

Village Head 801

Chapter 801 Commencement of the Vylkr Veil Phenomenon (2)

"And I can assure you that although this has something to do with Vylkr vines, you have nothing to worry about. Our warriors are handling the issue and will protect us from anything the Vylkr vines throw at us!" he continued, his tone reassuring.

"Nonetheless, I'm well aware of how uncomfortable the shortage of light can be. However, our only option is to endure this for a few weeks before the sky clears up. So everyone, please go about your day without fear or worry."

"If the architect of Orion's Cities himself is saying this, then we obviously don't need to worry," remarked a woman confidently.

The Vylkr vines have never broken into Orion's Cities before, so why should they be capable of doing so now?"

"Yes, I agree," chimed in a young man nearby. "My senior sister is currently in a relationship with a warrior, and he has assured her not to worry if anything comes up. No matter what, she shouldn't be worried about the Vylkr vines. I guess he was talking about something like this."

After listening to Orion's words, several voices rose in agreement.

Within minutes, the whole area quietened, and everyone returned to their previous activities as though nothing significant had happened.

Orion sighed as he watched the scene unfold. He knew that the only reason this had worked was that they had all witnessed the construction of Orion's Cities, along with the strength of the warriors, and were thus more confident in their safety than fearful of the Vylkr vines.

Fortunately, it was a good thing, as he could only imagine the chaos that could have erupted if it were the other way around.

Orion inwardly sighed as he glanced at the darkened sky once more. "There goes the snowy week I was planning for," he muttered.

Patriarch Rylan was impressed and surprised at how easily Orion handled the crowds. Though he could similarly handle the Four-eared elves, it was only because they were accustomed to living in fear of the Vylkr vines' encroachment. Even then, they would need to deploy hundreds of gods' chosen ones to suppress any groups that might use the situation to incite crime and commit various atrocities.

Isadora, however, was visibly impressed by Orion's words and conduct.

"We should get going and have the warriors deliver this message throughout the Orion's Cities. I'll head back to the Village and have Thak and the warriors from Leftward and Rightward Stronghold handle it," the Village Chief suggested.

It would be quicker and more effective for the warriors to spread this information to calm the people down rather than doing so themselves and going from one location to another.

Stronghold Leader Zogar nodded. "I'll head over to the Third Border City walls and have the warriors there spread the message," he responded.

Orion acknowledged their plan with a nod. "I'll take care of the Leftward and Rightward stronghold branches in the Second and Third Border Cities and ensure they inform everyone," he replied decisively.

The Village Chief and Stronghold Leader Zogar nodded in understanding. The Village Chief shapeshifted into a giant green-horned owl and soared toward the direction of the Village. Meanwhile, Stronghold Leader Zogar leapt into the air, swiftly heading towards the Third Border City walls.

"I think you should return to your home as well," Orion said, directing his attention to Patriarch Rylan and Isadora.

Patriarch Rylan nodded in agreement with Orion's words and motioned for his daughter to follow him as he turned to leave.

However, to his surprise, Isadora took a few steps toward Orion and lowered her head respectfully before him.

"Mr Orion, I'm certain you're already aware of the trouble our people have caused. On behalf of the Four-eared Elf race, I beg you to consider lightening whatever punishment you have for us. I can assure you that those responsible are fully aware of their actions and deeply regret them," Isadora pleaded earnestly.

Then, with a hint of desperation, she added, "Furthermore, if that's not sufficient, I am willing to offer you all of my most valuable possessions to sate your anger and mitigate the punishment. Please, I beg of you to reconsider."

"Isadora..." Patriarch Rylan began, wanting to call out to his daughter, but he quickly halted, choosing instead to observe silently.

Though he was taken aback by his daughter's actions, deep down, he hoped Orion would listen to her plea and consider mitigating the punishment he had in store for them.

He had already given away all his valuable possessions, so he couldn't even if he wanted to meet Orion himself and plead for leniency.

Furthermore, while he could discipline Flintor and the others, he couldn't entirely blame them for their actions. After all, who could have predicted that the only district Orion prohibited them from entering would be the same place where Captain Seig and his lieutenant were staying?

It was an unfortunate coincidence that they found themselves there while pursuing the Pixies.

Patriarch Rylan couldn't help but inwardly smile wryly. Never before had he felt so helpless, having to stand aside and watch his daughter plead for forgiveness on behalf of their entire race.

It was one of the most shameful moments he had ever experienced as a leader and a father.

Listening to Isadora's heartfelt plea, Orion furrowed his brows thoughtfully.

He knew he still needed to decide on their punishment, but he hadn't devised the right punishment. Furthermore, he realised a simple punishment could not resolve their offence.

Orion knew he could rid himself of this headache and the accompanying problems by expelling the entire Four-eared elf race from the Orion's cities. However, that would result in the extinction of an entire race, and it was a solution he wasn't willing to entertain.

Besides, Patriarch Rylan had already offered a divine artefact to apologise for the previous incident.

Rather than punishing the entire race for the actions of a few, he could only hold those directly responsible accountable and ensure they faced the consequences themselves.

Chapter 802 Reducing The Four-eared Elven Race Punishment

However, Orion knew he couldn't express such opinions directly.

So, he frowned and narrowed his eyes at Isadora.

"This isn't a matter I can overlook just because of your words, Miss Isadora. I personally came to you to give you my instructions, yet you disobeyed them, brandished your weapons to attack the warriors, and even damaged a portion of the district you were instructed to stay away from. Considering these actions, I don't believe you deserve to have your punishment mitigated if you can't even follow a simple instruction," Orion responded, shaking his head as he sighed deeply.

Hearing Orion's words, Isadora's eyes widened. "Mr Orion...", Isadora pleaded, immediately collapsing to her knees before him. "Please, I beg you. I know we have disobeyed your orders, and we are well aware that we must face the consequences of our actions. But I also know that the punishment could result in the expulsion of some of the Four-eared elven race from the Orion's Cities. So, I beg you to show mercy. I swear in the name of my god that such a thing will never happen again."

Isadora could feel the sharp gazes of the people around them as they walked past, but she paid them no mind.

Whether she was the daughter of Patriarch Rylan, a former leader of a Runaway City, none of that mattered at this moment. In fact, none of their statuses mattered at all.

In Orion's presence, they were reduced to nothing more than refugees, clinging desperately to the familiarity of the Village for survival. Yet, they repeatedly ignored the village rules, jeopardizing their survival.

