

## Village Head 951

### Chapter 951 The Ultimate Show of Strength, Complete Submission

Without hesitation, he pleaded, knowing it was the wisest course of action. The individuals before him exuded such strength that he saw no shame in bowing his head to guarantee their safe departure from the territory.

Queen Eleanora's face contorted with anger and resignation as he did so. She clenched her teeth and swiftly followed suit, her eyes darting with a hint of defiance, signalling those behind her to do the same without delay.

"On behalf of the entire Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City, I sincerely apologise. Our intentions were not malicious. We received distressing news that the Sleeping Fox Runaway City had brutally attacked the Four-eared Lone Rabbit Runaway City, resulting in a massacre, with only Patriarch Rylan and a few survivors managing to escape."

"We urgently rushed to this territory to rescue Patriarch Rylan, a highly esteemed individual with whom we've had significant trade dealings. We hold him in high regard within the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City," Queen Eleanora explained swiftly.

She made no attempt to shift blame to the Sleeping Fox Runaway City, as they had prior knowledge through their alliances and were here solely to protect Patriarch Rylan from imminent danger.

From a distance, Azarok watched the unfolding scene with dimming eyes, his heart heavy with a sense of betrayal.

He had expected the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City and the Sleeping Fox Runaway City to unite against the mysterious humans, so witnessing both leaders bow before them filled him with an oppressive sense of defeat. This feeling permeated him and his entire unit, dampening their spirits.

Truthfully, Emperor Lakul and Queen Eleanora had exchanged information, aiming to forge a temporary alliance to resist the mysterious, powerful individuals. They were confident in the combined number of their forces, exceeding 13,000+ gods' chosens and their Runaway Cities' defensive and offensive capabilities. They believed they could hold their own even against a grade 2 Runaway City, albeit with some severe losses.

However, witnessing the defeated figures of the Wanderlust Traveling Tortoise Runaway City gods' chosens, alongside the best Captain from his own Runaway City and the Four-eared elves gods' chosens, and realising that the assailant had not yet spoken, indicating he wasn't the highest authority among them, gave Emperor Lakul a sense of the attackers' immense power.

Their presence in the Vylkr veil phenomenon area hinted at possible involvement in the strange occurrences there. Additionally, their claim of dealing with a god, mythical beings rumoured to appear only in ancient times, deeply unsettled Queen Eleanora during their meeting.

This led Emperor Lakul to prioritise the safety of the Sleeping Fox Runaway City over the Wanderlust Traveling Tortoise Runaway City.

It was evident that Queen Eleanora had also assessed the situation and realised that the beings before them must possess more power than a grade 2 Runaway City. This led her to consider turning and running away, leaving behind any past grievances.

Unfortunately, Paradise seemed to be unforgiving in this matter.

Orion replied loudly. "It seems you don't understand. I don't care about your reasons for being here. I want to know if you are willing to step down from your position and surrender your Runaway Cities or refuse and face the consequences of your actions? Choose wisely because I must advise you that based on your decision, only a few of you may survive the consequences," His voice booming and echoing across the surroundings.

The two leaders felt a shiver run down their spines, their skin tingling with unease. They held back the words they wanted to say, realising their next words would seal their fates.

Beside them, Stronghold Leader Zogar realised that the Vylkr vines encroached faster toward them as the gods' chosens remained motionless, bowing their heads alongside their leaders. He raised his hand and activated his gift, causing the earth to tremble like a calamitous force descended from the heavens.

To the astonishment of everyone present, cracks appeared in the ground, and three pillars of walls, every sixty centimetres in width, rose from the earth, connecting in all three cardinal directions and reaching skyward. A cloud of dust billowed, veiling the air in a hazy mist that momentarily obscured the surroundings.

However, the individuals present were far from ordinary; they possessed the ability to see through the thin veil of dust. As they beheld the massive shadows cast by the towering walls, stopping only about ten meters below the heads of the Wanderlust Traveling Tortoise Runaway City and the Sleeping Fox Runaway City, their faces turned pale with realisation.

Even Seig and the others, who were already aware of the Key leaders' abilities, couldn't help but gulp in bewilderment as their understanding of their strengths was once again refreshed.

Outside, the Vylkr vines could only crash against the thick walls, unable to pass through to devour the lives within.

They could only slither and gradually pile up against one another to cross over, but their efforts were futile. Thick blocks formed on the surface of the walls and smashed against the vines, crushing them to death before dissipating. New blocks formed on all sides, and the one and two-star Vylkr vines were crushed outside.

It was a sight that inspired awe!

However, no one within the enormous towering walls could witness it. All they could hear was a mighty force continuously hammering against the earth with increasing intensity. Whether it was an object or a being remained a mystery they couldn't answer. They were all utterly speechless, gobsmacked by the immense display of power.

One thing that left them bewildered was that this was done by one of the masked figures. Emperor Lakul gritted his teeth, finally understanding their powerlessness before the forces before them despite their immense numbers.

With his shoulders dropping low in defeat and his fists unclenched in resignation, Emperor Lakul's voice quivered as he spoke, "I, Emperor Lakul of the Sleeping Fox Runaway City, at this moment relinquish my authority and surrender my position to Paradise." His words were heavy with defeat as he lowered his head even further.

Upon hearing Emperor Lazul's words, the leaders and gods' chosens of the Sleeping Fox Runaway City gritted their teeth in anger, their fists clenched in resentment. However, they didn't dare utter a word.

Orion nodded. His mask hid his expression, making it seem like he had just settled a trivial matter before shifting his attention toward Queen Eleanora.

Queen Eleanora's expression was devoid of emotion as she looked at the mask's crystal-covered eye area. She had worked so hard to obtain the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City.

Yet, suddenly, she had to give it away and surrender her authority as though it were insignificant.

If it were a grade 2 Runaway City, she wouldn't have had any issues begrudgingly handing over her position, as the law dictates that only the strong may survive and do as they wish. However, the individuals before them were unknown and incredibly mysterious, making the difficulty of doing so several times greater.

"Have you made your decision, Queen Eleanora?" Orion asked, his eyes fixed on the woman before him.

Queen Eleanora's fists loosened as her shoulders slumped heavily in defeat. "Yes," she said, bowing towards them. Each second felt like an excruciating eternity as she added, "I, Queen Eleanora of the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City, at this moment relinquish my authority and surrender my position to Paradise." Her words were heavier than Emperor Lazul's, laced with an unmistakable tone of resentment and submission.

Witnessing this scene from behind, Seraphina couldn't help but reminisce about how Orion had taken control of the Prismerton Kingdom and all its major clans. Seeing him stand before thousands of gods' chosens, none of whom could match his strength or that of the other Key leaders, she silently vowed to work harder to develop more innovations to increase his strength.

She wanted to ensure that even if they encountered stronger opponents in the future, they would have enough power to subdue them easily.

