

Village Head 871

Chapter 871 The Post-Crisis Meeting

The more they were aware of the truth, the less easily they would be misled or make erroneous decisions. Therefore, he answered all their questions and provided them with the information they required.

"So you're saying that goddess Ilse died in such a manner?" Queen Selene asked, her body trembling as her expression filled with fear and disbelief. She had always believed that goddess Ilse died when they crossed into this world because that's what the ancient codex had told them.

However, after hearing Orion's explanation and understanding, not only did goddess Ilse protect her ignorant ancestors, but she also had an intimate relationship with Naka before dying in such a heartbreaking way from her body being slowly devoured by the Vylkr energy.

After learning that the possible remains of her Goddess were within the Village Chief's compound, she almost attempted to run towards it and destroy it for a proper burial.

However, after realizing that it was what specifically kept this floating territory in the air and secured its protection, destroying it might lead to their demise. She couldn't help but slump back weakly in her seat.

Orion shifted his attention towards her and nodded, "I'm sorry, but that is how everything transpired," he responded, sighing in defeat.

He knew this story would affect Queen Selene, Crystalia, and every other Prismerton who heard it, but he had no choice but to present everything the way he had seen it.

'You don't deserve this, Goddess Ilse,' Queen Selene thought, her fists clenched and her head lowered as she held back the tears threatening to spill from her eyes.

Witnessing this scene, Orion's shoulders slumped heavily in defeat.

The Village Chief cleared his throat and spoke, "So, since the Vylkr energy, which is the will of Omnithrialian, emerged from Aegis of the Arctic Deity and spread due to Naka's experiments and

the recklessness of the manmade gods, isn't it safe to assume that the only reason the Vylkr vines keep reemerging no matter how long they've been destroyed is because of the gods?"

"Can you explain, Village Chief?" Caretaker Ivor responded, furrowing his brows as he fixed his gaze on the Village Chief.

Everyone within the hall focused on the Village Chief, listening closely to his words.

"What I'm trying to say is that the Vylkr energy, born from the will of the Omnithriallian, will persist as long as the gods exist. We now understand the growth pattern of the Vylkr energy, from its initial form after consuming most of Paradise's inhabitants to taking on the form of vines as the optimal means of growth."

"Also, it can assume any form under favourable conditions, as evidenced by the strange creature Aegis of the Arctic Deity encountered before the Vylkrspawns emerged. This suggests that given the right circumstances, Vylkr vines could evolve into formidable entities," the Village Chief explained, observing the astonished expressions of the other key figures.

"Considering Naka's extensive experience with the Vylkr energy, it's plausible that he has unlocked the conditions for the Vylkr vines to become even more powerful, perhaps capable of challenging or even defeating gods. It's akin to nurturing plants on a farm – with proper conditions and care, they thrive and bear abundant fruit. Given Naka's intellect and abilities, such a development isn't far-fetched."

Orion nodded in understanding. "The truth is, I've been pondering the same thing for the past two days. However, since we still lack any idea of how the Vylkrspawns harnessed their god-like abilities, it will be difficult to explain their existence and growth," he responded.

"Also, the notion that the gods' existence is directly linked to the relentless emergence of the Vylkr vines could be a plausible explanation for their existence outside Aegis of the Arctic Deity's body. If they were capable of destroying his body due to his unfulfilled vow, it's not far-fetched to think they could wreak havoc on the world as long as the gods remain within it."

"If that's the case, what do we do? The god we previously served and worshipped is a madman—a former human fueled by his anger towards the gods. He'll stop at nothing to achieve his goal of creating the perfect race, much like how we were created."

"The will of the Omnithrialian, which is the same as the Vylkr vines, will keep relentlessly progressing as long as gods still exist. The world has changed, with others finding ways to manipulate Vylkr energy for survival. Is there anything we can do to make a difference?" Stronghold Leader Zogar said, his expression grave.

While he was glad for the chance to reconnect with the outside world and seek his elder brother, former Stronghold Drakar, who had fled, they needed to remain cautious. With Aegis of the Arctic Deity no longer in the picture and their vulnerability outside the primordial barrier, they needed to tread carefully to avoid catastrophic consequences for their territory.

"Yes, there is, but firstly, I'd suggest we turn this situation to our advantage. The absence of other gods indicates their fear of coming here, which we can use to our benefit. Even if they do show up, the Primordial barrier is a strong deterrent since we are still technically protected by a god. Plus, from what I've gathered from Isadora, daughter of Patriarch Rylan and Princess of the Four-eared Elves, encounters with gods or divine beings are rare," Orion responded.

"Belief in them stems mainly from ancient stories, often associated with sanctuaries or higher-grade runaway cities. Most people have never seen a god firsthand; their closest experience is with divine apostles, rumoured to possess authority rivalling or exceeding a runaway city leader. Yet, even the existence of these divine apostles is shrouded in mystery, turning them into almost legendary figures. However, with divine apostles among us, we know firsthand that these are not just stories."

"So you are saying that rather than waiting here wondering whether they would approach, we should use the opportunity and instead approach them?" Stronghold leader Zogar responded.

"Yes. We'll have to tread carefully and maintain a subtle approach, avoiding excessive attention. If we succeed, it increases our chances of uncovering answers and bolstering our forces to gather more information from across the world. Even forming alliances with these divine apostles, or a divine being, would not be too far-fetched," Orion responded, his expression serious.

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"And if we fail?" Stronghold Leader Zogar inquired, his gaze fixed on Orion as he leaned back in his seat.

"If we fail, we'll still have our 'paradise' once the tree nymphs finish their task, alongside the expansion of the Orion Cities. Remember, this is our world, so regardless of the outcome, we shouldn't fixate too much on the prospect of failure," Orion replied confidently.

"I agree. Our best defence is to attack, so why wait for them to attack us when we can do so first?" Stronghold Leader Seth responded, agreeing with Orion's words. If what Orion had said was true,

then there should be various individuals close by rushing towards their direction right now. So why avoid and hope for the best when they could attack and gradually dominate those around them or those who wished to fight them? The only thing he hated about Orion's explanation was the revelation and truth about Naka.

They had always thought him to be their saviour; however, now he didn't really know how to feel, knowing that the god he had served all his life wasn't really who they had imagined him to be. Everything was now a lie; they needed to spread out into the world to uncover more truths about his current situation.

Stronghold Leader Zogar exhaled, nodding in understanding.

Everyone also nodded in understanding, agreeing with Orion's and Stronghold Leader's words.

