

Village Head 921

Chapter 921 The Pixies Decision

"Yes, we are. You don't have to inform us about everything; Village Chieftess Reena, Ayla, Maya, Fiona and the others have already explained everything, so we are prepared. We wouldn't leave your side if we didn't see you for a month, a few months, or even a year. We Pixies are known for ensuring that our partners have a home to return to and remain loyal to their husbands, despite being an extremely emotional race," Whisperwing responded firmly.

She and the others stood before Orion, showing him they were not ready to back down regardless of his response.

Orion pondered Whisperwing's words momentarily before fixing his eyes on them. "Can you give me some time to think about it?" he asked.

When his words left his lips, Whisperwing and the others felt their resolve weaken. They had expected various responses but hadn't anticipated this one.

Even Maeve furrowed her brows in deep thought as she observed Orion. She knew he would be leaving the floating island, so they couldn't see each other for an extended period. She couldn't help but wonder if he genuinely needed time to ponder or had different motives.

"If that's the case, then we will be waiting for your response, Mr Orion, no matter how long it takes," Whisperwing responded.

They all nodded firmly, showing their willingness to wait, no matter the duration.

Even Gina sensed the tension and felt sorry for their situation.

"Well, you don't need to worry because I've made up my mind already," Orion responded, his expression relaxing as he left them confused with his words.

"I was just testing your resolve and confidence," Orion added, feeling a bit embarrassed when he saw their bewildered expressions turning to surprise.

"Husband, please don't toy with our emotions like that again," Maeve said, leaning against Orion's neck. She didn't hesitate to assume her role as his wife.

Whisperwing, Willow, and Breezeflutter vigorously nodded in agreement with Maeve's words. They had felt a rush of anxiety but managed to keep it together because of Orion's presence, so they were relieved to hear it was just a test they had passed.

"I promise not to do that again," Orion assured them, then turned to the three Pixies before him. "Yes, I'll be your partner," he affirmed to each Pixie individually.

Breezeflutter's lips curved into a smile as she flew forward and threw herself onto Orion's chest, tears streaming down profusely as she clung to him.

Orion quickly caught her, noting mentally to be cautious in conversations with Breezeflutter, as she appeared to have the most delicate heart among his wives.

Whisperwing and Willow joined in, embracing him as Maeve and Breezeflutter had.

Orion smiled at the heartwarming scene, feeling their warmth and affection before turning to the other end of the hallway.

"You can all come out now. I believe you've seen enough," he announced, echoing down the corridor.

Almost immediately, several individuals—Lyra, Derry, Vivian, Merida, Elysia, and Fiona—tumbled out from the left side of the hallway, landing on the ground. On the opposite side of the hallway, Orion sensed Crystalia quickly slipping away to avoid being caught.

"Ouch! I told you bringing her was a bad idea," Lyra remarked, her voice laced with frustration, also sensing Crystalia swiftly escaping. She slowly got up, followed by the others, who were also dusting themselves off.

"Oh, don't give us that look. We weren't spying on you or anything. We just came to tell you that we got an invitation from Flintor; it's about his wife giving birth and also him becoming a father before we stumbled upon this touching scene. Sensing the tension in the air, we decided to wait and observe until you were finished," Derry said, spinning a quick lie.

Merida and Fiona nodded in agreement, affirming her words.

"Of course, we haven't witnessed a Pixie proposal before, so it was a memorable experience," Elysia added, showing no signs of annoyance that Crystalia had slipped away.

Hearing about his wife's birth and Flintor's finally becoming a father, Orion couldn't help but feel a wave of relief wash over him. The recent events in the Village had taken their toll, and he was glad for this good news.

Nonetheless, after visiting the hospital to see Flintor and his family, he would care for his wives so they wouldn't miss him too much. With his upcoming travel plans, he had to shower them with all the love he had stored up.

"Tell everyone to dress up so we can visit them together. Flintor is family, so it should be fine for us to go. Plus, it's been a while since we all went out together, so this is a great opportunity," Orion responded enthusiastically.

"Tell everyone to dress up so we can visit them together. Flintor is family, so it should be fine for us to go. Plus, it's been a while Hearing Orion's words, the women were stunned before a look of realization suddenly dawned on their faces.

"Alright, I'll go and inform everyone," Fiona nodded. She turned to Ayla and Elysia and said, "Let's go."

Ayla and Elysia also nodded, joining Fiona to spread Orion's message as they exited the area.

"Oh, Orion, I'll miss you!" Derry shouted with a weepy voice as she rushed toward him, almost suffocating Whisperwing, who swiftly flew out of the way with her large breasts.

Lyra also rushed forward with a teary voice, prompting Orion to extend his arms to receive her with a sigh.

Despite their troublesome and occasionally problematic behaviour, constantly engaging with each other, if he were given a chance to start afresh and live a much more comfortable life, he would choose them as his partners again and again, preferring their company.

Merida shook her head, restraining herself from rushing forward as she realized she could not compete with these vixens. Nonetheless, Orion was not sparring with his affection, so she did not need to worry.

Vivian chuckled slightly at witnessing Merida's defeated expression and Pixie Gina's fierce demeanour.

"Come on, let's go and prepare for the visit," Vivian said, then turned to Gina, "You too," allowing Gina to descend onto her palm. She signalled for Maeve's attention to follow them and help restore Gina back to her original size before leaving the area.

However, remembering Orion's fiery gaze, she couldn't help but feel her lower lip burn fiercely as she understood that tonight would be a very eventful night.

Chapter 922 Energy Mask Spectrometer

After ensuring that Derry and Lyra had gone to dress up for the visit, Orion walked towards Seraphina's room to see what she had been up to these past few weeks. Upon arrival, he sensed Fifi was also within Seraphina's work office.

Knock! Knock!

He rapped his knuckles against the door.

"Come in," Seraphina's voice sounded from within.

Orion opened the door and stepped inside. As he entered, he saw Fifi seated on a chair while Seraphina examined her Vylkr Fusion Armllet, its compartment open, with various tools in her hands.

"What's going on?" Orion asked.

"I'm examining her Vylkr Fusion Armlet to see if any changes differ from the typical gods' chosen devourer's bracelets. During Fifi's and Stronghold Leader Zogar's training with the gods' chosen, I realized they didn't necessarily need to use it the same way since they are natural Vylkr warriors," Seraphina responded, glancing at Orion briefly before shifting her attention back to Fifi's Vylkr Fusion Armlet.

"Since the main issue I'm having is with their vials, I'm trying to determine if it would impact them in any way."

"And what did you find?" Orion asked curiously as he found a spot on a chair near Fifi and sat down.