So, at this moment, nothing else matters but Orion's response.

Observing Isadora's actions, Orion narrowed his eyes and scrutinized her as if searching for any hint of falsehood in her words.

Feeling Orion's gaze sweep over her, Isadora shivered under intense scrutiny.

Orion withdrew his gaze, exhaling loudly. "Okay. I'll do my best to mitigate your punishment by only holding those responsible for the attack and rule-breaking accountable rather than punishing the entire Four-eared Elves race," he said, feigning resignation. "However, there won't be a second chance if there is another violation of the rules. The Four-eared elven race will be swiftly expelled from the Orion's cities."

Isadora felt relief wash over her at Orion's words, nodding in understanding. "Thank you," she replied, her expression turning serious instantly.

She understood that actions spoke louder than words now; they needed to obey the rules to avoid expulsion from the Orion's Cities.

"You misunderstand, Miss Isadora. Truthfully, among all the other races in my Cities, the Four-eared elves are the only ones who haven't yet provided value beneficial for everyone. Instead of thanking me, you should focus on rectifying that. Also, suppose you have time to cause trouble. In that case, it means you no longer need the extended duration of time given by the Village Chief, so I'll be taking that away," Orion responded.

He knew that this would make no one doubt his judgment and make reducing their punishment more acceptable.

Isadora's shoulders slumped as she nodded in understanding. She hadn't expected Orion to reduce their punishment due to her pleading, so hearing the conditions he set forth, she sighed in relief.

Patriarch Rylan exhaled tiredly after witnessing the emotional scene unfold before him. He knew that his Four-eared Elven race had once again escaped a challenging situation, and this time, it was all thanks to his daughter.

'Maybe it's time I retire and hand over control of the Four-eared elven race to her. She seems much more capable of handling the situation than me,' Patriarch Rylan thought.

"If that is all, you can return to your homes; I have several important matters to attend to," Orion said. However, as he was about to turn around and leave, Isadora's voice sounded again, "Mr. Orion, I would like to ask you for one more thing."

Orion halted his steps and narrowed his eyes at Isadora, "What is it?" he responded.

Isadora opened her mouth to speak, "I...I..." She stammered before biting her lip and instantly regaining control, "I've thought about it deeply, and I would like to work under you. You don't need to pay or give me anything as a reward. Also, you said it yourself: we haven't yet proven that we can provide any value to the Orion's cities, so why don't you use this opportunity to see if I am fit enough to contribute," she responded, her hands tightening into fists as she looked at the ground, not daring to meet Orion's gaze with the fierce expression on her face.

This was also one of the reasons she wanted to meet Orion. As the architect and founder of the Orion's Cities, his authority held as much power as the Village Chief, if not more. Also, the fact that she wouldn't be able to have the privilege to meet him except by chance, like now, made her realize that this was the perfect opportunity to try her luck and see if she could work under him.

This way, not only would she be able to see him without relying on luck, but she could also learn more about the Orion's Cities and understand the best approach for the Four-eared elves to provide their value to the city and settle within it without further issues.

Listening to Isadora's words, Patriarch Rylan could no longer remain silent. "Isadora, what do you think you're doing?" he asked.

It was one thing for him to stand helplessly on the side and watch his daughter beg for forgiveness on behalf of their entire race, but it was another for him to observe his daughter present herself as a beggar to work under the young man before them.

Patriarch Rylan was well-versed in the village's culture and traditions, which he respected as he had seen cultures much stranger than it. He had imparted this knowledge to his children and the gods'

chosens, so he couldn't fathom what could be going through his daughter's mind when she uttered such a word, especially after understanding its implications.

Chapter 803 Orion's Pending Decision

Isadora turned to her father, who stood beside her and shook her head gently. "Father, this is our best course of action right now. We shouldn't be focusing on rebuilding the Four-eared elven race to its former glory. Instead, we should focus on integrating into the Orion's Cities and proving that we're not merely refugees. Taking this step is just the beginning. Besides, we've already lost everything valuable we once had, so what do we have to lose except our lives? Isn't it worth seizing every opportunity we find?" she explained.

Patriarch Rylan was taken aback by her words and realized her deep insight. For the sake of their entire race, she was willing to take the lead and secure their uncertain future.

Though Patriarch Rylan knew his daughter was smart, having been taught by the best teachers in the Four-eared Lone Rabbit Runaway City, he had never imagined she would devise such a plan on her own.

'Yes... Yes, it had to be,' Patriarch Rylan thought, nodding inwardly.

He realized that his daughter might have matured significantly during the attack on their runaway city and the loss of many of their people along the way. They had hidden their emotions to spare him worry about their well-being, but now, looking at the determined gaze in his daughter's eyes, he could see she had changed more than he had expected.

Gritting his teeth in frustration, Patriarch Rylan quietly nodded in understanding.

Isadora sighed in relief, a faint smile gracing her lips as she turned her attention back to Orion, awaiting his response.

Orion pondered Isadora's words deeply. Having observed their conversation, he understood her intentions. He saw her suggestion not as a problem but as an opportunity to better integrate the Four-eared elves into the Orion's Cities. After all, Isadora's influence appeared to rival her father's.

Whether Isadora could prove the value of the Four-eared elven race during her time working under him depended solely on her abilities. If successful, the Orion's Cities would gain another group of hardworking and valuable members.

However, if she failed, he would have to revert to his previous plan: gradually relegating them to the bottom rung of society, assigning them menial tasks, and dividing them among the other races in the city, thereby ensuring their contribution to the Orion's Cities.

Orion refocused his attention on Isadora and nodded thoughtfully. "Unfortunately, I can't provide an immediate answer at the moment. I'll visit your home to deliver my response and inform the culprits of their punishment. You'll have to wait for my decision," he replied.

Upon hearing Orion's words, Isadora inwardly released a deep sigh of relief and nodded. She had feared immediate rejection from Orion, but his decision to take time to consider her request offered her a glimmer of hope.

"Understood. I'll await your visit," Isadora replied, rising to her feet with a grateful smile gracing her lips.

"I apologize for taking up your time, Mr Orion. I'll take my leave now," she added, bowing again to Orion before leaving.

Patriarch Rylan was on the verge of turning around to leave, but he hesitated, his mind racing with thoughts before he ultimately dropped his shoulders in defeat. He exhaled loudly and approached Orion, halting before him and bowing his head slightly.