"So this leaves us with the Vylkr artefact? Since we don't know how long it will take before it fully forms, I think it's safe to say that the Vylkr veil phenomenon isn't going to die down anytime soon until the Vylkr artefact has fully formed," Caretaker Naida said, her tone serious.

"Yes, our prediction for the Vylkr veil phenomenon is now useless. So unless we know when the Vylkr artefact will fully form, all we can do is wait until it has fully formed," Caretaker Nala responded, nodding solemnly.

Everyone's expression suddenly became grave as they remembered that they truly didn't have any way of knowing when the Vylkr veil phenomenon would dissipate due to the emergence of the formation of the Vylkr artefact.

Orion shook his head in response, "That's not necessarily true because I know when the Vylkr veil phenomenon will be over, and the artefact will finish its formation," he responded, remembering what Aerialia had told him during their discussion. For now, only he and his family knew about Aerialia. He hasn't yet mentioned Aerialia to the key figures and the others for safety reasons, especially now that they were preparing to reconnect with the outside world.

Despite not doubting their loyalty to this territory, Orion didn't want to take any risks. Among themselves, there was no way for him to know those who would be willing to betray the Orion Cities. However, when they come in contact with other races outside of their territory or even gods, he could tell the sincere loyalty among them. For now, Aerialia was his last trump card in case things went sour, a situation he never wanted to experience. Thus, he needed everything to be done smoothly.

Everyone heard Orion's words and shifted their attention towards him.

"When is it then?" The Village Chief asked, eagerly awaiting Orion's response.

They all listened attentively, hanging on Orion's words.

"Before Aegis of the Arctic Deity left, he told me that the formation of an artefact normally takes a week to a month. However, for one as intense as the formation of the Vylkr artefact, it should be over within or after a month," Orion responded.

"So that means all we have to do now is wait and prepare to go collect the artefact," The Village Chief said, exhaling tiredly as he reclined comfortably in his seat. Obviously, they couldn't monitor the progress of the formation of the Vylkr artefact due to the Vylkr veil phenomenon, and sending Orion's sky into the sky in these conditions would be nothing short of foolishness. So the only thing they could currently do was prepare to search for it after the Vylkr veil phenomenon had died down.

"Yes, that's all we have to do. Also, as mentioned before, this entire event may have attracted others to our location, so we should be ready to face them or tactically retreat depending on who we are dealing with," Orion responded.

The Village Chief, Village Chieftess, and others in the room nodded understanding.

"Now that everything is settled, are there any other questions?" Orion asked, sweeping his eyes across the entire room.

They all shook their heads in response.

Seeing no further queries, Orion nodded decisively. "Since there are no other questions, I want you all to remember that Aegis of the Arctic Deity's death will be kept a secret until further notice. If this information is leaked to anyone, it is unimaginable to foresee the chaos that would erupt when people find out that the god protecting them has met his end. Regardless of their position, anyone found divulging such a secret to the public will be immediately expelled from the Orion's Cities," he said before turning his attention back towards the Village Chief.

"Now that we're done, our village will have its annual festival, which will also serve as Orion's coronation as the new Village Chief. So, please, everyone should ensure they prepare for Aegis of the Arctic Deity's remembrance ceremony, which will occur before it," the Village Chief announced.

"Of course, I am aware that we all have our cultural differences, which is why Queen Selene and other representatives of the races within the Orion's Cities will be given the option to choose whether to be present. They can personally meet with the newly appointed Village Chief with their respective gifts after the festival," he added, briefly focusing on Queen Selene to ensure her understanding before shifting his attention towards the rest of the key figures, who all nodded happily at the prospect of the festival despite everything that had transpired.

"And for the final announcement before the meeting is officially over, all in favour of bringing High King Eldric to become one of the key figures, raise your hands," the Village Chief concluded.

Chapter 873 The Four-Eared Elves Punishment

All eleven present—Orion, the Village Chief, the Village Chieftess, Stronghold Leaders Zogar and Seth, and Caretakers Shani, Ivor, Zola, Nala, and Niada—raised their hands in response.

After Aegis of the Arctic Deity's sacrifice, it would be selfish of them not to allow High King Eldric into their midst when deciding on matters that determine the territory's fate. Furthermore, based on his performance in handling the Pixie race, it was evident that he was a capable leader, and they were all looking forward to his presence during the next meeting.

The Village Chief nodded and lowered his hand, signalling everybody to do the same. "Is anyone against High King Eldric becoming one of the key figures?" he asked again.

This time around, nobody raised their hands.

Witnessing this scene, the Village Chief nodded decisively. "Since Orion is the only one with the closest relationship to the Pixie race, he will personally go to the Pixie Kingdom to inform High King Eldric about the important news before an official announcement is made across the Orion's Cities. This meeting is officially over," he announced, his voice echoing in the room.

As the meeting ended, they all rose from their seats and exited the room?one by one. Some stayed behind to discuss vital matters before eventually departing.

Orion walked alongside Queen Selene, guiding her out the meeting hall and through the corridors until they reached the stairs leading outside.

"Before I head to the Garden, I need to attend to something first, so I won't be able to escort you to the Palace manor," Orion explained, his tone apologetic yet firm.

Queen Selene shook her head. "You don't need to worry. I'm aware of how busy you are, so you can come to visit the Palace Manor whenever you are free," she responded, her eyes briefly lingering on Isadora, who had arrived by Orion's side. She knew that the princess was now working as his personal assistant, so her arrival wasn't as surprising as the first time she had received the information.

"Alright," Orion responded, nodding in understanding. "Take care, I'll see you later," he added.

Queen Selene nodded and immediately took off, soaring into the sky.

Witnessing this scene, Orion's expression tightened, recalling that Aerialia had refused to teach him a technique to soar into the sky, utilizing his Celestial energy.

Orion had asked Queen Selene how she had learned to fly, and she mentioned it felt like an instinctual discovery during early morning training. However, not just he but also Crystalia and the other Primserion Divine apostles were currently training to unlock such an ability, with little success so far.

'Humph! I'll have to find a way to make her speak, whether she wants to or not,' Orion thought, then turned to Isadora. "Let's go," he added, immediately leaping into the air.

Isadora nodded and followed suit, leaping behind him as they rushed toward Patriarch Rylan's manor.

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Patriarch Rylan Manor

As Orion and Isadora touched down beside Patriarch Rylan's Manor, they were met with the welcoming sight of Patriarch Rylan, Lyndon, and the Four-eared elves' god-chosen standing at the entrance, eagerly awaiting their arrival.

Patriarch Rylan nodded at Isadora before turning his attention to Orion, a warm smile gracing his features. "Mr. Orion, you're finally here. I was worried you wouldn't make it," he remarked.