Fifi laid her head on his shoulder as Seraphina continued her examination.

"I discovered that my concerns were baseless. Fifi and Stronghold Leader Zogar can utilize their Vylkr Fusion Armlets without a vial. They must continue devouring the Vylkr vines and circulating their Vylkr energy within the Fusion Armlet. Their Devourer's Heart will grow stronger until they break through to the next stage."

"The vials can be an emergency backup when their reserve is utterly depleted. I should have figured this out earlier, but I had too much on my mind. I'm only realizing it now," Seraphina explained, carefully setting her tools down and closing Fifi's Vylkr Fusion Armlet compartment.

Orion nodded in understanding. If a Vylkr warrior could use their Vylkr container to power the Fusion Armlet, it made sense for them not to rely on the vial to activate it. "Is there anything else you've uncovered?" he asked.

"Yes, they can enter their Vylkr Warrior mode at will without overclocking their Vylkr Fusion Armlet. The only consequence is that it depletes their energy reserves very quickly, so they need to utilize it carefully," Seraphina replied, wiping down the Vylkr Fusion Armlet with a cloth. "All done," she added, letting Fifi know the examination was complete.

Fifi withdrew her arm and stretched it.

"Okay, since you've figured that out, how about the other project you mentioned?" Orion asked curiously. This was the real reason he had come to visit her.

Fifi's curiosity was piqued. Although she knew Seraphina was working on something, she had yet to learn what it was, unlike Orion.

Seraphina nodded. She walked over to her shelves, retrieved a large, plain metal box, and placed it on the table before them.

"Although I've figured out the necessary components and how I want the final equipment to look, I still need to finish the final touches. But regardless, here you go," Seraphina said, opening the box towards them.

Inside the box were four full-face masks—Black, Grey, Blue, and a plain one—each adorned with intricate Vylkr vine designs ranging from two-star to four-star Vylkr vine patterns.

The masks didn't have outlines for the nose or lips, but at the eye positions, there were two narrow straight lines with crystal lenses matching the colour of the mask, making it uncertain if it was possible to see through them.

Orion and Fifi looked at the masks with wide, curious eyes.

"It's pretty, isn't it?" Seraphina asked, satisfaction surging as she noticed their mesmerized gazes.

"Do they work?" Orion asked, wanting to confirm if these masks could gauge a person's level of strength through their aura.

"Why don't you put it on yourself and try it out?" Seraphina responded, grinning. "You too," she added, shifting her attention towards Fifi.

Orion and Fifi both nodded and stretched their hands to pick a mask. Orion chose the beautifully drawn black Vylkr doctorate mask, while Fifi chose the blue one.

Orion turned the mask over and saw the inscribed runes glowing across it. He gently placed the mask on his face, feeling a tingling sensation sweep across his facial muscles and the sudden depletion of his energy reserve as it adhered to his skin.

The ends stretched over his ears and under his chin before solidifying and compressing abruptly, plunging his vision into total darkness.

He felt a light squeeze on his face, and the sensation of wearing a mask covering his entire head immediately disappeared. Gradually, his vision was restored.

Orion glanced around, testing his vision. Surprisingly, the mask's design didn't limit his sight. He turned to look at Fifi, who was still adjusting to wearing her mask.

"Can you see?" Seraphina questioned.

Orion focused his eyes ahead and nodded, saying, "Yes, I can see you clearly."

"Great! I named this invention the 'Energy Mask Spectrometer.' I borrowed the term 'Spectrometer' from Isadora, and after understanding its purpose, I decided to include it. It's equipped to detect and analyze energy auras, providing detailed readings of any individual," Seraphina explained.

"Since you'll descend the floating island, I added an air filtration system to purify the air. It can remove harmful substances like toxins, pollutants, and magical contaminants. Even though you can handle some of these independently, there are still unknowns, so it's better to be cautious.

"It also offers enhanced perception, protects your head and face, self-repairs, can store energy for extended use without constant channelling, and allows shared communication between masks over a significant distance. I tested its range but couldn't find its limit, so you'll have to do that yourself. I'm still considering enhancing its functions further, but unlike the Vylkr Fusion Armlet, I'm unsure how it will perform in various circumstances. Feel free to experiment with it and provide feedback as you go. That's everything," Seraphina concluded, exhaling heavily after her detailed explanation.

Chapter 923 Base Energy Measurement

Upon hearing Seraphina's explanation, Orion was torn between feeling dumbfounded by her genuine intellect and awe at her brilliant insight in creating a magical head-on display mask.

Meanwhile, Fifi sat stunned and speechless, contemplating whether she would ever witness the limits of Seraphina's creativity or if there were any limits.

The fact that Seraphina could craft something like this from materials collected from the former Village Chief and Isadora left Fifi wondering about the potential of encountering inventions from various Runaway Cities that Isadora had mentioned were superior to what she had gathered.

It was surreal to think of Seraphina as just another sister. In fact, if she wasn't confident in her abilities, she doubted she would ever surpass Seraphina's intelligence and wisdom, a thought still up for debate.

"Anyone would lose their minds if you told them you came up with something like this in two and a half weeks. Amazingly, you can continuously create incredible inventions like this in such a short time," Orion remarked, glancing at Fifi, who still hadn't recovered from the shock.

Orion was tempted to compare Seraphina's intelligence and wisdom to Naka's, but he refrained from undermining the gods' monstrous intellect; he was in a league of his own.

Seraphina chuckled lightly at Orion's words. "Thank you for the compliment, husband. Now, why don't you try utilizing it? Slowly direct your energy into the mask and focus on activating one of its specific functions that I've listed. You can use your Celestial energy; I don't think it's capable of withstanding Vylkr energy for now," she said.

Orion nodded and followed her instructions, channelling his Celestial energy into the mask to activate its energy-reading functions.

Suddenly, a few sentences appeared before his line of sight as he looked at Seraphina.

[Energy Level: 1,900 BEM]

"It says 'Energy level - 1,900 BEM,'" Fifi responded, her voice sounding crisp through her mask. Her eyes were fixed on Seraphina and the words that appeared before her.

"BEM stands for Base Energy Measurement, which analyses and quantifies a person's capabilities through their energy aura. Try looking at each other and see what it reads," Seraphina explained.

Orion and Fifi nodded and turned to look at each other.

"It says Energy Level - 2,550," Fifi said.

"Mine says, Energy level - 2,400," Orion said, surprised by Fifi's BEM level but understanding why hers was lower since he had achieved his breakthrough earlier.

