

Village Head 881

Chapter 881 Savoring Maeve**

Before they could respond, Maeve said, "I'll be going first to show them all how it's done." She took off her holster, which contained her sword, pouch, and shield, and placed it beside the wall before walking forward.

Orion nodded, observing as Maeve arrived before him.

Witnessing that she was waiting for his orders like the last time, Orion shifted some of the sheets that were around his thighs, revealing his erect, throbbing shaft.

Several audible gasps erupted into the air from the other women behind her. Even though they didn't have partners yet, they all had an understanding of how big a Pixie's male penis was meant to be. However, taking a look at Orion's long, sturdy erect penis, they couldn't help but unconsciously gulp, thinking about how they were supposed to take all of it into their mouth, much less into their virgin entrance.

And even if they weren't aware of the sizes of males outside their race, they couldn't help but conclude that this was exclusive to only Orion.

Even Maeve couldn't help but gulp, her confidence, which she had used to step forward, steadily diminishing as she gradually remembered how much of an effort it had taken for her to gulp everything down her throat.

Maeve wondered, 'Will it even fit?' as she felt a twitch in her womanhood while observing Orion's pulsating, veiny penis pulse under her gaze.

"Since I've already undressed myself, you can sit on my thighs; let me help you undress," Orion said, widening his legs.

Maeve nodded in understanding and carefully moved her body over Orion, placing her voluptuous buttocks on his thighs. She felt Orion's veiny penis rub against the area of her twitching vagina lips through her black tights and couldn't help but feel her legs tensing up.

Meanwhile, Orion stretched both his hands behind her under her mixed blue and yellow dress. He grabbed her plump, voluptuous buttocks through her clothing, squeezing and shaping them according to his imagination.

"Mr Orion, please... take it easy~~," Maeve said, feeling the stimulation spread from her buttocks to her thigh and then to every single area of her body.

Orion didn't waste a moment before grabbing her dress and pulling it up, with Maeve's help, undressing her. As her dress came off, he noticed her sizeable breasts captured within her deep blue bra.

Unable to hold back any longer, Orion seized Maeve's thigh-high tights and slowly pulled them off. He was aware of how they tasted after pressing and grinding against his hardened penis on it previously, now igniting his desire to taste what lay beneath.

Orion removed Maeve's black tights and tossed them aside, revealing her panties that looked more like a thong than what he had expected. Without hesitation, he untied the straps of her bra, helping her remove it along with her thong.

Picking up the underwear to keep with the rest, a flowery scent wafted over Orion's nose, tempting him to sniff it. However, why would he do such a thing when the person responsible for such an aromatic scent was already straddling on top of him?

He kept her underwear along with the rest of her clothes.

Feeling Orion's throbbing, veiny penis now directly rubbing against her vagina lips, Maeve couldn't resist the temptation any longer. She gently wrapped her hand around it, firmly grabbing it. Her breathing quickened as she instantly felt the intensity of its pulsations increase.

Orion immediately grabbed Maeve's waist and turned around swiftly, placing her back on the bed, surprising Maeve briefly with his actions.

Despite this, Maeve's hand never left Orion's throbbing, hardened penis. With her Pixie wings pressed against her back and the bed, she shyly widened her legs, understanding what Orion wanted to do. At the same time, she aligned Orion's throbbing penis with her slightly warm virgin entrance, gently stroking it as Orion gently massaged both of her breasts.

"Mmmhmm~~~" Maeve moaned loudly, feeling Orion's fingers slowly making their way through her entrance, instantly coming into contact with her folded insides. It didn't take another minute before her vagina juices began to pour from her womanhood, wetting Orion's fingers and staining the bed below them.

Maeve's body twitched and tensed as Orion explored her body, gently touching her glowing translucent wings, her busty pair of breasts, and her voluptuous butt cheeks. Soon, it became obvious that Maeve could not properly control herself under Orion's touch.

"AHH~~~ Mr Orion, I can't hold it back~~~" Maeve moaned loudly, her back arching backwards as a flood of womanly juices poured out from between her fingers, wetting Orion's hand.

Witnessing this scene from a distance, the rest of the women couldn't help but gulp again. Although they had heard stories from close ones about what it meant to be intimately connected with a partner, it had never been as intense as what they were currently witnessing.

However, Whisperwing's gaze was fixed on how Orion romanced and explored every inch of Maeve's body, following each movement as she unconsciously touched the scars on her body. Her thoughts wandered elsewhere as she couldn't help but anticipate her turn.

"Are you ready?" Orion asked, his gaze fixed on Maeve as he removed the hairs glued to her face; his eyes focused directly on her glazed and anticipating expression.

"I'm ready, Mr Orion~~ Please go ahead," Maeve responded, stretching her hands forward to grab Orion's thighs, awaiting his thrust.

Orion nodded and slowly thrust forward, burying his scorching, hardened penis deep within Maeve's warm, moist womanly virgin depths.

"AHHHH~~~" Maeve screamed out in a mix of fear and pleasure as she felt Orion's scorching spear pushing through her folded lips. However, she didn't let go of him; instead, she shouted, "GO ON~~~ I CAN TAKE IT ~~~" Her breathing clashed with Orion's face as her eyes locked directly with his, both of them sharing a deep understanding in that moment and gradually trusting the satisfaction of the other into each other's care.

Witnessing her reaction, Orion smiled and only halted his advances a moment, giving her time to rest while he savoured and explored the pussy of a Pixie.

Chapter 882 Savoring Maeve (2)**

Soon, Orion's entire size was inside Maeve's folded lips. Just as he was about to pull out, he sensed a strange wave of power tingling from his hardened penis and spreading through the rest of his body.

Orion immediately halted, deciding to investigate. After focusing his senses inward, he discovered the emergence of a new energy within his veins, resting at the corner of his body, overpowered by the Primordial, Vylkr, and Celestial energy already within him.

"I forgot to mention that Pixies share a slight amount of their strength, or rather their nature energy, with their partners. This is one reason why a Pixie must marry within their respective hierarchy. Nonetheless, the amount of nature energy lost is immediately recovered after a few hours or days, so you don't have to worry. Also, I'm sorry for telling you this now; I was so focused on ensuring everything was prepared that it slipped my mind," Maeve said, shifting her attention to the side to avoid eye contact with Orion.

Orion's brows furrowed deeply as he listened to Maeve's words. Despite how minuscule it was, he never imagined that he would acquire nature energy in such a manner, especially considering the effort he had expended to obtain the Celestial and Vylkr energies.

