eyes at him in irritation.

Prince Alden exhaled lightly and shook his head in response. "No, I haven't forgotten. Nonetheless, I am here for official royal business, so I can assure you there is a very important reason for my presence," he replied.

"Why are you doing this to yourself, Prince Alden? This is so embarrassing," remarked one of the girls beside Princess Morgana, shaking her head in disgust.

Her name is Glynrie Haldir. She is the youngest daughter of the leader of the Haldir household, who are nobles and count among the royal family's extended relatives.

The two other girls nodded in agreement, their faces displaying disdain.

Princess Morgana snorted, quickly discerning his lie. With her first and second brothers, first sister, and third brother present, all of whom were equally diligent and still held respected status within the kingdom, there was no logical reason to send him, especially for a matter related to royalty.

Nonetheless, she had become tired of speaking with her fourth brother and immediately turned her attention to the shopkeeper.

The shopkeeper froze, sweat building up at the back of his head as he met with the sixth Princess's gaze.

"Shopkeeper Pyne, why did you allow fourth Prince Alden into this shop?" Princess Morgana asked.

"He..." The shopkeeper began to stammer under the weight of the powerful gazes fixed upon him. After inhaling deeply and exhaling, he regained his composure and said, "Prince Alden arrived with a very important guest, so it would have been unwise to turn them away," he responded, his expression wavering as he wore a light smile.

A frown immediately furrowed Princess Morgana's brow as she heard the shopkeeper's response. If Alden had brought an important figure with him, it made sense for Shopkeeper Pyne to allow them both in, so he doesn't incur the wrath of said individual.

However, despite her efforts, Princess Morgana couldn't fathom who would risk crossing the entire Bryer household, whom Alden had embarrassed and offended simply because of their relationship with him.

Princess Morgana shifted her focus towards Prince Alden, "Who is it that you came h--" However, just as she was about to open her mouth and speak, she was immediately interrupted.

"Mr Orion, are you done already?" Prince Alden interjected as he rushed forward, passing by Princess Morgana and her friends.

Princess Morgana's words froze on her lips when she heard Prince Alden's. She couldn't help but doubt her ears, checking to see if she had misunderstood what she had just heard. It wasn't just her; even the other three girls beside her froze.

Princess Morgana turned around with the others to see who it was, and they immediately froze in their positions, staring wide-eyed at the person before them.

Orion!

They were all present at the Pixies Kingdom's border earlier today and knew he was in the kingdom. However, they had never expected him to be with fourth Prince Alden.

Witnessing the scene as Orion and Prince Alden communicated with smiles, Princess Morgana and the others immediately realised that the important individual that Orion had brought to the store with him was Orion himself.

Shopkeeper Pyne's shoulders dropped helplessly in defeat as he observed this scene. He hoped his shop would survive whatever fate was about to befall it.

"You are right, Mr Orion, it does look good on you. However, is that all you would like to get?" Prince Alden asked.

Orion nodded in response, "Yes, I've already picked up some extras, so I'm good for now," he replied.

Since the shopkeeper had offered him anything he wanted for free, Orion had seized the opportunity to select another attire identical to the one he was currently wearing, along with a few more garments with unique characteristics that piqued his interest for later experimentation, storing them safely within the mountain.

"Okay, then. We can't afford to waste any more time, so let's head to our second location," Prince Alden responded.

However, Orion's attention was immediately drawn forward as he noticed a familiar figure heading their way.

"Mr Orion, I didn't expect to see you here," Princess Morgana said, swiftly approaching Orion.

"I just arrived here with Prince Alden to get myself some new attire before starting the task," Orion responded, his gaze fixed on Princess Morgana's figure.

Unlike the emerald gown she wore earlier today, Princess Morgana was now dressed in a thigh-high emerald and yellow mixed-coloured dress. Her beautiful transparent wings stretched outwards, and her blond hair neatly packed into a ponytail.

## Chapter 743 Fleeing Pixies

Princess Morgana nodded in understanding. Though she now understood why Orion and Alden were there, she still couldn't fathom why Alden was accompanying Orion.

After all, wasn't her first brother, High Prince Kael, supposed to guide and ensure that Orion properly accomplished the tasks?

Even with this, Princess Morgana knew that High Prince Kael would never delegate his responsibilities to Alden. Therefore, she couldn't resist asking, "What are you doing here with Prince Alden, Mr Orion? Does High Prince Kael know about this?"

Orion furrowed his brows in response, sensing something amiss in the atmosphere. However, he dismissed the concern as long as it didn't hinder him from completing his task.

"Unfortunately, High Prince Kael was unavailable, so High King Eldric chose Prince Alden to handle his task until his return," Orion responded, shaking his head.

A wave of realization swept Princess Morgana's face as she briefly shifted her focus towards Prince Alden, who stood quietly at the side.

'He must have done something,' Princess Morgana thought.

She suspected Alden had schemed to keep their first brother away, seizing the opportunity to handle his task and get close to Orion.

Nonetheless, Princess Morgana couldn't understand why their father had allowed such a thing or what motive her fourth brother had, so she found herself at a loss for words.

Under Princess Morgana's judgmental gaze, Prince Alden felt his entire body tremble.

"Excuse me, Princess Morgana, but we have somewhere to be now. If we have time, we can catch up another time," Orion responded, shifting his attention towards Prince Alden and gesturing for him to lead the way to their next destination.

Prince Alden immediately relaxed upon hearing Orion's words. He nodded at Princess Morgana before turning around to lead the way.

Princess Morgana observed the scene speechlessly with her lips sealed. Soon, Glynrie and the two other girls joined her, equally stunned as they watched Prince Alden and Orion leave the shop.

Having overheard the conversation, they were at a loss for words, unsure what to say next.