"Thank you for your mercy upon my Four-eared elf race. I, Patriarch Rylan, have witnessed your reasoning, patience, and forgiving heart today. As my daughter has stated, I will ensure that the entire Four-eared elven race obeys the rules to prevent something like this from occurring in the future," he said, giving one last nod before turning to meet with his daughter, waiting in the distance.

"You know, I haven't seen you handle issues like this so seriously in a long time," a voice sounded behind Orion.

Orion turned to the side, fixing his gaze on Seraphina, who stood beside the entrance of the headquarters branch of the Healers Association. She carried an oversized brown crystalline suitcase beside her and greeted him with a warm smile.

"What's in the suitcase?" Orion asked, curious about its contents.

He had sensed Seraphina's arrival after his speech to calm the public, so he wasn't surprised to see her there.

Seraphina effortlessly lifted the large crystalline suitcase. "It contains the Vylkr Fusion Armlet and all the equipment I need to work from home," she replied, lowering her hand.

"Though I trust in Aegis of the Arctic Deity's shield to protect us from this phenomenon, I believe it's safer to work from home during these times. That way, I can take care of the children and family while still being productive," she sighed lightly.

After spending a considerable amount of time working with the Vylkr vines and their energy, she had come to understand their unpredictability and ferocity. Therefore, she wasn't willing to take any chances with a literally terrifying Vylkr phenomenon looming over their heads, even with the protection of a god.

Orion nodded understandingly. He knew he couldn't convince her that everything would be fine, so he respected her decision to take precautions, especially given the nature of her project. "Would you like me to escort you back home?" he offered.

"Of course. Why do you think I'm still waiting here? Let's go. I need to get home early so I can continue my work," Seraphina replied, smiling brightly.

Orion grinned in response to her enthusiasm. He approached her and scooped her up in a princess carry before taking off into the sky, heading towards their home.

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Third Border City

Garden

Beneath the Divine Essence Lake

A middle-aged man, draped in a long green robe and adorned with a pair of sandals seemingly crafted by the forest itself, lay tired and injured on a grass bed within a vast garden.

Two stunning sets of translucent Pixie wings sprouted from his back while golden bracelets adorned his upper arms and each wrist. Despite his weariness, he gazed fondly at the thousands of Pixies dancing through the air, his warm smile reflecting the affection of a parent beholding their beloved children.

Chapter 804 Completing Aegis Of The Arctic Deity's Inheritance Trial

After a few hours, the Pixies abruptly halted their actions and refocused their attention on the weary, dying man below.

This was Aerendir, the creator of their race.

Aerendir observed the Pixies until he shifted his gaze aside. "Come forward," he commanded.

Second Prince Nial, Third Prince Bran, First Princess Kelani, Fourth Prince Alden, and finally, Sixth Princess Morgana all approached. They stopped and bowed before the ailing Aerendir.

"Raise your heads," Aerendir instructed.

They lifted their heads, and their gaze shone reverently as they beheld him. Each moment unfolded before them, etching itself deeply into their memories. This was their creator, the very being who had breathed life into their race. Sensing that this might be their final and only meeting with him, they savoured every detail.

"You have all performed admirably," Aerendir praised, "Not only have you safeguarded me, but you have also ensured the survival of the Pixie race in this new realm. For that, I am deeply grateful."

He paused, a light cough interrupting his words before he composed himself to continue.

"Regrettably, I cannot accompany you further into this marvellous new world. You must now assume leadership and continue to protect our entire race in my place. But don't be afraid; I will not leave you to face this daunting task alone," Aerendir added, extending his hand and beckoning Fourth Prince Alden to step forward.

Second Prince Bran observed the scene with malice in his heart, clenching his fists together in anger.

Who would have thought that one of the two individuals to inherit Aerendir's artefacts would be none other than his most useless brother? If it were his elder brother, High Prince Kael, he would have accepted this result, as High Prince Kael was the only person he knew with the authority, power, and character to surpass him.

However, witnessing Fourth Prince Alden fly forward, Prince Bran understood that he had lost an incredible chance to seize the throne effortlessly from his elder brother, and his heart couldn't help but boil in anger.

Prince Alden arrived before him.

Aerendir smiled wearily at him and placed his thumb and index finger on Prince Alden's head and chest. "You have fought well, child. However, as my journey draws closer, I entrust you with one of my precious gifts, my golden thread. May it protect you in times of adversity and guide you towards a future filled with hope and prosperity. From this day forth, you are the new wielder of the Divine Golden Threads," he said, his fingers glowing with a bright light.

Prince Alden felt a sudden, intense heat and itching sensation erupt on his chest and forehead, prompting him to bite his lips to contain his emotions. Fortunately, the sensation vanished as Aerendir withdrew his fingers.

Immediately, a long, unbroken golden thread pulsating with brilliant golden divine light materialized around Prince Alden. He sensed an instinctive connection with the golden thread, proceeding to control them with his mind, watching in amazement as they obeyed his commands, floating all around him.

Aerendir then gestured for Princess Morgana to come forward.

Observing this scene, Princess Kelani's expression hardened, her fists clenched tightly as she tried her best to maintain her composure.

As Princess Morgana stood before him, he extended his hand and repeated his actions, placing his thumb and index fingers on Princess Morgana's chest and forehead.

"You have also done your best to ensure our safe passage through the Stellar Gate, protecting us with all your strength, disregarding your safety, and accumulating injuries. For your selfless efforts, I grant you my last and most precious gift, 'Aquiluis Clear Water.' May it heal your wounds and those of everyone around you. Use it to cleanse our race of any afflictions and ensure their well-being. From this day forth, you are the new wielder of the 'Aquiluis Clear Water,'" Aerendir said, his fingers glowing with a bright light before withdrawing them.

Princess Morgana felt an intense, hot, itching sensation on her body, similar to Prince Alden's, before it abruptly disappeared.

A stream of clear, flowing water materialized around her, hovering in the air just like Prince Alden's golden thread. She controlled the divine artefact with hand gestures, guiding its movement around her.

Witnessing this scene, Aerendir smiled warmly before shifting his focus towards the others who had also done their best to protect and lead them through the Stellar Gate. "Thank you all for ensuring our safe arrival in this new world. As your creator, I ask that you continue to care for the remaining Pixie race after I am gone and follow the leadership of those whom I have granted my Divine artefacts. They will replace me as your leaders in this new world," he said.

From Second Prince Bran down to the remaining princes and princesses who had survived, including Sixth Princess Morgana, they all nodded reverently at Aerendir's words. They bowed towards him, willingly accepting his commands.