Orion shook his head in response. "I promised to be here today, so I'll make sure to arrive on time," he assured.

"Of course. Please, come inside," Patriarch Rylan invited, leading the way with the confidence that someone as esteemed and trustworthy as Orion would honour their commitments.

Soon, they all gathered around a wide rectangular table adorned with kalna fruits and other delights from the Garden, carefully arranged in wooden bowls placed strategically near Orion.

"How are your progress and training at the Strongholds? Stronghold Leader Zogar and Seth have mentioned that you are all quick learners, and it seems it's only a matter of time before you excel," Orion asked, taking a bite of the kalna fruit as he glanced at Leif and the other gods' chosen individuals.

Leif cleared his throat before responding, "Stronghold Leader Zogar and Seth have been instrumental in our progress. Thanks to their guidance, we've been learning the rules of the Strongholds and gaining insight into what it means to be a warrior," he explained, nodding affirmatively.

"That's excellent news. I'll pass on your compliments to Stronghold Leader Zogar and Seth when I see them," Orion replied with a nod before adding swiftly, "Regarding your punishment, I've reached a decision."

Hearing Orion's words, an eerie silence suddenly enveloped their surroundings.

"What have you decided, Mr. Orion?" Patriarch Rylan asked, his voice involuntarily trembling as he gulped deeply.

Leif, Isadora, and the others attentively kept their attention, patiently waiting for Orion's response.

"As you've heard, Orion's Cities will be undergoing total reconstruction and expansion due to our current dilemma. The tree nymphs are spreading across the territory to regrow vegetation and provide materials for the reconstruction. As punishment, the Four-earedelvesrace will handle the reconstruction under the supervision of designated individuals to ensure everything goes as planned."

"In return, you'll have a chance to start anew in this territory. It would be beneficial if you stop causing problems after this, especially since Isadora pleaded for your forgiveness and made all this possible," Orion said, his expression solemn. "If you persist, the consequences will be severe."

From Patriarch Rylan to Leif, Leona, Lyndon, and the others, they all nodded in understanding.

Lief and the rest of the gods' chosens stood up from their seats and instantly bowed towards Orion, "Thank you, Mr Orion! This time around, we promise not to do anything that would cause harm to the Orion's Cities, but instead work hard on redeeming ourselves and ensuring that the Four-eared elves prove themselves to be a capable race that the Orion Cities will never forget welcoming into their arms!" Leif said, his voice filled with emotion and expression serious.

Chapter 874 Relevant Information

Orion nodded thoughtfully before turning to Patriarch Rylan. "There's something I've been meaning to discuss with you but haven't found the time," he mentioned.

"What is it?" Patriarch Rylan's interest was piqued.

Orion elaborated on the Village's efforts to collect wires and metal scraps, particularly those of the warriors, who, during their exploration, scouted new lands and brought back broken parts for the Four-eared elves to exchange for services when their caravan arrived.

Hearing Orion's question, Patriarch Rylan nodded in understanding. "I see why you're asking. Accepting only Kalna fruits as payment might have seemed suspicious, so we added metal scraps to make the trade appear more balanced. These scraps weren't useless, though. Scavenging for metals is a thriving business. Once refurbished, they can be used to repair parts of the Runaway City or traded lucratively with other Runaway Cities in need," he explained.

Orion nodded in understanding. He had wondered about the metal scraps' purpose and found Patriarch Rylan's explanation logical and convincing.

"Do you happen to be familiar with Stronghold Leader Drakar?" Orion asked, transitioning to his next topic.

Patriarch Rylan nodded knowingly. He anticipated Orion to someday ask this question, having previously discussed this matter with Village Chief Brane. They had delved into it the night they arrived to handle the situation involving the gods' chosen who had betrayed the Four-eared Elves race.

"The Village Chief has already informed me of everything. I regret disclosing more about the outside world in exchange for Kalna fruits. Had I known that he would betray the Village and jeopardize your life and the lives of others for such a trade, I would not have taken that action at the time," Patriarch Rylan responded.

He explained the details of the conversation and how Stronghold Leader Drakar had coerced them into making a trade despite their prior agreement with the Village Chief. Therefore, he had only shared limited information regarding the outside world, including the deal involving the rare magical beast sold to Stronghold Leader Drakar.

"Nonetheless, I believe his decision to leave the Village is foolish. Having lived outside that world for a long time, I can assure you that it's filled with suffering, pain, hunger, and the persistent struggle to survive. If I were given a choice between staying out there, even with a Grade 2 or the Grade 3 Runaway city, I'd choose here every single time," he added, sighing wearily.

Upon hearing that the Village Chief had already discussed such matters with Patriarch Rylan, Orion wasn't surprised. However, as Patriarch Rylan explained the trade with Stronghold Leader Drakar, he nodded in understanding, finding his response satisfactory.

"So, you also trade magical beasts?" Orion asked, raising a curious eyebrow.

"Yes, of course. As I mentioned earlier, survival drives us to do everything possible, including breeding and trading various rare magical beasts with other Runaway Cities. However, our primary focus lies in the 'Elixir of the Four Ears,' a unique brew exclusively sold by the Four-eared lone Rabbit Runaway City, along with 'The Fruit of Complete Fulfillment'," Patriarch Rylan explained, casting a glance at the Kalna fruits on the table.

"Each Runaway City specializes in something unique, offering it to the outside world. This strategy helps control scarcity and product costs and provides a vital lifeline for survival. Everything else serves to bolster our chances of survival."

Orion nodded, absorbing Patriarch Rylan's words. "What about the sanctuaries? Do you have any information about them?" he asked. Having gained some knowledge from Captain Seig and Evadne, he was keen to hear if Patriarch Rylan had additional knowledge about them.

Hearing Orion's question, Patriarch Rylan glanced at the curious expressions of his daughter and the others around him. It was obvious that they were all eager to delve deeper into the topic of the sanctuaries.

"My knowledge about the sanctuaries is limited, but I do know they are the home of gods, divine apostles, and demigods—the safest haven in the world. Those living within a sanctuary do not need to worry about food, water, or survival; they experience the best life, passing down this privilege from one generation to the next. Legends depict it as an entire world shielded from the dangers of the Vylkr vines. However, it's something I doubt I'll ever witness in my lifetime," Patriarch Rylan responded, exhaling deeply, his expression tinged with sadness.

After absorbing Patriarch Rylan's explanation and realizing he had limited knowledge about sanctuaries like Evadne, Orion asked his next question: "Do you know how many grades of Runaway Cities there are?"