At this moment, Azarok lowered his head, seemingly lost in thought, as though nothing significant was happening around him. The rest of the 1st Unit of the Vanguard group felt the same, deeply embarrassed and wishing they could dig holes into the ground to bury themselves.

They regretted not joining those who had abandoned the mission initially, as it seemed far better than their current humiliating situation in front of everyone.

Orion nodded, a smile lighting up underneath his mask. "Since the issue has been resolved, you can order all your forces to return to the Runaway Cities. In the meantime, why don't you two join us to ease the tension and discuss matters further?" he suggested, turning toward Stronghold Leader Zogar and gesturing for him to lower the walls.

Stronghold Leader Zogar understood and willed the walls back into the earth.

Almost instantly, the ground began to vibrate again. The three walls set at the cardinal directions, which had enclosed them from the outside world and the encroaching Vylkr vines, casting enormous shadows upon them and making it seem like night, began to collapse back into the earth.

Gradually, the shimmering sun rays shone upon them again, and they regained their sight, able to see further into the distance without any obstruction.

The gods' chosens all sighed in relief. They didn't know if the mysterious individuals had created the walls to crush them into submission if they disagreed with their terms or to protect them from the encroaching Vylkr vines. However, one thing was clear: they were all relieved and less tense with the walls' disappearance.

"What's that?" a god's chosen suddenly asked, his eyes widening in astonishment at the scene that had emerged behind the enormous walls.

"The Vylkr vines are all dead!" another god's chosen exclaimed, his gaze wide with surprise.

All they could see were dead Vylkr vines, crushed and flattened to the earth by heavy boulders scattered into the far distance as though thrown like projectiles.

They realized this was the cause of the resounding sounds they had continuously heard.

They weren't startled by the destruction of the Vylkr vines, as they could handle them swiftly. Instead, they were in disbelief at how they had been rendered, especially those in front of the mysterious humans.

After all, they had witnessed him conjure the enormous earthen walls and remain in his position without moving or casting any other techniques, so they couldn't fathom how such a thing had become possible.

Was it even a technique or a profound art they had never heard of before?

Even if it were, they had never heard or witnessed any technique or art that could enable one to create such a disastrous scale of attack without even a surge of energy they could neither sense nor see.

It was outrageous! How were they supposed to deal with such opponents?

Suddenly, a wave of fear gripped the hearts of the leaders and the gods' chosens present.

"Come on, I don't have all day to wait," Orion exclaimed, stepping towards the shade and settling into one of the chairs.

Stronghold Leader Zogar, Seth, Fifi, and the other Vylkr warriors stood protectively behind him.

Emperor Lakul and Queen Eleanora exchanged glances, subtly nodding at each other before instructing their forces to return to their respective Runaway Cities. They then stepped forward with their leaders and gods' chosens in tow.

Although each side was wary of the other and hesitant to provoke tension further, they understood the importance of establishing a positive relationship with the mysterious individuals before them. They were wise enough to maintain their alliances, preparing for any potential threats they might encounter and being ready to retreat from this territory if needed swiftly.

In essence, it became a race to discern the mysterious individuals' vulnerabilities and exploit them entirely, either to capture or allow them to escape.

Emperor Lakul and Queen Eleanora settled into their seats, gazes briefly flickering towards the massive crater.

"Before we begin, I have a few questions for you, Queen Eleanora," Orion said, his eyes focused on the woman with long, flowing red hair, dressed in a regal red dress and adorned with a golden tiara.

#### Chapter 953 Conversations Of Consequence, The Lie And The Limb

"What would you like to know, Great Warrior?" Queen Eleanora responded, her voice tinged with uncertainty.

"I'd like to know more about the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City and its inhabitants," Orion stated firmly. "I've already spoken to one of your lieutenants, but I need to verify the truth of his words. If he's been honest, I'll keep my promise and ensure this incident is forgotten. However, if he's deceived us and took advantage of our mercy, he'll lose a limb before he's released. Naturally, I hope he told the truth to improve my impression of the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City."

Queen Eleanora tensed visibly, her gaze shifting to Azarok and his unit, who seemed resigned to their uncertain fate. After a moment, she turned back to the mysterious figure in the inky black mask, unable to discern his true feelings or intentions.

Queen Eleanora understood Azarok's predicament. In their world, revealing the secrets of their Runaway City to outsiders was forbidden, a rule embedded in the very fabric of their existence. Any disclosure had to be a carefully crafted lie, a shield against potential threats.

However, at this moment, those tactics felt futile. A false answer would lead to dire consequences, possibly worse than Azarok's fate. On the other hand, admitting the truth meant witnessing the punishment of one of her most trusted gods' chosens.

The mysterious individual's actions were clear: to bend them to his will and to assert dominance over both Runaway Cities.

How barbaric?

Queen Eleanora contained her anger and frustration as she responded, "Certainly, since you will be discovering everything anyway now that the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City belongs to you, I'll disclose everything you need to know," she began to explain, detailing every essential aspect of the Wanderlust Travelling Runaway City.

Queen Eleanora refrained from delving too deeply due to Emperor Lakul's presence and the others, allowing him to explore it personally to gain a more thorough understanding. After finishing her explanation, she calmly wiped the sweat that had gathered on her palms and the back of her hand.

Orion nodded in understanding. "I commend your wisdom for telling me everything without a single lie. Unfortunately, not everyone within the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City seems to grasp the importance of honesty in defeat," Orion said, his tone filled with disappointment.

With a heavy sigh, he shifted his gaze towards Seth, his mask devoid of expression, and ordered, "Cut off one of his limbs."

Seth nodded and stepped towards Azarok and the others.

Witnessing the unfolding spectacle, Emperor Lazul couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

So domineering!

If it were any other time, he would have enjoyed the unfolding scene; however, he didn't take any pleasure in the sight before him. Instead, he inwardly sighed in relief. Because if they had not decided to stand and allow the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City to go first, then without a doubt, the Sleeping Fox Runaway City's units would have been among the captured gods' chosens.

Even the gods' chosens behind him couldn't help but inwardly sigh in relief at their luck.

As Stronghold Leader Seth arrived at their position, one of the units on the ground tore through the ropes and recklessly blocked his path.

"STOP! You can't do this," he shouted, activating his Devourer's bracelet. He looked at Stronghold Leader Seth with determination, fury, and a hint of fear in his eyes.

The rest of the gods' chosens swiftly rose to their feet and formed a protective circle around Azarok. They couldn't grab their Gearweavers due to Seig and the Four-eared elves guarding them, so they could only replace their empty vial compartments and activate their Devourer's bracelets, hoping to deter the mysterious figures' advancement.



"Back off! We won't let you touch our lieutenant!" one of the gods' chosens bellowed, his voice filled with defiance and determination.

Their voices resounded across the area, and almost instantly, the shifting of the gears with the Devourer's bracelets became louder until a wave of inky black strands of Vylkr energy burst out of the Devourer's bracelets and covered their entire beings.

