

Village Head 941

Chapter 941 A Demigod's Desperate Escape

Her worst fears materialized before her eyes as she watched him slip out of her grasp.

"Lord Teth! Please take me with you! Don't leave—" Princess Ballesha's plea was cut short by an unseen force that struck her, hurling her backwards.

She crashed into the unforgiving steel walls of her room, a mixture of anger and despair twisting her features before she crumpled to the ground.

Lord Teth's transformation was striking. Gone was the robe, replaced by a jet-black suit of armour with hints of dark violet and silver. His eyes were deep and piercing with a faint violet glow, betraying no emotion as he spoke. "I'll be leaving. As for your illness, I've temporarily suppressed it. You have two years of respite before it relapses. Enjoy your time," he said calmly, wiping blood from his lips before turning away.

As the resounding announcement echoed in the sky, Lord Teth realized that the Vylkr spawns—or whatever entity had delivered the message—knew his location but chose not to engage. They offered him a chance to flee, a subtle invitation to escape confrontation.

Despite his injuries, Lord Teth weighed the odds and realized the opponents were too formidable. Witnessing the unknown divine artefact effortlessly tear through his barrier, he had no choice but to flee despite the shame it brought as a demigod.

Summoning one of his shadows—a three-meter-winged beast—he imbued it with a rune for increased speed and disintegrated the barrier. The creature shot forward as Lord Teth escaped the Wanderlust Traveling Tortoise Runaway City.

Princess Ballesha, still reeling from the shock, tried to call out to him, but she could only watch in horror as Lord Teth disappeared, leaving her alone again.

Overwhelmed by turbulent emotions and the searing pain coursing through her, she coughed up blood and collapsed to the ground, losing consciousness.

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Below,

As their mysterious assailant vanished into the distance, Queen Eleanora and the other Wanderlust Traveling Tortoise Runaway City leaders noticed an unknown silhouette of a winged beast flying out of the city.

Queen Eleanora turned her gaze toward the direction it flew from, her eyes widening in shock as she saw her sister's open window. The expressions of the remaining leaders mirrored her own surprise and concern.

Without hesitation, Queen Eleanora leapt into the sky, leaving a dent in the metal floor where she had stood, and swiftly arrived at the open window. There, she beheld her sister's unconscious form lying in a small pool of blood.

Examining her sister closely, Queen Eleanora's expression shifted from fear and concern to anger.

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Outside of the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City,

Orion arrived at the ground with a crackling sound of lightning trailing behind him, landing on top of the warrior's shapeshifting beasts.

"What happened? Are you okay?" Fifi asked, approaching to inspect Orion for any signs of injury.

"Don't worry, I'm fine," Orion reassured, calming Fifi's concern. He then proceeded to narrate everything that had transpired.

Listening intently to Orion's account, Stronghold Leader Seth's and Fifi's expressions shifted to one of surprise.

Seig and the others, who had heard Orion's words clearly from the other side, couldn't help but be dumbfounded. They had informed Orion and the Key leaders that the Runaways weren't protected

by a god or any divine being, so their hearts skipped a beat upon hearing that Orion had almost confronted one.

Won't they take it that they have been deceived by them?

"Chief, we weren't lying about the information we provided. I don't know how a grade-one runaway City like the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise suddenly gained the protection of a god. Still, I assure you such a situation is rarely heard of and almost impossible!" Seig stated, his voice echoing as he bowed towards Orion and the others.

Rarely heard of and almost impossible, my ass! The only time they've ever witnessed the grandeur of a god was right here in this territory. It used to be just a story of myths and legends to them.

The mere thought of Orion unleashing the full force of their warriors against the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise and the Sleeping Fox Runaway City was enough to make him sweat in the cold, windy breeze.

Evadne, Lief, Leona, and the others followed suit, bowing down and nodding in agreement with Seig's words. They knew they had to unite and work together to avoid the dire consequences that might befall them if Orion chose to punish them.

Orion waved his hand at them, signalling them to raise their heads. "You can relax. Before the barrier was conjured, I had already verified your words with the commander of the gods' chosens and Chief of Security of the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City. There's no need for you to be anxious," he assured them. He didn't bother explaining his encounter with her further as it held no significance.

Seig and the others sighed in relief, though their bodies tensed momentarily upon hearing that Orion had met with the commander of the gods' chosens of the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City after their brief confrontation.

As for the details, they didn't dare ask, already predicting the results within themselves.

Seig, Evadne, Lief, and the others offered a silent prayer to the afterlife for her.

"How about the other Runaway City? Since we've already confronted the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City, it would be strange to leave the Sleeping Fox Runaway City without any confrontation, especially since they are also trespassing," Fifi said, her voice serious.

Hearing Fifi's words, Seig and Evadne both felt their hearts leap in their chests. They attempted to speak but quickly closed their lips, understanding it wasn't their place to offer suggestions.

Stronghold Leader Seth nodded in agreement, "Since you've confronted the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City, I'll confront the Sleeping Fox Runaway City and deliver the same threat to them," he responded, his gaze fixed on Orion.

At this moment, Seig could no longer keep his mouth shut and decided to speak up, "Stronghold Lead—" he began, but he was swiftly interrupted.

Chapter 942 A Task from the Village Chief, Mysterious Newcomers

"I didn't ask for your opinion, Captain Seig, or do you have anything important to say unrelated to this matter?" Stronghold Leader Seth's eyes shifted toward Seig.

Seig swiftly sealed his lips and remained silent.

Evadne inwardly sighed at her captain's impulsiveness. 'Even if you want to save them, do you think they'll listen?' she thought.

Stronghold Leader Seth refocused his attention on Orion.

"Are you sure you want to go there alone? They might also have a mysterious divine being protecting them," Orion responded, ignoring the previous exchange.

"Of course, I'll go alone. I've just mastered the flying technique you taught me, so if anything goes wrong, I'll inform you immediately and return to the Primordial Barrier as soon as possible," Stronghold Leader Seth snorted.

Orion furrowed his brows, pondering. The only reason he had stayed to confront the god despite Aerialia's warning was that he had a lot of confidence in the Crimson Greatsword, and the Morphic Puppet Vylkr artefact, which he wore as armour, was nearly impenetrable unless the god was a true god, which he was sure wasn't the case. Otherwise, they would have swatted him aside like a fly during his announcement.

"Okay. I'll give you the Morphic Puppet for your protection," Orion replied. The Vylkr artefact was already bound to him, and he could control it however he wanted. So he wasn't afraid of Seth using it against him. Besides, he knew Seth wouldn't even think about trying such a thing.

Stronghold Leader Seth shook his head in response, "I'll be going there with my own strength."

What kind of Stronghold Leader would he be if he took the Vylkr artefact from Orion for protection? Even though there was no real reason to refuse since Orion was the Village Chief, he knew that Stronghold Leader Zogar would have also refused and relied on his strength.