With their imminent reconnection to the outside world, gathering information about the current state of affairs was crucial, and this was one piece of the puzzle.

"I know there are Grade 1, Grade 2, and Grade 3 Runaway Cities. However, I've only seen a Grade 3 Runaway City once in my life, during my travels with my father. It was significantly larger than two Grade 2 Runaway Cities and more breathtaking than any city I've ever encountered. As for the existence of a Grade 4 Runaway City, I'm not certain. If it does exist, I wouldn't be surprised if it were a sanctuary in itself," Patriarch Rylan replied.

Orion's curiosity quenched, and he focused on concluding their discussion. "Is that everything you know about them?" he asked.

Patriarch Rylan nodded regretfully. "I wish I could provide more information, but that's all I am aware of," he admitted.

Understanding the limit of his knowledge, Orion responded gratefully, "That's all I wanted to know, Patriarch Rylan. Thank you for answering truthfully," he said, finishing his Kalna fruit before rising from his seat.

"Also, remember that this territory will soon surpass any sanctuary. It will be a 'Paradise.' So, I hope the Four-eared elves remain loyal until then. Otherwise, we won't hesitate to sever our ties," he added, signalling to Isadora that their meeting was concluded.

"I'll take your words to heart, Mr. Orion," Patriarch Rylan replied, rising from his seat and watching as Orion left the building with Isadora.

Patriarch Rylan turned to his son and the gods'chosens, who wore curious expressions as they absorbed everything they had just heard.

"I need you to ensure that our discussion remains a secret. No one else should know what was said here. Do you understand?" Patriarch Rylan said firmly, eyeing two small figures peeking from the corner of the room.

Chapter 875 Isadora's Predicament

Hearing Patriarch Rylan's instructions, Lyndon, Lief, and the others nodded in solemn agreement. After what they had learned, they understood the gravity of the situation and the need for secrecy.

"Alright. Since you've all heard what Mr. Orion said regarding the punishment, you can head out to inform the rest of the Four-eared Elves race. Tell them this is their only chance to integrate into the Orion's Cities or be expelled if they fail to fulfil their task flawlessly. You may go," Patriarch Rylan commanded, observing their solemn nods as they left the room individually, including Lyndon.

Once they were all gone, Patriarch Rylan decided to go upstairs and check on the two children, who were likely pretending to be sound asleep.

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Third Border City

Garden

As they landed before the grand entrance of the Garden, Orion glanced at Isadora. "I know this is your first time officially meeting my wife, Aurora, and the Pixie royal family, but don't worry. Just follow my lead, and everything will be fine," he reassured her, observing her anxious expression.

Isadora nodded in understanding. "I'll keep that in mind, Mr. Orion," she replied, trying to calm her nerves and the twitching of her ears, which seemed to intensify as they neared the Garden. Working closely with Orion for two days gave her a glimpse of the Garden's distinct atmosphere compared to the Orion Cities, making her anxious about behaving appropriately to avoid trouble.

"What's going on with your ears?" Orion asked curiously, noticing Isadora's ear twitches. He hadn't noticed it before, as their previous movements were subtle enough that he assumed she was controlling them herself. However, seeing them twitch so noticeably now, he couldn't help but ask about her well-being.

Perhaps he had been pushing her to work too much.

Isadora, however, swiftly shook her head. "You don't need to worry, Mr Orion. This is simply something that happens once in a while. It's nothing serious," she quickly reassured him.

"Okay, let's go then," Orion responded. He approached the guards standing at the entrance of the Garden, nodding at them as he passed through the passageway leading to the Garden.

Isadora followed behind him, her eyes brightening in surprise and amazement when she entered the Garden. The sun's brilliance shone down upon the jewels, flowers, and trees, lighting them with a beautiful, mesmerizing hue. She looked around, trying to imprint everything into her mind.

"It's beautiful," Isadora muttered, her gaze lingering on the breathtaking scenery.

Suddenly, her attention was drawn forward to a familiar figure. The woman was dressed in a green, carpet-like gown adorned with intricate leaf designs of various sizes and colours. Her hair, a blend of golden and green, was crowned with a tiara made of vine flowers, with white pupils observing them as she approached their direction.

"Although you might have already seen her before, I'll make an official introduction," Orion said, noticing Isadora's dazed expression. "Aurora, this is Isadora, my personal assistant. Isadora, meet Aurora, the proprietor of the Garden and my wife."

Isadora's brows inwardly twitched upon hearing how Orion had introduced her, knowing she had many titles that could have suited the occasion. However, considering her decision to work under him and her current dilemma, she chose not to dwell on it. She bowed slightly and said, "It's a pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Aurora. I hope we get the chance to get along in the future."

Aurora smiled warmly, her curious eyes on Isadora's fiercely twitching ears. "It's a pleasure to meet you too, Princess Isadora," she responded, then added with concern, "Is there anything wrong, Miss Isadora?"

Isadora quickly replied, "No, it's nothing. My ears are like this once in a while. They would stop twitching so violently after a while." She then shifted her attention towards Orion, who was also looking at her suspiciously and nodded in affirmation at him.

"Okay, if you say so," Aurora responded, furrowing her brows in confusion, sensing something was amiss with Isadora. However, if Isadora did not mention it, she felt she had no right to pry.

"Come on, let me escort you to the Pixie Kingdom," she added, turning around and grasping Orion's right hand with her left before leading the way.

Observing this scene, Isadora couldn't help but ponder how Orion managed to care for so many wives. Although she had only met a few of them, like Healer Greta, Reena, Dariya Malaia, Anara, and even his first child, Grace, it was clear they were all deeply in love with him. Isadora struggled to understand this, especially considering that many of these women were tree nymphs and could not bear children. How Orion had achieved such a feat was beyond her understanding.

Isadora suppressed the instinctual twitching in her ears as she followed Aurora and Orion through the Garden. She marvelled at the sight of various Pixies flying around, tending to the Garden, guarding it, or attending to various other tasks.

After twenty minutes, they finally reached their destination.

They stood before the entrance gate of the Pixie Kingdom, a structure made of thick bushes and tall trees that concealed their surroundings. Various guards and officials hovered in the air, awaiting their arrival.

At the forefront stood two regal figures: High King Eldric and High Queen Rowena. They instantly approached them.

"High King Eldric, High Queen Rowena, it's good to see you both doing well. I hope the situation in the Pixie Kingdom has returned to normal," Orion greeted with a smile.

They nodded in response.

Orion gestured beside him, "This is Isadora, my personal assistant. Isadora, meet High King Eldric and High Queen Rowena, the leaders of the Pixie race."