"Good. That's the quantification of your current capabilities. So, remember that this could change if you use the Vylkr warrior mode or any bizarre techniques, so this should only help you judge a person's limited capabilities and not their overall strength. "

"Also, unless the individual is mortal without any energy or perfectly able to hide their energy aura, then it's impossible to know their energy reading," Seraphina explained before asking, "So, are you satisfied with the Energy Mask Spectrometer?"

Orion and Fifi swiftly nodded their heads in response. They were satisfied with Seraphina's efforts and couldn't help but wonder if they were in a dream.

"Ouch!" Fifi winced from the pain in her thighs. She understood that she wasn't dreaming.

"Ahem! Is there anything else you've been working on, or are thinking of working on?" Orion cleared his throat and asked, his solemn gaze fixed on Seraphina.

"No, I'm not. But after studying the materials I've collected, I think I'm beginning to have a few ideas—" Seraphina began, her thoughts pondering. However, before she could complete her words, Orion immediately interrupted her.

"Well, you've been cooped up here for a while, so it's time to take a break. Go and change your dress so we can head out; we will see Flintor and his family. He has just become a father and sent us an invitation," Orion said, halting Seraphina from generating more ideas.

Seraphina furrowed her brows briefly in thought before she nodded in understanding. "Alright, let me tidy up before going to prepare. I'll meet you all downstairs," she responded.

Seraphina stretched out her hand to collect the masks, which Orion and Fifi reluctantly returned. She then placed them back in the box and sealed it shut. She quickly led them out of the workshop, tidying up her workspace before joining the others downstairs.

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Below the floating island, far at the edge of the dissipating Vylkr Viel phenomenon,

"Is everyone ready to head inside?" asked the Captain of the 1st Unit Vanguard team of the Wanderlust Traveling Tortoise Runaway City, her gaze fixed firmly on the towering ogre before her.

"The units are all set and ready to go. But—" Azarok, her lieutenant, began, his voice cracking as if he struggled to finish his sentence.

"But what?" the Captain pressed, narrowing her eyes at him.

Azarok took a deep breath before responding, "It's the entire unit. They're suggesting that perhaps it's best if we turn back to the city. No matter what anyone says or does, they're ready to shoulder the blame for each other."

"Put simply, after everything they've experienced—from the unprecedented duration of the Vylkr Veil Phenomenon to the terrifying battles that have echoed within it—they don't want to venture in any longer. They'd rather return home and face the consequences for not proceeding." His shoulders slumped.

"Despite not fearing death, he assessed the unit's overall condition and realized it was best to abandon their mission and return home. Going into such a battle was not advisable and could lead to more losses than initially calculated.

The Captain furrowed her brow in deep thought. "What about you? Will you join them in returning?" she asked, scrutinizing his expression.

Azarok nodded solemnly. "I'm not afraid of death, but I believe it's best to abandon this mission and head back to the city," he replied.

"Let them know that anyone who wishes to return to the city may do so, but they must be prepared to face the consequences of desertion. Those who are determined to continue should follow me as we proceed inside," the Captain commanded.

Chapter 924 An Immense Crater

Azarok opened his mouth to speak, but he saw the Captain, his superior, with a firm gaze before he could. He nodded in understanding, a tired sigh escaping his lips.

"Okay, Captain, I'll deliver your orders," Azarok nodded. Just as he was about to turn around and leave, another voice sounded behind him.

"Let them know we will go in together, so they better stay alert. If something ominous happens, we'll all suffer the repercussions," said the Captain.

Azarok briefly closed his eyes and then opened them. "Thank you," he responded before walking away.

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One hour later

"Is this real?" the Captain stammered, her voice trembling with awe and fear. She stared at the utterly ruined landscape, her eyes wide with disbelief.

Clearly, a devastating battle had occurred here, but no matter how far she looked, she couldn't see any signs of life in the surroundings.

All around them was total destruction beyond anything they had ever witnessed. The land was upturned, with several large crevices stretching as far as her eyes could see.

"Captain, the unit..." Azarok's voice rang out, pulling her from her thoughts.

The Captain turned and frowned at the scene before her. Several gods' chosens were returning toward the ever-moving Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City.

Initially, the unit had 260 members, but 110 had defaulted on their mission and returned to the city, ready to face whatever punishment awaited them. As they stepped into the region once covered by the Vylkr vine, 60 more ran back toward the city, reducing their numbers to just 90.

Out of the 260 individuals who had eagerly accepted this mission in hopes of finally seeing a Divine artefact and earning more rewards than they could ever obtain on a solo mission, only 90 members remained.

"I honestly don't blame them. If I were in their position and had everything to lose with a threat that could be avoided, I would run as well. After all, it's not every day you come across something like that. Also, I'm sure you can sense it too. The closer we get, the more my senses are intensified," Azarok said, his voice wavering as he shifted his attention toward the massive crater a few kilometres away.

The massive crater stretched several thousand kilometres wide. It was impossible to believe that any ordinary warrior had created such a crater, leaving him doubting between three possibilities: a Divine Apostle, a Demigod, or a god. Although he had never encountered any of those before, from what he had learned, they were the only beings capable of leaving behind such a mind-numbing imprint on the earth.

A gods' chosen would need to be at least at the Legendary rank or above to be capable of such a feat. At the 'legendary rank', a level of power only a few warriors in the world could reach, they could perform feats that were considered impossible for normal warriors. He had never seen a gods' chosen at a legendary rank before, so even this was based on information he had once learned.

The Captain also looked at the massive hole in the distance and couldn't help but feel her heart threatening to jump out of her chest. She gritted her teeth and suppressed the turmoil within.

"Of course, I can sense it too, but that is not enough reason to turn back and abandon the mission. Everyone who ran away has shown their disloyalty to the unit. As such, when this mission is over, they will be expelled from the unit indefinitely," the Captain said, her voice rising with anger as she focused her attention forward.

Upon hearing his Captain's response, Azarok inwardly sighed. He couldn't tell if she said this solely because she was determined to fulfil her mission as the leader of a god's chosen unit, but he couldn't disobey her orders.

"There's no need to survey the surroundings any longer. We'll pick up speed from here. The faster we arrive at the immense crevice, the sooner we might uncover everything that has transpired," the Captain added, her gaze fixed on the ruined land before her.

Azarok's expression instantly eased as he nodded in understanding. He turned around and stepped forward to face the crowd, "EVERYONE, WE WILL BE PICKING UP SPEED TO GET TO OUR DESTINATION AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. READY YOURSELVES!" he announced.

Various sounds of relief suddenly rang across the surroundings. The remaining ninety members of the 1st Unit Vanguard team of the Wanderlust Traveling Tortoise Runaway City strapped their Gearweavers to their backs. They prepared themselves so they wouldn't fall behind the others.