Fifi sighed at Stronghold Leader Seth's words, but her actions were hidden behind her mask.

"Okay then, alert us if you notice anything wrong. Be careful," Orion responded.

Stronghold Leader Seth nodded and swiftly ascended into the distance, heading towards the direction of 'The Sleeping Fox Runaway City.'

As Stronghold Leader Seth took off into the sky, Seig felt a brief gaze and inwardly sighed in defeat. 'It's over. They're done now,' he thought, hoping that Stronghold Leader Seth wouldn't go too far with the threat he would deliver.

"With Stronghold Leader Seth dealing with the Sleeping Fox Runaway City, our next target will be handling the gods' chosens below," Orion announced.

"We can handle them, Chief. You can leave them to us," Leif swiftly responded, taking the lead before everyone else followed.

"It'll be our pleasure to capture or eliminate them for paradise."

They all wanted to prove themselves and show their worth.

"It won't even be worth your time and energy if you go down there to deal with them, Chief. So leave it for us to handle," Seig added, not wanting to be left behind.

"I think we should see what they can do," Fifi said, agreeing.

"I've already thought about sending them to handle the gods' chosens down below," Orion responded, shifting his gaze from Fifi to Leif and the others. "Capture their leader and a few others so we can interrogate them to find out which Runaway City they belong to and their reason for being here. You are allowed to kill anyone who resists capture," he added.

The gods' chosens below appeared to be the same race as those he had just confronted, so he wanted to know why they were scouring the area now.

Fifi nodded.

Leif and the others nodded in understanding. They instantly took to the air, each using unique flying techniques—some sprouted two wind wings on their backs. In contrast, others were enveloped by the swirling wind, propelling them toward the location of the gods' chosens below with their Gearweavers in hand.

Seeing this scene, Sieg gritted his teeth and ascended, determined not to be left behind. Although he hadn't fully mastered the technique, he utilized it as best as possible, unwilling to let Evadne carry him and tarnish his public image. Instead, he manoeuvred through the air like a bird with wounded wings, gradually catching up with the others in the distance.

"You can stay and monitor the group. I'll follow closely and intervene if anything goes wrong," Orion said, turning his attention to Fifi.

Fifi nodded in understanding. Unlike the others, she wasn't in a rush to showcase her strength, knowing it would be useless.

After giving her one last nod, Orion's body scattered into countless streaks of lightning and disappeared toward the direction Seig and the others were headed.

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Azarok lay on his back, enjoying the scenery with the vast deposits of Vylkr alloys behind him, waiting for his captain's return. Suddenly, he swiftly sat upright, sensing danger.

Azarok turned his head toward a specific direction in the sky and noticed several specks of dots swiftly heading their way.

"EVERYONE, TAKE COVER!! WE ARE UNDER ATTACK!!" Azarok screamed, wielding his Gearweaver sword as he alerted the others, who had also noticed the mysterious intruders heading in their direction.

They also prepared themselves, entering their formation as they tried to guess the mysterious newcomers' identities.

BOOMM!!

BOOMM!!!

BOOMM!!

The newcomers landed on the earth before them one by one, causing them to carve in along with several one- and two-star Vylkr vines. This created a gust of dust that rose into the air, cloaking their arrival.

As the dust settled, revealing the newcomers' identities, Azarok's eyes widened in surprise and shock.

Captain Seig, his lieutenant Evadne, and even the six Four-

eared elves gods' chosens, all of whom he didn't recognize but were still shocked because they could neither find traces of them during their search but were now currently before them.

'Have the Sleeping Fox Runaway City succeeded in capturing Patriarch Rylan and the Four-eared Lone Rabbit Runaway City gods' chosens?' Azarok pondered before swiftly dismissing those thoughts.

He realized that if the Sleeping Fox Runaway City had already captured them, the Four-eared Elves gods' chosens shouldn't be present. Also, the Sleeping Fox Runaway City would have already left by now.

Chapter 943 Surrender, Gauging The Opponents Strength

Unable to reach a conclusion, Azarok understood that he could only obtain the truth from the individuals standing before him.

"How are you still alive?" Azarok asked, his eyes fixed on Seig.

"Oh! It seems that you already know my name. Well, I am quite popular, so that isn't surprising. Nonetheless, I am a tough man to kill. Why don't you introduce yourself? I am afraid I have no idea who you are," Seig responded, smiling.

Azarok frowned at Seig's response before retorting, "I am Lieutenant Azarok of the 1st Unit of the Vanguard team of the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City." Then, he swiftly added, "Since you all appear alive and okay, can I know where Patriarch Rylan is? We have been tasked to retrieve him and the artefact in his possession."

His gaze shifted from Seig towards Leif and the other Four-eared elves' gods' chosens, scrutinizing them as he awaited their response.

"Patriarch Rylan is alive and well. As for his whereabouts, that is none of your concern. Instead, you should be more worried about your safety," Leif responded, avoiding any mention of the floating island.

He also didn't know about the artefact Azarok mentioned, but he brushed aside his curiosity and pushed it to the back of his mind.

Azarok shook his head in amusement, "I don't know how you all have survived up till this moment, let alone worked together, but that is none of my business. I'll give you one chance to tell me where he is or hand him over to me," he spoke gruffly, his voice turning colder with each word.

"As the boy said, Patriarch Rylan is in good hands. I think you should be more worried about yourself, Lieutenant Azarok, and your Runaway City," Seig swiftly responded, smirking.

Azarok immediately frowned, understanding the meaning behind Seig's words, and glanced toward the direction of his Runaway City.

"However, we'll give you a chance. Surrender willingly or be thoroughly beaten into submission. Of course, there's also the option of death if you choose to resist too much," Seig stated, activating his Devourer's Bracelet and allowing its energy to flow into his Gearweaver bow, causing it to surge to life as the gears within it rapidly absorbed his Vylkr energy.

Evadne, Leif, Leona, Carl, and the other Four-eared gods' chosens immediately activated their Devourer's Bracelets, channeling their Vylkr energy for the imminent battle.

Leif glanced upward, catching the faint flash of bluish lightning. He knew Orion was watching, so he resolved to give his all and ensure he completed the tasks given to him.

Meanwhile,

High above the clouds, Orion seized the opportunity to gauge the strength of the individuals before him, starting with the orc, who seemed to be the leader.

"Energy level - 1,500 BEM."

"Energy level - 1,400 BEM."

"Energy level - 1,420 BEM."

"Energy level - 1,450 BEM."

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After assessing their strength, Orion realized that the strongest individual among them was the ogre, with a strength reading of 1,500 BEM, while the weakest was no less than 1,300 BEM. However,

these levels were significantly lower than the Commander, who had confronted him earlier. Orion shifted his attention towards Sieg, Evadne, Leif, and the others.