'I need to see Father about this before Alden messes things up and ruins our only chance at building a good relationship with Mr Orion,' Princess Morgana said, her fists clenched tightly in frustration as she shot a fierce glare.

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Four-eared elves district

Patriarch Rylan's residence

"Remember the orders from the Princess of the Garden and the High King: gather all the information we can about the Four-eared elves and return to the Garden as quickly as possible," instructed a middle-aged Pixie dressed in sleek grey-black full-body armour decorated with various protruding ends.

[Author's Note: They were the ones that investigated Orion when he first entered the underground Prismerion Kingdom.]

The other three Pixies nodded solemnly. Since Queen Selene had informed the Princess of the Garden about the arrival of the Four-eared elves and their settlement in the Second Border City, they had been tasked with investigating them thoroughly to confirm their intentions.

Since they shared the same territory with the Four-eared elves, it was necessary to prevent any unforeseen consequences that might arise in the future.

Nevertheless, after scouring the Second Border City from district to district, they sprang into action to commence their investigation upon locating the district where the Four-eared elves were residing.

Just as the middle-aged man was about to deliver his final orders, his words immediately halted in his throat as he froze.

"What's wrong, captain?" one of the Pixies asked.

As their captain remained silent, the Pixies, sensing the tension in the air, turned their heads to see what had caught his attention.

Their eyes widened as they witnessed two large humanoid-

sized children, a boy and a girl, staring at them with wide, curious eyes.

"Retreat!" the middle-aged man yelled out his orders.

He spread his wings and took flight, watching as the boy suddenly reached out to close the window they had used to enter the room.

However, just as he made it through the window, it was immediately closed shut, trapping the other three Pixies inside.

The other Pixies immediately flew towards the next window. One had already escaped before the girl could shut it, trapping the other two following inside.

Realizing they could not leave the building since the door was closed, the remaining two Pixies briefly considered destroying the windows and making their way through. However, they immediately decided against it as they didn't want to leave any trace of their presence.

Nonetheless, the children began to chase after them, tumbling the small room upside down as they flew around, searching for another opening to escape through.

"HIDE!" yelled the middle-aged man as he flew out of view from the window.

Suddenly, their heightened senses picked up approaching footsteps heading towards the room, prompting them to search for a place to hide immediately.

It was at that moment that the door abruptly swung open.

Isadora immediately entered the room worriedly, her eyes scanning the messy scene with furniture and plates scattered on the ground.

"Austin, Eyva, what is going on here?" Isadora asked, her tone serious as she approached the two children.

After hearing the commotion from her room next door, she thought something terrible was happening, so she quickly put on her clothes and rushed down there.

However, upon seeing that the children were unharmed despite the chaotic state of the room, Isadora began to suspect that they might have caused the mess while playing around. If her suspicion was correct, she knew she would have to punish them, as their noise could disturb her father and the gods' chosen from their rest.

"Some tiny people snuck into our room, and we were trying to catch them. Some escaped, but the others are still hiding," Austin responded anxiously, noticing Isadora's solemn expression and hearing her stern tone.

Even though they had only arrived the day before, Isadora had treated them well, as promised. With plenty of people to play with, they didn't want to get into trouble that might lead to them being thrown out of the house.

Hearing Austin's response, Princess Isadora furrowed her brows in confusion and scanned the room again.

"If you want me to believe you, then explain what those tiny people look like—" Just as she was about to finish her sentence and demand further explanation, another figure rushed into the room.

## Chapter 744 Fleeing Pixies (2)

"What's happening? I came as soon as I heard the ruckus," Leona asked seriously, her gaze scanning the messy room while tightly gripping her Gearweaver sword.

Following her, Lyndon, Patriarch Rylan, Leif, Carl, and the other chosen ones hurried into the room, their expressions a mix of concern and curiosity.

Patriarch Rylan scrutinized the messy room before focusing on the two children. "What is all this commotion about?" he asked, his eyes fixed on Isadora.

Isadora glanced at Leif, who had finally exited his room, before redirecting her focus to Patriarch Rylan.

"Alstin and Eyva said that some tiny people had snuck into their room and were trying to catch them, which caused this mess. Some escaped, but they said others are still hiding," Isadora responded.

Patriarch Rylan, Lyndon, Leona, Leif, and the other gods' chosen were immediately surprised by Isadora's explanations.

They knew that the Prismerions and the human race were the only races living within this territory and hadn't heard or seen any tiny individuals since their arrival.

The Village Chief and several warriors they had encountered hadn't mentioned a race of tiny individuals, so they doubted Isadora's account of what the two children had told her.

Leona furrowed her brows in confusion and shifted her attention towards the two children. "Explain to us what you saw," she asked, her eyes filled with seriousness.

Austin nodded and described the features of the tiny individuals he had seen—their attire, small ears, and two transparent, shimmering wings on their backs.

After hearing his explanation, Leona, Lyndon, and the others became less doubtful, as Austin's descriptions were too vivid to be fabricated on the spot.

Leif, Lyndon, and the chosen gods immediately decided to search the room to see if they could find anything.

"Do you know where they are hiding?" Leona asked, her gaze still fixed on Austin and Eyva.

They both nodded. "They are hiding in that direction," Eyva said, pointing her finger at the corner of the room where the lamp was hung.

Leona nodded and decided to check it. However, as she reached up and easily tore the lamp from the wall with her secure grip, surprisingly, no one was there.

Even the others looking around had also been unable to find anything.

Leona scrutinized the empty surroundings, then placed the lamp on the ground and returned to her previous position.

"Are you sure about what you've seen? Because if you are lying to me, then I promise you that you'll regret doing so," Leona said, her eyes filled with seriousness.

"We're not lying; we really did see tiny people sneaking into our room," Austin responded, nervously grasping Eyva's wrist.