"Is there anything else you might have forgotten I need to know?" Orion asked, refocusing his gaze on Maeve.

"Normally, the Pixie male is supposed to grant his first ejaculation to his partner since it would also contain some of his nature energy. However, since you are not a Pixie male, I don't think it would work that way, so there is no reason to worry about it," Maeve responded.

This method was also used to check if either of the two Pixies indeed only had one partner. However, considering Orion had multiple wives and was not a member of the Pixie race, such a thing would undoubtedly not work.

"So, you're saying that your chances of getting a partner would drop to zero after this?" Orion asked, his wide eyes fixed on Maeve as he came to the sudden realization.

He suddenly understood why the first Pixie woman felt so guilty and why Breezeflutter was so bold with her words. It turned out that after he deflowered them, it was guaranteed that they would lose their chances of finding another partner.

"Considering this has always been the way things are, there are obviously ways to avoid this, like engaging with another Pixie who had prematurely lost their partner, and so forth. We are the ones who got ourselves into this mess, and we will naturally deal with the consequences ourselves, so you don't have to worry. Let's continue so the rest can have their turn, and you don't miss the rest of what you've planned for the day," Maeve responded, shaking her head firmly as she witnessed Orion's furrowing and pondering expression.

Hearing Maeve's words, Orion's expression grew even graver. He withdrew his attention from Maeve and focused on the three women standing quietly in the corner of the room, observing them intently.

"I'll ask you one question, and I want you to answer me truthfully. Did you forget one of the most important cultural rules regarding your race, or did you simply choose not to mention it?" Orion asked, narrowing his eyes at them.

The three women instantly avoided his gaze and began to fidget in their positions.

"Mr. Orion..." Maeve attempted to speak, but Orion swiftly interjected.

"Be quiet, Maeve. I can tell you're lying. I want to hear their response," Orion said, refocusing on Maeve with a fierce glare before turning his attention back to the three women, awaiting their response.

Whisperwing suddenly gritted her teeth and locked eyes with Orion, her gaze determined. "So what if we cannot find true love after this? I think it's best we don't have a partner, or we would feel just as bad as Ivy due to our condition. Besides, I've already said that I feel much more comfortable doing this with you, so you don't have to worry because this is my decision," Whisperwing responded, folding her arms in an attempt to convey confidence and decisiveness.

However, she couldn't meet Orion's increasingly tense glare.

The other two pixie women tried to speak but quickly swallowed back their words, not daring to utter a sound under Orion's intense scrutiny.

Suddenly, Orion felt a hand gently wrapping around his right arm. He refocused his eyes on Maeve and noticed the moisture in her eyes.

"Mr. Orion, please, we no longer want to dwell on that. Let's continue so we can all have a taste of your semen and find out what is wrong with us. You can't imagine how my tongue is tingling and trembling right now, having you inside me. All I want is for you to fill me up and allow my tongue and insides to relish the taste of your semen again. So please, let's continue and forget about this conversation; this is our choice," Maeve pleaded, her eyes moistening even more.

'This is definitely an addiction,' Orion thought, looking at Maeve and the others with a newfound understanding.

Initially, he had seen this as merely a way to explore how a Pixie pussy felt like, disregarding their desire for his semen as something trivial that could be addressed later.

However, realizing how far they were willing to go to satisfy their craving for his semen, he understood that this was a matter he needed to take seriously.

'I need to get them to Seraphina and Greta so they can quickly assess their condition,' Orion thought, exhaling wearily. Part of him wanted to stop and immediately take them to Seraphina and Greta, while another part urged him to continue and indulge in the Pixie pussy before him.

Orion refocused his attention on Maeve and said, "I'm sorry. I should have taken this more seriously from the start instead of letting it linger until now."

Hearing Orion's words, Maeve's eyes widened significantly. She couldn't pinpoint when or why, but she suddenly felt her cheeks becoming moist. Quickly shaking her head, she began, "As I said before, Mr. Orion, this is entirely..." Maeve tried to speak, but Orion placed a finger on her lips, silencing her.

Chapter 883 The Unexpected Question**

The tears in Maeve's eyes dried up quickly as she regained her composure. However, before she could react, her eyes widened once more as Orion planted a firm kiss on her lips.

As the Vice Guildmaster of the Gardeners' Guild, she was acutely aware of the numerous cultural differences among the races within Orion's Cities, more so than the average Pixie. Therefore, she understood the significance of a kiss on the lips.

When Orion pulled back, Maeve stared at him in disbelief, grappling with her emotions at what she had just experienced.

"Although it's been a while since I've done this, and I promised myself to have more self-control over choosing the women that would share in my personal life, given our current circumstances, I believe this is the opportune moment," Orion said.

"And I'm not doing this out of pity. The truth is, I've admired you for some time now. Considering your position in the Pixie kingdom, strengthening our relationship could be highly beneficial." He paused briefly before adding, "Maeve, will you be my partner?"

As Orion's words hit her like a mighty hammer breaking open a dam, Maeve felt her eyes clouding over, her cheeks growing wet, tears streaming down her face in a steady rhythm, and her heart throbbing firmly in her chest.

BADDUMM!! BADDUMMM!!

Maeve tried to speak for the umpteenth time, but only a faint croaking sound came from her lips. She couldn't manage even a single word, not even with Orion refraining from interrupting her.

On the other side of the room, the three remaining women watched this scene with astonishment and shock written all over their faces, their mouths hanging open in disbelief.

What a whirlwind of emotions!

One moment, the room was filled with intense sensations sparking in the air, affecting everyone present, and the next, the atmosphere transformed into a warm, bittersweet aura reminiscent of two long-lost lovers finding each other again.

Here were Orion, the esteemed architect of Orion's Cities and husband to Aurora, and Maeve, the Vice Guildmaster of the Gardeners' Guild and one of the Pixie Kingdom's most powerful individuals after the Guildmaster, on the verge of becoming partners?

The news would surely shock not just the Pixie kingdom but also those beyond the Garden.

"I... Mr. Orion, can you give me some time to consider this? It's an important decision for me," Maeve stammered.

Orion nodded in understanding. "Of course, you don't need to give me your answer right away. Take your time and think about it carefully. However, if you say no or take too long, I might have to kiss you forcefully again and keep proposing until you accept," he responded with a bright smile.

Maeve shyly averted her eyes in another direction as she nodded in response.

"Let's continue then so we can finish and figure out what is wrong with your bodies," Orion responded. He grabbed Maeve by the waist and flipped her around before she could react. He placed her body on the bed, exposing her back and Pixie wings.