Seig had an energy level of 1,670 BEM, Evadne had 1,507 BEM, Leif had 1,060 BEM, and Leona had 1,055 BEM, while the other four possessed energy levels within the range of 1,035 to 1,020 BEM.

With Seig and Evadne present, they could turn the battle to their advantage and subdue the group. The weakest link within the group was Leif and the other five Four-eared elves' gods' chosens, so Orion understood that he would have to intervene if something terrible occurred.

In the meantime, he would only observe how they dealt with the current situation and their arsenals.

Suddenly, Orion noticed something in the distance and turned his head towards it. He saw a faint sea of smoke steadily rising into the clouds, growing stronger by the minute. Orion realized that Stronghold Leader Seth had arrived at the Sleeping Fox Runaway City and couldn't help but feel a slight pity for them.

He knew Seth well enough to expect him to make the leaders think twice before making decisions.

However, Orion hoped that the Sleeping Fox Runaway City had no divine being within it.

Meanwhile, the battle was already raging below him.

Furnace Sky Technique - Act Three: Meteor Shower Decent!

Seig didn't waste a second and immediately activated his technique. Various strands of Vylkr energy appeared, consolidating on the strings before forming three inky black blazing flames around his three fingers as he stretched the bow.

Then he released it, launching it forward. Once the inky black blazing flames reached a certain distance, they divided as though multiplying into countless arrows, each maintaining its ferocity and intensity as they descended upon their opponents.

BOOMM!!

BOOOOMM!!

"Watch out!" Azarok screamed, using his Gearweaver blade to deflect the incoming attack. Though he managed to dodge some, others hit him, causing charred spots on his body.

Gritting his teeth in pain, he endured the damage, knowing his body would regenerate slowly. Looking back, he saw that 25 of his units were injured- 24 were both incubi and succubi, while 1 was an ogre. They had fallen unconscious due to the attack. The survivors were either evading or enduring the full brunt, slowly regenerating from their injuries.

"Humph! Your regeneration skills are truly as powerful as they say, almost comparable to the dragonkins," Seig remarked with a smile. He then glanced back at Leif and the others. "Stay out of this; you're not their match. My lieutenant and I will handle them. Focus on disarming them and keeping them subdued until we finish the battle," he instructed, noting the nods of understanding from Leif, Leona, and the rest, who acknowledged their limitations.

Their eyes couldn't help but burn with emotion as they witnessed Captain Seig utilizing his Vylkr energy to manifest his technique. Such a skill was tedious and almost impossible to grasp unless one knew precisely how much Vylkr energy to use without disrupting its effectiveness.

That's why most gods' chosens fight with their Gearweavers or use the energy they're born with to activate their techniques.

Chapter 944 Defeating The 1st Unit Vanguard Team Of The Wanderlust Traveling Tortoise Runaway City

When these techniques are executed effectively, they can be much stronger than their expected rank.

Leif had a firsthand taste of this when he dared to overclock his devourer's bracelet, attempting to channel the Noble spirit with its amplified power.

Seig's focus sharpened, his attention honed on the Ogre before him. 'Let's see how long you last then,' he added, drawing the strings of his bow again.

"Boost!"

Furnace Sky Technique - Act Four: Meteor Ascent!

Without warning, a long, inky black flaming arrow, approximately 889 mm (35 inches), materialized on Seig's bow as he drew the string back. Near the bowstring, another arrow of equal size emerged like a tangible shadow beside it. Then, he released it.

The suddenness of the attack left everyone breathless.

The inky black flaming arrow weaved past Azarok and several others, colliding with an unsuspecting ogre. It exploded into a bright flash of light that temporarily blinded the unfortunate gods' chosens nearby.

A miniature fiery explosion spread outward from the impact.

Azarok and a few others managed to escape the explosion. Meanwhile, the shadow-like arrow rose high above Azarok and his unit. It then multiplied into several long, inky black flaming arrows of equal size before descending downward.

Amid the horrifying scene, Azarok's heart raced, his mind filled with disbelief. He cursed under his breath, not expecting the Captain of the 2nd Unit of the Vanguard team of the Sleeping Fox Runaway City to be so powerful with his techniques alone.

He swiftly moved, attempting to distance himself from the range of the incoming attack. However, just before he could evade the devastating onslaught, he noticed a figure swiftly approaching him.

Almost instantly, he raised his Gearweaver sword to block an attack from Evadne, who had aimed for his right leg.

The gears in their Gearweavers roared powerfully as more Vylkr energy was poured into them, each trying to overcome the other.

"You—" Azarok roared angrily, attempting to strike her with his fist. However, Evadne spun around mid-air, evading his attack and using the heel of her right foot to smash against his head, temporarily disorienting him and sending him slightly backwards.

Before Azarok could recover, it was already too late.

The arrows descended like beacons, and upon contact, they resounded with several miniature explosions. The blasts directly impacted the group, injuring them until they fell to the ground, their skin charred and their bodies unconscious, one by one.

As Leif and the others swiftly moved in to disarm them before they could heal and recover, Seig prepared to unleash another attack on Azarok, who was barely standing.

However, before he could do so, he noticed a wisp of smoke rising into the clouds in the far distance. It was a sight that made his heart sink. He wouldn't have seen it if he hadn't squinted into the distance.

Instantly, Seig knew who was responsible and couldn't help but sigh.

Seig hoped the Sleeping Fox Runaway City leaders wouldn't be too stubborn to surrender to Stronghold Leader Seth. Seig knew that Seth wasn't a warrior who liked having his buttons pushed.

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Far in the distance,

Stronghold Leader Seth stood atop a wave of molten magma. The molten lava surged with even more astonishing speed, surrounding the Sleeping Fox Runaway City from a distance to avoid mistakenly harming the city itself or its inhabitants.

Soon, the fleeing Runaway city noticed it had no advance route and changed its trajectory. It walked around within the sealed land of molten magma as if searching for a way out.

As Stronghold Leader Seth approached the Sleeping Fox Runaway City, he noticed a three-star Vylkr vine approaching their position.

"They're already coming back," Seig pondered, irritated by the Vylkr vine's appearance.

It had only been a few days since the Vylkr Veil phenomenon began to dissipate, so this was particularly annoying. Fortunately, they hadn't encountered any four-star Vylkr vines, indicating their previous actions had dealt with the threat.

Stronghold Leader Seth instantly sent a wave of molten magma towards the vine, burying it in a sea of molten lava before resuming his advance. As he arrived before the gigantic moving contraption forged in the shape of a strange creature, he willed the molten magma to grow enormous until he was a few meters above the Sleeping Fox Runaway City.

Several figures emerged on all sides of the Sleeping Fox Runaway City almost instantly, carrying sizeable weapons filled with contraptions and wearing bulging bracelets on their wrists. Some even had wings on their backs, allowing them to fly. Despite their abilities, they maintained their distance, their gazes fixed warily on their mysterious assailant.