Eyva nodded in agreement with her brother's words.

Witnessing this scene, Isadora couldn't hold it in any longer and walked forward to comfort the children and calm them down.

Leona furrowed her brows in confusion before looking around, along with the others who had also witnessed the conversation.

Nonetheless, Patriarch Rylan, who had remained silent with his four ears twitching as though he was trying to pick up on any strange, unknown sounds within the room, suddenly halted as he picked up on something.

"Search over there," Patriarch Rylan ordered, stretching his hand towards a fallen chair near the table.

Though Leona had become sceptical about the existence of the tiny people and the reason behind the messy room, since Patriarch Rylan had spoken and seemed to be convinced by the children's words, she had no choice but to follow his orders.

Leona walked towards the fallen chair, and just as she raised it up, on the other side behind the seat, she astonishingly discovered two small, winged individuals dressed in armour-like attire.

The children were right; there were two tiny individuals with shimmering transparent wings on their backs within the room.

The Pixies immediately spread their wings and took flight after noticing they had been discovered.

Leona snapped out of her dumbfounded state and immediately chased after the two Pixies.

Leif pursued them as well. He gripped his Gearweaver sword and swung it through the air, aiming to strike the Pixies. Carl and the others joined in, attempting to catch the Pixies like Leona, but were unsuccessful.

The Pixies soared through the air as fast as they could, dodging and manoeuvring skillfully, showcasing their years of experience dealing with such encounters.

However, upon realizing they had been discovered, the Pixies swiftly decided to leave by any means necessary.

They flew towards the windows, easily manoeuvring past Isadora, who had been blocking their exit. With incredible speed, they tore through the magically reinforced wooden frame as if it were paper and immediately rushed outside, joining the other Pixies waiting for them outside Patriarch Rylan's residence.

"I'm glad you made it. Whatever happens, don't stop flying until we reach the Garden," the Captain said, his expression solemn, as they continued to soar through the air at full speed.

The mission had failed with their discovery, so there was no point in slowing down.

The other three Pixies nodded in understanding and pressed forward.

"Squawk! Squawk!" a strange cry suddenly pierced the air behind them.

The Captain glanced back and saw a shadowy bird with four wings and razor-sharp teeth tailing them. "Watch out!" he shouted, his warning echoing loudly.

Unfortunately, the warning came too late.

The shadowy bird with four wings immediately crashed into one of the three Pixies, biting one of the Pixie's forewings and sending him plummeting towards the roof of a building.

Gritting his teeth, the Captain stretched out his hand.

Blaze Blossom Burst!

A raging, blazing flame emerged from his hand in the form of an arrow and streaked through the air, easily piercing through the four-winged shadowy bird before it vanished into thin air as though it had never been there in the first place.

Within Patriarch Rylan's residence,

Lyndon felt defeated as he sensed his summon disappear, noticing the corresponding glyph on his arm fading. He had invested considerable time coaxing this summon into a contract and carefully drawing it on his body, so its fading disappointed him.

#### Chapter 745 Problematic Capture

"They've split into two groups and are getting away. I'll go after one side while some of you go after the other," Leif said, his sharp eyes tracking the movements of the Pixies from a distance as he gestured towards the two directions they had split up to.

He then secured his Gearweaver sword to his back before leaping out the window and swiftly pursued the Pixies. Behind him, Leona and Carl followed suit. Meanwhile, the other three gods' chosen split off to chase the Pixies on the opposite side.

"We're coming too," Lyndon yelled, hastily adjusting his leaf-crafted sleeves before joining Leif and the others in their pursuit.

"Count me in," Isadora yelled, not wanting to be left behind as she followed suit.

Patriarch Rylan, on the verge of calling out to his children to stop, paused in astonishment as he witnessed the scene unfolding before him.

He couldn't discern whether they were genuinely serious about catching the tiny intruders, simply excited about getting some action, or perhaps both. However, with the gods' chosen accompanying

them, he didn't worry about their safety, especially after assessing the strength of the tiny intruders and confirming they posed no threat to the gods' chosens.

Nonetheless, he decided to discuss the matter with Village Chief Brane to learn more about the identity of this unfamiliar race.

Patriarch Rylan sighed heavily before focusing on the two children before him.

Austin and Eyva gripped each other in fear, beads of sweat forming at the back of their heads as they felt the weight of the old man's gaze upon them.

They took several steps backwards until their backs collided with the wall, causing them to halt abruptly and tremble in fright.

Observing their reaction, Patriarch Rylan remained unamused. "Since this room is a total mess, let's get you a new one," he said, turning around and gesturing for the two children to follow him.

Austin and Eyva exchanged a brief glance before shaking in disagreement, both choosing to remain in their current position.

Patriarch Rylan halted his steps and glanced behind him, raising a brow at the children's fearful expressions.

He pondered whether their fear stemmed from his position as Patriarch of the Four-eared Elves race, a title commanding respect and fear, or simply from his unfriendly and intimidating appearance.

"Ahem! If you follow me, I promise to give you some of those fruits you've been enjoying since you arrived," Patriarch Rylan said with a warm smile.

Since his children had decided to go out on their own, why not take advantage of the opportunity to bond with the ones who were present besides him?

As expected, their eyes brightened with excitement when he mentioned the fruits.

"Are you sure?" Eyva asked, her voice still tinged with doubt.

Patriarch Rylan nodded in response, "As the Patriarch of the Four-eared elven race, how could I lie about such a situation?" he replied, snorting slightly as he walked forward.

"Now, come along before I change my mind," he added jokingly.

Eyva and Austin exchanged nods of agreement and immediately chased after him, their eyes filled with happiness and expectation.

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Leif, Leona, and Carl darted from roof to roof with incredible speed, crossing vast distances in mere minutes and leaving only a blur of their afterimages. Lyndon and Isadora did their best to catch up from behind.