Azarok soon arrived at the forefront again, "We are ready, captain," he declared.

The Captain nodded and instantly picked up the pace, rushing forward with astonishing speed. Within fifteen minutes, they traversed great distances and arrived at the edge of the immense crater.

Up close, the crater appeared like a god had carved it from within the earth. Its size was so immense that their entire group seemed like a speck of dust in comparison.

The Captain stretched her gaze below, scanning it for clues to discern what had transpired.

Suddenly, her eyes caught several gleaming objects tens of meters below the massive crater. Even the Vylkr vines gradually filled it up and rose to the surface. She unstrapped her Gearweaver spear and swung it beside her, cutting through the one-star and two-star Vylkr vines, sweeping them away, and scattering them into the distance.

"Azaroth, you're coming with me," the Captain ordered, turning her head to look at Azaroth. He surveyed the massive crater, his gaze drawn to the gleaming shimmer.

Azarok nodded, unstrapping his Gearweaver sword and tightening his grip on it.

"EVERYONE, BE ON HIGH ALERT AND PROTECT THE SURROUNDINGS! WE'LL BE BACK SOON!" The Captain's voice resounded across the remaining fifty unit members in the area.

They all nodded, unstrapping their Gearweavers, and formed a formation to observe their surroundings.

The Captain nodded at Azarok and then leapt into the massive hole. Seconds later, Azarok followed suit, diving into the unknown depths, a dark and treacherous abyss that seemed to swallow all light.

They weren't sure how deep it was or what awaited them, but they had to verify what it was before deciding if the search for the Divine artefact was worth the risk.

Chapter 925 Discovery Of A Lifetime

The Captain and Azarok were prepared to meet death head-on, even in the face of potential danger.

As they continued falling deep inside the massive chasm, the sunlight gradually faded, replaced by a consuming darkness that seemed to swallow them whole, pulling them further into the abyss.

After five minutes of free fall, they finally landed on the floor of the immense hole.

BOOMM!!!

BOOMM!!

They landed on their feet a second apart, and their impact tore the earth, creating a wide crater stretching into the distance.

As they both emerged from the crater and took in their surroundings, their eyes widened in shock and disbelief, their breaths caught in their throats.

Around them lay a vast deposit of unearthly stones, shimmering with a dark, metallic sheen interspersed with iridescent veins pulsing with a faint, eerie glow. The sight resembled millions of stars in the night sky.

"Vylkr alloy," the Captain muttered, her eyes brightening with excitement as she bent down to dig one of the stones, a treasure beyond their wildest dreams, from the earth with her bare hands to confirm her suspicion.

Despite their ability to see clearly at night, the radiance from the stones deeply embedded within the earth provided enough light for them to pick up every little detail of their surroundings.

Even Azarok couldn't help but feel his heart race as he took a stone from the ground and channelled his Vylkr energy into it, sensing how easily it circulated within the stone as though it were part of him.

"This is a rich deposit of Vylkr alloys," the Captain exclaimed.

Vylkr alloys are rare and highly prized metals found deep within the earth, often near deposits of raw Vylkr energy. Their value lies in their natural ability to conduct and channel Vylkr energy. They are essential for crafting powerful artefacts and advanced machinery that utilise Vylkr energy, such as the Devourer's bracelet and the Gearweavers.

In short, it was the most sought-after material in the world. However, due to the immense resources required to dig deep into the earth, harvest it, keep the Vylkr vines at bay, protect their Runaway City, and safeguard the harvested material from others, a Grade One Runaway City like theirs could not manage it.

Azarok held the head-sized Vylkr alloy he had dug up from the ground and looked at it with gleaming, excited eyes. "These Vylkr alloys are even larger than the ones I had the privilege to witness back in the academy," he stated, his tone tinged with reminiscence.

Apart from seeing one for the first time during his lessons before becoming one of the gods' chosen, which was only as big as a thumb, this was the only other time he had seen one, and it was significantly larger and more impressive.

The Captain nodded in response. "It's way bigger than the ones I've had the privilege to see," she replied, swinging her sword against a strange Vylkr vine approaching her. She bent down, tore its roots from the ground, and scrutinised it closely, confirming that it was a Vylkr vine variant which had survived the dissipating Vylkr veil phenomenon.

The Vylkr vine variant was shaped like a flower, its dead roots connected and winding across the Vylkr alloys. Several moving tendrils stretched outward at the stigma as though searching for any unsuspecting prey to devour.

"We need to report this to the Queen as soon as possible. We might have yet to find the divine artefact, Patriarch Rylan, any trace of the four-eared elves or Captain Seig and his lieutenant. However, I'll bet that an unknown rich deposit of Vylkr alloy is much more valuable than any of those."

"If we return with this information, we'll not only earn the Queen's highest praise but also secure a great advantage for our City and be at the forefront of its development because we were the ones daring enough to walk into this ruined land and uncover it," the Captain remarked, a sharp glint passing through her eyes.

She secured a smaller piece of Vylkr alloy to show the Queen uncover it," the Captain remarked, a sharp glint passing through her eyes.

and the Inner Circle so that harvesting could begin immediately before the Sleeping Fox Runaway City discovered this vast deposit and capitalised on it for themselves.

"You're right. It's great that we didn't turn back and abandon this mission; otherwise, we wouldn't have uncovered such tremendous valuable resources," Azarok responded, securing the head-sized Vylkr alloy for himself.

Even though he knew he would be granted a large deposit of the Vylkr alloy they had discovered, he didn't trust the Inner Circle to keep their greed in check and prevent it from consuming them.

"Our bravery in facing whatever challenges we come across has yielded us this reward. As for those who abandoned their mission and returned to the City, I'll ensure they are not allowed back in my Unit. The other teams and units can have those cowards," the Captain responded, her expression serious.

She didn't comment on Azarok's actions of securing a Vylkr alloy for himself because he had earned it through his bravery and willingness to follow her no matter the danger they might encounter. She even planned for the remaining ninety members of her Unit to take as much as they could carry as their rewards to show them that their bravery had not been in vain, thereby boosting their morale to even greater heights.

Nonetheless, once the harvesting began, she was confident they would be put in charge, so she didn't need to carry one for herself on her way back.

"I'm done," Azarok said with a satisfied smile, understanding that the Captain had been waiting for him so they could leave.

The head-sized Vylkr alloy was wrapped in cloth and tied to his waist. Anyone who tried to touch would lose their hands before they even got close to it.

"Let's return to the surface and inform the others," the Captain nodded. She strapped her spear to her back and gazed at the towering wall leading to the distant surface.