Aerendir smiled warmly as he observed the scene but halted, coughing as he prepared to speak, "Cough!! Cough!!" Suddenly, terrible cracks began to appear on his skin and various parts of his body.

"It seems I don't have much time left before I go. If I did, I would have given you many instructions and guidelines that I'm sure would be helpful in your coming days. Regardless, perhaps this is fate, and I'll do my best to accept it," Aerendir responded before closing his eyes, his smile shining brightly.

Contrary to their expectations, Prince Alden, Princess Morgana, and the others witnessed the unfolding scene before they were stunned and dumbfounded. Tears streamed down Aerendir's closed eyes, staining his cheeks, and racing toward the ground. They knew their creator was a god, a divine being far above what reason or thought could imagine, so seeing him struck with such a painful expression brought tears to their own eyes, leaving them struck with a single thought—

Can a god shed tears?

Nonetheless, no matter how they tried to deny it, the scene was right there in their eyes.

Chapter 805 Completing Aegis Of The Arctic Deity's Inheritance Trial (2)

Aerendir slowly opened his mouth and said, "It seems I have finally reached the end of my journey." His lips widened into a bright smile, contrasting his previous sorrowful demeanour as though this was a pleasant moment for him.

Just as the scene was about to unfold again, it froze, and the scenes before them began to fall apart.

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Somewhere within the vast space, Aegis of the Arctic Deity observed the scene with a dazed expression before abruptly shaking his head. "No, that's not him. This is merely a modifying version of my memories," he muttered.

Though he wouldn't be experiencing this surge of emotion right now if he had created a much simpler trial, one needed only to test their strength, character, and potential to determine who would be the most appropriate to inherit god Aerendir's Divine artefacts.

However, he didn't deem himself worthy to be the one to hand out god Aerendir's Divine Artifacts, believing that only god Aerendir himself was worthy to make such a decision, even if it was merely a memory of his actual self.

After a few minutes of being alone with his thoughts, Aegis of the Arctic Deity sensed that the children were beginning to awaken and shifted his attention towards them.

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As they all began to wake up one by one, including those who had died along the way, they found themselves on the rough, stony ground before the large-slitted golden gaze of Aegis of the Arctic Deity.

Aegis of the Arctic Deity observed them momentarily before his gaze was fixed on Prince Alden and Princess Morgana.

"You both have done well and today, henceforth, are the wielders of the two Divine artefacts that god Aerendir had left behind before his demise: the 'Golden Threads of god Aerendir' and the 'Aquiluis Clear Water.' Fortunately, I don't need to tell you anything about what you will do with such immense power at your fingertips, as you have already been instructed by god Aerendir himself," Aegis of the Arctic Deity said.

"As children of god Aerendir, regardless of your royal bloodline, I hope you hold those words in great respect. Regarding utilising the Divine Artifacts, you need to be stronger to utilise them to their full capabilities. As you continue to grow stronger, the abilities of the Divine artefacts will unlock by itself until you are at the pinnacle of your hierarchy of power and can fully utilise them completely."

Listening to Aegis of the Arctic Deity's words, Prince Alden and Princess Morgna both wore serious expressions on their faces as they nodded.

"Having the chance to see the god Aerendir and witness the ancient records about how we made it into this world is an opportunity we'll never forget. As such, I've taken god Aerendir's words deep within my heart and promised to follow them every step of the way, one way or another," Prince Alden responded.

His eyes slightly widened as he observed several strings of golden threads, some of which were broken into small miniature pieces, floating around him until they flashed, turning into a golden stream of light and immediately disappearing into his chest.

Prince Alden winced slightly in pain before his expression eased, feeling the pain disappear. He pulled his shirt open and looked down at his chest, where he saw a miniature golden line of thread imprinted on it.

Beside him, a large stream of water appeared, floating around Princess Morgana, almost resembling a swirling tidal wave of the vast ocean due to her petite figure, before it flashed with a bright burst of light and flowed into her forehead, imprinting itself as a drop of clear blue liquid in the centre.

Princess Morgana felt only a slight pain before immediately returning to normal. Stretching her hand upwards, she touched the imprint, feeling its gentle texture and sensing its divine energy.

She then broke out of her thoughts and focused on Aegis of the Arctic Deity.

"I am also thankful for the chance to witness such an event. I will uphold god Aerendir's words and do everything I can to ensure that I don't stray too far from them or misuse the immense power granted to me," Princess Morgana responded, bowing towards Aegis of the Arctic Deity.

Aegis of the Arctic Deity nodded with a satisfied gaze at them. "Very well, the trial has ended, so you can all leave and return to the surface," he said, opening a pathway at the side for them to pass through.

With god Aerendir's artefacts now inherited and finding their way to the Pixie race, he had nothing to say and could now ponder other matters.

Although some princes and princesses were unsatisfied with the results, especially witnessing Fourth Prince Alden as one of the inheritors of the Divine artefacts, they couldn't act on their feelings. They buried their anger deep within their hearts, kept their mouths sealed, and nodded in acknowledgement at Aegis of the Arctic Deity's words.

They bowed to him again before turning around and exiting through the passageway.

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The moment they exited the passageway, they were immediately greeted by a dark, eerie scene. The only light within their vision emanated from the fire torches surrounding the entire Divine Lake Essence, held up by hundreds of Pixies.

The Pixies had sensed their arrival as soon as the passageway emerged on the ground.

"What's going on? Why is everywhere so dark?" Princess Kelani suddenly asked.

She gazed at the sky but couldn't even see the stars, prompting her to realise that the night had not yet arrived. Instead, something was blocking the sky from shining down above them.

CRRAACKKBBOOOOM--- BBBOOOMMM!!

A lightning strike followed by thunder flashed through the sky, illuminating their surroundings in brilliant bursts of light before disappearing again.

Even Second Prince Bran, Fourth Prince Alden, Sixth Princess Morgna, and all the other princes and princesses looked around in shock and confusion about what was happening.

Suddenly, they all sensed several familiar signatures approaching and shifted their attention towards them to see High King Eldric, along with several High Elders and Elders, following behind him.

Chapter 806 Fourth Prince Alden's Shocking Decision

High King Eldric arrived before them and looked at each one, using his nature energy to scan them before exhaling in relief upon seeing that all of them were present and well.

He also noticed the strange oppressive energy emanating from Prince Alden and Princess Morgana, which seemed similar to the one that lingered around Orion. He immediately understood that they had successfully obtained the Divine artefacts.