Despite their speed, they lost track of the Pixies multiple times, much to their growing frustration. It was obvious that they were being toyed with, and the tiny winged individual knew more about this environment than them.

"Tch! There they are," Leif growled as he spotted the two Pixies again.

"They're not getting away this time," Leona said, her annoyance apparent as she summoned one of her spirits with her glyphs.

An inky black figure emerged from her arms, transforming into a towering five-meter (16ft) four-winged bird with razor-sharp teeth and talons.

The shadowy four-wing bird swiftly soared through the air, following its directives with eerie precision. Within seconds, it intercepted the fleeing Pixies, trapping them within its talons before descending onto the roof of a nearby building.

Leona couldn't help but grin at the successful capture.

"Good work," Leif commended Leona as they approached the bird, which trembled slightly as the trapped individuals struggled within its grasp.

Carl scanned their surroundings vigilantly, ensuring they weren't caught off guard by any unexpected surprises.

Soon, Lyndon and Isadora arrived at the scene, breathing heavily from the exertion of their pursuit.

"Haaa... Finally caught them," Lyndon gasped, his breath ragged.

Despite his speed, he couldn't help but be reminded again of the vast gap in abilities between the gods' chosen and themselves.

Isadora nodded in agreement, taking a moment to catch her breath.

"Let's head back so we can find out who they are," Leif suggested, wanting to uncover the identity and motives of their intruders. He was confident the others would capture the remaining two, so there was no need to worry about them.

Leona nodded and commanded her to summon the captured intruders back to their residence, with the group following closely behind.

However, Carl's voice trembled urgently as they were about to leave. "Captain, you need to see this."

Hearing Carl's unusual trembling voice, a deep frown appeared on Leif's face. "What is it?" he asked, walking over to Carl. But before he could finish his sentence, his words caught in his throat, and his body froze in place.

Almost instantly, Leif's body began to tremble with rage, his eyes blazing with fury.

Witnessing this scene, Leona, Lyndon, and Isadora couldn't help but be curious about what had captured their captain's attention, so they approached and turned their gaze to where the two men were looking.

"Captain, what is going o--" Leona began, but her words froze in her mouth as she observed the scene before her.

Isadora and Lyndon also froze, their eyes transfixed on the unfolding scene before them.

"What is he doing here?" Leif asked, his voice tinged with anger.

His Devourer's bracelet roared to life, gears shifting and stabilizing the dense output of Vylkr energy as it surged toward the Devourer's heart, causing it to drum fiercely as it infused the Vylkr energy into his entire being.

#### Chapter 746 No Gift Is Useless

Lief's Devourer's bracelet hummed and shook violently as dense strands of Vylkr energy erupted from his right arm, enveloping his entire being. He unstrapped his Gearweaver sword, the gears within the blade shaking violently as they absorbed the dense Vylkr energy surging through it.

And without hesitation, Leif's body surged forward with insane speed, his voice trailing behind him, "I'll kill him!"

Baddum!! Baddum!!

Various thick strands of Vylkr vine energy erupted from Leona's and Carl's Devourer's bracelets, enveloping their entire bodies. Like Leif, they unstrapped their Gearweaver swords and surged forward to attack.

Boomm!!

A wave of powerful nature energy erupted from within Lyndon's body, and a dark sky-blue aura covered and enveloped his entire being. This caused Lyndon's hair and leaf-crafted attire to flutter violently as though they were being blown by a strong wind.

Lyndon gritted his teeth in anger, attempting to run forward and stretch his hand to summon his glyphs. However, just as he was about to do so, a firm grip tightened around his arm and dragged him back.

Turning his head to the side, Lyndon stared at his elder sister in confusion.

Isadora's nature energy erupted with a slightly darker sky-blue aura, enveloping her entire figure and causing her hair and leaf-crafted attire to flutter in the wind.

A small snowy-furred beast peeked its head out of her leaf attire as if sensing the change in atmosphere. Lazily retracting its head, it went back to rest.

"Let me go, sister; I want to kill him myself," Lyndon said with a scowl on his face, his glaring eyes fixed on Isadora.

The intense dark sky-blue aura that had enveloped Isadora's entire figure abruptly vanished.

She shook her head and sighed in defeat. "I understand how you feel because there are so many levels of pain I also want to make him experience. However, we cannot do anything right now and will only get hurt. So, the only thing we can do now is watch," Isadora said, her voice sounding dull and emotionless.

She fixed her intense, unwavering gaze on the man's figure and curved horned blue-skinned woman in her view.

Hearing Isadora's words and seeing her intense, fierce expression, Lyndon felt a shiver travel up his spine.

He nodded in understanding and quietly withdrew his aura, shifting his focus forward to observe the unfolding scene before them.

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Above the Second Border City, Sura, Ursa, Gina, and Fifi gradually glided through the sky, supported by Ursa's gift through the air.

Sura, Ursa, and Gina were dressed in beautiful strapless crop tops, each in a different colour - green, purple, and black - perfectly matching their attire. Their short thigh skirts were tied around their waists with knots at the sides.

And just the rest, Fifi wore a blue strapless crop top that showcased her abs and muscular build. She paired it with a black attire that hung down to her knees, giving her a unique and stylish look.

The four women were heading towards the Village, with Sura intending to meet her parents and inform them that she wouldn't be around for the upcoming festival. She would be busy caring for the children and helping her sisters handle several issues within the Second Border City.

She had asked Ursa for help, knowing that her gift of flight could help them leave and return as soon as possible.

Meanwhile, Gina and Fifi saw it as a chance to return to the Village and visit Anara and Grace.

"When I awaken my gift next year, I want it to be as cool as yours," Gina said, her smile bright as she twirled around in the sky, her eyes fixed on Sura.