They overlocked their Devourer's Bracelets!

Because of the protective formation, their visible Vylkr aura converged onto one and rose higher into the air like the flicker of a violent, blazing, inky black flame. Strands of Vylkr energy filled the entire area, submerging it into a sudden, terrifying, chilling aura.

However, Seth calmly observed their energy level with interest as it ascended rapidly.

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"Energy level - 1,420 BEM."

"Energy level - 1,432 BEM."

"Energy level - 1,464 BEM."

...

As the energy level stabilized, the highest reached around 1,470 BEM, while the lowest reached 1,314 BEM. Although their strength increased, it was not a considerable amount that would pose any issue for him to handle.

"Step aside. I recommend you don't make me repeat myself," Stronghold Leader Seth responded firmly, his eyes scanning the ninety gods' chosens who had overlocked their bracelets, leaving no room for argument in his voice.

Activating his gift, cracks began to appear on the earth's surface around them, releasing molten lava and dense smoke.

The gods' chosens were shaken by the immense pressure from Seth's gaze; some almost fled, but they stood their ground, gritting their teeth, raising their hands with fierce gazes and determined expressions.

"Truly worthy of being part of the 1st unit of the Vanguard Team of the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City. But, what a shame, it's a pity that they will be no more after this," Emperor Lakul muttered almost quietly, shaking his head at their luck of encountering such a formidable opponent.

Despite his quiet tone, everyone present heard his words.

Upon hearing Emperor Lakul's words, Queen Eleanora's fists tightened even more in frustration and anger, her veins popping up on her fair skin.

Each god's chosen was a cherished, well-protected asset, and losing 90 at once without reason was a loss no Runaway City could bear. However, she could do nothing except observe as one of her best gods' chosen inched closer to their grave before her very eyes.

## Chapter 954 Making A Statement

Stronghold Leader Seth turned his attention toward Orion for orders.

"We don't want our first encounter with the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City to end in a bloodbath, so handle them as you wish, but do not kill them," Orion responded calmly.

Previously, he would have had no issue with the deaths of the gods' chosen because it meant they could secure more Devourer's bracelets. However, with the discovery of the Vylkr alloy mine, they could make their own and no longer needed to harvest Devourer's bracelets.

Also, Lakul's reaction made it clear that the gods' chosens were notable individuals. There was no need to mindlessly kill potential future pawns, thereby reducing their newly assimilated manpower. All he wanted was to send a clear message.

Stronghold Leader Seth nodded in understanding. He focused his attention forward and deactivated his gift. He saw no reason to use it to deal with them.

However, his gaze caused the gods' chosen to flinch in fear.

"ENOUGH!!" yelled a sudden voice from Queen Eleanora's position.

The air was torn apart, and a heavy gust of wind stirred up their surroundings.

Sensing the sudden disturbance, Stronghold Leader Seth's perception slowed the world around him as he turned his attention towards one of the gods' chosen advancing on him. His senses were astronomically heightened as a warrior with three Vylkr containers within his brain. Even without this enhancement, his transformation from a first-rank warrior to a four-star warrior made him more capable of swiftly handling the situation.

However, he also wanted to make a statement.

Stronghold Leader Seth wasn't surprised when he saw the woman's eyes widen as their gazes met. He stretched out his hand and caught her Gearweaver with his palm. "BANG!!" The impact of their clash resonated in the air, sending a torrent of wild gales around them.

Stronghold Leader Seth didn't budge from his position.

Freya felt her hand vibrate and go numb, but she wasn't willing to back down. She immediately increased her Vylkr energy output into the Gearweaver, causing its gears to shift and surge until strands of Vylkr energy burst out, enveloping its entire body with dense Vylkr energy.

Freya gritted her teeth, her eyes blazing with fierce determination, resolved to save her lieutenant and spare him a public shameful display. However, before she could make another move, a fiery palm struck her abdomen, sending her flying backwards with far greater speed than she had used to advance.

"CAPTAIN!!" The 1st Unit of the Vanguard Team of the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City screamed in unison, their expressions filled with disbelief and shock.

In their eyes, they saw their captain vanish from her position and reappear before the fiery red-masked man, her Gearweaver, aimed at him. However, he flickered forward, his actions a blur to their eyes, and caught her Gearweaver with his bare palm, effortlessly halting its descent.

In that instant, she flew backwards with astonishing speed; the armour around her abdomen burned away to reveal her seared stomach. She was knocked unconscious. In her place, the fiery red mask man still stood unwavering in his position.

"ATTACK!" resonated a loud voice.

The 1st Unit surged forward in unison, fists raised, ready to incapacitate him.

Stronghold Leader Seth vanished from his position, his movements faster than the 1st Unit. They all had to stop their advance, looking around in confusion and fear, unable to track his movements.

At that moment, some felt the urge to flee, but they stood their ground and launched several attacks in their surroundings, hoping to land a hit on their enemy by mistake. However, it was futile.

Before they knew what was transpiring, they felt a sharp burning sensation searing through every fibre of their being.

"AHHH!!"

"AUGH!!"

Screams of anguish and pain resonated in the air as the 90 members of the 1st Unit began to collapse on the ground one by one, feeling a searing palm print etching itself, burning through the armour on their backs, chests, and arms.

Thud!!

Thud!!

Within a few seconds, all members of the gods' chosens were unconscious, lying on the ground. Meanwhile, Stronghold Leader Seth stood before a frightened Azarok, his eyes staring at him in shock and disbelief.

"So strong!" one of the gods' chosens behind Lakul couldn't help but utter. He immediately sealed his lips and shrunk back, understanding his voice's loudness.

However, despite not having the courage to speak out loudly, everyone present agreed with his words.

The Vanguard Team of a Runaway City wasn't just any Team; they represented a significant part of their main combat prowess in deterring or confronting enemies.

As the 1st Unit was at the forefront of the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City's main combat prowess, such a sight was impactful. It only proved how powerless they were before the mysterious individuals.

Stronghold Leader Seth raised his hand and activated his gift, swiftly changing his arm into a blade forged from molten lava. He struck it down against Azarok's shoulders, severing his arm.

Azarok's eyes widened before a gut-wrenching roar tore out of his lips, "ARRGHHHH!!!" He used his other hand to clasp his severed arm.

The scent of burnt orc flesh pervaded the air.

After he was done, Stronghold Leader Seth turned around and calmly returned to his position.

Although Eleanora was shaken from seeing one of her best gods' chosens lose a limb, thereby limiting his capabilities, she couldn't help but sigh in relief, knowing that he had spared the arm holding his Devourer's bracelet; otherwise, Azarok would have been truly dead.

Noticing Freya rising from her unconsciousness, as though being stirred awake by Azarok's screams of anguish, Eleanora quickly ordered the gods' chosen to hold her down and prevent her from doing anything rash.

As expected, Freya attempted to rush forward towards Stronghold Leader Seth with her Gearweaver aimed at him. However, she was quickly held down and subdued by the gods' chosens.