Orion aligned his throbbing spear with her wet lower lips and gently thrust into her once more. He felt his waist slamming against her voluptuous butt cheeks, creating a ripple on its surface.

"AUHH~" Maeve moaned loudly, feeling Orion's penetration with even more intensity this time.

For some reason, it felt as though the stimulation he provided had increased several times compared to before, causing her to feel as though her entire body was set ablaze as Orion fully inserted his hardened penis deep inside her wet folds before gently withdrawing.

'What is this?! Is this how it feels to be penetrated by someone you are genuinely interested in?'

Maeve screamed internally in pleasure, sensing Orion press his back against her wings and lick her neck down to her back where her wings were connected.

PAAHHH!!! PAAHHH!!!

PAHHH!!! PAAHHH!!!

Orion slowly pulled backwards before gently thrusting forward with the same momentum.

"Mhmmm~~" Maeve held back the hot breath that attempted to escape her lips. She could feel Orion's entire scorching penis now within her, causing her to feel extremely full and stimulated at the same time. Gradually, her womanhood began to moisten as pleasure built up and spread throughout her body.

Soon, Orion increased his pace, gently sliding in and out of her pussy.

PAAHHH!!! PAAHHH!!!

PAHHHH!!! PAAHHH!!

"UGHH~~ AUHHH~~ AUHHH~~~" Maeve screamed in pleasure, her voice unrestrained as she indulged in the sensations coursing through her body. Her twitching, womanly lips welcomed each relentless thrust with gratitude and fulfilment.

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"I'm sorry, ma'am, but we don't provide free accommodations. If you want a room, you'll have to pay for it," the receptionist stated firmly, eyeing the strange woman before her.

Isadora frowned upon hearing the receptionist's response. She realized she didn't have anything on her to afford a room in the inn. Nevertheless, it didn't worry her; all she needed to do was stall for time and wait for Boba to return and update her on what was occurring with Orion.

"Can't I sit on one of your chairs here and rest before leaving? I'm exhausted," Isadora responded, wearing a defeated expression.

The receptionist shook her head wearily. "I would advise you to leave right now, ma'am, before you're thrown out for trespassing and reported to the guards," she responded firmly.

She didn't know who the woman before her was, but she already had two influential figures involved in something suspicious, so the last thing she needed was an unknown woman who refused to pay lurking around her inn.

Seeing the situation about to escalate, Isadora exhaled in defeat and turned to leave. However, just as she was about to approach the door, a crashing sound echoed from above, accompanied by a loud scream tearing through the atmosphere.

The receptionist's ears perked up, sensing that something had gone wrong.

"It would be best if I returned and didn't see you here, ma'am," the receptionist said before immediately soaring into the air and heading upstairs.

Witnessing these scenes, Isadora immediately took flight stealthily. While she didn't know which room Orion and the others had entered, she saw this as an opportunity to check out all the best rooms until she found theirs.

As for the loud noise and scream, she just hoped it had nothing to do with Boba.

Chapter 884 Cornering Isadora

When the receptionist arrived at the source of the screaming on the first floor, she immediately noticed the doors of one room wide open, with various metallic objects strewn around it. Inside, a couple was frantically chasing a small, agile, snow-furred creature.

The unknown entity clung to walls and ceilings, dodging their attacks with surprising ease. Its jaws opened wide, spewing out strange metallic objects several times its size in retaliation.

The receptionist stood speechless, unsure how to calm the chaotic scene before her and fearful of what this mysterious creature might be.

Witnessing this scene from afar, Isadora felt her brows twitch. Her magical beast, Boba, had always been able to accomplish his tasks perfectly, so she couldn't help but wonder how he had managed to fail such an important one.

'Maybe it's because he isn't used to being in this form or in such an unfamiliar place,' Isadora thought before swiftly pulling out a wooden whistle and blowing on it irregularly as she soared forward.

Her primary means of communication with Boba was the wooden whistle, a silent instrument used to communicate with various magical beasts.

As though sensing the whistle's tone, Boba immediately broke away from the chaotic scene, smashing through the window and escaping outside the building.

Witnessing this scene, the receptionist and the couple chasing the creature were stunned by what happened.

The receptionist, however, quickly snapped out of it and rushed toward the couple. "I'm deeply sorry for what just occurred. I assure you our inn had no hand in whatever that thing was. I would really appreciate it if you could join me in reporting this to the guards so they can handle the situation," she said, apologising.

Meanwhile, Isadora had already reached the fourth floor, carefully scanning each room with her restrained nature energy to avoid detection by Orion. Unable to find Orion and Maeve, she decided to head swiftly to the top of the building.

However, as she was about to pass through the sixth floor, she collided with someone with a resounding "Bam!" The impact caused her to stumble and fall to the ground, losing control of her wings.

"Ouch!" a familiar voice sounded in her ears.

"Isadora!"

Hearing the voice, Isadora inwardly gulped as she picked herself up. She raised her head and looked at Orion, accompanied by the four familiar faces she had seen entering the inn. Her gaze shifted to Maeve, who was also on the ground, eyes narrowed with anger.

"What are you doing here?" Maeve's tone carried suspicion as she awaited Isadora's answer.

Isadora was frozen in her spot, her mind racing to find a suitable explanation. Unable to come up with anything, she knelt down quickly.

"I know I shouldn't be here, Mr. Orion. I was anxious for your safety and couldn't resist following you here. I should have realised there was no danger. I'm sorry," Isadora apologised, hoping her sincerity would defuse the tension.

Orion furrowed his brows upon hearing Isadora's explanation. While their actions could seem suspicious to an observer, he hadn't anticipated Isadora showing concern for his safety to the point of following him.

"Mr. Orion, she must be punished for her actions. It's unacceptable for someone to behave in such a manner under their superior," Maeve interjected swiftly, her expression rigid and her voice tinged with anger.

It was difficult to put the fierce and furious Maeve with the calm and gentle demeanour he had witnessed moments ago.

"Ahem! I don't think it's best if we cause a ruckus over this situation," Orion responded, refocusing his gaze on Isadora.

"Miss Isadora, I am quite certain you haven't witnessed anything, right?" he asked, awaiting her response, his tone calm.

Isadora glanced at the tense Pixie women beside her and the furious Maeve before refocusing on Orion. "No! I mean, yes, I haven't witnessed anything," she said, swiftly correcting herself as she nodded fiercely in response.

"That's good because it would be bad if you did," Orion responded, nodding in relief.