Stronghold Leader Seth took a deep breath, amplifying his voice as he announced, "LEADER OF THE SLEEPING FOX RUNAWAY CITY, PRESENT YOURSELF IMMEDIATELY!" His commanding voice echoed through the atmosphere, causing the alert gods' chosens to tense, ready to attack.

"STAND DOWN!" Another voice boomed through the air as a fully armoured man with wings soared into the sky, accompanied by four others. Their presence halted the gods' chosens from taking any rash actions.

Emperor Lakul sighed in relief, then turned his attention to Stronghold Leader Seth, who stood atop an enormous wave of molten magma, casting a fearsome shadow over the Sleeping Fox Runaway City. Gesturing for the other leaders to follow, he soared towards Seth's direction.

The other leaders' hearts were also filled with fright, but they managed to suppress their emotions and face the mysterious warrior since he was willing to speak with them.

Not too long ago, they all witnessed a bizarre weather change in the form of a thunderstorm over the Wanderlust Travelling Runaway City.

After confirming that they had indeed been attacked by a mysterious assailant, they reached a unanimous vote to leave the territory as quickly as possible.

They understood that the individual who had attacked them must either be here for the divine artefact or responsible for the emergence of the Vylkr Veil phenomenon and its strange disturbances.

Either way, they understood they were in grave danger, regardless of the right option. As such, they fled for safety.

Chapter 945 Emperor Lakul, Leaders Of The Sleeping Fox Runaway City

However, who could have anticipated that the mysterious assailant, who emerged to face them, didn't come in the form of lightning and thunderstorms but with an enormous deadly wave of molten magma, which sent shivers down their spines, even through the protective layers of their armour?

Soon, they arrived before him. They didn't dare to fly higher or at the level of his line of sight.

"Great warrior, may we have the pleasure of knowing who you are?" Emperor Lakul, the leader of the Sleeping Fox Runaway City and the Sloth demon race, said, bowing down slightly towards Stronghold Leader Seth before raising his head.

The other leaders also bowed slightly.

"Are you the ruler of the Sleeping Fox Runaway City?" Stronghold Leader Seth asked, his eyes fixed on the man, taking note of his large horn that appeared to be adorned with more jewels than anyone present.

Stronghold Leader Seth wasn't accustomed to such formalities and didn't feel the need to explain his identity, so he went straight to the point.

Emperor Lakul hesitated before nodding. "Yes, I am Emperor Lakul, leader of the Sleeping Fox Runaway City and also of the Sloth demon race," he responded, his heart racing within his chest as he pondered the unexpected situation he found himself in.

"I've come to deliver a message to you," Stronghold Leader Seth began, his voice dripping with authority. "From now on, the Sleeping Fox Runaway City will fall under the control of Paradise for daring to trespass into our territory."

"Gather your forces and immediately send them to the immense crate at a distance from here, which has been formed by our god. Suppose you attempt to escape or entertain any foolish ideas of fighting back, you're welcome to try your best but rest assured that it will be met with a swift death," Stronghold Leader Seth said, glancing at the devourer's bracelet around the leader of the Sleeping Fox Runaway City's right wrist, along with the other gods' chosens, a glint flashing through his eyes.

Nonetheless, he was impressed that the Emperor hadn't run away or sent someone else to confront him out of fear of his imposing and intimidating entrance.

Stronghold Leader Seth added, his voice suddenly becoming louder, "And if the god or divine being protecting this Runaway City exists, you have only one chance to flee this territory and never return, or else prepare to face the might of our god."

Upon hearing Stronghold Leader Seth's words, Emperor Lakul and the others were immediately stunned.

Seizing the Sleeping Fox Runaway City! Surrender their forces! Protected by a god!!

Emperor Lakul and the other leaders couldn't help but doubt whether they had heard his last words correctly. They were shocked, filled with disbelief and fear, their hearts pounding in their chests.

After delivering the message, Stronghold Leader Seth snorted at their stunned expressions before he turned around and left. The wall of molten magma gradually retracted back to the ground and swiftly vanished, freeing the Sleeping Fox Runaway City from its enclosure.

As Stronghold Leader Seth gradually disappeared into the distance with a wave of molten magma that decimated the Vylkr vines below him, Emperor Lakul swiftly regained himself before the other leaders followed suit.

"Emperor—" Just as one of them was about to speak, Emperor Lakul raised his hands, silencing them.

"You all heard what he said. From his words, he isn't acting alone, so it must be that the previous attack on the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City was someone else delivering this message to them," Emperor Lakul said, understanding that it was more like a threat than a message.

But he didn't let it out after there was a chance someone was monitoring their actions closely to see how they would act. "Any power that can immobilize this strength at will is not one we want to offend. Quickly chart our course towards the direction of the dissipating Vylkr veil phenomenon and search for the immense crater so we can arrive as quickly as possible," he ordered.

The leaders all nodded in understanding of the Emperor's orders, inwardly sighing in response.

They couldn't help but wonder if this mysterious force was responsible for the emergence of the Vylkr veil phenomenon and the frightening occurrences that had taken place within it. From the show of power they had just witnessed, they would be surprised if they were.

As for whether their words about the backing of a god were something they all couldn't help but doubt that their assailant had used to lower their morale.

Nonetheless, they all agreed on one thing, which was that they all regretted accepting this mission.

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Orion glanced at the sixty tied-up gods' chosens and their Gearweavers arranged at the scene, all properly secured by Leif and the others.

Despite their confident words, Leif, Leona, and the other gods' chosens weren't helpful during the battle against the opponents. They left most of the heavy lifting to Seig and Evadne, who skillfully handled the brunt of the fighting.

Meanwhile, they focused on securing and disarming the opponents, removing their Gearweavers and draining their Vylkr energy. Under Orion's gaze, they couldn't help but feel ashamed.

However, Orion didn't see it that way. He appreciated how quickly they adapted to the situation once they realized the enemy's strength. It showed they weren't too proud or impulsive, nor did they let any animosity towards Seig and Evadne cloud their judgment.

This demonstrated that the training under Stronghold Leader Seth and Zogar had been highly effective.

Orion suddenly shifted his gaze skyward as Stronghold Leader Seth landed beside him.

"How did it go?" Orion inquired with curiosity.

"It went smoothly. I delivered the message to the Sleeping Fox Runaway City leaders. They should be arriving here before the end of the day," Stronghold Leader Seth replied with a nod.

Seig, Evadne, and the others listening could only sigh and shake their heads, anticipating this turn of events. Seig, in particular, felt relieved that he hadn't resorted to eliminating the leaders.

Upon hearing this, Orion nodded thoughtfully. "Before their arrival, we need to inform Stronghold Leader Zogar about the change of plans. We also need to interrogate them about their affiliations and the purpose of their presence here," he added.