"Great Warrior, I am very sorry for giving you another shameful impression of the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City. Our gods' chosens are incredibly dependent on each other and would rescue one of their own if the other is in danger. So please, I ask you to forgive them for their reckless behaviour," Eleanora said, emphasising the camaraderie among the gods' chosens.

## Chapter 955 Conspiracy, Solara's Divine Eye

Orion shook his head in response. "I have taken no such things to heart. It's good that they retaliated so they can serve as an example for others who wish to do so in the future," Orion replied, his gaze sweeping over the leaders and gods' chosens behind the two former rulers of their respective Runaway Cities.

Hearing the mysterious masked cold voice and feeling their bodies tense up, their senses on high alert, they all remained in their positions, frightened of the unveiled threat.

Even Freya couldn't help but stop trying to break through the restraints binding her to the ground, her eyes fixed on the mysterious masked individual in caution and fear.

"Now, let's move on to the next topic of this discussion. Former Emperor Lakul, I want you to tell me everything you know about the Divine artefact you were pursuing Patriarch Rylan to obtain and your relationship with the Journeying Jaguar Runaway City and the Wandering Wolf Borough Runaway City," Orion added.

According to what he could piece together from the information he had received from Patriarch Rylan and Azarok, there was a conspiracy between the two Grade Two Runaway Cities.

The Wandering Wolf Borough Runaway City was responsible for destroying the trade relationship between the Four-eared Lone Rabbit Runaway City and the Sleeping Fox Runaway City, which Patriarch Rylan believed to be the cause of all this. However, the orc told them the Journeying Jaguar Runaway City had sent the two Grade One Runaway Cities to retrieve the Divine artefact.

Unfortunately, Seig had no clue which Grade two Runaway City had struck a deal with the Sleeping Fox Runaway City, and Patriarch Rylan was adamant that the Wandering Wolf Borough Runaway City was responsible for leaking the information, leading to the ambush and subsequent near-extinction of the Four-eared elven race.

Acknowledging Seig and Evadne's capabilities among their peers, especially when paired with their highly praised Unit, even if they were behind it, Orion couldn't fathom how they could eliminate the entire Four-eared elves without assistance from a stronger force. Given Patriarch Rylan's timely escape from the impending onslaught and the sudden arrival of the Wanderlust Traveling Tortoise Runaway City, Orion couldn't shake off the feeling that something fishy was ongoing.

For all he knew, the two Grade Two Runaway City were trying to play a game on who would acquire the Divine artefact first, with one side trying to seem less oblivious than the other, or maybe something else for which he lacked the necessary information to fully come to an inevitable conclusion.

Lakul's brows furrowed, his turbulent emotions hidden beneath a stoic exterior, as he realized that the man before him seemed privy to everything. This may be the reason Patriarch Rylan had headed in this direction.

He cursed himself for not seeing through the facade earlier, assuming that Patriarch Rylan had surrendered and was merely fleeing for his life.

"I may not possess knowledge of the divine artefact, and the relationship between the Sleeping Fox Runaway City and the Journeying Jaguar Runaway City and the Wandering Wolf Borough Runaway City isn't as close as you assume. Nevertheless, I am willing to share what you need to know," Lakul responded with a wry smile.

He suspected that the divine artefact had already fallen into the hands of the man before him, which could explain his keen interest in learning more about it. However, he refrained from voicing this suspicion, offering an alternative in case the mysterious figure was dissatisfied, attempting to compensate for his lack of knowledge.

"And what might that information be?" Orion asked, his frown hidden beneath his mask. He had exhausted every method to activate Divine artefact, but it seemed to reject all his attempts. So, hearing that the former Emperor lacked knowledge about it was disappointing.

Nonetheless, he was curious to know if they had any insights, especially given the surrounding conspiracy. Orion was willing to learn about the relationship between the Sleeping Fox Runaway City and the Two Grade Two Runaway Cities, hoping to uncover clues about what had transpired.

Lakul swiftly composed himself, clearing his throat before responding, "Initially, the Wandering Wolf Borough Runaway City approached me to secure the Divine artefact in exchange for even more abundant and rare resources than those offered by the Four-eared Lone Runaway City."

"However, shortly after, the Journeying Jaguar Runaway City approached us with an even more enticing offer, promising greater resources and a longer trading agreement in exchange for retrieving the Divine artefact for them as well. Faced with the possibility of being caught in a crossfire between two powerful grade two Runaway Cities, we were initially uncertain where to align ourselves."

"Thankfully, the Wandering Wolf Borough Runaway City ultimately advised us to choose the deal with the Journeying Jaguar Runaway City."

He sighed tiredly before continuing, "We were puzzled by the pressure to make such a crucial decision, but we couldn't afford to question their motives, given their immense power. Therefore, we chose the deal offered by the Journeying Jaguar Runaway City. Just as we were nearing the completion of our task, we discovered that Patriarch Rylan had somehow anticipated our attack, forcing us into a pursuit."

"This led us to uncover that the Wanderlust Traveling Tortoise Runaway City had also been dispatched to retrieve the Divine artefact. While we suspected that the Journeying Jaguar Runaway City might have caught wind of our dealings with the Wandering Wolf Borough Runaway City, prompting them to send a competitor, or that the Wanderlust Traveling Tortoise Runaway City was acting on behalf of the Wandering Wolf Borough Runaway City, we couldn't confirm anything until we successfully retrieved the Divine artefact."

"That's why I choose to wait rather than recklessly send my chosen gods into the dissipating Vylkr Veil phenomenon due to the conspiracy surrounding it. Then you all emerged, disrupting everything and barging into our territory, which is understandable. So, as you see, the relationship between the Sleeping Fox Runaway City and the Journeying Jaguar Runaway City and the Wandering Wolf Borough Runaway City isn't as close as you might have assumed."

As Lakul concluded his explanation, his expression seemed to have aged several times. He had hoped to dispel any misunderstandings the mysterious human might have had about them or whatever Patriarch Rylan disclosed, all to ensure the longevity of the Sleeping Fox Runaway City and safeguard his own life.

Chapter 956 Grade Two Runaway Cities, Wrapping Up the Discussion

The leaders behind him sighed, already aware of the situation.



Eleanora and the leaders accompanying her couldn't help but frown deeply, their brows furrowing with concern. They knew something was amiss, a sense of unease lingering since they were offered the deal to fetch a Divine Artifact.

Even though they weren't surprised that it involved another Grade Two Runaway City, they were still wary, as they barely could stand against a single Grade Two Runaway City and would surely be overwhelmed by facing two.

Meanwhile, the gods' chosen on each side, their hearts pounding with uncertainty, listened with rapt attention, fully aware that the outcome of this conversation would directly shape their future.

Seig and the others frowned, their minds racing as they tried to piece together what was happening. Clearly, they had been played, and a much greater power might have been orchestrating their strife.