Although there was no chance of Isadora being able to do anything with this information or gaining anything from it, he would rather keep something like this a secret until the Pixie women were rid of their addiction to his semen and Maeve had accepted his proposal.

Isadora's words trembled as she heard Orion's response and discerned its underlying meaning.

Maeve, however, felt her anger rising. Sensing Orion's gaze, she shifted her attention to the side.

"Since it's like this, I and the girls will be going first and will meet you on the other side of the Pixie Kingdom," Maeve said, directing the four Pixie women to follow her as she soared forward.

The four of them nodded and swiftly followed behind her, quickly exiting the inn least suspiciously.

"Come on, let's go," Orion said, soaring forward.

Isadora nodded, calming down her turbulent emotions, and immediately followed after him.

Before the receptionist's shocked and bewildered expressions, who was conversing with the guards and noticed Isadora's emergence from the top floor, Isadora and Orion swiftly exited the inn.

Under Orion's watchful gaze, Isadora caught Boba as he jumped into her grasp and hid him within her leaves attire. ng.

They exited the Pixie Kingdom together.

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"Perhaps you're right; Seraphina and Greta might be able to figure out what is wrong with them?" Aurora said, glancing at the five familiar Pixie women sitting on the side of Orion's pocket.

"But, if you carry all of them to the manor at once, I'm afraid that even my sisters might come to some other conclusion before you even complete your explanation," she added lightly.

Orion showcased a wry smile at her words. Despite understanding what would happen when he returned home with Maeve and the others, he couldn't disagree—they weren't that far from the truth, especially since he had already proposed to Maeve.

Isadora observed the scene from the side, furrowing her brows as she pondered everything she had just heard. In fact, if she hadn't heard the words from Orion himself, she would have found it hard to believe and might have thought someone was trying to make up a poorly formulated story on his behalf.

Chapter 885 Candidates For The Vylkr Fusion Armlet Procedure

However, after witnessing everything herself, she didn't doubt a single word he uttered.

"What is it? Is there something that you're not telling me?" Aurora asked curiously, noting Orion's expression.

"It's a little complicated and not something that needs to be mentioned now. I'll have to go, but I'll come see you later," Orion responded, stepping forward to give Aurora a goodbye kiss before swiftly leaving the Garden, with Isadora following beside him after giving Aurora a nod.

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Second Border City

Orion's Manor

"Have you figured out what's wrong with them?" Orion asked, watching Seraphina curiously as she examined Maeve and the others' condition.

"It's difficult to come to a conclusion since I've never witnessed something like this, just like all the tasks you've put me through," Seraphina responded, giving Orion a sidelong glance as he devoured one of the variant Vylkr vines from the Vylkr Veil Phenomenon that Stronghold Leader Seth had delivered to their home for him to feed on.

These Vylkr vines filled up an average Vylkr warrior two to four times faster than feasting on one-star or two-star Vylkr vines.

She knew that regardless of the side effects, as long as it helped him form his next Vylkr containers, he would stop at nothing to attain more power than he currently possessed.

"But I think it's something that Greta can handle easily; however, she's currently at the Healer Association dealing with some patients and won't be returning until noon," Seraphina added,

admitting Greta's expertise in ailments related to the body, given her gift and knowledge of herbs and concoctions.

Orion nodded, shifting his attention toward Maeve and the other three who had returned to him. Ivy needed to return home to her partner to avoid arousing suspicion.

"Would you mind waiting here until Greta returns home to take a proper look at your condition?" Orion asked.

Maeve, Willow, Breezeflutter, and Whisperwing exchanged brief glances before nodding in agreement.

Orion had already assured them that Seraphina and Greta would be able to determine what was wrong with them, so despite being disappointed by Seraphina's conclusion, which aligned with the healers and alchemists they had met previously, they still chose to hold onto a glimmer of hope.

"Alright, I'll explain the situation to my wives before arranging a place for you to stay until Greta returns," Orion responded.

They nodded in understanding, eager to meet the rest of Orion's partners and those closest to him, especially since they had only just met three of them.

Orion refocused his gaze on Seraphina. "How's the progress on the armlet?" he asked.

After the battle with the Aegis of the Arctic Deity and the Vylkr spawns, Seraphina immediately started working on grafting the heart for the Vylkr fusion armlet. And since she had been tirelessly working on it day and night, he assumed she must have made some progress or even finished it.

"It's completed. Now, we just need someone willing to try it out. Fifi and Ursa argued over who should wear the first armlet. However, Ursa lost the argument after we found out she was pregnant with Lyra's help. So, Fifi is our first pick. As for the second armlet, I planned to let the Village decide. But given our current situation, it would be best for one of the Stronghold Leaders to volunteer. This will allow us to further enhance their strength and abilities," Seraphina replied, her tone serious.

They no longer had time to choose an average warrior and observe their increased power with the Vylkr fusion armlet. Instead, they needed to test it on Vylkr warriors who had already reached their full potential to see if it could push them beyond their limits.

During the epic battle between the Aegis of the Arctic Deity and the Vylkr spawn, which shattered the heavens and upturned the sky, she revealed details about the Vylkr fusion armlet project to her sisters. This information gave them hope and made them understand that preparations were underway for such situations, ensuring their survival, which they indeed achieved.

Orion's eyes widened in response to Seraphina's words. "Ursa is pregnant?" he asked, his expression morphing into bewilderment.

"Lyra said it happened during our last session before the Vylkr veil phenomenon. Don't tell me you don't remember?" Seraphina responded with a raised brow.

"No, I remember. It's just that I thought I had taken my herbal mixture before the incident," Orion responded, clearing his throat embarrassedly.

He instantly recalled the moment when he released deep within Ursa before taking his fertility suppression herbal mixture. He had believed he pulled out in time and was careful, but it seemed he was mistaken.

It wasn't that he didn't want children anymore, but because he already had difficulties taking care of the ones he had currently, so it would be a big issue if they were to suddenly multiply, especially since he wasn't a god and couldn't be in two places simultaneously.

Seraphina chuckled lightly, "Haha! Ursa is not going to like that. She was sure that you had impregnated her intentionally," she said, using the back of her hand to cover her mouth.

Orion's expression sank, understanding that he had gotten into a problem with Ursa that he couldn't easily escape. And since Lyra was aware of it, he was certain that this situation wouldn't be quickly resolved.

"Ahem! Does Fifi understand how excruciatingly painful this procedure is going to be? Although you've promised it will be successful, the potential side effects might be something we cannot handle," Orion asked, his expression serious.

He recalled the procedure that turned Aegis of the Arctic Deity and the man-made gods into gods, which left severe side effects and limitations despite their gained powers.