"HAHHHAHAHA!!" High King Eldric immediately roared out in laughter before calming down after a few seconds.

"Come forward, let me embrace such wonderful children of mine," he added.

Prince Alden and Princess Morgana stepped forward and were immediately enveloped by his arms as he hugged them tightly.

"The Divine artefacts of god Aerendir have finally returned to the Pixie race!" High King Eldric exclaimed loudly.

As he roared excitedly, some of the High elders and elders behind him couldn't help but smile happily at the incredible results. Meanwhile, the others frowned when they noticed that Fourth Prince Kael was one of the few who had obtained the Divine artefact.

Among all of High King Eldric's children, he was the only one with the lowest prestige, which had only worsened, especially after his recent actions. They couldn't understand how Aegis of the Arctic Deity had picked him as the next inheritor of the Divine artefact.

Prince Alden had already noticed some of the High elders and elders casting hostile gazes at him, but he didn't bother, as he had already made his own plans.

Nevertheless, now that his father had finally calmed down, he asked the question that had lingered on everybody's mind since they arrived, "Father, what is going on with the sky? Why is it so darkened? Has something happened?"

Upon hearing his fourth son's question, High King Eldric exhaled loudly, "We received news from Warrior Iris informing us that the darkened sky is a result of a Vylkr vine phenomenon, which emerges from burning the Vylkr vines. Fortunately, the Vylkr phenomenon appears to be unable to break through Aegis of the Arctic Deity's divine barrier, so we are safe," he responded.

At the mention of the Vylkr vines, Prince Alden, Princess Morgana, Prince Bran, Princess Kelani, and the others widened their eyes in response.

They all gradually raised their heads to look at the darkened sky again, their hearts pounding. They took anything related to the Vylkr vines very seriously.

However, after hearing that none of it could penetrate Aegis of the Arctic Deity's divine barrier, they immediately felt a sense of relief. Having experienced a glimpse of Aegis of the Arctic Deity's powers, they had absolute faith in it.

After hearing his words, his children became less worried. High King Eldric said, "Let's return to the castle; we might not have the chance to celebrate throughout the kingdom, but we can host a feast and invite every important figure to the castle to join in the celebration."

They all snapped out of their thoughts and nodded in agreement with High King Eldric's plan.

"Father, there is something I would like to discuss with you first," Prince Alden suddenly interjected.

High King Eldric, preparing to lead his children back to the canopy castle, paused when he heard his son's words. "What is it?" he asked, noting his fourth son's serious expression.

The other princes and princesses, along with the high elders and elders, also halted their movements, curious about what the Fourth Prince wanted to say.

"Father, I would like to offer this Divine Artefact to my senior brother, High Prince Kael," Prince Alden said solemnly, summoning the Divine Threads of Aerendir. The Divine Threads of Aerendir materialized out of thin air and floated around him, their bright hue illuminating his surroundings.

Hearing Prince Alden's words, High King Eldric and the others looked at the divine threads with dazed expressions.

"Did I hear you correctly?" High King Eldric asked, his voice trembling as he stared at Prince Alden in disbelief.

Prince Alden nodded solemnly. "First, elder brother is in his current condition because he tried to save me, and because of that, he couldn't make it here today. I believe that if First elder brother were here, he would have successfully obtained the divine artefacts himself. So, I think it's only proper I give this to him because he rightfully deserves it, as gratitude for risking his life for mine," he responded firmly.

High Prince Kael already knew that he was the one who had framed him, lying about his secret lover being in danger and forcing him to leave the castle during High King Eldric and Orion's meeting. Yet, High Prince Kael forgave him for his actions and risked his life to save him.

How could he happily hold on to the Divine artefact, especially after everything that had transpired?

In fact, this was one of the main reasons he had tried his best to obtain one of god Aerendir's divine artefacts. So, he wasn't too upset about giving it up, regardless of the fact that it was a Divine artefact.

Second, Prince Bran clenched his fist in anger upon hearing Prince Alden's words.

He wants to give the Divine artefact away!

That bastard wants to hand it over after everything we've gone through to obtain it!

Some of the high elders and elders, who were displeased with Prince Alden possessing one of god Aerendir's divine artefacts, were dumbfounded upon hearing his words. They couldn't fathom anyone in their right mind giving up a Divine artefact they had obtained.

Nonetheless, a bright smile spread as they agreed with Prince Alden's decision.

"If the Fourth Prince wishes to hand over the Divine artefact to the High Prince for such a reason, then I don't see any reason to refuse such a request," one of the High elders said, his voice echoing throughout their surroundings.

"I agree. In fact, if the Fourth Prince gives the Divine artefact to High Prince Kael, any false accusations or crimes against him must be completely forgotten. He might even gain enough prestige almost comparable to High Prince Kael himself," added another elder.

Chapter 807 Princess Morgana's Condition

"High King, you have been truly blessed with wonderful children. One is ready to sacrifice his life for his junior brother, while the junior brother seeks to repay his efforts by bestowing one of god Aerendir's Divine artefacts upon him. This will undoubtedly help High Prince Kael further solidify his authority as the next High King of the Pixie kingdom," chimed in another High Elder, his voice filled with happiness and satisfaction.

Their voices sounded out one by one in appreciation.

Meanwhile, some of those who had been happy that Fourth Prince Alden was one of the few to have obtained one of the two Divine artefacts suddenly frowned upon hearing that he would be handing it over to High Prince Kael. Considering the Fourth Prince's current status, which was considered the lowest among the royal family, they had hoped to use this opportunity to groom him into a suitable High King or someone more respectable for the future.

They knew that regardless, his standing would be equal to or higher than the High King's, so they were displeased with his seemingly foolish judgment. They knew that High Prince Kael didn't possess the exemplary character to be the next High King due to the unacceptable behaviours he had been displaying lately.

Nevertheless, they didn't raise their voices, fearing being branded as High Prince Kael's opposition. Instead, they decided to wait patiently until they could speak to him privately and convince him to reconsider his decision.

As for the others, their gazes briefly glanced at Second Prince Bran before refocusing back on Fourth Prince Alden, their minds filled with various thoughts racing.

Despite the loud words of appreciation from the High elders and elders behind him, High King Eldric didn't pay much attention to them. His focus remained on Prince Alden, scrutinizing him from head to toe with a solemn expression. Eventually, he nodded in understanding.

