

## Village Head 401

### Chapter 401 The News That Shook The Kingdom

The stage and many of the seats were packed to capacity with guests. As Orion surveyed the crowd, it was clear that every individual present held a position of influence or status.

This was particularly evident in the women who boldly showcased various gowns that did little to conceal their buttocks or their alluring panties.

Although Orion felt the temptation to sneak a glance at Queen Selene and Princess Crystalia's attire, he wisely refrained from doing so to avoid any potential trouble.

Furthermore, he couldn't help but notice the Gemheart clan's members stealing glances at him. Nonetheless, he made a conscious effort to act as though he was oblivious to the attention.

As they made their entrance, Orion observed several individuals stepping forward to greet the king and his royal family.

A middle-aged woman, her deep green locks cascading down, donned a fiery red dress with a daringly wide slit at the front. This left her fiery red panties on display for all to see, creating an attention-grabbing entrance as she approached them.

In her wake, a middle-aged man followed, accompanied by two young men. One appeared to be in his early twenties, while the other seemed to be still in his teens.

As they advanced and halted in front of the royal family, Orion suddenly felt a pinch on his thighs. When he glanced in the direction of the pinch, he discovered that it was Princess Crystalia discreetly gesturing for him to lower his ear closer to her.

Curious about what she had to say, Orion discreetly leaned in closer to Princess Crystalia, eager to listen. She whispered, "That is Olivia Quartzwraith, the current Clan Mistress of the Quartzwraith clan. Unfortunately, unlike the other clans, the Quartzwraith clan puts on a facade for the public about their men being in charge. However, those from the other major clans can easily see through the act. So, if you are able to speak with her, be sure not to offend her as she's the one in charge."

Princess Crystalia continued her hushed explanations, "The man beside her is her husband, Jadeus Quartzwraith. He might not hold as much power as the Clan Mistress, but he is still the Clan Head of the Quartzwraith Clan. Treat him with respect. Behind them are their children: the eldest son, Lazurian Quartzwraith, and the youngest, Garnex Quartzwraith."

"Although one is older than the other, they both shockingly possess the same level of strength. Rumour has it that the youngest son is the top candidate for the future Clan Head of the Quartzwraith clan because his talent clearly surpasses that of his brother."

Orion acknowledged the detailed information with a nod, observing as Olivia Quartzwraith greeted each member of the royal family, her gaze lingering on him for a moment before refocusing on the King and Queen.

"The Quartzwraith clan welcomes the royal family to our Clan's Manor," Olivia Quartzwraith expressed. "I do hope that you enjoy the banquet to the fullest."

She then turned towards the Gemheart Clan family and continued, "The Quartzwraith clan also welcomes the Gemheart Clan. We hope that you are also able to enjoy the banquet to the fullest."

Clan Head Garnet responded with a smile, "Of course, we will also be able to hear a lot of interesting things before the end of the day."

His words drew a sharp glance from Olivia, and they exchanged a knowing look.

They had both noticed the young man with the scarf tied around his face who bore a striking resemblance to the foreigner from the throne room, so Olivia quickly grasped Garnet's implication.

She replied with a wry smile, "I hope so too, Clan Leader Garnet."

Then she turned her attention to Elara Gemheart, the Clan Mistress of the Gemheart Clan, nodding in acknowledgement before gesturing to the awaiting servants to guide them to their seats.

As they made their entrance, escorted by the Clan Mistress of the Quartzwraith herself, they were welcomed by the leaders of some of the most influential clans at the banquet.

These included the Luminaris clan and the Prismaflow clan, each accompanied by one or more of their younger members and several other individuals.

Princess Crystalia had identified them as members of the remaining stable clans that had endured throughout the millennia, both before and after they became trapped in the mountain.

Orion, however, paid close attention to her words as they reached their seats, which were positioned prominently two steps above the regular ones.

These seats were specially designed for the King and Queen and were flanked by rows of servants and guards, all provided by the Quartzwraith clan. On the left side of the Queen, there was also a special seat reserved for Princess Crystalia.