"Sigh! I've already informed her, but she's still insistent about it. She said she couldn't help you the way she was currently, as she did previously. So, I have no choice but to support her and ensure she understands everything she needs to do for the procedure to succeed. The best thing I can advise you to do is to support her as well because if you take this away from her, even I am unsure how she'll react in the future," Seraphina responded, her voice weary and expression solemn.

Chapter 886 Hierarchy Of Power Indicator

Orion pondered Seraphina's words, realizing she was right. Since the emergence of the Vylkr Veil phenomenon and the Vylkr spawns' attack, Fifi had stopped training the women in combat and focused on retraining herself, trying to discover any breakthroughs with her gift. The Vylkr Fusion Armlet procedure was literally a godsend to her.

If he took such an opportunity away from her, it would undoubtedly create a rift between them.

"Okay, I'll speak with her after this and see if she needs anything before proceeding with the procedure," Orion responded.

"Please do," Seraphina replied. She paused, then continued, "One more thing?"

"What is it?" Orion asked curiously, awaiting her response.

"Since we are about to reconnect with the outside world, some encounters might not be pleasant. I've been thinking about something that could give us an edge over them," Seraphina responded, her tone hesitant.

The idea had been brewing in her mind during the Vylkr spawn's attack, and she couldn't shake it. Finally, she chose to share her thoughts with Orion to hear what he thought about it.

"During the 'Great War,' one major issue that hindered progress for several races was determining the strength and depth of their enemies' power. The diversity of energies and the various power hierarchies derived from them made it difficult to accurately gauge an opponent's capabilities. We

will face similar setbacks if we don't prepare. What I suggest is an artefact that can determine power levels.

Since higher levels of strength correspond to higher quantities or qualities of respective energies, including the Vylkr energies, this artefact would quantify these energies and accurately assess an individual's strength. Of course, it will have flaws, such as its inability to account for unique racial abilities, techniques, or special gifts like those possessed by our villagers. However, even without that, its ability to determine an individual's strength based on energy levels will still offer a nearly accurate indicator.

This would give us an edge over others—assuming no one else has thought of it yet. Considering the ingenious creation of the Devourer's Bracelet, I highly doubt it's been done," Seraphina explained, simplifying her idea for Orion to grasp quickly.

Orion stood there, momentarily speechless, his eyes wide with surprise and shock as he absorbed Seraphina's words.

Maeve, Breezeflutter, and the others, who were previously unaware of Orion and Seraphina's conversation, began to grasp its meaning. They couldn't help but stare at her with similarly shocked expressions.

'Is she capable of creating such a thing?' Maeve pondered, gulping inwardly. She knew Seraphina was a Prismerton and was aware of her position within Orion cities, but she had never expected her to be intelligent enough to conceive such an invention.

Even Breezeflutter and the others wondered if this was the same Prismerton they had lived with in the mountains for several millennia.

"You came up with such an idea?" Orion asked, his expression brightening as he looked at Seraphina, awaiting her response.

His emotions were akin to discovering that a rare diamond was even rarer than initially thought. He felt immense pride in his decision to make Seraphina his wife and bring her into his camp.

Seraphina nodded affirmatively.

"That's amazing. If something like this is made, it would really provide an edge for us when we reconnect with the outside world. I'll explain this in the next meeting with the other key leaders to hear their thoughts. But I know they'll be equally stunned and willing to provide all the resources you need to begin the project," Orion responded, smiling.

Unexpectedly, Seraphina exhaled deeply, her shoulders slumping tiredly. "I thought you might consider it impractical or impossible, especially since I haven't acquired the necessary equipment for it to work. But I shouldn't expect anything less from my husband," she replied, pulling Orion into a hug.

She felt loved; he always took the time to listen to and support her ideas, no matter how challenging they might seem. Of course, as long as they weren't life-threatening.

Seraphina planted a kiss on his lips.

Orion reciprocated, embracing her and returning her kiss before they parted.

"That's all I wanted to inform you about. You can go and finish what you need to do," Seraphina said, ready to return to her work.

Orion nodded decisively. He gathered the remaining Vylkr vines from the table, glancing at the Pixies, who had been observing them closely.

"Let's head out so I can introduce you to the others," Orion said, gesturing for them to follow.

Orion prepared to leave as he swallowed the last variant Vylkr vine. But just as he was about to take a step, he froze in his tracks, his expression struck by sudden realization.

"What's wrong, dear?" Seraphina asked, noticing the abrupt shift in Orion's demeanour.

Even the Pixies gathered around him, attempting to capture his attention. Maeve waved her hand before his gaze, snapping him out of his reverie.

"I'm fine. I was just lost in thought," Orion reassured, turning to face Seraphina, who had already caught up to him.

"I believe I can create another Vylkr container now," he added, excitement lacing his voice.

Seraphina was taken aback by his words. "...But didn't you mention that you would only be able to form your next Vylkr container after a year, with just a few days left until we enter the new year? That's when you were planning to start preparing to create a new container," she responded her expression a mix of surprise and curiosity.

Orion nodded thoughtfully. "You're right. It should have taken around one month or a week more before I could create my next container. However, it seems that the variant Vylkr vines are even more extraordinary than we initially thought, reducing what should have taken weeks to just a few days," he explained, his brow furrowing in contemplation.

If this were indeed true, then it stood to reason that Gorg and the others, who had also collected a significant amount of the Variant Vylkr vines, should be either forming new containers or preparing to do so.

Chapter 887 Preparation For The Next Advancement

Seraphina let out a sigh of relief upon hearing Orion's words. With the recent events, she feared something terrible had happened for Orion to create another Vylkr container so quickly.

"If that's the case, then you should either return to the Garden or call for Anara to come back to the farm. Those are currently the two best locations for you to break through. As for how many containers you're willing to create, that's a decision I'll leave up to you. I don't want to burden you with something that might lead you to do something reckless. I'm sure the others will agree with me," Seraphina responded, her tone serious and her expression curious.

If Orion were to create two or three containers and reach a critical condition like he did last time, there's no telling what might happen this time around. His body might not withstand the combined might of multiple Vylkr containers simultaneously.

So, she would rather leave this decision to him, not wanting to add more burden to his already heavy shoulders.

"You already know how many Vylkr containers I plan to create. We need all the strength we can get right now, and as the only Vylkr warrior with the highest star potential, I shouldn't let it go to waste. I should maximize it as much as possible. Do me a favour, and don't inform the others until I'm done. I don't want to raise their anxiety again, for their health and the sake of the children," Orion responded, fixing his gaze on her.