Chapter 926 The Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City

After preparing herself, she bent down and leapt into the air, covering immense distances in seconds. Just as she was about to lose momentum, her leg smashed into the wall along with her fist, tearing through it effortlessly as she used it to propel herself upward again.

Azarok followed behind, using his towering physique to similarly race up to the top.

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Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City,

The thick scent of rusted metal and steel filled the atmosphere within the giant, ever-moving fortress. Amidst the clusters of metallic homes and buildings, each constructed to accommodate its enormous inhabitants, something more notable pervaded the air—

It was none other than lust.

Sweeping across the residential area from the Lower Shell—the Lower to the Upper Ward, lust stole the lips of residents. It seduced them into a lifestyle of vanity and debauchery. Families defiled their beds in the name of pure love, and workers and labourers lay with each other as a form of payment, utilizing each other's bodies as furnaces to increase their strength when wealth seemed unnecessary.

The affluent treated it as a commodity: cheap if obtained from someone of no status and expensive if acquired from someone of incredible standing.

However, its steps quieted at the outer edges of the shell, the Bazaar—a bustling marketplace of the Wanderlust Traveling Tortoise Runaway City, accessible to travellers and traders. As it continued, it reached the upper shell and neck of the city, where the red district lay: a den of vanity and pleasures, offering various services to every inhabitant.

As she neared the head of the tortoise, the Citadel—the command centre of the city where the Queen and her Inner Circle govern—her rich scent began to dissipate, emanating now only from a room in the Queen's Palace.

"Ahhh~~~ Lord Teth, I can't hold on any longer~~~" moaned a young, slender woman, naked with her face pressed against the sheets of her king-sized bed.

Behind her was a middle-aged man, his physique hidden by simple yet elegant robes in dark shades of blue and grey, adorned with subtle rune patterns that showcased the handiwork of a master artisan. He thrust his throbbing stiff shaft in and out of her soaked cave with a steady rhythm.

Pahh~~ Pahhh~~~

Pahh~~ Pahhh~~~

The man remained silent as though he hadn't heard the woman's words. He continued to grip her waist, thrusting into her with a relentless rhythm.

Pahh~~ Pahhh~~~

The echoes of their flesh meeting resonated through the room until he abruptly felt a minuscule surge of energy leaving his body.

"Ahh!!!" the young woman screamed as the immense energy surged through her entire being, heightening her body's sensitivity. She felt his final thrust and the crisp release of his cum shooting deep into her inner folds.

As the man released her waist, she collapsed onto the bed, her expression blissful with her eyes closed, still relishing the intense sensations from moments ago.

"Quickly, don't waste the energy I've given you. Use it to break through the ninth level of the Innate sage realm," the man commanded sternly.

The young woman abruptly widened her eyes and nodded fiercely before sitting on the bed. She wasn't bothered by its stains; instead, she made herself more comfortable.

She circulated the energy she had received from the man, using it to break into the next stage. Almost instantly, a wave of immense life energy emerged from her body and swept outward, creating a suffocating sensation in the atmosphere.

To the man, however, it felt like a faint breeze brushing against the lower edges of his robes.

"It worked! I've broken through to the ninth layer of the Innate Sage realm!" the young woman screamed joyfully, jumping at the man and tightening her arms around him.

The man nodded, calmly wrapping his arms around her and patting her back.

"Although it's still not at the level to compete with the gods' chosen, if you work hard, you can break through into the next realm within a week," the man responded calmly.

"I wouldn't have done it—" the young woman began, but a knock came from the door before she could finish. Her eyes widened with alertness, and she immediately sprang into action, wiping off the stains on her body and rushing to put on her clothes.

The man, however, merely waved his hand in the air, and all evidence of their activities disappeared without a trace.

After a few minutes, just before the sound could emerge again, she rushed to open the door.

Immediately, a woman with long, flowing red hair and piercing crimson eyes appeared. She wore a regal red dress adorned with jewels and elaborate designs that enhanced her allure and showcased the beauty of her immense curves and appeal.

The woman standing before her was the Queen of Hearts, the sole ruler wielding immense power and influence over the Wanderlust Traveling Tortoise Runaway City and its inhabitants — Eleanora Fairwind.

"Sister, what are you doing here?" the young woman asked curiously, her eyes fixed on Eleanora as she awaited her response.

This woman was none other than Bellesha Fairwind, the younger sister of the Queen of Hearts, Eleanora Fairwind.

"What do you mean, what am I doing here? Aren't I supposed to see you now that you are feeling better?" Eleanora snorted, her expression stern. "Well, aren't you going to let me in, or do you want me to keep standing outside my castle?" she added.

"Humph! You didn't inform me that you are coming, so I could prepare. Don't you know that I am receiving my treatment today?" Bellesha responded, huffing and puffing as she averted her eyes from her elder sister's gaze.

"Treatment," Eleanora responded sharply, her expression morphing into a frown as she stepped forward and forcefully pushed the door open, nudging her younger sister to the side.

Eleanora's eyes immediately landed on the figure of a middle-

aged man with chestnut brown, slightly wavy shoulder-length hair. He was dressed in simple yet elegant robes with dark shades of blue and grey, sitting in a meditative position beside the bed as though deeply absorbed in meditation.

"Elder Loran!" Eleanora exclaimed, addressing the man by his supposed name.

However, the man remained unresponsive, deepening her annoyance. She would have thrown him out of her palace if he weren't currently valuable to them.

Chapter 927 Darkness Conceals Danger

Eleanora redirected her attention back to her younger sister. "I wasn't informed that you would receive any treatment today," she added.

"I felt weak this morning, so I decided to call for him. I knew you were occupied with the matters concerning the Sleeping Fox Runaway City and the Vylkr Veil Phenomenon, so I didn't want to disturb you," Bellesha responded, her shoulders slumping tiredly.

Upon hearing her younger sister's response, Eleanora playfully pinched the side of her own cheeks. "It seems that you are slowly regaining yourself now that you're getting better," she joked before asking, "Have you finished with your treatment then?"

"Yes, I'm done. Elder Lorian was about to pack up his equipment but felt tired and decided to rest and recover his strength. As for my health, I feel much healthier and stronger than before. I've even broken through to the ninth level of the Innate Sage realm," Bellesha responded happily.

Eleanora was initially satisfied with Bellesha's response, but after hearing her complete sentence, her expression was shocked. She immediately grabbed Bellesha's wrist and scanned her strength. Sensing the immense life energy within her, her expression became astounded.

For the past ten years, her sister had been afflicted by a sickness that caused chronic weakness and drained her of life energy, leaving her lethargic and unable to tap into her racial abilities.