"Very well, your reasons for your actions are valid," High King Eldric acknowledged. "If you want to do that, then you can do it. I am certain that your First elder brother would be thankful to have a brother like you. Also, as long as the Divine artefacts of god Aerendir remain in the royal family's possession, I don't care who possesses them. So, it's okay if you choose to change your mind later on," he said, his voice firm.

"Also, from today onward, I will remove any crimes or false accusations against you and ensure that anybody who still dares to slander your name will be locked up in a dungeon, with the keys thrown away," he added.

He had always believed that his fourth son was falsely accused of all the allegations and crimes levelled against him, and fortunately, his son's actions today proved him right. He truly was an upright son.

"Thank you for your support, father. Without you, none of this would have happened today," Prince Alden said, sighing gratefully.

He then summoned back the golden threads, causing them to disappear out of thin air and turn into a stream of light that returned to his chest.

Hearing Prince Alden's appreciative words, High King Eldric's smile widened even more. "Let's us return to the castle as quickly as we can—" he began, but just as he was about to turn around and

soar into the sky again, Princess Morgana's voice suddenly rang. "Father, I would also like to hand over my divine artefact to my First brother," she said quickly.

Princess Morgana summoned her 'Aquilus Clear Water,' causing a large stream of water to materialize out of thin air and float around her.

The clear stream of water captured the dazed attention of High King Eldric, the High Elders, and everyone else in the area.

However, it wasn't just the sight that stunned them; it was her words. They all questioned whether they had heard her correctly.

"What do you say, child?" High King Eldric said, almost staggering as he landed back on the ground. His eyes were fixed on Princess Morgana. He needed confirmation that he had heard her correctly.

"You heard me correctly; I would also like to hand over my Divine artefact to our First brother. However, unlike Fourth Brother, I have one condition," Princess Morgana responded.

Silence immediately enveloped their environment.

Their eyes widened in shock at the revelation that Princess Morgana intended to give her Divine artefact to High Prince Kael. The prospect of him wielding two Divine artefacts was enough for him to cement his unrivalled authority in the kingdom. It was risky to consolidate the entirety of the Pixie race's inheritance into one individual's hands.

Prince Bran, however, couldn't help but widen his eyes in disbelief. Two of his junior siblings who had obtained the inheritance of god Aerendir casually relinquished it as though it held no significance.

Am I that invisible to you? Aren't I also your senior brother? Is it wise for one person to wield such immense power?

High King Eldric narrowed his eyes at Princess Morgana. "On brother? Is it wise for one person to wield such immense power?"

what condition?" he asked. Though his sixth daughter's words shocked him, he was more curious about her condition.

A condition made in exchange for a Divine artefact wouldn't be simple, right?

"I will willingly hand over the Divine artefact to our First brother on the condition that our marriage is annulled, and we are free to engage with whomever we want," Princess Morgana said.

As she finished speaking, she sensed a fierce, piercing gaze behind her. She didn't need to turn around to see who it was; it was obvious that the only one troubled by her request was her First sister.

High King Eldric wore a contemplative expression as he regarded Princess Morgana. "Are you certain about this condition of yours? I'm sure you might have already considered this, but allow me to reiterate: you and High Prince Kael are the only ones with the purest bloodline in the royal family. If you proceed with your condition, not only will it dilute the royal family's pure bloodline, but it will also weaken our strength," he said.

Chapter 808 Investigating The Heaving Ground

"We are all aware of whom your first brother is considering picking as his companion, which will, in turn, diminish the strength of the Pixie race—a situation we don't need, especially as we merge with other races in Orion's Cities. Given all this, are you still willing to continue with such a condition?" High King Eldric added, his narrowed eyes remained fixed on Princess Morgana.

"No... Yes..." Princess Morgana began, her gaze falling to the ground as she avoided directly meeting her father's eyes. However, just as she was about to continue, High King Eldric interrupted, "When you are certain about your condition, then we'll revisit this conversation again. For now, let's return to the palace and host a feast to celebrate your victory in obtaining the Divine artefacts," he said, snorting in response as he turned around and flew off toward the canopy palace, with the guards nearby accompanying him.

Princess Morgana bit her lip upon hearing her father's words. She had no response to his question as she watched him turn around and fly off into the distance. Her shoulders slumped as she sighed.

The High elders and the elders briefly lingered on Princess Morgana before they turned around and soared into the sky, following High King Eldric.

Prince Bran, Princess Kelani, and the other princes and princesses also cast a fleeting gaze toward Princess Morgana as they turned around and took off into the sky.

"Come on, this isn't the right place to get lost in your thoughts. Let's return to the castle so we won't be late for the celebration," Prince Alden said, taking his sixth sister's hand as he spread his wings and hovered above the ground.

Princess Morgana nodded timidly at his words. She spread her wings and took off into the air, beside him toward the castle's direction.

From her father's response, she could tell that although he did not oppose her decision, he was torn between keeping the royal family's bloodline pure or accepting her condition. So, if she wanted him to accept her decision, she would need to devise a more convincing reason for him.

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Third Border City

After informing his wives about the Vylkr veil phenomenon, calming them down, and assuring them of their safety, Orion immediately headed towards the Third border city to see what the lands outside Aegis of the Arctic Deity's barrier looked like.

As he arrived at the Third border city, he immediately noticed Stronghold Leaders Zogar and Seth and landed beside them.

Stronghold Leaders Zogar and Seth also sensed Orion's arrival.

"You're finally here. Stronghold Leader Zogar has briefed me on everything that transpired while I was absent. However, he seems intent on keeping the Healers Association's discovery a secret. I need confirmation if the discovery is truly dangerous enough to be hidden from even one of the key leaders," Stronghold Leader Seth asked, fixing his gaze on Orion with a questioning look.

Orion shifted his attention towards Stronghold Leader Zogar, curious as to why he had informed Stronghold Leader Seth about the matter in the first place.

Stronghold Leader Zogar noticed Orion's questioning gaze and quietly wore an expression that seemed to say, 'I had no choice,' before showing a weary expression.

Orion exhaled and refocused on Stronghold Leader Seth, who had observed their silent communication but pretended not to notice.

Orion nodded, "Yes, the discovery made by the Healers Association is too important and dangerous to be revealed to anybody else. So, until it is ready, the Village Chief has decided to keep it under wraps for now."

Hearing Orion's firm response, Stronghold Leader Seth glanced between him and Stronghold Leader Zogar briefly before he exhaled tiredly, "Fine. Though I am curious about what kind of discovery it is if it needs to be so securely guarded, I'll set my curiosity aside for now and wait until it's time for its revelation," he responded.