Seraphina exhaled and nodded in understanding. "Be careful, okay," she replied, her voice filled with concern and worry.

"Don't worry, I will," Orion responded, leaning in to kiss her before pulling back and shifting his attention to Maeve and the others hovering beside him.

"Seraphina will take you to meet the others. I have somewhere else I need to go," Orion said, his eyes fixed on the four pixies.

They all nodded firmly in response.

"You don't have to worry, Mr. Orion. I'll ensure that nothing goes wrong until your return," Maeve responded solemnly, glancing at the rest of the Pixies beside her.

Although Orion couldn't hear her words like the others in form, despite his sharp senses, he nodded in response. "I'll take my leave then," he said, exiting Seraphina's workshop and disappearing down the hallway in seconds.

After a moment, Seraphina shifted her attention to the pixies before her. Despite their small stature, this race had been superior to hers, the Prismeron, for thousands of years. Even with the current change in the status quo, she was cautious about how to address them.

'You are Seraphina Crystalforge, one of the highest-ranking members and brightest minds in the Orion's Cities. Wife of Orion, the architect of Orion City, and the future head key leader. So why should you be afraid?' Seraphina thought, regaining her composure as she fixed her eyes on the Pixies women before her.

"Before I introduce you to the others, I want to lay down two rules for you to follow. Firstly, it would be best if you listen to everything I say, including orders. In this house, there are good, bad, and ugly; firstly, if you don't communicate well, you might end up supporting the wrong individuals or becoming the primary catalyst for trouble. So, pay close attention to my instructions, and you'll learn who to approach cautiously, peacefully, or avoid altogether."

"Secondly, although I doubt the nature of your relationship with Orion since he suddenly brings you directly to me in this home, keep your distance and clarify that you'll only stay here as a guest for a limited time until you are healed. Rule one is for your safety, and rule two is for theirs' and to prevent any unnecessary stress or worry for Orion," Seraphina responded, pausing before asking, "Do I make myself clear?" Her heart raced with anticipation, as she had never addressed a Pixie like this before.

Contrary to her expectations, they all nodded in understanding.

"We understand your words and will do as you've mentioned," Maeve responded.

She took Seraphina's words seriously, especially as she was still considering becoming Orion's partner. Nonetheless, witnessing Orion's entire family dynamic for herself seemed like the best way to make a proper decision.

"Don't worry, I have no objections. As long as I get healed from this condition, I'll follow whatever you say," Whisperwing said.

Despite feeling a twinge of envy after witnessing Orion's proposal to Maeve and her subsequent response, which didn't quite make sense to her, given what she knew about Orion's character, she pushed those thoughts aside.

Instead, she decided to learn more about Orion's household and how she might fit in, regardless of Seraphina's warnings. Maeve may have won the battle with her position, beauty, and temperament, but she was determined to win the war.

Also, she felt that Seraphina was exaggerating things; surely, the women in this household couldn't be that bad.

Willow and Breezeflutter nodded seriously as they absorbed Seraphina's words. They made sure to etch every tiny detail into their minds, not wanting to forget anything.

"Although I couldn't understand what any of you just said, I'll take that as a sign of agreement from your expressions. Come on, let's go so I can introduce you to the others in the household," Seraphina responded, walking out and locking her workshop before leading the Pixies down the hallway.

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Third BorderCity

Garden

Orion chose not to pass through the main gates to announce his arrival. Instead, he leapt over the towering walls, landing within the Garden.

A swarm of Pixie guards swiftly surrounded him, but they dispersed just as quickly upon recognizing him.

Minutes later, as he strode in Aurora's direction, he spotted her approaching, obviously informed of his return.

"You're back already? I assumed Seraphina and Greta would handle the issue easily," Aurora remarked.

Contrary to her expectations, Orion shook his head in disagreement. "It's not that. I returned for something else," he responded.

Chapter 888 Advancing To The Next Stage

Orion swiftly summoned his crimson greatsword, bringing Aerialia along with it.

Witnessing this, Aurora frowned, knowing it was unusual for Orion to summon her mother so abruptly.

"What's going on?" Aerialia asked, shifting her gaze from Aurora to Orion.

"I need to tell you both that I can now advance to the next stage and create another Vylkr container," Orion responded.

Aerialia and Aurora were both stunned by his words.

"But I thought you said it would take you until next month or early next year to create another Vylkr container?" Aurora asked, her gaze fixed on Orion.

"Me too. Does this have to do with the Vylkr vine variants?" Aerialia asked.

"Yes, it does. The Vylkr vine variants are significantly more potent than the common Vylkr vines. With their help, I no longer need to wait another month to create another Vylkr container," Orion responded, nodding.

A look of realization suddenly appeared on Aurora's face. "So you returned to quickly attempt to create another Vylkr container?"

Orion nodded.

"How many Vylkr containers do you want to attempt to create?" Aurora asked, her expression solemn.

"Two Vylkr containers. Although I was tempted to create three, that would be reckless, so I'll stick with two for now," Orion responded, his tone serious.

"Will you be able to handle four Vylkr containers at once?" Aurora asked, frowning deeply.

"I'm not sure, but I have to try. If I find it too difficult to create two more containers at once, I'll quickly dispel the second one and stick to just one," Orion replied.

"But is that safe?" Aurora asked worriedly. She knew that while Orion and the villagers had developed a strong resistance to the effects of Vylkr energy, they weren't entirely immune. Their resistance relied heavily on the Primordial energy within them suppressing it. So, attempting to harness such potent energy could harm his body severely.

"Yes, you don't have to worry, I'll be cautious," Orion responded, nodding reassuringly.

He wasn't sure what would happen if he dispelled a Vylkr container halfway created, but he didn't want to stress her out since this was something he had to handle himself.

"Alright, we'll trust you," Aerialia responded solemnly.

Aurora bit her lip, nodded, and said, "Let's get going so you can start immediately." She turned around and led the way toward the Divine Essence Lake.

Orion and Aerialia followed her. When they arrived at the Divine Essence Lake, Orion laid the Crimson Greatsword beside the lake and walked toward the water.

"Be careful," Aurora said, holding back her emotions as she looked at Orion.

It would be a lie to say she didn't want to send him away from her Garden to stop him from doing something so reckless. However, doing so would simply make him head to the farm to meet Anara, so it would only be a futile attempt.

"I will," Orion responded, pulling her into a brief hug before releasing her. He then shifted his attention to Aerialia and nodded with a light smile at her. "You don't have to worry about my safety. I promise I'm stronger and more mentally prepared than I look."