However, since no one had anticipated the King bringing along the foreigner from outside the mountain, no seat had been arranged for him.

Consequently, he was left to stand at the side, alongside Flintor, who was guarding Princess Crystalia, making it appear as though he too was part of the guard detail.

On the grand stage, and across the seats, the news that the royal family had arrived had already spread among the guests. With everyone in attendance, the moment had finally arrived for the banquet to commence.

King Brylon rose from his seat, extending his hand toward the Queen. With graceful poise, she placed her hand in his, rising from her seat elegantly.

A servant handed them crystal-clear glass cups filled with a deep red wine, crafted from fruits grown in the garden. King Brylon took a glass and handed another to Queen Selene.

Then, he raised his glass, capturing the attention of the room with his authoritative presence. "Ladies and gentlemen, we are gathered here today—both the five major clans and the smaller minor clans—for the Ceremonial Prismerian Clan Young Heirs Banquet. It's an occasion for the heirs of each major clan to interact and be reminded of the competition for the throne," he announced.

Pausing for effect, he continued, "But before we proceed, I have an important announcement to make. I kindly ask everyone to lend me your ears, as what I'm about to say holds great significance." He cleared his throat and subtly gestured for Orion to step forward.

## Chapter 402 The News That Shook The Kingdom (2)

Orion, feeling a bit uncomfortable with the spotlight now squarely on them, was a little surprised at how King Brylon's voice effortlessly filled the expansive hall, reaching every corner of the grand amphitheatre.

Just as he was contemplating this, he felt a discreet pinch on his right arm. It was Flintor, silently urging him to step forward. Recognizing the summons, Orion walked forward, positioning himself behind Princess Crystalia and Queen Selene, until he arrived at King Brylon's right-hand side.

As Orion stood at King Brylon's side, he observed the curious gazes of all the guests fixated on them. "For those of you who have heard the rumours and seek confirmation, and for those who remain uncertain," King Brylon said, acknowledging the widespread gossip that had undoubtedly reached the major clans, while the smaller clans looked on in confusion. He continued with a confident tone, "I am here to confirm that the rumours are indeed true."

He invited everyone to raise a toast and celebrate, revealing, "We, the Prismerian people, will no longer be imprisoned in this mountain."

The anticipation in the hall grew palpable. "With every clan and family present, I want to take this opportunity to introduce to you the first foreigner to set foot in the Primserian Kingdom in several thousand years!" King Brylon proclaimed with enthusiasm. "Everyone, I present to you, Orion!!"

At this cue, Orion swiftly and gently untied the scarf from around his neck, revealing his hair flowing freely around him.

The hall fell deathly silent, so quiet that it seemed as if a dropped needle could resound throughout the entire amphitheatre.

Then, in the space of a breath, the room erupted into a cacophony of noise. Voices from the numerous guests rang out, filling the air with a buzz of excitement and chatter.

"A FOREIGNER!! A FOREIGNER FROM OUTSIDE THE MOUNTAIN!!!"

"IMPOSSIBLE!! THIS... THIS SHOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE, WE NEED TO VERIFY IF HE IS AN IMPOSTER!!!"

"YOUR HIGHNESS, IF THIS IS TRUE, THEN DOESN'T THAT MEAN THAT NAKA HAS NOT FORSAKEN US!! NAKA.... OUR GOD HAS NOT FORSAKEN US!!!"

The atmosphere crackled with excitement as the seconds ticked by. Attendees from the smaller clans and invited city families, who had been completely unaware of this event until today, voiced their emotions regarding this astonishing revelation.

Meanwhile, those from the major clans, who had already heard about Orion's existence, had expressed their shock earlier and now watched with a sense of calm curiosity.

They couldn't help but wonder why the king had chosen this moment to reveal such groundbreaking information, especially considering that the event had taken place just two days ago.

Shouldn't he have waited for a few more months or days before making such an announcement?