Chapter 946 Vylkr Alloy Mine

Stronghold Leader Seth nodded in agreement.

Orion then shifted his gaze toward the immense crater, his curiosity piqued. He walked toward it, eager to get a proper view, as this was the first time he had witnessed massive destruction, apart from the battles he had seen in the memories of Aegis of the Arctic Deity.

Stronghold Leader Seth walked beside him, equally interested in examining the immense crater.

Orion extended his right hand and conjured a lightning bolt, aiming it into the immense crater. He wanted to gauge its depth and see if any potential dangers were lurking within.

As the lightning bolt descended deep into the crater, the walls began to shimmer and glow. Rather than stopping, the bolt continued its descent until it vanished from their sight.

"So deep," Stronghold Leader Seth muttered.

"Let's go check it out," Orion proposed, his curiosity piqued.

Stronghold Leader Seth nodded, equally interested in discovering what lay within the immense crater.

"We'll be back in a few minutes," Orion informed Seig and the others,

They nodded in agreement.

Orion exchanged another nod with Stronghold Leader Seth before leaping into the immense crater. Stronghold Leader Seth followed closely behind.

As they descended, arcs of electricity crackled around Orion, illuminating their surroundings. The journey lasted about five minutes, giving them a clear sense of the crater's depth until they finally reached the ground below.

BOOMM!!

The land cracked, forming a miniature crater as they stabilized themselves.

"It seems someone had already come here before us," Orion remarked, eyeing the two craters beside theirs and the deep cracks in the wall. The marks looked like they were made by a powerful force, perhaps a punch or a blade slicing through.

"This might be the reason gods' chosens likely set up camp nearby," he speculated, leaning down to inspect the several innumerable, shimmering, inky black rocks of varying sizes that surfaced during their descent.

Stronghold Leader Seth nodded, crouching to examine another rock.

"This..." Orion's eyes widened in shock as he felt the Vylkr energy within the rock responding to his touch, almost like an extension of himself.

Stronghold Leader Seth shared his surprise, his expression mirroring Orion's as they both sensed the connection with the various strands of Vylkr energy within it.

"What are these stones?" Stronghold Leader Seth asked, his voice filled with curiosity. He had never encountered something like this before in his life.

"I don't know either," Orion responded, shaking his head before briefly looking upwards. "It seems we'll have to wait until they wake up so they can tell us what they know about these stones."

He pocketed the stone, intending for Seraphina to examine it when he returned to the floating island. Perhaps she would have some clues after running some tests on it. This way, they would eventually uncover the truth even if they were misled.

Seth nodded and took one for himself, tucking it safely into his leather pocket.

"Let's return," Orion said, stretching out his hand. Once Seth held his hand, he immediately transformed into countless streaks of lightning, shooting upwards along with Seth out of the immense crater like a lightning bolt.

Up above, Seig and the others were waiting for Azarok and any of the gods' chosens from the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City to wake up when they heard a slightly audible bolt of lightning, indicating that Orion and Seth had returned to the surface.

Orion pulled the stone from his pocket to examine it more closely and question Seig and the others if they knew anything about it since they were also gods' chosens. However, he swiftly halted his actions, noticing their dumbfounded and shocked expressions as they fixed their eyes on the precious stone filled with Vylkr energy.

"Do any of you know what this is?" Orion's voice was filled with suspicion as he narrowed his eyes at them, demanding an immediate answer.

"Yes, we do," Leif replied, immediately taking the lead. "That's a Vylkr alloy..." he then began explaining the uses of Vylkr alloys and their usefulness within the Runaway Cities, particularly among gods' chosens.

After Leif finished his explanation, Orion and Seth stared at him in surprise.

"That means this was the precious metal used for forging your Devourer's bracelet and Gearweavers," Orion asked, seeking clarification.

Leif nodded solemnly, "Yes. It was the same metal used to make my equipment and that of any gods' chosens. It helps us fight against the Vylkr vines and protect ourselves in this dead world," he responded.

The rest of the gods' chosens agreed with Leif's words.

Stronghold Leader Seth looked at the precious stone in his hand with excitement. He thought he would have to take the devourer's bracelet from the unfortunate gods' chosen. But fate seemed to favour him as he obtained enough Vylkr alloy to forge a Vylkr Fusion Armlet and enough to enable Seraphina and the others to forge a Gearweaver weapon for him.

"Hahahaha!!" Stronghold Leader Seth burst out in laughter, filled with joy and anticipation. He couldn't help but wonder about the immense power he could wield as a five-star warrior.

The others ignored his strange laughter.

"Did you find the Vylkr alloy in the crater?" Leif asked curiously, noticing that Orion and Seth had emerged from the crater with the Vylkr alloy.

Orion nodded, "Yes. It might also be the reason they were camping here," he responded, glancing at the unconscious gods' chosens they had captured.

Upon hearing Orion's words, Leif, Seig, and the others were excited, their expressions barely containing their anticipation.

A Vylkr alloy mine! They never expected such an encounter but were thrilled about their decision to stick with this territory. This discovery would further boost their impressive strength, ensuring their security and future encounters with other Runaway Cities. It also meant they would have Gearweavers forged purely from Vylkr alloys.

Orion seized the moment to send a message to Fifi, "Head back to the floating island and brief Stronghold Leader Zogar and the others on everything that's happened. When you return, bring Seraphina with you. Let her know we've found a precious stone to help her craft as many Vylkr Fusion Bracelets as she needs." He then elaborated on the impending arrival of the two Runaway Cities before ending the communication.

Chapter 947 Crucial Information About The Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City, Mystical Beasts

"I've asked Fifi to return and update everyone on the situation. She'll bring Seraphina to verify the stones' authenticity," Orion informed Seth, then turned to Leif, Seig, and the rest.

They all nodded, realizing Seraphina needed to confirm the stones' authenticity so they could swiftly secure and begin harvesting from the Vylkr alloy mine.

At that moment, Azarok began to stir awake gradually. He was about to speak before immediately noticing Orion and Seth's unknown figures and bizarre masks as they held the Vylkr alloy.

"Hey, that's not yours! We uncovered this mine first. It belongs to the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City!" Azarok shouted, his eyes fixed on the mysterious individuals wearing masks, one bluish and the other fiery red, adorned with strange patterns of one, two, and three Vylkr vines.

Despite being unaware of their identity, Azarok felt compelled to speak up, realizing how challenging it would be if news of the Vylkr alloy mine spread and fell into the hands of more powerful Runaway Cities.

"Foolish," Evadne muttered under her breath, shaking her head with a sigh upon hearing Azarok's words.

"So, you're truly from the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City?" Orion responded.