If not for her authority as the Queen of Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City, providing her with enough life energy to sustain herself, she could have already died. However, just a few days ago, their persistence paid off when a trader who had been dealing in the city for a long time suddenly showed up, claiming he could cure her sister.

Her suspicions were immediately aroused; after all, the condition was well known to all the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City inhabitants, so she couldn't help but wonder why he had abruptly appeared.

Only after an investigation did she discover that his identity was legitimate. She considered him honest after showing them his ability to heal one of the palace servants with a different illness and then heal her sister. Thus, since her sister's sickness required time to recover fully, she granted him a place in her palace.

However, witnessing her sister's rapid growth from the fourth to the ninth level of the Sage rank, she could not determine how such a thing was possible.

'Was this truly his doing?' Eleanora narrowed her eyes at the man. Despite realizing that this sudden increase in strength was related to him, she couldn't shake the feeling that there might be more to his identity than she knew.

"Is there anything else, Sister?" Bellesha smiled, her expression filled with curiosity.

"Why don't we take a walk so you can discuss with me in detail how you are currently feeling?" Eleanora suggested, clearing her throat to emphasize her point.

Bellesha frowned in response. "Do I have to? I prefer to stay indoors until I feel better," she replied, slightly shaking her head.

Eleanor's frown deepened. "Why does it feel like you are becoming even more stubborn than before —" she started to say, but a voice resonating from within the room interrupted her sentence.

"Princess Bellesha, your health will improve even more if you go outside," Elder Lorian said, glancing at them with a gentle yet confident demeanour.

"Are you sure about that?" Bellesha asked, her expression shifting into a thoughtful frown as if she were wrestling with an internal decision.

Elder Lorian nodded with assurance.

"Okay, if you say so," Bellesha replied, exhaling tiredly. "Let's go then," she added, looking back at her sister.

"Let's go," Eleanora responded, suppressing a disdainful frown. After all, she had initially tried to engage with the man, but he had pretended not to hear her voice.

The audacity!

Nonetheless, her anger immediately dissipated. She didn't want anything to ruin her time with Bellesha, especially when she was still bothered by the Vylkr veil phenomenon, the Divine Artefact, and Patriarch Rylan's whereabouts, along with others who had followed him.

She led the way forward as Bellesha stepped forward and closed the door behind her.

Along the way, Eleanora ordered the guards to remain stationed outside her junior sister's room, much to Bellesha's disagreement. After all, there was no way that she could allow a stranger to stay in her sister's room for as long as he liked.

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Within Princess Ballasha's room

Sensing the guards stationed at the door, likely there to monitor his actions, he stood up from his seating position and walked toward the wide-opened windows that offered a beautiful view of the palace and the buildings surrounding it. In the distance, other city sections were partially hidden from view due to the window's angle.

Nonetheless, his eyes weren't fixed on this seemingly mundane cityscape. Instead, they were focused far beyond, towards the Vylkr veil phenomenon, precisely above the clouds where he had suffered grave injuries from a battle with Vylkr spawn and an unknown divine being.

Had he known he would encounter such an unfortunate fate, he would have remained oblivious and curbed his curiosity. However, hindsight offered no comfort, and now he had to endure life in this forsaken Grade One Runaway City until he fully recovered and could leave.

The only thing weighing on his mind was the possibility of the vengeful god tracing him to this place, seeking retribution for daring to intrude into his domain. In the meantime, he kept a low profile, disguising himself and taking advantage of the Queen's younger sister's illness to secure a slightly more comfortable stay while manipulating her for information regarding the gods' chosen's exploration of the Vylkr veil phenomenon.

However, despite the battles and turmoil he sensed within the Vylkr veil phenomenon, he tried to maintain optimism about any potential good news from the dispatched gods' chosen, though deep down, he knew the odds were against them.

A sudden rush of fear coursed through him as those thoughts resurfaced. He took a deep breath, exhaling slowly to calm himself, dispersing the fear that had momentarily gripped him.

The Floating Island

Third Border City

"Thank you for stopping by, I appreciate it," Flintor smiled warmly, his eyes reflecting gratitude. He couldn't resist stealing one last glance at Orion's entire family and chuckled quietly.

He had no clue what Orion did to maintain harmony or keep his family grounded, and he had no desire to uncover that secret, whatever it might be.

"You don't need to thank us; you're family, after all," Orion replied, cradling one of his sons in his left arm. "Take care; we're heading out now," he added.

Orion signalled to his wives to connect with each other before activating his gift and vanishing with streaks of lightning shooting into the sky.

Watching Orion and his family depart, Flintor turned on his heel and strolled back into the healer's centre. He knew that when Orion descended from the floating island, he would be tasked with maintaining order, requiring his full attention. In the meantime, he decided to cherish moments with his own family.

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Second Border City

An immense lightning bolt streaked through Orion's compound, briefly illuminating his entire manor before vanishing, revealing Orion and the whole household.

As the women returned to the manor and resumed their activities, Orion gently passed the baby back to Celeste.

He observed Reena and Crystalia resume their bickering as they entered the door, then shifted his attention to Tala, who had been standing by his side since their arrival.

Tala's expression was conflicted as if she were deeply contemplating something.

"Tala?" Orion called out, breaking her reverie.

"Sorry, I was lost in thought," Tala replied, focusing on Orion.

"What's on your mind? Is it something I should know?" Orion asked, his brow furrowing in concern.

Tala appeared hesitant, struggling to find the right words. After taking a calming breath, she began, "I've been considering joining your team for the descent down the floating island. Despite being a two-star warrior, my gift would greatly benefit the exploration." Her confidence grew as she finished speaking.

Orion's expression turned solemn as he shook his head. "No, it's too risky for you to join. We might encounter gods' chosen even stronger than Captain Seig or divine apostles or demigods whose power we're unfamiliar with. Even if I wanted to bring you along, it would be unwise since you're still not ready to handle the Vylkr vines," he explained firmly.

Each exploration team member was skilled enough to handle Vylkr vines, rated between one and three stars. Adding someone like Tala, who could potentially be overwhelmed by two-star Vylkr vines, would be akin to signing her death warrant. The last thing Orion wanted was the guilt of a partner's death on his conscience.

As for Fifi, she was more than capable of defending herself, having honed her skills since she was young. While Orion still harboured concerns for her safety, they were less pressing.

"It was worth trying," Tala sighed, her tone firm as she added, "I promise to advance quickly so I can join you on the next exploration."

Orion smiled and nodded. "Let's head inside; the others are probably waiting for us," he replied.

"You can go on without me; I need some time outside to clear my head. I'll catch up with you later," Tala said with a smile, shaking her head.