Certainly, even if he was aware that he couldn't keep such news a secret for long, shouldn't he also have realized that doing this would be akin to broadcasting it to the entire kingdom?

After all, no one would be able to keep such momentous news to themselves, and even if they did, sooner or later, the information would inevitably spread through the conversations of every citizen in the kingdom, like wildfire, until it finally reached and echoed throughout the castle.

King Brylon immediately hushed the hall, his commanding presence filling the space as he began to speak, "I am well aware of your concerns and your thoughts, and I want you all to understand that I've thoroughly considered them. Throughout this deliberation, I've reached the conclusion that it's best to reveal this information right now. This way, we can all work together with the hope of finally emerging from this mountain, not just as a kingdom, but as a people."

"We will show our ancestors that we've accomplished what none of them had the chance to achieve, and we'll let the world know that it's time for us to leave this ancient, secluded mountain."

King Brylon's words resonated deeply, not only with Orion but with everyone present. It was clear that the king possessed a remarkable charisma, perfectly suited for his role.

Witnessing this, Orion couldn't help but acknowledge that King Brylon was indeed a decent king, both in speech and demeanour.

As the King and Queen raised their crystal-clear glasses and sipped the fruity wine, a wave of toasting rippled through the seats. Despite their rivalry, a few of the major clan leaders exchanged knowing glances, silently acknowledging their shared understanding of King Brylon's intentions.

Before being rivals, their foremost duty was maintaining the kingdom's order, and that responsibility weighed heavily on each of them.

Clan Head Garnet couldn't help but express his displeasure, clicking his tongue in irritation. "What a shame! I would have preferred it if he had decided to keep everything a secret." While they had already anticipated such an event when they first saw Orion, hearing the king's words only confirmed their suspicions regarding his intentions.

"Humph! So what's your plan now?" Elara asked with a sly smile as she sipped her wine, observing her husband's annoyance.

"There's still time to bide," Clan Head Garnet replied, locking eyes with the vibrant, ash-coloured irises of the Luminaris Clan Head, who sat far across the grand amphitheatre.

He refocused on his empty glass, downing its contents in one swift motion, and then handed it to a nearby servant. "Hopefully, the King is ready for the surprise we've arranged for him."

Elara arched an eyebrow at her husband's words. She hoped he wouldn't do anything that might jeopardize the Gemheart Clan, given their already precarious position on the kingdom's watchlist.

She emptied her crystal-clear glass and handed it to a nearby servant.

"While I'm not fully aware of your plans or intentions," she said, "...whatever it is, I hope you've thought it through carefully before putting it into motion."

"Don't worry," Clan Head Garnet reassured her. "I'm confident it's something everyone will enjoy." He shifted his focus back to King Brylon, then glanced down at his son seated below him, wondering when the true purpose of the banquet would be revealed.

### Chapter 403 The Banquet Commences

Meanwhile, Orion observed as a new seat was arranged for him near Princess Crystalia, and he was gestured to return to his position. Catching Flintor's jealous expression as he moved to stand behind Princess Crystalia's seat, Orion couldn't help but snort softly as he settled comfortably into his seat, grateful that he wouldn't have to stand throughout the banquet.

As the crowd gradually quieted down, King Brylon cleared his throat and said, "Ahem, that's all I have to say for now. Clan Head Jadeus will take over from here."

At that moment, Clan Head Jadeus rose from his seat, crystal-clear glass cup in hand, and declared loudly, "First of all, this toast is to the bright future of the Prismerian Kingdom. Our generation will finally see the day when we can leave these mountains, and we toast to Naka for watching over us, showing us that we have not been abandoned."

After his words, he downed his drink in one swift motion and handed the empty glass to a nearby servant. Then, he continued, "While I'd love to see the banquet start right away, unlike previous banquets where the heirs from all five major clans tested their intellect by solving the kingdom's crises, I believe doing the same now might dampen the mood."

"So, I have a suggestion. Why don't we see how much our young heirs have grown? Let them engage in some friendly competition with each other. This will maintain the festive atmosphere, allow the young heirs to measure their strengths, and, most importantly, keep us entertained. I'm sure everyone here is eager to witness the prowess of the major clan heirs."