"It's a pleasure to meet you," Isadora greeted, bowing respectfully in their direction.

High King Eldric and High Queen Rowena looked at Isadora curiously as they nodded in response.

High King Eldric instantly soared into the sky above Orion and Isadora, sprinkling his pixie dust over them.

Isadora, who was watching with curiosity, was surprised when she felt a wave of lightheadedness hit her and noticed her body was gradually shrinking.

Chapter 876 The New Key Leader's Appointment

As Isadora yelled hysterically while descending toward the ground, Aurora instantly stretched out her hand and caught her on her palms before she could hit the ground.

Isadora calmed her racing heart and lay on the surface of Aurora's palm, looking at her shrunken form in disbelief before shifting her gaze to the world around her, which seemed to have been greatly magnified.

Suddenly, a loud voice thundered from above.

"Are you okay?" Aurora asked, her voice filled with concern as she looked at Isadora's dazed expression.

Isadora shifted her attention toward Aurora's immense figure and nodded slowly in response, "I'm fine. I was just a little overwhelmed," she replied, pushing herself up to stand.

"Sorry, it's my fault. I should have warned you earlier," Orion's voice sounded beside her. He stretched his hand for her to grab onto and pulled her upwards. "This is an innate ability of the Pixie race called 'Dust Morphosis.' It grants them the ability to temporarily alter the form of any living or non-living thing for a certain time limit," he added, explaining what had just happened to them after noticing Isadora's bewildered expression.

"An innate ability?" Isadora muttered to herself, nodding in understanding. Although she hadn't expected the Pixie race to have such a frightening innate ability, it only made her curious and interested in studying how it works. After all, every race has an innate ability, including the Four-eared Elves race.

"I'll wait for you all until you're done," Aurora said, smiling as she handed them over to the Pixie guards, who had arrived to hoist them into the air.

Orion and Isadora nodded in understanding as they watched Aurora turn around and depart after bidding farewell to High King Eldric, his wife and the other high-ranking officials.

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Thirty minutes later

Orion sat with High King Eldric and High Queen Rowena in a small, private room, discussing recent events.

"It's good. I'm happy that there were no objections to my appointment," High King Eldric said, nodding appreciatively.

Any misconceptions he had about the key figures of the Orion Cities were swiftly washed away after hearing Orion's news, as his appointment as one of them proved that they didn't care about power or their positions; they only wanted the best for the Orion Cities.

High Queen Rowena placed her hand on her husband's arm, acknowledging that this was a milestone for the Pixie race. Thoughts of the late Aegis of the Arctic Deity crossed her mind briefly. 'If only Aegis of the Arctic Deity were still here,' she couldn't help but think before pushing those thoughts aside. She reminded herself they could achieve such a milestone because of Aegis of the Arctic Deity.

"Is there any additional news?" High King Eldric asked, curiosity evident in his voice.

Orion shook his head. "No, that's all," he responded.

"Okay, why don't I show you the way out then, Mr. Orion?" High King Eldric stood up with High Queen Rowena beside him.

Orion nodded, rising to his feet and following behind them as they exited the private room. As they walked down the hallway toward the private area where Isadora was waiting, they instantly noticed her standing outside the door.

Isadora immediately caught their attention and walked toward them. She bowed slightly to High King Eldric and High Queen Rowena before turning her attention to Orion.

"You've been waiting outside?" Orion raised a brow in curiosity.

"I felt uncomfortable waiting for you inside and decided to wait out here so we can leave as soon as you arrive," Isadora responded, her expression serious.

"You really have an amazing personal assistant, Mr. Orion," High Queen Rowena remarked with a smile.

She sensed a connection with Isadora but couldn't pinpoint the reason. Nevertheless, she trusted her instincts and aimed to maintain a good relationship with her, especially since Isadora was Orion's personal assistant.

Orion smiled at High Queen Rowena's words before turning to Isadora. "Well, our meeting is done, so we can leave now," he said, taking off into the air with the help of the Pixie wings on his back.

Isadora nodded and followed suit, rising slowly into the air with her own Pixie wings.

"We'll take our leave now, your Highnesses. Hope to see you at our next meeting," Orion said as they both bowed slightly in response.

Then, he turned around and swiftly soared forward into the air.

Isadora also hurriedly followed behind him, gritting her teeth as she tried to match Orion's speed.

They soon emerged from the entrance hallway and exited the Canopy Castle.

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Before they exited the Garden, Orion decided to give Isadora a tour of the Pixie kingdom.

"It's incredible!" Isadora exclaimed, her eyes widening as she soared through the streets of the vast Pixie Kingdom below.

Having spent most of her time within the metal barriers of the 'Four-eared Lone Rabbit' Runaway City, with only a few scent refreshers and flowers to break the monotony, the Pixie Kingdom felt like a breath of fresh air. Houses and buildings nestled in trees or blooming atop them created a picturesque landscape. Her four ears seemed to have cooled down, no longer twitching as fiercely as before.

In fact, she could hear faint, soft whispers entering her ears, welcoming her or sharing seemingly trivial information. It didn't take her long to realize that these were the voices of the trees and greens around her, communicating through her race's innate ability.

Isadora let out a deep exhale, attempting to gradually calm the sudden euphoria coursing through her body. If allowed to relocate the entire Four-eared elves race to a place like this, she wouldn't hesitate to accept it.

"Isadora..." a familiar voice suddenly cut through her thoughts, returning her to the present.

She turned sharply toward Orion, who looked concerned as he looked at her.

"Are you okay? You've been behaving strangely since earlier today," Orion asked, raising a brow as he scrutinized her suspiciously.

Despite Isadora's countless confirmations that she was fine, it was difficult for him not to doubt her condition, especially with her fiercely twitching ears and now dazed appearance mid-flight.

Chapter 877 Isadora And Maeve's Confrontation

If anything happened to the Princess of the Four-eared elves race under his watch, it would have the opposite effect of what he hoped to achieve. Therefore, he wanted to ensure that everything was perfectly alright with her. If she needed to return home to recover, he had no problem with that.

"No, nothing is wrong with me," Isadora responded, swiftly shaking her head. However, as she caught Orion's solemn, questioning expression, she hesitated, avoiding his gaze.

"What is it that you are hiding from me?" Orion asked, his expression becoming even more serious. He halted and observed as Isadora also halted and hovered, awaiting her response.

Isadora suddenly slumped her shoulders, her gaze still avoiding Orion's eyes, as she began to explain, "The reason I've been behaving strangely is because of my race's innate ability, which is related to these ears." She then detailed everything her father had told her about their innate abilities, sharing her discovery and the reasons behind her recent behaviour until she concluded her explanation.