Sura chuckled in response. "Well, if you want to be a strong warrior, you'll need a destructive gift much more powerful than Orion's so you can effortlessly defeat the Vylkr vines," she replied, lightly smiling.

Gina nodded solemnly in response. "I understand. However, if I could choose, I'd love to awaken a gift like Fifi's so I could handle the Vylkr vines from a distance and protect our family simultaneously," she responded firmly.

Fifi chuckled lightly at Gina's determination. "Each of us has a unique role to play, and our gifts are tailored to fulfil those roles by Naka," she explained, shaking her head. "For instance, with my gift, I can provide water to the Village from a dried-up well, and Greta can heal life-threatening injuries, saving many villagers and warriors from death. It was her gift that saved Orion's life," she added.

Ursa and Gina nodded in understanding, having heard the story before. Gina even experienced it firsthand.

"What if I don't awaken a useful gift?" Gina asked, her worried gaze fixed on Fifi.

She was aware of individuals who had awakened seemingly useless gifts during their awakening ceremony and how they were often treated as though Naka hadn't seen fit to bless them with a valuable gift.

Though it was less overt than the treatment of women with voluptuous bodies, it was a prevalent issue that showed no signs of fading away soon despite the growing influence of Prismeron culture in the Second Border City.

As for the Village itself, Gina inwardly shook her head in defeat. After all, there was a reason why Orion had placed the Prismeron race in the Third Border City and left the Second Border City as a bridge for the two places to meet. It turned out that forcing two distinct races with different cultures upon one another wasn't ideal. Instead, it was best that only those eager and curious to experience the other side willingly took steps to do so.

Also, though it wasn't that obvious right now, after living in the Second Border City for several months, Gina could already see the emergence of a new culture between both sides within the Second Border City.

Fifi smiled upon hearing Gina's question. She briefly shifted her eyes to the side and noticed Sura's clenched fist, prompting her to exhale deeply. "Isn't that the best, then?" she responded.

## Chapter 747 Fifi's Outburst

Gina furrowed her brows in confusion, and Ursa and Sura exchanged puzzled glances.

"What I'm trying to say is, doesn't that mean instead of crafting a gift useful for the whole Village, Naka took the time to create something so special that it's uniquely suited to a specific individual? So, while your gift might not seem impressive compared to others, it's like a hidden, extraordinary, satisfying Kalna fruit, quietly waiting to light up someone's life," Fifi explained with a bright smile.

As Fifi finished speaking, realization instantly dawned on Sura's, Ursa's, and Gina's faces.

A bright light emerged in Gina's eyes before it shifted into a fierce yet determined expression. "Then, I've been worried for nothing. Whether it's useful or not, it doesn't matter what gift I awaken. As long as I can grow stronger and stand by all of you to protect the family, I am satisfied," Gina responded.

Fifi nodded with a warm smile. She briefly glanced aside and noticed Sura wiping away the subtle tears with her elbow as if shielding her eyes from the wind, a light smile gracing her lips.

Fifi breathed out in relief. With this, she hoped Sura would no longer feel insecure about her gift whenever something like this was mentioned.

"What's happening down there?" Gina asked abruptly, her forehead frown creasing as she noticed a strange scene unfolding below.

Fifi, Sura, and Ursa followed Gina's gaze, their eyes widening as they beheld the storm of airborne wooden debris hurtling toward them.

"Watch out!" Fifi exclaimed, springing into action. She wanted to activate her gift to draw water from the ground to block the projectiles, but time was against her. All she could do was warn Ursa.

Ursa nodded with a fierce glint in her eyes. She swiftly used her gift, creating a protective sphere of air around them all.

**BANGG!!**

The wreckage collided with the protective sphere of air, tilting slightly backwards before coming to a sudden halt.

Ursa and the others watched as the debris was repelled and hurtled back toward the ground. Once the immediate danger had passed, they turned their attention to the battle unfolding below.

A furrow formed on Fifi's brow as she surveyed the scene below. Three figures with long, pointed ears stood on one side, wielding large mechanical swords infused, all enveloped in dense Vylkr energy. Opposing them were about twenty warriors, two of whom were engaged outside while the remaining eighteen remained within the compound.

Their attention was fixed on a towering man clad in leather and bronze armour and a woman with blue skin and dark, curved horns protruding from her forehead. Both figures observed the unfolding confrontation with solemn gazes.

Even without a detailed confirmation, Fifi recognized the trio as the gods' chosen among the Four-eared elves. What confused her was the sudden battle with the warriors and the Four-eared elves gods' chosens.

'Is this a rebellion?' Fifi pondered before shaking her head in response. She would have to descend and understand more about the situation to find out what was going on.

Nonetheless, seeing that their battle was affecting the surrounding structures of the Second Border City and that they had already demolished the structure beside them, destroying Orion's hard work, Fifi instantly became furious.

"Bring me down, Ursa," Fifi said, turning her attention towards Ursa.

Ursa nodded and immediately utilized her gift again.

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Below them, Leif, Ursa, and Carl exerted their utmost efforts to breach the protective wall formed by the two warriors.

Despite their persistent attempts to reenter the building's compound and confront Lieutenant Evadne, the leader of 'The Sleeping Fox' runaway city 2nd unit vanguard team, who was one of the primary individuals responsible for the deaths of numerous Four-eared elves, they were continually pushed back.

"WHY ARE YOU PROTECTING THEM? TELL ME!! WHY?" Leif demanded, his voice brimming with rage, anger, and confusion as he glared at the warriors before him.

His body trembled slightly as he struggled to contain his emotions, especially upon recalling that Seig was the reason for Ronan's betrayal and subsequent death.