He turned toward the Divine Essence Lake and instantly dived in. He swam deeper and deeper for fifteen minutes until he reached the lake's depths, where he finally halted his movements.

Orion then sat within the Divine Essence Lake, feeling no discomfort. His lungs could still draw air from the Divine Lake Essence around him, and the pressure of the depths caused him no harm.

Orion summoned the Vylkr energy from every part of his being—tissues, flesh, and bones—channelling it through his veins to concentrate it within his heart and brain, the core locations of the body, to create a Vylkr container.

A sudden wave of overwhelming dread swept over Orion, but he was all too familiar with the risks involved in what he was attempting. Pushing past boundaries he had never explored before was never meant to be effortless. Nevertheless, like a helmsman paddling his canoe towards a roaring waterfall while hoping for the best, Orion pressed on.

BANG!

A raw, ominous burst of Vylkr energy erupted from his body, only to be immediately subdued by the Divine Essence Lake surrounding him.

Feeling the ferocious surge of Vylkr energy violently coursing through his veins, Orion gritted his teeth in agony, struggling to rein in his emotions. He was about to create two additional Vylkr containers within his body, doubling the usual limit and inviting unimaginable agony, so naturally, he hadn't expected it to be easy.

However, the pain surpassed anything he had ever experienced. His body convulsed violently, muscles seizing as if being torn apart from within. His skin began to crack, fissures spreading like a spiderweb across his flesh, while his veins ruptured under the immense surge, blood mingling with the inky black threads of Vylkr energy.

He felt his bones grind and splinter, the agony searing through him as if molten iron and magma were being poured into his marrow. Every heartbeat was a furious, rapid drumbeat of searing pain, as though preparing him as a bride about to be welcomed into death's opened legs.

Each new container strained his very being, pushing his physical form to its breaking point.

"Argghhh!" Orion screamed, reaching the midpoint of the creation of his Vylkr containers.

His vision became blurry, and he could barely think, every fibre of his being focused on surviving the torment. His veins soon healed, bulged, and throbbed, darkening to a deep, black glowing hue before rupturing again, causing streams of blood mingling with inky black strands of raw, vicious Vylkr energy to pour down his limbs and from all his orifices.

The pain was unbearable, every second feeling like an eternity of suffering.

Suddenly, streams of the Divine Essence Lake surged into his throat, drowning his screams of agony and soothing his internal organs, allowing him to regain some of his strength and seal his trembling lips so he wouldn't drown.

Within twenty minutes, he was halfway done creating his two Vylkr vine containers and was nearing completion.

Chapter 889 Chilling Consequences

Suddenly, like a flame running on its last fuel source, Orion's strength gradually depleted. The immense struggle had severely weakened his body, devastating him to the extent that he couldn't even feel his limbs or maintain his current posture.

Orion bit his tongue and his lips, attempting to shock his body back into consciousness. However, he couldn't feel any pain. Like rubber breaking apart without any elasticity after being stretched, Orion began to lose consciousness.

Soon, his body began to feel light, the Vylkr energy still coursing through him, and he gradually floated towards the surface.

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"Mother, do you think he'll make it?" Aurora asked, her voice trembling slightly as she kept her eyes fixed on the Divine Lake Essence, waiting for signs of Orion's return or any indication that he had successfully created his two Vylkr containers and advanced to the next stage.

"If you're so worried, why didn't you stop him from trying to create two Vylkr containers? If you had expressed your concerns and reasons to him, I'm sure he would have listened," Aerialia responded, focusing intently on her daughter.

Aurora shook her head. "Since he came here directly from his manor, he must have informed some of my sisters about his advancement. However, the fact that he was still determined to create two Vylkr containers means they also left the decision to him. So, there's no reason for me not to do the same and be any different," she explained.

She momentarily turned her gaze towards Aerialia before continuing, "Besides, Mother, if you had advised him against such a reckless attempt, he would have listened. Yet, you remained silent."

Hearing Aurora's response, Aerialia exhaled deeply. "If this were a matter of the 'hierarchy of powers' that I am familiar with, I wouldn't have allowed him to make any reckless attempts. The rules in that region are already fixed, and attempting to break them without a reliable outcome

would be foolishness. However, the Vylkr energy is a force capable of shattering the rules and order of the world, including those of the gods."

"With his star potential, I can envision him surpassing even demigods and divine apostles in the future... So, this is something on which I cannot entirely give my input. If he believes he can, then I believe he will. And if you're still afraid that he will fail, believe in me, your mother, the goddess of the hunting moon who believes in him. He will succeed; he always has and always will," she responded, tightening her hands into fists.

Aerialia turned her head towards Aurora after receiving no response for several seconds. However, she saw tears streaming down Aurora's cheeks, her mouth wide open as she stared forward.

Fear instantly consumed Aerialia's entire ethereal being as she followed Aurora's line of sight forward.

Before their eyes, inky strands of Vylkr energy scattered on an area of the surface of the Divine Essence Lake close to their position. They could also see the body of a man with cracked, bloodied skin, glowing with an inky black hue, his entire body blazing with an immense surge of Vylkr energy that served as fuel for the remnants of Vylkr energy around him to burn with intensity.

The young man, however, had his eyes closed, displaying no reaction as his unconscious body floated on top of the Divine Essence Lake.

"ORRIOOONN!!" Aurora screamed at the top of her lungs, her voice resounding across the Garden as she dove into the Divine Essence Lake, swimming towards Orion's direction.

At that moment, Aerialia immediately snapped out of her daze and soared after her. She caught up to her and immediately took possession of her body, dragging her back toward the shore of the lake.

At that moment, a swarm of Pixie guards and gardeners immediately emerged, filling the surroundings when they heard Aurora's distraught screams. However, as they understood what was going on, they stood rooted in the air, astounded and shocked at Orion's strange, bloodied body ablaze with a wave of immense Vylkr energy emerging from him, floating on the surface of the Divine Essence Lake, and the bizarre scene of Aurora fighting with herself.

"LET ME GO—" Aurora screamed at the top of her lungs, tears drenching her cheeks. "Please... mother, let me go," she added, crying as she gradually calmed down.

It was at this moment that Aerialia immediately released possession of her body. Just when she was about to get up from the ground and race towards Orion again, Aerialia instantly blocked her.

"STOP IT"!! Aerialia ordered, her voice rigid as she stared at Aurora. Shocked by her strict tone, Aurora flinched backwards under her gaze.