"Yes, I am. And I don't know how all of you are walking together or what is happening. However, the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City and the Sleeping Fox Runaway City are not far from here and are all here for the same thing. So, you must think twice before making sudden decisions," Azarok responded gruffly.

He kept a close eye on Seig and Evadne, scrutinizing them, already suspecting they had defected from the Sleeping Fox Runaway City. This wasn't surprising given what they had put his unit through; if it were authentic, they would have reasons to switch sides.

As for the Four-eared Elves gods' chosens, Azarok had already deduced that Patriarch Rylan had allied with another Grade One Runaway City and surrendered the divine artefact to them in

exchange for protection, which might explain the sudden appearance of these two strange individuals.

Despite being unsure whether they were related to the emergence of the Vylkr Veil Phenomenon or the chilling occurrences within it, Azarok knew that what he needed to do now was ensure the safety of his unit until his Captain returned with reinforcements.

Hearing his words, Stronghold Leader Seth immediately became irritated. He vanished from his position, appearing before Azarok in the blink of an eye.

Azarok was instantly dumbfounded, unable to keep up with the speed that the mysterious man had used to approach him.

"This Vylkr alloy mine was found in our territory and created by our god. So, if you want to live for a second longer, I suggest you watch your words and tone," Stronghold Leader Seth spoke, his voice sounding menacingly through his mask.

"Now, I'll ask you one simple question: Are Patriarch Rylan and the divine artefact, alongside the Vylkr alloy mine, the only reasons you are here?" he added.

Their territory!

A god created this immense hole!

Azarok couldn't even imagine where Patriarch Rylan might have sought protection.

Despite feeling the overwhelming pressure from the unknown man, Azarok swiftly regained his composure and nodded. "Yes," he replied. He noticed that several of his unit members were also slowly stirring awake while some remained in their positions to assess the situation appropriately.

"Tell us everything you know about the Wanderlust Traveling Tortoise Runaway City. And don't you dare lie to me, or else I promise you, you'll regret it," Orion demanded, his gaze solemn as he observed the ogre before him.

He stretched out his hand and summoned a bluish ball of streaking lightning, causing Azarok to gulp inwardly as he felt the fierce intensity of the lightning from his position.

Stronghold Leader Seth stepped aside to guard the Vylkr alloy mine, his gaze sharp as he kept watch in the distance. Meanwhile, his ears were keenly attuned as Azarok began to respond, "Of course, I'll tell you everything you need to know..." He delved into the authorities that controlled the Wanderlust Traveling Tortoise Runaway City, detailing the number of teams they possessed and their numbers while concealing the existence of the City's special teams.

Azarok then explained the layout of the Wanderlust Traveling Tortoise Runaway City and divulged several false crucial pieces of information that Orion required. He calculated how much he could disclose before his Captain's arrival.

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One hour later

After Azarok had finished explaining, Orion and Stronghold Leader Zogar stepped aside to digest the new information and plan their next steps. Meanwhile, Seig spoke with Azarok, "I didn't expect the Journeying Jaguar Runaway City to also send the Wanderlust Traveling Tortoise Runaway City after Patriarch Rylan, pitting two Runaway Cities against each other. It seems they are ensuring they get their hands on the divine artefact without going through the effort themselves," he snickered.

Azarok was about to retort when he suddenly noticed something in the distance that made him halt his words.

Two colossal beasts emerged from the clouds and descended before them. One was a massive, four-legged being with a powerful, muscular body covered in a thick mane. Its wings, spanning over 55 meters (180 feet), were grand and feathered, resembling those of a mighty bird of prey.

The tail was long and segmented, ending in a curved, venomous stinger. Its fur and feathers displayed a striking combination of crimson and grey hues. Additionally, wisps of purple flame adorned its body, emanating at various intervals and adding an almost ethereal aura.

The other beast was equally colossal, with four longer legs and wings, but had a more compact abdomen, a longer neck, and two long horns on its head that stretched outwards like tree branches. Its wingspan exceeded 50 meters (164 feet). Its scales possessed a dark, iridescent black that shimmered with deep blue and violet hues in the light.

It had razor-sharp talons, and a long, serpentine tail tipped with a venomous stinger, glowing with a menacing crimson light. Its mouth bristled with rows of jagged, obsidian-like teeth.

Even the other awakened gods' chosen beside Azarok couldn't help but stare in fright, their bodies shivering as the beasts steadily descended beside them.

Chapter 948 Mysterious Humans, Elite Warriors

Seig, Evadne, Leif, Leona, and the others noticed their reaction and couldn't help but inwardly smile wryly as they witnessed how they might have looked during their first encounter with the shapeshifting Vylkr warriors.

Although their size seemed insignificant compared to the tremendous size of a Runaway City, these were real, moving mythical beasts with menacing appearances, bound to cause anyone stumbling upon them to shiver in fear.

Atop those beasts were five imposing individuals on the first and six on the other, each dressed in secure leather armour except for two. They leapt from the beasts onto the earth.

Azarok and the others observed with stupefied expressions as the two beasts began to shrink and shapeshift until they took on humanoid forms.

They were shocked and in disbelief! Witnessing these enormous, mythical beasts—creatures that appeared capable of easily trampling them before they could react—transform into two humans each was beyond their understanding.

When did humans acquire the power to transform into such formidable mythical beasts? They were incapable of comprehending such a scene!

Nonetheless, they shifted their focus towards the mysterious man and woman wearing masks identical to those of the group's apparent leaders. The woman beside them stood out; unlike the others who appeared human, she was different. Her hair, styled in locs, seemed made of blue crystal, and her eyes emitted a faint radiant glow.

She carried a large box in her right hand, one seemingly capable of holding a fully grown incubus.

Azarok and his unit couldn't help but feel their spines shiver under the sharp, inquisitive stares. It felt as though they were the feast at a gathering of powerful, experienced warriors.

"Avoid their gazes and speak truthfully when asked a question, and you'll be alright... Maybe," Seig whispered calmly, noticing Azarok and his unit's shaken demeanour as they slowly experienced the strength of Paradise.

He couldn't help but pity them, having been in the same position. His confidence had been stripped away, one layer at a time, by the two most powerful individuals in the territory.

His pity also stemmed from knowing that Azarok had lied about some information regarding the Wanderlust Traveling Tortoise Runaway City.

Hearing Seig's words and seeing his gaze, Azarok gritted his teeth angrily. He and the rest of his unit could easily break out of the ropes tied around him. However, given their current situation, they didn't dare attempt it.

Stronghold Leader Zogar, Seraphina, and the ten warriors behind them halted before Orion and the others, greeting each other respectfully.

"I wasn't expecting to see you all so soon after you left for your exploration," Stronghold Leader Zogar said with a smile. "Nonetheless, Fifi has already briefed me on everything that has happened, so I understand why." He curiously glanced at Azarok and the others, taking in their unique features.