As Clan Head Jadeus concluded his speech, several voices immediately voiced their support.

"What a brilliant idea!"

"I've been curious about the strength of the young heirs as well. Hopefully, we'll witness an exciting display of their abilities and see just how much they've grown."

A chorus of voices echoed from the seats where the guests from the minor clans and city families were seated, along with several important clan members from the five major clans. Whether this had been preplanned or not, one thing was clear: everyone was eager to see the young heirs showcase their strength on stage.

It was an opportunity for them to determine who among these young heirs was truly superior and who might not be worth keeping an eye on in terms of strength. In response to Clan Head Jadeus's words, all nine heirs of the five major clans rose gracefully from their seats.

Observing their enthusiastic response, especially his sons who had also risen from their seats, Clan Head Jadeus continued with a smile gracing his lips. "Very well, since the young heirs have stood up and all seem to be in agreement with the suggestion, why don't we proceed?" His voice rang out as the crowd buzzed with approval.

"But since it was I who made this suggestion, I'd like to kick off the battles with my Quartzwraith clan. Lazurian, the oldest heir of the Quartzwraith clan," he added, directing his attention to his eldest son standing beside him, "you may begin. And please remember to show courtesy to the other clan heirs during your address."

"Of course, father," replied Lazurian Quartzwraith, the twenty-one-year-old eldest heir of the Quartzwraith clan.

As Lazurian confidently approached the stage, all eyes were fixed on him. Those unfamiliar with his appearance took this opportunity to study him. He possessed short, vibrant purple hair, tied up with a thin thread, and displayed a slim, well-toned physique, evident from his attire.

Upon reaching the stage, he casually brushed his hair back with his hand, stealing a glance at the clan heirs who had returned to their seats.

Lazurian then greeted the guests with a bow and introduced himself, saying, "I am Lazurian Quartzwraith. While I could call out my fellow clan heirs, I'd prefer if they stepped forward willingly to face me." Concluding his words, he unleashed his magical pressure, allowing his energy to radiate outward.

At this, many of the elders and heads of smaller minor clans and city families raised their eyebrows in surprise as they observed the light cyan aura enveloping Lazurian, picking up traces of his potent magical energy.



This young man was only twenty-one years old, and according to their previous investigations, he was supposed to be at tier one in the Crystal Adept rank. However, judging by the vibrant cyan glow and the formidable magical pressure emanating from him, it was blatantly evident that they were witnessing a twenty-one-year-old tier-two Crystal Adept!

All the younger heirs from the smaller clans and city families, who had been brought along to witness this banquet take place, took in a deep breath. They were still at the Crystal Initiate rank, which was one rank below the Crystal Adept rank, and this display of power left them in awe.

However, Zephyrion Gemheart couldn't help but snort in annoyance at Lazurian's ostentatious display. 'He's only a rank two Crystal Adept, and he's flaunting it like that,' he thought, casting a side eye around the audience.

To his surprise, none of the other clan heirs had shown any interest in taking up the challenge. It seemed they were either hesitant to face Lazurian as the first opponent, preferring to gauge their peers' abilities first, or they simply weren't keen on going first and were hoping someone else would step onto the stage.

Zephyrion snorted again, unwilling to let the opportunity slip away. Regardless of the reason, someone had to step forward.

So, he abruptly rose from his seat, determined to take the initiative.

But as he did so, Garnet, his father, reached out and restrained him, whispering some words into his ear.

Listening to his father's words, Zephyrion nodded with a mischievous grin spreading across his face. He focused his magical energy into his legs, and with a surge of power, he leapt from his seat and onto the stage.

'Impressive,' Orion thought as he watched Zephyrion confidently stride toward Lazurian after effortlessly executing such a high-intensity jump.

#### Chapter 404 Challenging The Foreigner

Meanwhile, as she observed her son standing before the Quatzwraith clan's eldest son, Elara furrowed her brow in annoyance.