Orion nodded in understanding, inwardly relieved that it wasn't anything serious. "Is that all?" he asked, his eyes fixed on Isadora to ensure she wasn't hiding anything.

Isadora nodded, "Yes, that's everything," she responded, fidgeting in her position.

"Okay, let's get going. We'll cut your task short today so you can return home to rest comfortably and resume your task tomorrow," Orion responded.

"I understand," Isadora replied, nodding disappointedly.

Just as they were about to resume their flight forward and dash out of the Pixie Kingdom—

"MR. ORION, PLEASE WAIT...!" A loud voice tore through the air, resonating in their ears and causing them to halt their flight, looking toward the direction of the voice.

They immediately saw a mature woman who appeared to be in her late twenties. She wore a vibrant green and yellow thigh-high dress adorned with detailed designs accentuating a beautiful pair of black tights visible from underneath as she flew towards their position. She had a sword with a red jewel on its hilt, securely sheathed at her waist, and a shield strapped to her back.

The woman soon arrived before them, breathing heavily, showcasing she had exerted herself to catch up with Orion.

"Haaa... Mr. Orion, I wasn't expecting to see you here today!!" Meave exclaimed, trying to catch her breath.

Orion nodded, "I just came to meet with High King Eldric and discuss some private matters with him," he responded before quickly introducing Isadora, "This is Isadora, my personal assistant." He then introduced Meave to Isadora, "Isadora, this is Maeve, the Vice Guild Master of the Gardeners' Guild."

Maeve instantly shifted her attention toward Isadora, carefully examining her. She was surprised to hear that Orion had a personal assistant whom he had brought along to the Pixie Kingdom.

Isadora, in turn, did the same, taking in Maeve's entire being from head to toe. Even without being told, she knew Maeve was an important figure, especially after witnessing how she approached Orion.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Vice Guildmaster Maeve," Isadora said, bowing slightly in respect.

"Likewise, Miss Isadora," Maeve responded, returning the gesture. "Mr. Orion, why don't you visit the Gardeners' Guild before you leave? I have a matter I would like to discuss with you regarding our last conversation," she added promptly, fearing that Orion might suddenly change the topic and leave.

"Oh!" Orion's eyes widened in response, instantly recalling their last conversation and understanding what she was trying to say. "I'm sorry, I forgot. There's been a lot of things for me to handle lately, especially with everything going on, so it's a little hard for me to keep track," he exhaled tiredly.

"You don't need to explain, Mr. Orion, I perfectly understand," Maeve responded, shaking her head firmly. "Nonetheless, if that's the case, why don't you use this opportunity to rest before you leave? That's if you are still interested in helping them out," she quickly added.

Isadora's ears twitched, sensing that something was going on between Vice Guildmaster Maeve and Orion that she wasn't aware of. They were speaking with each other almost cryptically, as though they didn't want her to understand what they were saying.

She furrowed her brows, narrowing her eyes at the two of them.

Hearing Maeve's words, Orion nodded thoughtfully before shifting his attention towards Isadora, "You can continue without me and return home to rest. I have something I need to attend to before I leave," Orion said, his tone serious.

Isadora shook her head fiercely, "No, I am not leaving without you, Mr. Orion. If you have something you need to take care of before returning home, then I might as well follow you as your personal assistant and help complete it as best as you can," she responded, her expression solemn as she stared at Orion.

"COUGH!!" Maeve suddenly started to cough continuously when she heard Isadora's words, attracting Isadora's attention.

Isadora stared at Maeve suspiciously.

"Miss Isadora, this is not something you can or should handle. I assure you that Mr. Orion is perfectly capable of taking care of this, so there is no reason for you to stress yourself and worry," Maeve responded, arranging her words sensibly to prevent her from following them.

"Vice Guildmaster Maeve, I am Mr. Orion's personal assistant, not yours, so regardless of your position, I don't think you have any right to inform me on how to do my job. Only Mr. Orion has that right. If Mr. Orion says I should go, then I'll go. If he says I should accompany him, I'll accompany him. However, if I see the need to ensure that he completes his task properly without acquiring any

stress, I'll ensure that I do so as his 'personal assistant,'"Isadora responded, slightly bowing towards Maeve to showcase that she hadn't spoken out of spite or anger and was mainly explaining the fact.

Maeve narrowed her eyes at Isadora. Initially, she had thought that the woman beside Orion was someone she could form a familiar relationship with in the future. However, after listening to her response, she instantly began to think it was improbable.

Chapter 878 Isadora's Suspicions

Orion cleared his throat tightly, "As my personal assistant, I appreciate the thoughtfulness in ensuring that I don't stress myself by being overconfident. Nonetheless, I can assure you that you don't need to worry about this. Just return home and rest so you can prepare for the subsequent days ahead, considering how stressful they would be," he responded.

Hearing Orion's words, Isadora bit her lip as she nodded in understanding. Even though she wanted to voice her disagreement, Orion was her boss, so she couldn't speak to him as freely as she wished, especially after the way she had just talked to Vice-Guildmaster Maeve.

"I understand, Mr Orion; I'll be taking my leave immediately," Isadora replied, bowing slightly towards Orion before shifting her attention towards Maeve, who now had a slight smile at the corner of her lips as she stared back at her.

Isadora suppressed whatever thought she wanted to voice out, remembering her current position, which was nowhere as high as the two people before her.

"Alright, I'm sorry for cutting our tour so shortly and will promise to find other ways to make up for it later. In the meantime, let me escort you out of the Pixie Kingdom so you don't get lost," Orion responded.

"Don't worry, Mr Orion, I've memorized the entire route. You can go on without me," Isadora responded, shaking her head.

"Are you sure?" Orion asked

Isadora nodded affirmatively.

"Alright, then I'll see you later," Orion said, nodding at Isadora before he turned around and flew away with Maeve leading the way beside him.

Isadora narrowed her eyes at the both of them until they disappeared from her vision.

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As Maeve continued to lead the way forward, Orion could tell that they weren't heading towards the direction of the Gardeners' Guild.

"Aren't we heading towards the Gardeners' Guild?" Orion asked with a raised brow, his eyes fixed on Maeve.

"Mr Orion, it wouldn't be best for us to do such a thing at the Gardeners Guild. It would be bad if we were caught," Maeve responded, smiling wryly.

She even began to feel guilty because it seemed like she was implicating Orion in a crime. Nonetheless, this issue needed to be solved.

Orion nodded in understanding, quietly following behind Maeve.