Only the Vylkr warriors remained oblivious to the unfolding events, bearing no interest in them. Regardless of the source, they were prepared to face any dangers they encountered. Their only interest lay in the enormous moving contraptions--the Runaway Cities.

As warriors who had spent their lives deterring the Vylkr vines from encroaching on their home, they could all admit that such innovations would have been helpful in their previous predicament.

However, the need for such intriguing innovations had become obsolete with the Aegis of the Arctic Deity's protection and part of their territory now floating in the sky.

Orion nodded, having expected that more was happening behind the scenes. Lakul's words didn't surprise him; they only piqued his curiosity further. Now that he had ventured into the outside world, he decided it would be best to actively investigate and uncover the truth.

Even if he wanted to remain uninvolved, he couldn't. The arrival of the Wanderlust Traveling Tortoise Runaway City and the Sleeping Fox Runaway City made it clear that others would soon follow.

"Do you have any information about the Wandering Wolf Borough Runaway City and the Journeying Jaguar Runaway City that might help us understand more?" Orion asked, his voice filled with curiosity.

Seeing that the mysterious figures before him were unmoved by his accounts of two Grade Two Runaway Cities, Lakul's heart sank. He could only conclude that they were either unafraid of the power a Grade Two Runaway City possessed or were oblivious to it.

The former meant he was in a dire situation than initially expected, while the latter suggested he could align himself with a powerful, reclusive figure.

"Unfortunately, we can only describe the structure of the Grade Two Runaway Cities to you, along with the main races inhabiting them and the names of their two rulers. A Grade Two Runaway City is powerful, making it nearly impossible to gather detailed information," Lakul replied, shaking his head.

"We are unaware of its inner workings, except for what they want others to see. Any Grade One Runaway City foolish enough to send a spy into a Grade Two Runaway City should be prepared to never hear from them again or face their wrath."

Orion furrowed his brows and nodded. "Tell me what you know, then."

"The Wandering Wolf Borough Runaway City is ruled by Emperor Silverfang, while the Journeying Jaguar Runaway City is ruled by Empress Lysendra," Lakul began, explaining everything he knew about the two Grade Two Runaway Cities.

As mentioned earlier, his knowledge was limited, and he concluded his explanation within ten minutes.

Orion took his time absorbing the information before asking, "If the two of you were to face any of the Grade Two Runaway Cities, how confident are you in winning the battle?" His gaze flickered between Lakul and Eleanora.

"If we were to face them with our previous Runaway Cities, our only chance would be to give everything we have and hope we can push them back," Eleanora responded thoughtfully.

"Hope?" Orion muttered, furrowing his brows in deep thought.

Despite their enormous Runaway Cities that made them seem like mere specks of dust compared to their several thousand gods' chosen, they could still not acquire a decisive victory. They could only hope to push their enemies back.

A Grade Two Runaway City seemed far more powerful than he had assumed. However, he wasn't overly concerned. As long as they continued to grow stronger, he believed they would eventually be capable of defeating the Grade Two Runaway Cities, just as they had done with the Grade One Runaway Cities earlier.

Nevertheless, Orion remained cautious and didn't fully trust the two former rulers before him, taking everything he had learned with a grain of salt.

"Yes, if either of the Grade Two Runaway Cities chooses to confront us head-on, while victory might not be assured, they risk being attacked and swallowed up by another Grade Two Runaway City," Lakul responded, smiling wryly.

"Just like how you swallowed the Four-eared Lone Rabbit Runaway City?" Orion asked, narrowing his eyes at Lakul.

Lakul's wry smile slightly faltered. "Unfortunately, the Four-

eared Lone Rabbit Runaway City is no longer under my control; it's in the hands of the Wandering Wolf Borough Runaway City. We thought they were satisfied with it, but we have doubts, as the power of a Divine Artifact is much more extraordinary than any Grade One Runaway City," he responded, shaking his head.

"And what about my forces? How would we fare if we attacked a Grade Two Runaway City?" Orion responded.

"You would fare much better than us, Great Warrior, but we are unaware of the kind of forces you command, so it's hard for us to decide," Lakul swiftly responded.

Orion nodded, already anticipating such a response and deciphering the hidden meaning in Lakul's words.

"This concludes our discussion. I will send someone and a few others later to replace you and serve as the new rulers of the Sleeping Fox Runaway City and the Wanderlust Traveling Tortoise Runaway City. You should take this opportunity to acclimate yourselves to the environment, as it will be your new home from now on," Orion declared, rising from his seat.

The two leaders also stood up.

#### Chapter 957 Unbefitting To Be Called Home, Quiet Cooperation

"Ahem! Great Warrior, where is the Runaway City you reside in? We've detected spies from the Journeying Jaguar Runaway City and the mysterious Wandering Wolf Borough Runaway City, sent to follow us on our pursuit for the Divine artefact."

"We've refrained from engaging in direct confrontations, unsure how to handle them. But due to the recent developments, I've decided to apprehend them and send them to you for interrogation. Perhaps, with their aid, we could unravel more about the two Runaway Cities with their help," Eleanora responded.

After hearing Lakul's words, she had already decided to root out the spies from either of the Grade Two Runaway Cities and use them to gain favour with the mysterious figures. Additionally, she couldn't deny her curiosity about their Runaway City.

Upon hearing Eleanora's decision, Lakul and the leaders behind him displayed deep frowns. They had been trying to anticipate all possible scenarios in pursuing the Divine artefacts and watch whose toes they should avoid stepping on.

However, they hadn't considered keeping guards up for any spies sent by either of the two Runaway Cities.

Lakul's eyes couldn't help but twitch since Eleanora had failed to reveal this information during their meeting.

"Let them be for now. I'll find a way to handle them. Also, I don't reside in a Runaway City. Although it's an intriguing and amazing innovation, such a home is not something I'll be comfortable spending the rest of my life within," Orion responded.

Based on what he had learned and seen about the Runaway City, he preferred to reside in a much more natural environment.

Hearing that he didn't reside in a Runaway City, which was inconceivable to her, Eleanora couldn't hold herself back, unconsciously gulping as she asked, "Is it possible for me to learn about where you reside, Great Warrior?"

Even Lakul and the others beside them couldn't help but keep their ears peeled, awaiting his response. The kind of place that could produce warriors with such immense strength was something they all wanted to know about!

"I reside in Paradise. As for its location and what it is, it is not something you are qualified to learn about," Orion responded, his words carrying a weight that stunned the others.

Paradise!

The word 'Paradise' reverberated in their ears, its significance etching into their minds. Could this be the birthplace of such formidable warriors?

Why hadn't they heard of it before? Was it because they had been confined within their forbidden lands, their existence known only to Patriarch Rylan?

Their minds raced, attempting to grasp an explanation, but they could come up with none.

As Orion walked away, he ordered five three-star warriors to stay behind and watch the Vylkr alloy mine and the two Runaway Cities while the rest were to accompany him back.