However, one of the warriors shook his head and stepped forward, "We are aware of the relationship between you all and Captain Seig and Luitenant Evadne, so we are willing to forget everything that had just happened as long as you leave this district because you were restricted from being here in the first place," he responded.

Hearing the warrior's words, Leif and others suddenly realized why they weren't supposed to come to this district. As it turned out, this was where the individuals who had almost led their race to extinction were residing.

An ugly expression suddenly emerged on Leif's, Leona and Carl's expressions.

"YOU BASTARDS!" Leif's scream echoed through the air as he took a step forward. In an instant, his body vanished from its position, reappearing before the warrior with his Gearweaver sword swinging sideways.

The sword vibrated with intensity, its gears shifting rapidly as though imbued with their own life, amplifying the Vylkr energy within it for the forthcoming attack.

The warrior exhaled lightly. Since they didn't want to listen to his words, just as Warrior Orion had expected, he would have to take them back to their residence unconscious.

However, just as the warrior was about to draw out his weapon and block Leif's attack again, a large stream of water erupted from the ground below them, trapping Leif before releasing him from its watery grasp.

BOOOOMM!

Leif was thrown backwards, and a figure landed between the building protected by the two warriors and Leif and the others. As the dust settled, Fifi's figure became clear to everyone present.

Realizing who it was, the warriors greeted her with respect. After all, this individual before them had not only been the strongest in her generation but was also Warrior Orion's partner and one of the warriors who had joined Stronghold Leader Seth, along with Warrior Orion and several others, on a mission that shaped the Village to the way it currently stood.

Fifi nodded in response to the warriors. She turned her head and briefly scrutinized the Four-eared elves' gods' chosens that she had pushed backwards.

## Chapter 748 Overclocking

They seemed to be quickly recovering, along with the other chosen ones, looking at her with wary expressions before she shifted her attention back to the warriors.

"Can someone explain to me what is going on?" Fifi's voice was serious and curious.

The warrior beside her stepped forward and quickly recounted what had transpired in a matter of minutes.

Fifi nodded in understanding and redirected her gaze towards the towering figure of a man, whose height and muscular build dwarfed even her own imposing stature, standing beside the unfamiliar woman. After listening to the warrior's explanation, she could say she wasn't fond of them.

Both wore strange smiles as if sensing her scrutinising gaze. Their eyes briefly locked with hers before she redirected her attention to the Four-eared gods chosen on the other side. While she empathised with their plight, facing an enemy responsible for the massacre of their race, she couldn't allow them to act disorderly, especially if it meant destroying Orion's hard-built city.

Meanwhile, Leif and the others grew even angrier, seeing that Sieg and Evadne were protected. Suddenly, the various strands of Vylkr energy surrounding Leona dissipated, causing her to fall to the ground before swiftly using the tip of her Gearweaver sword to push herself back up.

"Leona!" Leif exclaimed urgently, noticing her condition.

"Don't worry, I'm okay," Leona said wearily.

With a deep frown, she shifted her attention to her Devourer's bracelet and opened a small compartment. She retrieved a small gold vial adorned with intricate designs and shook it lightly near her ears.

"TCH! My vial has emptied, Captain. It seems I will no longer be of help," she added with a click of her tongue, tossing the small gold vial to the ground.

Hearing Leona's words, a deep frown creased Leif's and Carl's expressions.

"Carl, take her out of here. I'll handle the rest," Leif said, directing her attention towards Carl.

He understood that if the gods' chosen emptied their vials mid-battle, they would be incredibly weary and find it difficult to move their bodies. Since Leona appeared to be in this condition, it was best to get her out of harm's way.

Carl nodded, swiftly deactivating his Devourer's bracelet before assisting Leona. However, she wasn't eager to leave just yet.

"Don't worry about me. I can manage on my own and ensure my own safety," Leona insisted, her voice firm.

Carl appeared uncertain about what to do next, returning his attention to Leif.

Leif released a resigned sigh and shook his head. He said, "Keep an eye on her. I'll see if I can take care of that bastard alone." His intense gaze fixed on Seig and Evadne.

Fifi sensed their disregard for her presence and reluctance to back down.

"For your own sake, it's best to return to your district and rest for a while. Otherwise, I'll have to intervene personally," Fifi warned.

She knew Orion would appreciate her effort in handling a few troublemakers in Orion's cities.

She also wanted to leave a mark in their memories, which they would always remember whenever they met. She didn't plan to cause severe injuries but merely rendered them unconscious for the healers and warriors to handle later.

Hearing Fifi's words, Leif clenched his teeth together in fury. "Boost!" he said, and instantly, the various strands of Vylkr energy enveloping his body multiplied several times over, extending into the air around him. "Boost!" he repeated, intensifying the Vylkr energy even further.

"Captain!" Carl and Leona screamed in bewilderment, their eyes wide with disbelief at Leif's drastic actions. This time, it no longer resembled an aura; instead, it appeared as a fierce, raging flame stretching and burning several meters above and around his body.

Just as Leif was about to speak again, a familiar voice rang out from behind, "LEIF! THAT'S ENOUGH!!" Isadora screamed, her eyes filled with fear and helplessness as she witnessed the countless raging strands of Vylkr energy spreading around him and stretching into the sky.

Lyndon also observed Leif with a look of horror in his eyes. After all, they all knew what he was planning to do, especially after witnessing firsthand the various gods' chosen who had died in this way during their escape from 'The Sleeping Fox' runaway City under Captain Seig and his unit.

Leif was overclocking his Devourer's bracelet.

Overclocking the Devourer's bracelet allows for a higher infusion speed of Vylkr energy into the gods' chosen body, significantly boosting their combat abilities. This surge enhances their speed, strength, durability, and senses, allowing them to easily overpower their opponents or turn the tides in their favour. However, overclocking the Devourer's bracelet is a short-term burst that can only be sustained for a limited time.