After a few more minutes of flying through the air, they soon arrived at a tall, thick flower that had been converted into a tall building.

"This is a middle-class inn where no one would easily discover us or uncover what we are doing. If it weren't for what we are about to do, I would have taken you to one of the best inns in the Pixie Kingdom. I'm sorry for taking you to a place like this, Mr. Orion," Maeve said, halting mid-flight and bowing towards Orion regretfully.

"You don't have to worry. Since I agreed to this, I'll naturally follow along with your plans and ensure that we don't do anything that will get us in trouble," Orion responded, shaking his head.

Hearing Orion's response, Maeve smiled. She had already guessed what Orion's response would be, and hearing that it wasn't much different from what she had predicted, she couldn't help but admit that Orion was an amazing young man.

"Let's go then," Maeve responded, leading the way forward.

They flew towards the main door of the building, opened it, walked in, and closed it behind them. They approached the receptionist's desk.

When they walked into the bar, the receptionist had already fixed her eyes on them. From the woman's attire and expensive weapon - the sword strapped to her waist - and the shield strapped on her back, it was easy to tell that she was a warrior or a Gardener and an extremely powerful one.

Meanwhile, the man's attire was also very expensive. Even if others might not be able to tell, from her years serving as an inn attendant under her father, she could immediately identify that the Pixie wings behind his back were artificial Pixie wings, and they were not cheap either, but ones that cost about six to ten medium crystal pieces.

The receptionist's mind reeled with different thoughts as she tried to figure out their identity, understanding that they weren't ordinary individuals.

Orion and Maeve soon arrived at the receptionist's desk.

"We want to book your largest and most pleasing room. How much is it?" Maeve asked, her strict expression displaying little emotion as she stared at the receptionist, awaiting her response.

"Our largest and most pleasing room costs one medium crystal piece per day, miss. It comes with three square meals, a bathroom, and its own temperature water regulator," the receptionist responded professionally.

Maeve nodded, "That's a fair price. Here, you can keep the change," she replied, bringing out two medium crystal pieces from the small sack hanging from the side of her waist and placing them on the table.

The receptionist gulped upon seeing the two medium crystal pieces. Looking briefly at the two figures before her, she was immediately convinced that her assumptions were correct.

Meanwhile, she quickly took the two medium crystal pieces in her hands and stored them away in a box underneath the receptionist's desk.

"That's very kind of you, miss," the receptionist said appreciatively. "Please follow me; I'll take you to our room," she responded, standing up from her receptionist desk.

"Mr. Orion, you can go on without me. I'll go and get the rest of the others," Maeve whispered almost silently.

Orion nodded quietly before following the receptionist upstairs.

Maeve quietly left through the door and soared out of the inn. Meanwhile, the receptionist continued leading the way, pretending she hadn't heard or seen anything.

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Isadora furrowed her brows in confusion as she peeped from a corner at the plant-like building Orion and Maeve had just walked into. Though she wasn't aware of the kind of work they were doing, she couldn't help but have doubts after watching how they suspiciously flew into the building.

'What are they doing in there?' Isadora thought.

She was tempted to get closer to fully understand what was happening and even more so to leave to avoid getting into trouble.

Chapter 879 The Four Familiar Faces

She knew Orion and Maeve wouldn't take it lightly if they were caught hiding something.

However, for some reason, after following Orion for the last two days, the idea that the youngest Key Leader, architect of the Orion's Cities, and the next Village Chief had something to hide,

especially with an influential figure within the Pixie Kingdom, was enough to make her stay a little longer and be tempted by what was happening.

Suddenly, the main door of the building was pulled open again, and to her surprise, Maeve stepped out alone. She scanned the surroundings cautiously as if making sure she wasn't being followed before swiftly taking flight into the air.

Witnessing this scene, Isadora's mind raced with questions.

'What's going on? What happened to Mr. Orion? Why did she come out alone?' Isadora thought, her concern growing.

She felt an immediate urge to rush into the building and check on Orion. However, she quickly remembered what she had been told about Orion's strength and realised he wouldn't go down without a fight.

Isadora took a deep breath to calm her racing thoughts before she took flight, chasing after Maeve. If Maeve had ill intentions towards Orion, she was determined to uncover them and intervene before it was too late.

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Fifteen minutes later

"What is she up to?" Isadora muttered to herself, trailing behind Maeve as she watched the Vice Guildmaster return to the building with four Pixie women following closely beside her.

Isadora had observed how Maeve had subtly called each woman aside, ensuring they weren't being watched before they left whatever they were doing and followed her.

As the five of them disappeared behind the closed door, Isadora's heart raced with anxiety. Her mind spun as she tried to understand everything she had just witnessed.

Meanwhile, a furry white head poked out from her leafy attire. The small, snowy-furred creature peered around cautiously before fixing its gaze on Isadora and clambering onto her shoulder from inside her leafy dress.

Isadora noticed her magical beast's emergence and softly rubbed its small head. "It's okay, I'm not in danger. I've just gotten myself anxious thinking about something very important," she said, sighing wearily.

Her eyes widened as she looked at her beast. "Why don't you help me look at what's happening within the building?" she suggested, pointing toward the distant building Maeve and the others had entered.

The magical beast narrowed its eyes at the building's structure, scanning its surroundings before shaking its head. It descended from Isadora's shoulder and attempted to retreat back into her leafy dress to return to its slumber. However, Isadora quickly caught it and hugged it.

"Come on, don't you want to help me? You know I wouldn't have asked for your help if it wasn't urgent, right?" Isadora pleaded, hoping it would agree.

The small snowy-furred beast remained silent momentarily, then opened its small jaws and stretched its tongue to lick Isadora's cheek.

Witnessing its reaction, Isadora smiled brightly, knowing it had accepted to help her.

"Okay, let's make a plan then. This is who I want you to find..." Isadora said, beginning to explain her idea.

The snowy-furred beast remained silent and listened thoughtfully to every word she spoke.

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Knock!! Knock!!

"Come in," Orion said, reclining on the large bed in the spacious room after taking his bath.

The door swung open, and Maeve entered, still dressed in her familiar mixed blue and yellow thigh-high dress, short black tights peeking out, a sword with a red jewel at her waist, and a shield on her back. The difference this time was the four young women following closely behind her.

The first woman, appearing in her early twenties, was dressed in a beautiful knee-length dress, her long black hair pouring down to her waist. She had a slim build and a moderate bust naturally filling her dress. The second woman wore a sleeveless collar shirt and a long matching skirt that reached down to her ankles, with similarly long black hair flowing in waves down her back. She also appeared to be in her mid-twenties, possessing a curvier build with birth-breeding hips that were quite appealing.