Immediately, the two shapeshifting warriors began their transformation. Their bodies stretched and contorted, sprouting from their backs, their forms expanding into inconceivable sizes.

The shadows they cast upon the ground grew immense, their figures becoming a massive creature with four legs, a thick mane, grand wings, and a venomous stinger tail adorned in crimson-grey fur and feathers with flickering purple flames, and a colossal beast with shimmering black scales, razor-sharp talons, a glowing stinger, and obsidian-like teeth.

They stood close together, their presence commanding awe and fear, appearing as formidable forces of nature, mythical beasts from legends.

Before their eyes, everyone following the masked figure began to leap onto the beasts one by one, including Seig, Evadne, and the Four-eared Elven gods' chosen ones. It then dawned on them that these formidable mythical beasts were their mounts.

Lakul, Eleanora, and the others couldn't help but feel a chill travel down their spines, an overwhelming pressure bearing down on them as the beasts gazed at them with icy, devouring eyes.

How would they even be able to compete with such mysterious individuals in the first place?

Suddenly, Lakul felt an intense gaze fixed on him from the side. He shifted his attention to the other beast and noticed Seig and Evadne staring intently at him.

Although Seig and Evadne were disappointed that Orion hadn't questioned the former Emperor about them, they weren't distraught. After all, they hadn't solidified their standing within the floating island, so it would have been even weirder if he did.

Below, Lakul held their gazes unwaveringly until a burst of bluish, blazing lightning scattered and surrounded them, illuminating their entire vision as if a phenomenon was about to occur before they vanished into thin air with countless streaks of lightning bolts.

With their departure, the pressure that had previously enveloped them vanished, and the environment settled into a frightening stillness.

"Go and ensure the 1st Unit is okay and they receive the most adequate treatment. Even in their dire moment, they did not disappoint us, so treat them with respect," Eleanora said, her voice breaking through the stillness as she looked at the captain of the 2nd Unit of the Vanguard team and a few of his members behind him.

Despite feeling bitter about the shameful situation the 1st Unit had been dragged into, Eleanora knew she had to treat them properly because they had sealed their lips shut in the face of such a terrifying enemy to protect their secrets from outsiders.

The 2nd Unit nodded and swiftly headed in their direction.

"Former Queen Eleanora, we will see more of each other. I believe it's best to strengthen our ties for the proper development of our new leader's rule," Lakul said solemnly, stretching his hand forward as he looked at Eleanora, wary of the five warriors standing guard and watching them.

Eleanora grabbed his hand and shook it firmly. "Of course," she responded.

Whether the Wanderlust Traveling Tortoise Runaway City would eventually fall back into her hands depended on how events unfolded.

With a final, lingering gaze, they parted ways, each returning to their respective Runaway Cities under the watchful gaze of the five Vylkr warriors.

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The Key Leaders Meeting Hall

"I never expected all of this to occur just hours after you left," Queen Selene said, shaking her head in disbelief.

Chapter 958 Unveiling The Next Step

Two Grade One Runaway Cities in their territory!

Fortunately, they were weaker than she had initially thought, allowing them to crush them into submission completely.

The key leaders—the Caretakers, High King Kael, and High Queen Caleria—nodded in agreement. They had anticipated that Orion and the others would return from their expeditions in several months or even a couple of years, yet to their astonishment, not even an hour had passed since they left, and they had already made significant progress.

"Who do you plan on putting in charge of the two Grade One Runaway Cities?" High King Kael asked, his curiosity piqued. "Perhaps my brother, High Prince Alden, could be a suitable candidate?" He wasted no time, volunteering his brother for such a crucial task.

"Yes, he's a good candidate. I've considered assigning this task to the Pixies and the Prismerion races, so you should carefully select those capable of handling it. I want to speak with them formally so they can fully understand the severity of the situation," Orion nodded.

The Prismerions' unique clan abilities and the new developments within the Pixie race, due to the emergence of the various divine artefacts left behind by the Aegis of the Arctic Deity, made them ideal for this task.

High King Kael nodded, inwardly sighing, "Thank you, Chief. I'll do my best to select the perfect individuals for this task and inform High Prince Kael of the current developments. I'm sure he'll be thrilled."

Queen Selene also nodded, looking at Orion appreciatively. Initially, she thought Orion wouldn't give the minor Prismerton clans a chance to prove themselves after what had transpired in the past, so she couldn't help but be glad about his decision.

"I'll also do my best and select those who will be extremely competent in handling this task," Queen Selene added.

Orion nodded. "Stronghold Leaders Seth and Zogar, I want you both to choose your most capable stealth warriors to track down the spies in each Runaway City and capture them alive. The more we capture, the better, so we can extract as much information as possible," he instructed. "Also, arrange for some warriors to start mining the Vylkr alloys and bring them back to the floating island so we can begin constructing the Vylkr Fusion Armlet and distribute them among the warriors."

"We'll do so immediately and report back to you when it's done," Stronghold Leader Zogar responded.

Stronghold Leader Seth nodded, his expression brightening with a wide smile.

Orion shifted his attention to the caretakers. "I want you all to coordinate production outside Orion's Cities along with the tree nymphs. We don't know how much provision they have to survive in the meantime, but it's best to be prepared," he instructed.

Caretakers Shani, Ivor, Naida, Zola, and Nala nodded in understanding.

"We'll begin right away," Caretaker Ivor responded.

Orion then turned to Reena, who was seated by his side. "Have there been any issues with the expansion of Orion's Cities?" he asked.

He had already asked her about it yesterday morning but was doing so again so the other key leaders could hear her words.



Reena shook her head. "No, there haven't been any issues. In fact, the expansion is progressing faster than we initially imagined. The four-eared elves are incredibly proactive when placed in the forest and work overtime to spend more time there. We even have to force them to stop working and return to the city to prevent them from driving themselves into exhaustion," she responded thoughtfully.

"Oh! If that's the case, we should deliberate further on where to establish their official home within our territory. Although there are many things to be cautious about since they come from a world far different from ours, my spies have been monitoring them. I think it's safe to say that causing problems for the floating island isn't one of their intentions. We may not be able to make them part of the key leaders as they aren't qualified for such a position, but we should decide whether we want them to remain living here or return to the world below," High King Kael responded.

A few key leaders nodded in agreement, while others shook their heads, indicating their disagreement with his words.

"We'll leave this issue for now and discuss it later when the construction is over," Orion announced. "The meeting is concluded." He stood up from his seat, with Reena by his side, and walked out of the hall.

The meeting was held in the Second Border City. Each city had one meeting building: the First Border, Second Border, Third Border City, and the Village.

As they walked downstairs, passing numerous guards who greeted them respectfully, they met Fifi, who awaited their arrival.

"I'll go to the Village to inform former Village Chief Brane of our discovery. You can head back and rest; I'll be returning home late," Orion said to Fifi.