The consequence of overclocking is that the gears that regulate the flow of Vylkr energy and serve as a safety mechanism are pushed to their limits. These gears, which prevent the gods' chosen body from being overwhelmed by the influx of Vylkr energy alongside the Devourer's heart, acting as a miniature regulator, expand its Vylkr energy conduction pathways to become more efficient.

This adaptation allows for a faster and intensified transfer of Vylkr energy, attempting to keep up with the intense output.

Despite these efforts, the system becomes strained. The valves of the Devourer's bracelet remain open to expel the excess Vylkr energy, and the concentrated flow of Vylkr energy remains directed towards the gods' chosen body, effectively overworking the Devourer's bracelet beyond its standard capacity.

Usually, the Devourer's bracelet stabilises the influx of Vylkr energy and returns it to normal with only minor damages. However, it might render the gods' chosen unable to utilise Vylkr energy for a fixed amount of time until its repairs are complete, or it could result in various failures and malfunctions.

However, suppose the Devourer's bracelet fails to stabilise itself, as Leif had prevented it from doing so twice already. In that case, the consequences could be alarming, leading to prolonged damage to the Devourer's bracelet and erratic behaviour in the gods' chosen, causing them to lose control of themselves. They may suffer multiple severe internal injuries and, in the worst cases... death.

## Chapter 749 Fifi's Outburst (2)

Fortunately, his sister had pulled him back just in time for him to witness the entire battle unfold. It became clear to him that they stood no chance against the warriors from the beginning. So, even if Leif were to overclock his Devourer's bracelet, victory was still out of reach.

This realization meant that his death would be in vain.

"LEIF! THAT IS ENOUGH!" Isadora's scream echoed once more.

However, he remained unfazed, his unwavering gaze fixed firmly on Seig and Evadne.

Isadora could only watch helplessly from a distance, unable to approach him for fear of being consumed by the Vylkr energy. She turned her attention to Leona and Leif, hoping for assistance, but they both shook their heads in response. There was nothing they could do. They had already tried to reach him, and he had ignored them.

On the other side, witnessing the immense, unnatural surge of Vylkr energy raging fiercely in the air, the rest of the eighteen warriors within the building and those outside wore ugly expressions on their faces.

Fifi was no exception and activated her gift immediately, ending this before things became more complicated.

At that moment, Leif swung his sword forward, sending a ripple of intense Vylkr energy hurtling towards their direction.

Fifi snorted. Even without her help, she was sure the warriors nearby could handle this attack. However, due to the situation's complexity, she decided to handle this matter herself.

With a flick of her fingers, a tidal wave of water emerged from the ground.

BOOMMM!! BAANNGG!!

The tidal wave of water intercepted the ripple of Vylkr energy, engulfing it before surging forward. It swept over Leif and the others, dragging them down and slamming them against the ground with immense force before retracting back into the earth.

With his Gearweaver sword out of reach, Leif extended his hand and circulated his nature energy, summoning one of his strongest glyphs.

"I call upon the primal beast,

In forests old where secrets keep,

With teeth of bones and claws that pierce..." Leif's chant filled the air as a glyph emerged out of his body, pulsating with dense nature energy before him.

As Leif chanted, Isadora and the others widened their eyes in shock, sensing the immense power emanating from the glyph.

Glyphs are sacred and ancient traditions among the Four-eared elves. They forge contracts with spirit beasts. The terms of the contract are established based on the spirit beast's rank--whether Lesser, Deviant, Greater, or Noble spirit beasts.

The glyph is then drawn on the Four-eared elf's body, binding the spirit beast to their will and granting them strength far surpassing their enemies.

For someone as strong as Leif to summon a glyph with a chant, especially with such immense nature energy surrounding it, indicated that he was summoning a Noble spirit beast.

"Please, stop! STOP!" Isadora's voice grew louder, tears streaming down her cheeks. They had already lost two gods' chosen yesterday; they would be doomed if they lost one more without reasonable cause.

Nevertheless, Fifi wasted no time and utilized her gift again, conjuring a sphere of water from below Leif and trapping him and the expanding glyph within its watery confines.

Suddenly, spear-like constructs materialized within the water, swiftly piercing through his body, impaling his arms, legs, and shoulders.

PUFF!

"AURGG!!" Leif gasped, caught off guard by the ease with which the spear pierced through his flesh. His blood mingled with the water, staining it a deep crimson hue before he regained control of his body and expelled the water from his lungs.

The glyph before him trembled as if the sphere of water was suppressing it.

However, Fifi wasn't finished yet. She exerted control over the sphere of water, causing it to twirl rapidly into a vortex.

As the vortex expanded, reaching a height of about 6 meters into the air, she utilized her gift to create numerous spear-

like water constructs that pierced through Leif's body at different intervals.

Each spear dissipated before reaching his vital organs, inflicting precise but non-lethal wounds. Fifi's attacks continued until she successfully suppressed the emerging glyph, and the entire sphere of water became tinged with a crimson hue painted with Leif's blood.

Then, she slammed the water back to the ground, allowing it to seep back into the earth as she deactivated her gift.

Looking at Leif's bloodied, defeated body, trembling slightly with his gaze still fixed forward towards Seig and Evadne, who stood behind her, Fifi narrowed her eyes at him.

"Although you are strong, your strength is only comparable to a two-star warrior, who may or may not possess the capabilities to defeat you despite your slight increase in strength. It might manage to

turn the tides against various gods' chosen like your kind, but when compared to me, you are not yet at that level or even close to it."

"I can crush you until you become a handicap without touching you and kill you in a matter of seconds. So, if you don't listen to my words and stop your actions now, I will gladly show you what a true Vylkr warrior mode is," Fifi said with a steely resolve.