"We hadn't expected it either since we were preparing for a long journey. However, the results are manageable due to our encounters," Orion responded, smiling lightly and nodding.

"Can you take me to the mine so I can examine it right away?" Seraphina asked, her gaze serious.

She had noticed the appearances of the unknown races tied up and seated on the ground, but her attention was fixed on the immense crater. She needed to determine if the Vylkr alloy mine was the main ingredient in making the Devourer's bracelet and Gearweavers.

If it was, half of her issue with the gods' chosen equipment would be resolved, allowing her to entirely focus on diluting the intensity of the Vylkr energy so that ordinary individuals could also wield the Vylkr Fusion Armlet.

"Stronghold Leader Seth will take you and Fifi right away," Orion said, nodding at Seraphina and Fifi. He noticed the interest in both of their eyes and understood it was best they went together.

Stronghold Leader Seth nodded in understanding and gestured for them to follow him. As he was about to activate his gift, Fifi intervened. "Let me handle it; we don't want to cause harm to the mine," she said, halting his actions.

Though she doubted Seth's gift could harm the mine, given its supposed durability, it was better to be safe and avoid potential consequences.

Stronghold Leader Seth nodded in agreement.

They watched as Fifi activated her gift, creating a frozen platform extending outward from the crater's edge. "Let's go," she said.

They all stepped onto the platform, which began to slide downward smoothly on the frozen surface, descending into the depths of the immense crater.

After Stronghold Leader Seth, Fifi, and Seraphina disappeared from sight, Orion and Stronghold Leader Zogar approached Azarok and his unit.

"So you're from the Ogre race?" Stronghold Leader Zogar's eyes focused sharply on Azarok.

Despite the man's physique radiating immense strength and power, Azarok couldn't discern his gaze or facial expression; all he could see was a grey mask adorned with various Vylkr vines from 1-star to 3-star, similar to the other mysterious individuals.

Yet, it was enough to make his heart tremble, reminiscent of his first encounter with the Vylkr vines. He sensed the man's aura, which felt even more intense than the other masked figures and those around them.

"Yes," Azarok nodded quickly. Gradually, he began to feel nervous, uncertain about how his Captain's arrival could alter the situation, especially since she didn't evoke the same pressure as the individuals present.

Despite knowing that they had threatened the two Runaway Cities, his only hope lay in the possibility that the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City and the Sleeping Fox Runaway City would set aside their differences and form an alliance to confront the mysterious individuals allied with Patriarch Rylan and others.

"What about the other teams?" Stronghold Leader Zogar asked.

"While there are various races within the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City due to its main trade, I can assure you that those three are its primary inhabitants, along with their respective units and teams, with a few exceptions," Azarok replied confidently.

Stronghold Leader Zogar nodded thoughtfully and added, "I trust everything you've shared about the Runaway City is accurate. If not, rest assured, you won't be returning in one piece." His tone grew icier as he finished his statement.

Chapter 949 Arrival Of The Grade One Runaway Cities

Azarok nodded in response, feeling a lump in his throat.

Stronghold Leader Zogar reciprocated with a nod, shifting his focus to Orion. "I'm quite curious about the Runaway Cities, but since they'll be here in a few hours, I'm willing to wait and join you in meeting with them," he stated.

Orion acknowledged the importance of having Stronghold Leader Zogar present in case of any issues.

Thirty minutes later, Stronghold Leader Zogar, Fifi, and Seraphina emerged from the immense crater.

Seraphina approached Orion with a container holding Vylkr alloy. "You were right. These Vylkr alloys are crucial for making the Devourer's bracelet and Gearweavers. With this material, we can forge more Vylkr Fusion Armlets," she exclaimed, her voice filled with excitement.

"Since that's the case, let's wait for the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City and the Sleeping Fox Runaway City to arrive before we commence mining," Orion responded with a smile, understanding the significance of the Vylkr alloy mine's discovery for their territory's progress.

Seraphina nodded in understanding, her gaze shifting between Azarok and his unit as she gathered more information about the Runaway Cities.

Using her Crystalforge clan abilities, Seraphina created a shaded area for Orion and the others to relax while awaiting the cities' arrival.

Meanwhile, Seig, Evadne, Leif, and the others, now allowed to demonstrate their usefulness, were tasked with clearing away encroaching Vylkr vines.

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Four hours later

A fascinating behemoth-like contraption shaped like a tortoise emerged from the horizon, gradually approaching them. Within moments, another imposing behemoth of equal size, this time resembling a fox, appeared behind it.

Orion, Seraphina, Stronghold Leader Seth, and Zogar stood up from their seats, taking note of their arrival.

Azarok and his unit also peered into the distance, their expressions solemn as they contemplated the decision made by the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City before their approach.

Would they clash head-on against their mysterious group, each unleashing their full force for a chance to acquire the precious Vylkr alloy mine, or would they seek forgiveness and submit their Runaway Cities to them?

They could do nothing but wait and watch to see what would unfold.

The Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City soon arrived, and its massive form began to move around in circles.

BOOMMM!!! BOOOMM!!

The thunderous footsteps echoed through the air as multiple figures descended from the creature's legs to its underbelly. Each person was dressed uniquely, some in plated armour, others in leather, and a few in a mix. Some wore clothing that exuded a magical aura to those who could sense it.

Despite their variety, they all shared one commonality: They wore large metallic bracelets on their wrists and wielded oversized weapons with surprising finesse, as though these weapons were mere extensions of themselves.

They were all gods' chosens from the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City.

As the numbers continued to swell, with each descending figure adding to the spectacle, there were now about 7,000 gods' chosens surrounding the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City as it made its circular movements. They were organized into teams, further divided into units, and then regrouped into smaller clusters spread across the area.

Observing this vast assembly, Orion couldn't help but recall Seig's earlier explanation about the criteria for a Runaway City to be classified as a grade 1 Runaway City, requiring a minimum of 200 gods' chosens.

Initially, he had envisioned only a few hundred members at most. But, after Seig, Evadne, Leif, and the others and Azarok provided detailed explanations, he realized they likely numbered in the thousands. However, seeing and confirming the actual sight firsthand was a different experience altogether.

Orion remained unfazed, neither frightened nor tense, as he assessed the situation. Despite the impressive numbers of the gods' chosens, their energy readings appeared surprisingly weak to him.

"Energy level - 500 BEM."

"Energy level - 1,060 BEM."

"Energy level - 1,100 BEM."

"Energy level - 1,111 BEM."

"Energy level - 1,020 BEM."

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The BEM readings ranged from 250+ to 1,440+, with only a few reaching the higher end.

Knowing that Fifi, Stronghold Leader Seth, and Zogar had also obtained readings, Orion saw no need for further explanation.

Seraphina was unsure about the enemies' strength without testing their abilities. However, observing Orion and the others' relaxed demeanour, she realized that despite their formidable numbers, the gods' chosens were not as powerful as they initially seemed.