Even though Fifi hadn't done much that day, she knew she would soon be swamped when they began mining the Vylkr alloys and fully reigning in the two Runaway Cities after taking care of the spies.

"Okay, I'll head back with Reena," Fifi responded.

Reena immediately hooked her arms with Fifi and nodded at Orion.

As Orion turned around and walked towards the door, a figure rushed in, crashing into him.

"Ouch! So tough!" Isadora whimpered in pain as she rubbed her head and nose, her ears pointing downward from the sudden collision before she recovered her composure and looked up to see Orion. Her eyes immediately widened as she swiftly stood up from the floor.

"Mr. Orion!" Isadora exclaimed, lowering her head in apology. "I'm sorry about that!" she pleaded.

"Don't worry, Miss Isadora, it was an accident. You can raise your head," Orion sighed.

Isadora's tense body loosened as she raised her head, glancing at Orion's black shirt and trousers adorned with intricate golden patterns. His mask hung beside his waist, and sensing the pressure emanating from his heavily enchanted attire, far more impressive than the gods' chosen attire she wore, Isadora understood why she felt like she had hit a wall.

#### Chapter 959 Chasing Immortality

Nonetheless, his entire attire gave her a terrifying yet comforting aura. As she withdrew her gaze, she noticed a familiar figure in the background.

Surprisingly, Fifi wore a metal breastplate that held back her ample curves and sleek small pauldrons. Her incredibly muscular abdomen was exposed, and she wore fingerless leather gauntlets with reinforced knuckles.

Fitted mini thigh-high white bases and a thin piece of lion cloth on both sides emphasized her strong legs. Complemented by knee-high leather boots reinforced with steel and metallic greaves, a wide leather belt with multiple pouches and a cutlass hook hanging at her waist, a hooded white cloth with golden and silver embellishments on its edges, alongside the blue mask hanging from her belt, which appeared to have a similar design to Orion's.

All these elements enhanced her formidable physique, and she was heavily enchanted, evident from the immense pressure she could sense around her. Isadora's eyes widened in surprise and amazement as she had never seen Fifi dressed this way before, realizing how much of a legendary warrior Fifi looked like.

"Ahem! Miss Isadora, I have some urgent matters to attend to, and I'm sure you have your own tasks as well," Orion said, drawing her attention back to the present.

Upon hearing Orion's words, Isadora nodded swiftly. "I've heard about the significant progress you've made in just a few hours, so as your assistant, I'm here to offer my help," she replied.

"Alright, I want you to accompany Queen Selene to the Prismarian's royal manor and guide the individuals she has chosen to the Garden. Since she'll be occupied, Aurora will grant you access," Orion instructed, recognizing that this approach would efficiently deliver the intended message without unnecessary back-and-forth trips.

Isadora nodded curiously. Although she was intrigued by the purpose of the gathering, she understood that it wasn't her place to inquire further, so she simply nodded in acknowledgement.

"Queen Selene and the others will join you shortly, so feel free to wait for them here," Orion added before leaving the building, disappearing in a flash of lightning.

With Orion gone, Isadora couldn't contain her curiosity any longer. She approached Fifi and Reena to inquire about their recent trip. Despite her respect for them as the Village Chieftess and one of the powerful figures in the Village, her close relationship with them developed through her role as Orion's assistant.

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### Village Chief's Compound

"This is truly unexpected. It's good that I'm already retired and only have to think about the Village now. With you handling these issues, I have no reason to worry about the results," former Village Chief Brane said.

As he reflected, he realized Orion had always managed affairs outside the Village. This realization didn't make him unhappy; instead, it relieved him, further assuring him that there was no need to worry about their future activities with the outside world.

"I'll do my best not to disappoint you," Orion responded. "I also wanted to know how the preparation for the awakening is coming along," he asked swiftly, considering that Gina's Awakening Ceremony was only a few days away.

Given that his exploration was supposed to take place during that period and could last for months or even years, he wanted to ensure there were no issues since he would now stay on the floating island for the time being.

"Everything has been prepared, but we won't know for sure if there are any issues with the Pillar until the day of the ceremony. The Pillar has been used to protect the floating island instead of Aegis of the Arctic Deity's Divine protection. On that day, either the Ethereal Tree will bloom once more and grant us the opportunity to awaken our gift, or it won't," former Village Chief Brane explained.

"I know you might want to think ahead about this, but the best thing you can do is wait until that day and focus solely on the Runaway Cities first. If the Ethereal Tree doesn't bloom, I've already thought about how to prevent chaos from erupting in the Village."

Hearing former Village Chief Brane's words, Orion furrowed his brows and nodded. "Okay, I won't dwell on it too much. However, if anything happens before then, let me know immediately."

Despite former Village Chief Brane's words, Orion knew he couldn't let him handle such a crucial task alone, especially when it involved the gods and Primordial energy.

He pushed the thought aside, intending to ponder the issue further and inform Aerialia about it. With Gina's awakening ceremony this year, Orion knew he had to devise a solution to avoid her disappointment.

As Orion was about to stand up to leave, he noticed that former Village Chief Brane had something to say but was holding himself back.

"What is it?" Orion asked, raising an eyebrow.

"I know this might seem shameful for you to hear, but as I near the end of my lifespan, with every new development in this territory, I want to live and see how everything turns out. Therefore, in your dealings with the outside world, I would greatly appreciate it if you could uncover a method to extend my life. Vylkrspawns, gods, demi-gods, divine apostles—if all these beings exist, there must be a way to accomplish such a feat," Former Village Chief Brane said.

Orion nodded firmly. "You don't need to be ashamed of saying such words. I completely understand your desire to live longer. I want the same thing."

Former Village Chief Brane was stunned. "You too?!" he stuttered.

"There's no need to be shocked. After all, I'm still young, with a few more centuries ahead of me. However, I don't think that will be enough to explore every inch of this world and uncover its secrets. Therefore, it's only reasonable to search for a method to extend my life," Orion responded with a smile.

He had already discussed this matter with Aerialia, and all the solutions she possessed required her to regain her body, which was currently not feasible. Other options included gaining the acknowledgement of the Divine Mysteries and stepping into genuine godhood or becoming a divine apostle, which would require subservience to a god.

#### Chapter 960 The Assembly, Nurturing the Ordinary

The only solution he seriously considered was gaining acknowledgement of the Divine Mysteries due to the White Flame's last ember still within him. However, there were many rigorous requirements that no sane being would dare attempt. He had to keep this idea on hold until he was ready.

Nonetheless, one positive aspect he knew was that, unlike ordinary humans with limited lifespans, the Vylkr energy seemed to break through these constraints, allowing warriors to live for about 250-300 years, while ordinary villagers could only live for 150 years.

Orion wasn't sure about the average human lifespan beyond their territory, considering his lineage as a descendant of an Omnithriallian whose ancestors were tempered by Naka.

"Understood. I wish you success in your search," Former Village Chief Brane responded, smiling.