As her words ended, a surge of Vylkr energy erupted from all three of her Vylkr containers, enveloping her entire body. Her waist-length black hair raised upwards to the sky, fluttering around as if stirred by a strong wind from below, while her eyes gained an inky black tint.

Though the strands of Vylkr energy weren't as abundant as Leif's own, the density and chillness that gripped the air around her made everyone gazing at her sense the ferocity of the Vylkr energy, understanding without a doubt that the form before them was much more potent than Leif's own.

Fifi focused her inky black eyes on Leif's bloodied, defeated figure, who was still only able to move his twitching fingers.

"However, before you respond, I want you to think about those around you and the rest of your race. The various key figures of this territory will surely not take your actions lightly, especially considering the destruction you have caused in the Second Border City," Fifi added, narrowing her eyes at Leif's fingers, which paused before calmly resting on the floor.

## Chapter 750 Facing Each Other

Fifi then shifted her focus around their surroundings and furrowed her brows, seeing the devastation that lay about. The homes within 46 meters were totally destroyed, upturned and in ruins.

Orion was surely not going to like this view!

Fifi shifted her focus forward, noticing the other Four-eared elves approaching her.

Isadora and the others checked on Leif's health.

"Thank goodness, he is still alive, but we need to get him to a healer as soon as possible, or else..." Isadora said, her voice trembling as she could not complete her words before they abruptly became stuck in her throat.

Carl nodded in response. "Don't worry, I'll take him back to the mansion as soon as I can," he said, carefully lifting Leif and holding him in a Princess Carrier position.

He then shifted his attention towards Leona, quietly communicating with her.

Leona nodded. "You can return with Duskcrow. I'll return with the Princess and the Prince," she said, commanding the four-winged beast-like bird, which had been staying safely at a distance with the two Pixies within its sharp claws, to soar forward and follow Carl back to their mansion.

Because they weren't sure about Leif's current state of mind, they needed to get him out of there before he woke up and did something even more dangerous, and they also needed to take care of his injuries before they became even worse.

Carl nodded in understanding. He shifted his attention towards Isadora and the others and nodded at them before turning around and jumping high up into the air, disappearing from their sight.

Once Leif was gone, Isadora sighed in relief. She walked towards Fifi and bowed down. "I am sorry for the damage our careless actions have caused. I know that my apologies won't be enough as reparations. As such, once Captain Leif gets better, I promise that I and everyone here will do my best to rebuild the damaged area. So please, I plead that you don't hold this against the entire Four-eared elves race," she pleaded.

Lyndon also bowed down willingly in defeat. He couldn't count how many times he had humbled himself to apologize since they entered this territory; he knew it was more than when he was at their palace residence in their 'Four-eared Lone Rabbit' runaway city.

Witnessing the scene, Leona reluctantly followed suit and bowed.

However, Isadora persisted, "But despite that, I am sure we are aware that Captain Leif's actions were not unreasonable. After all, the individuals behind you are among the primary figures responsible for the current plight of the Four-eared elves race. They butchered our race cold-bloodedly without any restraint and didn't bother to stop even when we were on the brink of extinction. He's a vile, bloodthirsty, unrepentant sinner who sees no wrong in everything he has done."

"So, although I don't know what kind of arrangements he has made with the key leaders of this territory, I am very sure that since it was us today if they have the opportunity to do the same to you tomorrow, he will do so without hesitation," Isadora said, her eyes filled with a fierce and reluctant emotion before she closed them briefly, then reopened them, burying the feelings deep within her gaze and returning her expression back to one of apology.

"So, for your sake and the others within Orion's Cities, I ask that you reconsider whatever agreement has been made with them," Isadora concluded, straightening her back.

Upon hearing Isadora's words, a frown emerged on Fifi's face. Truthfully, after listening to the warrior's explanation of the conflict between the two sides, she wouldn't have even thought about halting this battle; she would have even aided them if they were too weak to handle their opponents.

However, she had no idea about the arrangements Orion had made with both of them, so rather than staying on the sidelines, it was best for her to personally stop the battle if she could.

They could only wait until Orion returned from the Garden or personally meet with the Village Chief to see if he wasn't too busy handling some personal tasks.

Just as Fifi was about to open her mouth to speak, a loud, firm voice sounded behind her.

"So you think you're the good guys, huh!"

Fifi, Isadora, and the others shifted their gaze backwards, focusing on the individual who had spoken.

It was Seig.

Isadora and the others gritted their teeth as they locked eyes with him, waiting to hear what he wanted to say.

Seig returned their gaze with a fierce glint in his eyes. "I can see the hatred in your eyes and your desire to seek vengeance for the near-extinction of your race, which I understand is rightfully deserved. However, I think you guys are pathetic. You want revenge yet lack the strength to do so,

and in the end, all you can do is beg. You know the harsh reality of the world outside here is not black and white, yet you behave like saints who have done no harm."

"Meanwhile, I am sure that as the Patriarch of the 'Four-eared Lone Rabbit,' runaway city, Patriarch Rylan has taken many questionable actions to keep you protected behind those comfy palace walls of yours, of which I am certain none of you are aware. So please, shut it."

"In this dead, deranged world where everyone will do whatever is necessary for their survival, see this as retribution for whatever the Four-eared elves race had done in the past. And if you are still intent on having your revenge, then I will gladly not stay in my current position and face you myself," Seig added with a fierce expression.

He broke his gaze away from theirs and returned to the mansion.

Evadne followed behind him, understanding that her Captain wasn't in a good mood after witnessing everything that had transpired.

Seig paused before the doorstep and shifted his focus towards Isadora and the others again. "Also, when that lunatic of a Captain of yours recovers, you better warn him that I don't want to see him near my home. It's the only one I have at the moment, so it would be a shame if it were destroyed," he said, his tone firm.