Soon, the Sleeping Fox Runaway City also arrived, walking in circles like the previous Runaway City. Some of them took flight to survey the surroundings before landing. They all had pigmented violet curved horns, wings, and violet skin, while others, akin to Evadne, had dark blue curved horns and blue skin, though they lacked wings.

Among them were winged bird-like humanoids, their avian features, including beaks and talons, making Orion think of the tengus back on Earth. Lastly, there was a race with humanoid traits but adorned with fox-like ears and two to four tails extending outwards from their back.

Surprisingly, their numbers were no less than 6,400 gods' chosens, a figure lower than that of the Wanderlust Traveling Tortoise Runaway City.

Azarok and his unit watched the unfolding scene with tense bodies, anticipating the events about to transpire.

Meanwhile, Seig, Evadne, Leif, and the other gods' chosens, along with the ten three-star warriors, remained on high alert, ready for any impending danger.

Although they trusted in Orion's and the Key Leader's strength, it was normal for them to feel tense and cautious in front of such an immense number of gods' chosens.

As the numbers began to converge, some of the gods' chosens on each side started eradicating the Vylkr vines in the region. In contrast, others cleared a secure path toward Orion, Stronghold Leader Seth, Zogar, Seraphina, Fifi, and the others.

On one side - the Wanderlust Traveling Tortoise Runaway City - eight individuals approached, surrounded by a group of gods' chosens. On the other side - the Sleeping Fox Runaway City - another group of eight individuals encircled by gods' chosens.

Orion and the others surmised that these were the leaders of each Runaway City. Soon, they each arrived before them.

Chapter 950 The Command To Surrender

Orion was impressed by their grand entrance.

As each group arrived, they took note of their surroundings. The Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City focused on the tied-up Azarok and his unit, all severely injured and beaten.

Witnessing such a shameful sight, Captain Freya clenched her fists in anger and frustration, knowing she was responsible for her unit's current situation.

Azarok and his team felt a deep sense of shame, their dire situation tarnishing their reputation as the 1st Unit Vanguard team of the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City.

Meanwhile, the Sleeping Fox Runaway City fixed their eyes on Seig and Evadne, a fierce glint flashing through their eyes.

Seig smiled, noticing a few familiar faces, and even waved his hand at them. 'I'm still alive, birdies,' he thought, hoping his grin would convey the message.

Evadne shifted her attention to the other side, showing no interest in looking at any of their faces.

Some of the gods' chosens clenched their fists in response, their expressions tense.

The group then averted their gazes, focusing on Leif, Leona, Carl, and the other Four-eared Elven gods' chosens, their brows furrowing in thought.

Understanding that they were now the centre of attention, Leif and the others put on a brave front, seemingly unbothered by the intense gazes.

They quickly withdrew their gazes and shifted their focus to the ten human warriors and the woman with strange hair and eyes belonging to an unknown race none had ever heard of.

The ten warriors and Seraphina held their ground, forcing the onlookers to avert their eyes to avoid stirring any unwanted issues. Briefly, their attention shifted to the immense crater stretching far into the horizon on all sides, a sight so vast that unless viewed from above, its end could not be seen from below.

Before long, they immediately fixed their attention on four imposing figures, each wearing a distinct mask—blue, black, fiery red, and grey—each adorned with intricate depictions of one-star to three-star Vylkr vines, appearing to be crafted by a master artisan. This entire exchange occurred in a matter of moments.

Queen Eleanora stepped forward and said, "I am Queen Eleanora, leader of the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City. The others behind me control different city sections and operate under my authority. We couldn't bring all our forces because some needed to continue operating the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City and keep its inhabitants in check. I hope you understand and do not see this in a different light."

The leaders behind her also nodded in affirmation.

"I am Emperor Lakul, leader of The Sleeping Fox Runaway City. Like Queen Eleanora, I must inform you that a portion of my forces is also needed to operate my Runaway City and maintain order," Emperor Lazul said with a nod.

Upon hearing their words, Orion frowned. He knew he had injured one of the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City members, so he wouldn't be surprised if she didn't show up and was still possibly unconscious.

However, hearing that both sides still had additional forces within their cities, Orion couldn't help but become suspicious despite the reasonable excuse.

"How many forces?" Orion asked, his tone cold.

"120," Queen Eleanora responded, her eyes trying to discern the figures through the mask.

"150," Emperor Lakul responded, his mind racing as he wondered if the masked figures all possessed the same abilities as the man with the fiery masks or if they were the weakest or the strongest or varied in strength.

Nonetheless, they were all wary of their abilities, which was why they were present today.

"And the leaders, who are also not present?" Orion asked.

"It's our Commander of the gods' chosens and Chief of Security of the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City, the one you had severely injured. And the Mistress of the Forgepalace, who is responsible for maintaining the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City. I assure you that I have no reason to lie about such a matter that decides the fate of my Runaway City," Queen Eleanora responded, sighing.

Hearing Queen Eleanora's words, Emperor Lakul and the others were stunned. This made them realize the others present might be as powerful as the warrior chasing after them.

The Commander of the gods' chosens and Chief of Security of the Sleeping Fox Runaway City couldn't help but be shaken when he remembered how close he had been to rushing upwards to confront their assailant if not for the Emperor's command.

Understanding that it was his turn to speak, Emperor Lakul swiftly said, "We couldn't bring our Master of the Forgepalace, who is also tasked with ensuring the Sleeping Fox Runaway City continues to function properly during our absence."

After careful deliberation, Orion responded, "Your leaders tasked with maintaining the Runaway City can stay; however, summon all of your forces immediately."

Queen Eleanora and Emperor Lakul furrowed their brows in response but nodded understandingly. They sent their gods' chosens to deliver the message and pull out their forces immediately. Within fifty minutes, they returned, bringing 120 gods' chosens from the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City and 150 gods' chosens from the Sleeping Fox Runaway City.

Orion nodded, taking in the immense number of their forces and energy readings, before asking, "Since you dared to trespass in my territory and covet the Vylkr alloy mine, who among you wishes to be the first to surrender yourselves and your entire forces?" his words aimed directly at the heart of the matter

Almost instantly, Emperor Lakul gestured for his entire entourage to follow him and bow towards Orion and the others beside him.

"On behalf of the Sleeping Fox Runaway City, I apologize for trespassing into Paradise's territory. After noticing their strange movements, we followed the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City. We never knew we were stepping into the domain of a powerhouse. Please forgive this offence and allow us to leave your territory peacefully."

"In return, we promise to spread the word among other Runaway Cities that this land belongs to a formidable force. This will deter any future intrusions, and those who dare to trespass again will do so at their own peril," Emperor Lakul swiftly proposed, placing the blame on the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City and offering to act as a messenger to other Runaway Cities they may encounter.