The third woman, appearing to be in her mid-twenties, was dressed in shorts and a long-sleeve collar shirt with the lower buttons undone, revealing a sizeable amount of cleavage. She appealing.

The third woman, appearing to be in her mid-twenties, was had short green bobbed hair, more prominent curves from her waist to her upper body, and thick, muscular thighs that caught Orion's gaze momentarily.

What also caught his attention were the scars scattered across her body, running from her legs, around her sturdy thighs, up to her neck, and some minor ones on her right cheek.

From the looks of it, she wasn't ashamed of her scars and even wore the most revealing attire among the women present. Sensing Orion's lingering gaze, the woman smiled lightly and winked at him.

As for the fourth woman, she appeared to be the youngest among them all, and if Orion had to guess, he would say that she seemed to be around his age. She had brown wavy hair and wore a long pair of black tights reaching her ankles and a light brown short-sleeve shirt stretching down to her upper thighs.

Her build was the most incredible among all the women present - a large pair of breasts that threatened to burst out of her shirt, seeming as large as her head. In contrast, her incredible buttocks pushed back against her black tights, their curves matching perfectly with her beautiful, thick legs.

Due to their immense differences in size, he hadn't been able to properly know their stature previously. The only thing that remained clear was that they were all virtually appealing and attractive, and seeing them again now in his pixie size, he couldn't help but agree with his assumption that he was right.

As though sensing his lingering gaze on her, the woman shyly shifted her attention to the side, avoiding his gaze.

At that moment, Maeve suddenly said, "This is Ivy, Willow, Whisperwing, and Breezeflutter, everyone I mentioned to you about," she introduced the women from the first to the last.

Chapter 880 A Lover's Guilty Conscience

Orion nodded in understanding. Looking at the women, who seemed to scrutinise him, Orion felt he was doing something illegal.

'It couldn't be because this will be my first time with a Pixie, right?' Orion thought, before he cleared his throat to speak.

"Just to clarify, everyone is here of their own free will, right?" Orion asked.

All four women nodded in response.

"Do any of you have partners?" Orion asked. He was mindful of the cultural differences within the Pixie race and wanted to avoid any actions that might lead to trouble.

The first Pixie woman, Ivy, raised her hand. "I have a partner, Mr. Orion. But don't worry, I've kept my visit here a secret from him. If he were to find out, I fear what might happen," Ivy responded, biting her lip as she continued, "However, this condition has drained our finances, leading us from one healer or alchemist to another in search of a cure. So, despite knowing I should have refrained from tasting your semen that day, I understand this is for the best and will do whatever it takes to get better."

Hearing the woman's response, Orion furrowed his brows in thought. He shifted his attention towards Maeve, observing as she slumped her shoulders in defeat after noticing his gaze. Then, he refocused on the woman.

"If that's the case, then you don't have to do this. For the sake of you and your partner, it's not necessary. You can wait in the other room while we finish, and afterwards, I'll send someone to call you for your share," Orion responded.

He didn't see the need for them to undergo such emotional strain. If not for concerns about what they might do with his semen, considering his high fertility, he would have sent her back and had Maeve handle the distribution to avoid this complication.

As Ivy heard Orion's words, she immediately became anxious. However, as Orion finished speaking, a look of bewilderment emerged on her expression. Being a Pixie woman with a partner and aware of what Maeve had informed her, she knew that to obtain Orion's semen again, they would need to make him ejaculate, requiring considerable effort to collect every last drop.

But after hearing Orion's assurance that she didn't need to put in any effort, only wait for her share, she was at a loss for words. She had initially suspected Orion of exploiting them, given their desperate need for his semen, but now she felt foolish for having such thoughts.

Orion held a unique status as the architect of their territory, and his influence was such that even High King Eldric had to give him a special welcome in the Pixie kingdom. With a mere snap of his fingers, he could summon a multitude of Pixie women to his side.

Ivy was aware that even some pixie women who possessed partners would be unable to resist such a temptation for power and wealth and would flock towards him. However, the fact that he hadn't done such a thing yet meant that he was a man with at least decent self-control.

Ivy's eyes shimmered with gratitude as she began to see Orion in a new light.

"Thank you, Mr. Orion," Ivy said, bowing towards him.

Orion nodded in understanding. "You may leave," he replied.

Ivy nodded with a smile and walked out of the room, closing the door behind her.

The rest of the women in the room, including Maeve, observed Orion in a new light as they witnessed Ivy's departure. Their eyes lingered momentarily on the door before refocusing on Orion.

"What's on your minds? Does anyone else feel uncomfortable and prefer to wait in the other room until this is over to collect your share?" Orion asked, noting their lingering gazes on the door after Ivy left.

In response to Orion's question, the women swiftly shook their heads.

"No, I can't speak for everyone, but I strangely feel more comfortable now, despite the intention behind what we're about to do," said Whisperwing, her expression calm as she looked at Orion, this time with an even more intense gaze.

"I agree with Whisperwing; I also feel more comfortable doing this and will put all our effort into ensuring I get your semen and solving this issue into solving this issue," added Willow, her eyes firmly fixed on Orion.

Orion was taken aback by Willow's unexpectedly direct statement, realising he had misjudged her reserved demeanour based on her attire alone.

"... I'm not entirely comfortable, but I don't have a partner yet, so I'm not backing down now that I've come this far... I just hope Mr. Orion takes care of me, especially since this is my first time," added Breezeflutter shyly, her voice trailing off as she finished her sentence.

Her words astounded Orion and the other women present, as they all discerned the hidden meaning behind her last sentence.

'Could you be any less obvious?' Maeve thought, her brow twitching with irritation. Even though she was already quite close to Orion, she hadn't made such a bold move yet.

Maeve shifted her gaze to Orion, pondering her opinion of him. Despite her initial positive impressions, the recent events made her reconsider. However, she still found plenty of reasons to believe in him; despite his unusual tendencies and actions, he was undeniably a good man. The only lingering doubt stemmed from his numerous partners, especially Aurora, the former Princess of the Garden, who was now known as Aurora.

Maeve knew her strengths and weaknesses and understood that she stood no chance against Aurora. Nonetheless, she pushed that thought to the back of her mind for now and decided to focus on the issue before her first.

"I already planned on doing that, so you don't have to worry, as this will be a day you will never forget," Orion responded, nodding seriously. He added, "So, who wants to go first?"

He understood that taking them all at once might put them in an awkward situation and do more harm than good, so he took them individually.