"I'll take my leave now," Orion nodded before exiting the hut.

Orion activated his gift, transforming into countless bolts of lightning that streaked into the sky.

The warriors nearby guarding the gates observed this scene in admiration before returning to their tasks.

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Garden

Orion stood before a gathering of individuals comprising Prismerions and Pixies. Among them were the leaders of the Quarwraith and Prismaflow clans, High Prince Alden, High Princess Morgana, and her elder brother, Fifth Prince Delmy, and Fifth Princess Lemy.

Despite knowing that High King Eldric had fourteen children who had acknowledged his presence but were not qualified to be part of this discussion, Orion didn't delve into learning about them as he didn't deem it necessary. The only ones he considered worth the effort were the four present, including High King Kael, who was valuable in the growth of Paradise.

He speculated that he might encounter them by chance during his next visit to the Pixie kingdom.

Orion addressed the assembly, detailing their roles as new rulers of the Grade One Runaway Cities and their leadership. Considering the uncertainties ahead, each would be accompanied by a Vylkr warrior for protection. Divided tasks were set, with the Prismerions overseeing the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City and the Pixies managing the Sleeping Fox Runaway City.

The existing leaders were to remain until a smooth transition could occur, avoiding chaos in unfamiliar territories. The plan was to gradually switch rulers once they fully understood how to govern these cities, ensuring Paradise could assert complete control.

Before they could depart, all warriors accompanying them needed to possess their own Vylkr Fusion Armlet to advance to the next rank and become Four-star warriors like Fifi and Stronghold Leader Seth, alongside their personally crafted Gearweavers.

The latter would be provided after their departure since Seraphina and the other Leaders of the Healers Association needed time to experiment and enhance their capabilities. They would also receive masks for protection and effective communication.

With preparations nearly complete, their only task was to ready themselves to leave the floating island, as re-entry would require authorization.

As they prepared to venture into the outside world, every detail needed careful consideration. They were unsure of the enemies they might face or when the Vylkrspawns might reappear.

"As the primary representative of 'Paradise,' I encourage you all to ensure that its name becomes deeply rooted in the hearts of the inhabitants of the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City and the Sleeping Fox Runaway City, even more so than their own Runaway City. That's all I have to say."

"The task is optional, and you won't face consequences for declining. Simply inform your leaders of your decision upon your return so they can choose someone else. However, if you accept, I expect nothing but the best," Orion declared, his gaze firm as he addressed the group before him.

Isadora stood quietly behind Orion, her eyes filled with curiosity as she observed the interaction. It was her first encounter with the minor leaders of the Prismerions within the floating island, and she couldn't help but wonder about their history.

The group nodded in unison, their expressions firm and determined. None of them harboured any intention of shirking such a vital responsibility. For the Prismerions, this task symbolized an opportunity for redemption after the mess they had created during Orion's initial appearance in the mountains.

It was also a chance to reintroduce the mighty Prismerion race to the outside world, now united under Paradise, and assert their standing as the world's second-strongest race.

They had already passed their leadership roles to their children, who would oversee the clan upon their departure from the floating island.

Meanwhile, the Pixies were enthusiastic about expanding Paradise's influence and bolstering the political network of their own race. This mission would allow them to solidify their standing as Paradise's second most influential race.

The Prismerions relied on their diverse innate abilities within a single race, a quality that gave them a distinct advantage. As for the Pixies, their extensive history, knowledge, and possession of two Divine artefacts provided them with a strategic edge against any mortal adversary.

They had silently agreed that despite their small numbers, humans were the strongest race due to their formidable warriors and individuals like Orion, who had risen to prominence. However, the growth of humans was hindered by the Vylkr vines, a barrier that limited their expansion and potential.

With the Vylkr vines no longer hindering their growth, humans were expected to flourish even more, catapulting Paradise to greater strength and influence and solidifying their unshakable position.

Orion nodded, signalling their dismissal so they could return home and prepare.

One by one, the group dispersed, leaving only High Prince Alden, who approached Orion with a smile. "Village Chief, it's been a while," he greeted warmly.

Orion shook his head, "You can continue calling me Orion," he said firmly. He sensed Alden's respect through his gaze and decided it was best to maintain a friendly and informal tone, especially after their shared experiences in the Pixie kingdom.

Also, though Orion still valued the title, he couldn't help but admit that it felt strange when those outside the Village called it. However, he considered making some adjustments to it. Since the rulers of the Runaway Cities had the liberty to choose their titles, he saw no reason why he couldn't do the same.

High Prince Alden's eyes lit up with excitement at Orion's words. His efforts to build a rapport with Orion in the past had paid off.

"I've been trying to meet with you personally, but I realized you were caught up in crucial matters and planning to venture outside the floating island. Luckily, you're still here and free," High Prince Alden said, smiling warmly.

Orion raised an eyebrow. "What's the reason for this meeting?"

"I have a gift for you that could enhance Paradise's strength even more," High Prince Alden replied, his smile widening.

Orion was initially taken aback, but his expression turned contemplative, and he was curious about the surprise Alden was speaking about.

"All right, show me what it is," Orion nodded.

"Follow me," High Prince Alden nodded back, leading the way forward eagerly.



Orion glanced at Isadora, who had been quietly waiting by the side, before trailing behind High Prince Alden.

Isadora nodded in acknowledgement, seizing the opportunity to relax and enjoy the tranquil greenery of the Garden.

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"Does this suit your taste?" High Prince Alden asked, eyeing Orion, who now wearing an outfit resembling those worn by the Pixies within the Pixies kingdom, albeit still at his standard height.

Orion scrutinized the large translucent wings protruding from his back and mentally commanded them to retract. As they smoothly folded back into his clothing, he couldn't help but express his surprise. "How did you manage to do this?" Orion asked, directing his attention to High Prince Alden.

The idea had crossed his mind upon his first visit to the Pixie Kingdom. However, realizing the substantial resources and manpower required to create such a human-sized attire, he dismissed it as impractical.

High Prince Alden seemed to have seen through his reservations and decided to craft one for him regardless.

"I got the idea from you. With the growth of Paradise, I realized it's important not to exclude ordinary individuals incapable of harnessing the energies we possess. However, we must make them feel like warriors even if they won't attain our strength to achieve that. That's why I took on the task of recreating this attire for those outside the Pixie Kingdom."

"Though recreating the attire itself was simple, integrating the inscriptions, enchantments, and all the functions of a normal Pixie attire on a larger scale proved challenging. However, after a few trials, we succeeded and mastered the process."

"The only setback is that the plants used in its production are depleting rapidly, requiring us to temporarily halt our activity to allow them to regrow. Nevertheless, with this, we'll be able to engage them and further the development of Paradise."

Orion nodded thoughtfully. His assumption had been correct, after all. "If that's the case, why don't we release it to them gradually, step by step, instead of all at once?" he suggested, recalling how certain brands unveil new attire in intervals.