Orion and Stronghold Leader Zogar inwardly exhaled in relief, knowing things would get difficult if Stronghold Leader Seth decided to push further with his questions.

"I was thinking about looking at those strange Vylkr vines that have suddenly started appearing nearby. Now that you're here, why don't we look closer?" Stronghold Leader Seth said, his attention shifting through the inky, dark, smoke-like mist towards the bizarre Vylkr vines rapidly growing from the scorched area where the molten lava had just swept over.

He had wanted to investigate them but chose to wait until the Village Chief and the others returned. After hearing Stronghold Leader Zogar's explanation of his current observation, he was more interested in discovering their capabilities and unique taste. Since they were Vylkr vines, they could also eat them, right?

"Isn't that risky? The Vylkr blade vines might not pose much of a threat, but the Vylkr wraith vines could be the most dangerous Vylkr vine ever. Plus, considering we've also burned an unknown number of four-star Vylkr vines, there's a chance this 'Heaving ground' will be even more dangerous than what Patriarch Rylan warned us about," Orion responded, his tone cautious.

He wasn't naive enough to believe everything would be safe outside the divine barrier. The situation could still escalate, and he preferred to remain within Aegis of the Arctic Deity's divine barrier when it did.

"I don't think you have anything to fear. With Stronghold Leader Zogar and me here, even if we encounter three-star Vylkr vines, we can handle them or retreat to the safety of Aegis of the Arctic Deity's divine barrier in time," Stronghold Leader Seth replied confidently.

"Or are you suggesting you're scared?" he teased, smiling at Orion.

"Stronghold Leader Seth is correct. With our combined strength, we shouldn't have any trouble handling whatever challenges come our way. And if things go awry, we can flee as fast as we can back to the Village within the blink of an eye," Stronghold Leader Zogar said confidently.

He was also curious about the 'Heaving ground' and eager to see how it differed from the standard Vylkr vines they'd been dealing with. Shifting his attention towards Orion, he nodded firmly, assuring him of his protection.

Chapter 809 Investigating The Heaving Ground (2)

After hearing the two Stronghold leaders' words, Orion nodded in agreement. "Okay then, I'll trust my safety to you," he responded.

He knew that Stronghold Leaders Seth and Zogar could have easily crossed the barrier on their own, but they also understood his desire to explore; hence, they decided to bring him along.

Stronghold Leader Seth nodded. "You'll stay between the two of us to avoid any dangers. Let's go," he said before leaping into the sky.

Orion and Stronghold Leader Zogar followed suit, jumping into the air and trailing behind him.

They passed through the barrier and landed amidst the 'Heaving ground.'

"Well, this is something," Stronghold Leader Zogar remarked, surveying his surroundings.

He could see hundreds of long twirling Vylkr vines, their sharp razor-like tendrils spinning around with such intensity that even a one-star warrior and a two-star warrior would struggle to evade.

Orion nodded in agreement with Stronghold Leader Zogar's assessment. Though Patriarch Rylan had already briefed them on the situation, witnessing it firsthand was a different experience altogether.

Despite his strength, comparable to that of a two-star warrior, Orion couldn't keep up with the rapid movements of the Vylkr blade vines. If he were ever attacked by one, his only escape would be—

Death.

Nevertheless, with Stronghold Leader Seth and Zogar by his side, Orion felt reassured of his safety and had nothing to worry about.

Stronghold Leader Seth unleashed his gift, causing a pit of molten lava to form around the Vylkr blade vines. The Vylkr blade vines instantly caught fire and sank into the searing molten lava.

As he approached the scene with Orion and Stronghold Leader Zogar beside him, Stronghold Leader Seth abruptly halted as a sense of danger prickled at his senses.

Just as they were about to step forward, five tendrils of spiky two-star-like Vylkr vines materialized in the air, launching towards them, threatening to ensnare them and drain their life force.

Stronghold Leader Seth snorted and unleashed his gift once more. Five blades of molten lava erupted from the ground, slicing the vines apart before they could encroach any further.

He reached out to grasp the severed portion of what he presumed to be the Vylkr wraith vine, but as his palms touched it, the Vylkr wraith vine disintegrated into an inky dark smoke-like mist, blending back into the surrounding haze.

He sighed and continued toward the incinerated Vylkr blade vine, bending down to tear off arm-sized portions. He divided it among himself, Orion, and Stronghold Leader Zogar. He bit into the crunchy, burnt plant-like tissue to taste it.

Orion and Stronghold Leader Zogar also took their bites and swallowed them whole.

As they digested the Vylkr vine, its energy flowed into their muscles, bones, and organs before merging with their Vylkr containers, filling them beyond the capacity of standard one-

star or two-star Vylkr vines.

They could feel the density and purity of the Vylkr vine as it made their muscles squirm and contract with each digestion.

Feeling its effects, they devoured the remaining portions before sharing the surviving parts of the Vylkr blade vines, not stopping until they were full.

"We need to inform the Village Chief and the leaders about the effects of these Vylkr vines. With this kind of effect, those who haven't reached their full potential or advanced to the next stage will have their remaining time cut in half, and it replenishes the Vylkr containers twice as fast as standard Vylkr vines. It's amazing!" Stronghold Leader Seth exclaimed.

Orion and Stronghold Leader Zogar nodded in agreement.

Orion sensed that he needed less than a year to advance to the next stage, which was considerably shorter than others typically required—often one or two years. However, it had been over 10 months since he became a one-star warrior, so the remaining two months would be shortened to one month or even half a month if he continued to use the Vylkr Blade Vines to strengthen his body and form another Vylkr container.

He wasn't certain if his current body, which wasn't as strong as Stronghold Seth's, Zogar's, or even Fifi's, could handle the force of four Vylkr containers. Therefore, he decided not to risk it and advance through the next stage the easy way.

After all, he possessed a six-star potential, so he could strengthen his body to create a Vylkr container six times over. There was nothing for him to worry about.

Nonetheless, despite the casual nature of their conversation, if someone like Patriarch Rylan, Captain Seig, or the other gods' chosen ones were present, they would have found themselves frozen in shock at the words they had just heard.

After all, this was a Vylkr veil phenomenon capable of threatening an entire runaway city and its inhabitants. Yet, all they were thinking about was how to harvest and consume it as if it were nothing.

Fortunately, they weren't here.