"Mo..." Aurora attempted to speak. However, Aerialia immediately interrupted, "He's not dead yet. If he was, I wouldn't be here with you right now. So, stay put while I check on his condition. Your body might resist some of the Vylkr energy, but too much will kill you. Wait here until I return."

Hearing Aerialia's response, Aurora slowly nodded in understanding. If Orion was alive, then risking her life unnecessarily would be foolish.

Aerialia exhaled deeply, thankful Aurora hadn't stubbornly insisted on joining her. Without saying another word, Aerialia took off and immediately headed toward Orion's direction.

As she looked down at his unconscious, pitiful condition, anxiety filled her. Her mind raced with thoughts on how to bring him back to consciousness.

"ORIONNN!!" Aerialia screamed, her voice echoing towards him. She hoped it would be enough to rouse Orion from his slumber. However, it was futile. He remained unresponsive, showing no signs of movement.

Frustrated, Aerialia gritted her teeth in anger. She decided to retreat to the small Crimson Greatsword mark. It was the only safe place where she could contact Orion without being overwhelmed by the immense Vylkr energy.

Immediately, she appeared in an incomprehensible, dark abyss. Below her stretched a smooth, crimson radiant plane resembling liquid blood. She took a deep breath and screamed outwards, "ORIONN!! CAN YOU HEAR ME?" She hoped her voice would penetrate the mark and reach Orion's consciousness.

Chapter 890 Chilling Consequences (2)

The abyss trembled, causing the Crimson Greatsword mark to flicker. Yet, disappointingly, there was no response. With no other choice left, Aerialia braced herself and dove into Orion's consciousness.

Entering someone's consciousness required their direct permission. It was considered taboo to do so without consent, as it could reveal their deepest desires and true nature. Aerialia had never done it without permission before, but she felt compelled to do so with Aurora, given their unique connection.

However, this breach of privacy was necessary to reach Orion.

Aerialia vanished from her current location and reappeared beyond the Crimson Greatsword mark as she delved into Orion's consciousness.

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Outside the Orion's Cities

Boom!! Boom!!

Anara sat on the branch of a massive, 50-meter-tall tree, holding Grace securely in her arms. She gazed at the once-dead forest below, gradually being brought back to life by the other tree nymphs.

The area was surrounded by trees and bushes, with streams coming from within the Orion's Cities and flowing outward, nourishing the growing vegetation.

She had never imagined she would live to witness the revival of a barren land she once feared to even approach. Yet here she was, ensuring the dense vegetation grown by the tree nymphs spread across the floating island, transforming the desolate landscape into a lively, flourishing paradise.

Anara glanced to both sides, spotting Dariya and Malaia, each perched on similarly towering trees.

They were handling their tasks, ensuring that the work assigned by Orion and the other key leaders was perfectly executed. There was no room for errors, so they took their time to ensure that every patch of soil was fertile enough to support new growth.

Suddenly, Grace began to squirm in Anara's arms.

Anara turned her attention to her. "Grace, are you feeling okay?" she asked, her brows furrowing in concern as she observed Grace's strange movements.

"Mom... I don't feel alright," Grace responded, her eyes locking onto Anara's, her face contorted in pain.

Anara observed Grace's condition closely and decided to perform an internal examination to determine the cause of her distress. She quickly discovered that Grace's internal organs were contracting and spasming abnormally.

"It hurts... Mom," Grace murmured, her voice strained with pain before she suddenly lost consciousness, slumping into Anara's arms.

The massive 50-meter tree suddenly stopped wreaking havoc on the surrounding trees, snapping their branches and scattering their leaves.

"Grace... Grace, can you hear me?" Anara's voice trembled with concern as she gently shook Grace, trying to wake her.

She reexamined Grace's body, searching for any clue she might have missed. Everything seemed normal except for the erratic contractions of her internal organs as if reacting to an unknown catalyst.

The challenge was figuring out what that catalyst might be.

Grace had been by her side the past few days as usual, so if something unusual had caused her current state, she believed she would have noticed it earlier. However, she couldn't make sense of what was happening now.

"Grace, wake up this instant! If this is some sort of game, it's not funny!" Anara's voice was filled with frustration. She continued trying to rouse Grace, but she was unsuccessful.

At that moment, Anara realized Grace wasn't pretending or playing a prank. Something truly unnatural had occurred.

An overwhelming wave of worry and helplessness washed over Anara. She had no one to turn to for answers; being the only tree nymph who had given birth, she had no peers to consult about this strange situation.

The image of Greta suddenly appeared in her mind.

'Greta must surely know what to do, or maybe even Seraphina,' Anara thought, frightened. She tightened her arms around Grace as she stood on the tree branch.

After facing the direction of the Orion Cities, she leapt into the air, unconsciously shattering the trees into splinters, catching the attention of the tree nymphs, especially Dariya and Malaia.

They both frowned, noticing Anara's bizarre and sudden actions.

"Clierifi and Eridina, you two should handle the progress from here until I'm back," Dariya delegated her work to her two trusted subordinates below her.

She then turned around and leapt into the sky, following after Anara. Malaia did the same, also.

Despite sensing that something was wrong, as it was usual for Anara to suddenly lose control of herself, they both hoped everything was okay.

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Third Border City

Garden

As Aerialia appeared within Orion's consciousness, she was immediately greeted by a blinding bright light. It took her a while to get used to it before she realized that she was within the Village, flying above it.

However, the strange thing was that there weren't any of Orion Cities; instead, there was merely the Village in the centre, with the farm on one side and the two Strongholds on the edges of the territory.

Aerialia narrowed her eyes at the view before her, understanding that it was within Orion's consciousness. She couldn't help but wonder why there was only the Village instead of the Orion Cities, which were undoubtedly one of Orion's most outstanding achievements.

Aerialia withdrew her gaze and looked around, scanning the entire territory to search for Orion. She finally succeeded in locating him after a few minutes.

"There you are!" Aerialia said, immediately flying towards his position.

As she approached his position, she witnessed Orion standing in line with a few other people his age, standing before an unknown man carrying a black crystal orb.

Among them were the Village Chief, the Village Chieftess, and a few important individuals whom she had seen a few times in the past. Most of all, she recognized the black crystal orb as something Naka had created to test the Villagers' potential to grow stronger with the Vylkr energy.

'Is this his most important memory?' Aerialia asked, her mind reeling in confusion as she quietly observed Orion stepping forward towards the man with the crystal and placing his hand on it.

After a few seconds, the crystal orb shone brightly, and four bright shimmering stars appeared within it.