Orion was about to respond when he sensed another presence watching them. He swallowed his words and simply nodded. "Alright, take your time to think. But don't keep me waiting too long, or

I might have to drag you inside," he replied, glancing briefly at where Fifi had hidden before returning to the manor.

As Orion left, Tala turned her gaze to the setting sun and activated her gift. A green fireball formed in her hands, growing larger until it hovered two meters above her.

A familiar voice interrupted her concentration. "While I doubt the manor can be easily harmed, playing with fire like that might accidentally set the whole place ablaze," a familiar voice warned, startling Tala and causing her to lose control of her flames, sending them shooting off to the side.

Fortunately, before any real damage could be done, a wave of water materialized out of thin air, quenching Tala's flames and drenching her side. She collapsed to the ground, gazing up at the towering figure of Fifi, who had interrupted her thoughts.

"Are you alright?" Fifi asked, extending her hand towards Tala.

Tala grasped it and pulled herself to her feet, nodding. "I'm fine. Just a bit startled."

Even today, Tala couldn't fathom how Orion had managed to win over a partner like Fifi back in the Village. She knew Fifi wasn't considered attractive due to her muscular and voluptuous physique. Still, the fact that Orion had proposed to a three-star warrior before even becoming a warrior himself was something she would give anything to understand.

Fifi nodded. "I overheard your conversation with Orion," she responded.

Tala bit her lips silently.

"Well, would you like any advice that might be helpful?" Fifi offered with a smile.

Tala hesitated before nodding. Despite knowing that Fifi was now her sister, a woman of equal standing, she couldn't ignore the fact that Fifi was a four-star warrior and one of the first wielders of the Vylkr Fusion Armet, standing at the pinnacle of strength within their territory before Stronghold Leader Zogar, a five-star warrior. Being so relaxed and free around someone of such immense power made her uncomfortable.

Fifi observed Tala's every move and couldn't help but sigh inwardly. She wished Tala had the demeanour of Ursa, Sura, or Gina in moments like these. They never seemed to be bothered by her strength, except during training sessions.

Nonetheless, she cleared her throat and responded, "There was a time when I thought Orion didn't love me and only saw me as an unattractive three-star warrior. Which was the only thing I used to escape the unfair judgments of the Village's cultural standards. Heartbroken, I headed into the dead forest, believing nothing mattered anymore. Even though I had enough strength, the relentless wave of the Vylkr vines drained me until I couldn't stand against a swarm of two-star Vylkr warriors. But I didn't give up. I've trained my whole life to be better than everyone else."

Chapter 929 Fifi's Advice

"If I was going to die, I wanted it to be with the one thing that would never break my heart — my strength." Fifi chuckled lightly, as if amused by her own words, before continuing, "Yet, on the brink of death, he descended from the sky like lightning and stood in front of me, protecting me with his life even though he could barely stand against a two-star Vylkr vine."

"He stayed by my side even as his strength diminished by the second. For the first time in my life, someone came to rescue me, not because I was Fifi, a three-star warrior or the well-woman, a valuable individual in the Village, but simply because I was 'Fifi.'"

As Tala absorbed Fifi's every word, gaining insight into her experiences and understanding more about Fifi's relationships, she noticed Fifi slowly drifting away from their conversation.

"That was a moment I'll never forget, even if I tried. He desired me so much that he wanted to feel every inch of me. We all know Orion's weird habits that disregard the Village's norms, but why should we care? Some women gain privileges due to their physical attributes, but since I was born this way, if Orion wants to appreciate and fondle my large breasts and suck on them, why should it matter?"

"If he wants to explore my body with his tongue across my toned stomach and thighs, he's free to do so. He surrendered himself to me, and I did the same also," Fifi stated boldly, realizing after a while that she had veered off course from her original point.

Clearing her throat, she continued, "What I mean is, Orion won't hold you back. It's your responsibility to understand when he's acting for your safety, considering he's unsure of his survival.

Don't stress him with reckless judgments. Know when to be assertive and go after what you need." She pointed to the Vylkr Fusion Armlet on her wrist. "Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand," Tala nodded, exhaling deeply. Fifi's words made her realize how short-sighted she had been. Orion's decision wasn't about underestimating her strength but because he loved her.

"Alright, let's join the others. I'll fill you in on who to watch out for if you want to stay out of trouble," Fifi suggested, turning and heading towards the manor.

Tala fell into step beside her. "Who should I be careful of?" she couldn't help but ask.

"You might have already been warned by Fiona, Vivian, and the others, but aside from Lyra and Derry, I've heard that Whisperwing has joined them, falling for Derry's schemes. So, be cautious around her," Fifi warned as they entered the manor.

Tala nodded eagerly, her attention focused as she absorbed every word, feeling a sense of belonging now that she was officially part of the family.

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Two days later

"That's everything," Seraphina said.

Orion nodded and handed the box to Fifi, knowing they would need to use it soon.

He was dressed in a black shirt and trousers adorned with various intricate golden patterns, some of which were his wives' favourites, embellished with precious stones. The entire outfit had been enchanted, making it deceptively simple yet highly durable.

For the first time, Fifi was wearing armour. Initially, the women had insisted on her wearing a fully formed, fitted enchanted armour, but Fifi wasn't ready to give up her tulga attire. They compromised on an armour design that incorporated elements of her traditional clothing.

[Check here for a complete picture of the armour.](#)

He had convinced them he wouldn't wear armour because of the Vylkr artefact. It could mimic anything, including armour, so he had an immensely powerful artefact hidden beneath his clothing, taking the form of a full-body suit armour.

"Everyone is exhausted; you two should leave before they notice," Celeste advised, stepping forward to embrace Orion. She pressed her lips to his for a few moments before pulling away. "Remember, you're my son and partner, so take care of yourself."

Reena, Greta, Ingrid, Maeve, Fiona, and Elysia stood behind her, all agreeing with Celeste's words.

Although they had already said their goodbyes over the past two days and weeks, they understood Celeste's emotions, especially since she had given birth to Orion.

Orion nodded and pulled Celeste into an embrace, kissing her once more. "With everything Seraphina has given us and the power of the Vylkr artefact, I promise we'll be fine," Orion reassured her, releasing her from his embrace.

Celeste nodded, her heart heavy with emotion as she watched Orion and Fifi walk a short distance from the door. They held each other's hands and vanished in a brilliant flash of bluish lightning.

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Third Border City

A brilliant bolt of bluish lightning crackled atop the towering walls at the edge of the Third Border City, revealing Orion and Fifi.