Orion was about to speak when he noticed a familiar figure within the inky, dark, smoke-like mist quietly observing them in the distance. "That's..." Orion muttered under his breath, stunned.

"What is it? Did you discover anything strange?" Stronghold Leader Zogar asked Orion, noticing his stunned expression.

Since they passed through the barrier, his senses had been on high alert, as he didn't want any accidents to befall any of them, especially Orion.

Stronghold Leader Seth's expression also hardened as he focused on looking around.

Orion calmly signalled for Stronghold Leader Zogar and Seth to direct their attention in its direction.

Within the inky, dark, smoke-like mist, their eyes immediately landed on the writhing form of a headless, four-legged figure whose entire body was formed of two-star Vylkr vines and appeared to be about two meters long.

They didn't need to be told what they were looking at; they all knew instantly that this was Four-star Vylkr vines, the reason why they had decided to burn the entire dead forest down to the ground. Not only that, but they could also see several other four-star Vylkr vines beside it, their bodies planted on the ground as though they were trying to make themselves invisible from their view.

Chapter 810 The Unyielding Four-star Vylkr Vines

Without hesitation, Stronghold Leader Seth unleashed his gift. The ground cracked open, and a wave of molten magma emerged, engulfing the area around the Four-star Vylkr vines.

As though sensing they had been discovered, the Four-star Vylkr vines instantly scattered to another hiding spot.

Suddenly, the inky, dark, smoke-like mist around Orion and the others churned, and hundreds of spiky Vylkr wraith vines formed before hurtling through the air towards them.

Stronghold Leader Zogar acted swiftly, morphing his body into a metallic sheen and transforming his arms into a large shield, which he used to deflect all of the Vylkr wraith vines launching towards them.

Before the vines could attack again, sharp, spinning, searing blades forged from molten lava sliced through the hundreds of Vylkr wraith vines simultaneously, causing the dead Vylkr vines to dissipate into thin air.

"Are you okay?" Stronghold Leader Seth asked, eyes scanning Orion to check for any injuries.

Orion nodded. "I'm fine," he responded, shifting his attention towards the Four-star Vylkr vines, hidden in another location. "It seems that the Vylkr vines in the area are being controlled by the four-star Vylkr vines," he added, observing as Stronghold Leader Seth dissected an encroaching swarm of Vylkr blade vines before burying them in a pit of molten lava.

"Yes, you are right. But we have nothing to worry about. Remember, Patriarch Rylan said that they are only being supported by the Vylkr veil phenomenon, which means that when it's over, they will disappear along with it," Stronghold Leader Seth responded.

He flicked his wrist forward, and a tsunami of molten lava erupted from the ground, submerging the 50-meter land before them and bathing it in searing flames.

"COUGH!! COUGH!!" Orion coughed loudly, barely able to protect himself from the heat and the intense, ashy-infused Vylkr energy smoke that scattered around and rose into the air.

Stronghold Leader Seth immediately understood that he had used his gift without considering Orion's presence.

"Since the Vylkr veil phenomenon is only just beginning, it's not hard to guess that it will only get worse. So we should return to the barrier for now and inform the Village Chief about everything we have seen," Stronghold Leader Seth said.

The Heaving ground was even more tricky and problematic than they had initially thought.

Stronghold Leader Zogar and Orion nodded, agreeing with his words.

They immediately turned around and leapt into the air, swiftly heading back towards the Orion's Cities. They arrived within minutes.

"I must guard here and ensure the entire Dead Forest is burned. I'll keep you all informed in case any other strange thing occurs," Stronghold Leader Seth said, his tone serious.

If the plan continues as scheduled, everything should be finished by tomorrow afternoon, giving him enough time to prepare for the festival the day after tomorrow.

"I'll return to the Village to inform the Village Chief about our discovery," Stronghold Leader Zogar said with a nod.

"I have to return to the Garden to take care of some lingering issues, so I'll be resting at home in the meantime and spending some time with my family," Orion responded.

He noticed a brief questioning gaze from Stronghold Leader Zogar and Seth before they nodded, understanding the sensitivity of the matter.

Once they were done, Orion and Stronghold Leader Zogar leapt upwards, departing as they headed towards their respective destinations.

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As Orion traversed through the air, leaping from roof to roof, he contemplated summoning Aerialia out of the small crimson Greatsword mark and explaining everything that had transpired.

He couldn't wait to see her look when he revealed that her predictions about the Vylkr vine phenomenon were utterly wrong. Considering what they already knew about the Vylkr vines and their energy, such a phenomenon should have been obvious.

Still, he realized how much embarrassment this would cause Aerialia and how it might bruise her ego, so he couldn't wait to summon her and explain everything.

Just as Orion was about to land again, his manor came into view, and a familiar voice abruptly sounded beside him. "Orion, I need to speak with you."

"EHH!" Orion snapped his head to the side and slipped, losing his footing on the roof he had landed on. He then rolled to the ground.

As Orion collapsed face first on the street, a Prismeron couple passing by immediately rushed towards his position and gently picked him up from the ground.

"Are you alright, sir?" asked the man.

"Let us know if you're hurt so we can take you to the nearest Healers Association branch," added the woman.

Orion shook his head, responding, "No, thank you, I'm okay. I'll be on my way immediately," before leaping into the air again, a heavy gust trailing behind him.

"Ahh!" The couple shielded themselves from the heavy wind.

The man couldn't help but ask, "Why does he look familiar?"

The woman nudged him at the side of his waist. "Don't tell me you've already figured out who that young man is?" she asked, her brow raised in surprise.

However, seeing his bewildered expression, she exhaled and explained, "He's Orion, the warrior who defeated White Flame and led us out of the mountain, guiding us through the Dead Forest until we reached here, where we all pitched in to build our new homes."

The man glanced at his wife with a surprised gaze, then quickly composed himself. "Cough! Well, it's not that I've forgotten, but I was among the crowd and didn't get a good look at his face. The paintings of him are exaggerated and don't resemble him at all," he responded.

"Let's keep walking back to your brother's home and inform him about the news we've received from the warrior," he immediately added.

His wife sighed and nodded, and they continued on their way forward.

Meanwhile, Orion arrived at another rooftop, his gaze sweeping the landscape.

Suddenly, the air before him shimmered, coming alive with movement. A familiar, tall, slender figure materialized, his skin shimmering with an opalescent glow that shifted hues like the dance of northern lights. His eyes held tiny, glimmering dots, like stars trapped within the universe, as he emerged from thin air.