As they stepped out, they faced an assembly: Stronghold Leader Zogar and Seth, flanked by ten three-star Vylkr warriors, stood nearby. Captain Seig, his lieutenant Evadne, Leif, and the gods' chosens of the Four-eared Elves were also present. To the sides stood the Former Village Chief and Chieftess, along with other key figures who had come to bid them farewell.

Upon their arrival, Orion and Fifi greeted each person individually.

Orion took the box from Fifi and called Stronghold Leader Zogar and Seth over.

"What's inside?" Stronghold Leader Seth asked, his voice filled with curiosity.

"It's something Seraphina made for us. It will be beneficial during our exploration," Orion explained. He opened the box, revealing four masks: black, blue, grey, and fiery red.

Stronghold Leader Zogar listened intently, aware that anything Seraphina and the Healers Association Leaders created was worth investigating.

Orion chose the black mask adorned with Vylkr vine designs, accentuating the vines' beauty and fierceness to their fullest. As he placed it on his face, he felt the familiar sensation, the mask expanding to cover the back of his head and under his chin before sealing completely.

Fifi picked up the blue mask and donned it, experiencing the same sealing process as it adhered snugly to her face.

Chapter 930 Reading The Stronghold Leaders' Strength

Eagerly, Stronghold Leader Seth grabbed the fiery red mask while Stronghold Leader Zogar claimed the grey one, placing them on their faces with anticipation.

Meanwhile, the former Village Chief and the others watched keenly, curious about the masks' purpose. They understood that, since there were only four masks, they were meant for the territory's four strongest individuals: Stronghold Leaders Zogar and Seth, Orion, and Fifi. They decided to wait patiently to learn about it.

The masks adhered to Stronghold Leader Seth and Zogar, covering their entire head. They experienced the same sensations Orion had until the masks halted their movements, allowing them to see through the darkness.

"What's this?" Stronghold Leader Seth exclaimed, surprised by the glowing red numbers on Orion's and Fifi's masks.

Even Stronghold Leader Zogar couldn't hide his astonishment as he looked at Orion, awaiting an explanation.

"The mask is called the Energy Mask Spectrometer, and the numbers you're seeing are the BEM—Base Energy Measurement," Orion explained, delving into the mask's various functions.

As they listened, Stronghold Leaders Zogar and Seth were astounded by his words. Had they not worn or seen the equipment, they would have found it hard to believe such a device could exist. Their admiration for Seraphina and the Healer's Association Leaders deepened in that moment.

Despite their formidable strength, they understood that without the Healers' innovative inventions, they would not have reached their current level of power or growth.

The former Village Chief and the others, waiting nearby and listening to the conversation, couldn't help but widen their eyes in shock and astonishment.

"Such a thing is possible?" Seig pondered, his brows furrowing in disbelief. Among the mask's many functions, the one that stood out most was its ability to accurately gauge a person's capabilities through their aura without testing their prowess directly.

As a god's chosen who had met and battled countless individuals, he understood how frustrating it could be to determine someone's strength, especially when they came from another race or used a different form of energy. This function could entirely solve that issue.

After the advent of the Vylkr Fusion Armet, an advanced and more powerful version of their Devourer's bracelet, and now the Energy Mask Spectrometer, Seig was confident that the brilliant minds behind these innovations would be highly sought after by various high-grade Runaway Cities, or even Sanctuaries.

Evadne shared her Captain's sentiments, recognizing that the floating island harboured not just individuals of immense strength but also brilliant minds. She felt relieved that she had trusted her Captain's judgment to surrender instead of foolishly fighting to the death.

Meanwhile, Leif and his team could only gulp in response, their minds spinning with amazement at the equipment's capabilities. They realized that with this unique function, they had a significant advantage against any opponent they might face.

"We'll need to allocate even more resources to the Healers Association then. Their assistance has been invaluable in the territory's growth," former Village Chief Brane remarked solemnly.

He suspected the Energy Mask Spectrometer was made using the resources Seraphina had requested from him.

The former Village Chieftess and the Caretakers nodded in agreement with his words.

Hearing the former Village Chief's praise, Queen Selene couldn't help but raise her head proudly. She was well aware of the Healers Association's competence, especially since she had been the one to elevate them to such a position while they were in the mountain.

Like a parent watching her children thrive, she felt immense pride seeing them reach greater heights, from creating the Vylkr Fusion Armllet to developing the Energy Mask Spectrometer and earning praise from the former Village Chief and other key figures.

These achievements, along with the contributions of the divine apostles and the overall progress of their race, further solidified their standing within the territory.

"Ahem! Can you please share your readings with us? We're curious to know how the mask gauges your strengths," Caretaker Ivor asked boldly. Despite understanding their individual power, he was eager to see how the mask would assess them relative to each other.

Everyone also shared his sentiments.

Stronghold Leaders Seth and Zogar nodded at Caretaker Ivor's request and checked the numbers displayed by the mask.

"For the Village Chief, it says Energy level - 2,600 BEM," reported Stronghold Leader Seth.

"And for warrior Fifi, it says Energy level - 2,560 BEM," Stronghold Leader Zogar added.

Orion nodded in confirmation, knowing that Fifi was gradually catching up to him due to her training and experience utilizing the Vylkr energy. He wasn't surprised by how she was narrowing the gap between them.

Nevertheless, according to Seraphina, even the slightest ten-

digit difference in these numbers indicated a significant disparity in strength, which could only be bridged with extraordinary power or skill. As the difference increased to several tens or even hundreds of digits, it represented an or several entire realms of difference, making the gap even more pronounced.

Of course, the mask still needed more testing to ensure its accuracy, so they weren't sure if there were any exceptions to the rule.

Stronghold Leaders Seth and Zogar then turned to each other curiously to compare their readings.

"It says Energy level - 6,200 BEM," Stronghold Leader Seth said, surprised by the result.

"Mine says, Energy level - 5,000 BEM," Stronghold Leader Zogar responded, recognizing the significant 1,200 BEM difference between them, highlighting their distinct levels of prowess.

Stronghold Leader Seth sighed in acceptance. He knew this further validated Stronghold Leader Zogar's strength. However, he wasn't as bitter as before; instead, he looked forward to exploring new depths of power beneath the floating island and securing a Devourer's bracelet for himself.

"This guarantees the success of your exploration down on Earth," Stronghold Leader Zogar said with a smile.

Orion, Fifi, and Stronghold Leader Seth nodded in agreement.

"Let's go," Orion said, glancing at Seig and the other chosen ones of the gods.

They moved forward and positioned themselves alongside Orion and the rest of the group, joined by Stronghold Leader Seth and the ten three-star Vylkr warriors.