She redirected her attention to her husband and asked, "What did you tell him?" She still didn't fully grasp the nature of their conversation.

Clan Head Garnet replied, "We've assessed the strength of the King and Queen, as well as everyone in the palace. If we want to ensure our success, we need to account for every variable, including that of the foreigner."

Elara remained somewhat puzzled by his plan and asked, "And so?"

"So, it means that we need to assess his strength, and considering the King, this might be the last time we see him without a significant security presence in the open. Therefore, this could be our best and last chance to openly gauge his strength and determine what kind of threat he poses to the plan," he responded.

Finally nodding in understanding, Elara could only gaze at her husband thoughtfully. She wondered if she had perhaps imparted too much knowledge about what it meant to be the Gemheart Clan Head, both physically and mentally.

Nevertheless, since this was his plan, she shifted her focus back to the stage after settling into a more comfortable position.

On the stage,

"I didn't expect the Clan Heir of the Gemheart Clan to be the first to step onto the stage," Lazurian Quartzwraith said respectfully, eyeing Zephyrion, who stood within arm's reach.

"Humph!" Zephyrion snorted in response, his eyes filled with contempt as he gazed at Lazurian. "I only came forward because it seemed like no one else wanted to do the dirty work, so I decided to take matters into my own hands. Don't get too full of yourself."

"You!" Lazurian seethed, his anger reaching its boiling point in response to Zephyrion's words and attitude.

"Very well, I hope you're ready," Lazurian challenged, awaiting Zephyrion's response.

When Zephyrion remained silent, Lazurian roared, channelling his magical energy and fury into his fist. To test the waters, he thrust his fist straight toward Zephyrion's chin, creating an ear-splitting sound.

"Heh! This alone won't help you," Zephyrion retorted.

He brought up his hand and unleashed his magical energy, simultaneously catching Lazurian's fist with his own. His magical pressure emitted a vibrant light cyan aura that seemed even more brilliant than Lazurian's.

"Rank four Crystal Adept!" An elderly man from one of the smaller minor clans groaned in exasperation. There were ten distinct ranks that classified one's power and strength: the Crystal Initiate rank, the Crystal Adept rank, the Crystal Radiant rank, the Crystal Luminary rank, the Crystal Sage, the Crystal King, the Crystal Emperor, the Crystal Overlord, and finally, the Pinnacle tier—an exalted realm of ascension and godhood.

Each rank was further divided into ten tiers, and Prismerions had to break through the barrier of learning how to control magic and assimilate it from their gems once they discovered their magical affinity. After this, they would step into their first tier, becoming a tier one Crystal Initiate.

However, achieving this took a year or, for the exceptionally talented, multiple months. For others, it could take several years. Progressing to the next tier was as treacherous as climbing a ladder with a rocky, spike-filled surface. It required both skill and access to the necessary resources.

Given these challenges, it was easy to admire the greatness of the major clans and their respective heirs as they stood on the stage, their light cyan auras shimmering around them.

"Indeed, the only way to truly gauge the abilities of a genius is by pitting them against another genius," remarked a middle-aged man who had reluctantly brought his children to the banquet after receiving an invitation.

He sighed deeply, realizing that the event was far more than he had anticipated.

Meanwhile, Zephyrion had already clenched his other hand into a powerful fist, mirroring Lazurian's earlier move. He unleashed a punch charged with his potent magical energy, aiming it straight at Lazurian's chin.

The impact was thunderous, resulting in a resounding "BAAMM!" that reverberated throughout the grand stage. Lazurian was sent hurtling like a projectile, crashing onto the golden-veined, crystal-clear marble on the other side of the stage.

Rising from the ground, clutching his chin in pain and anger, Lazurian immediately sprinted toward Zephyrion once more. As he muttered "Ethereal Veil," his form became partially transparent, nearly vanishing from view.

Witnessing Lazurian employ the Quartzwraith clan's specialty, Zephyrion couldn't help but smile. Though the technique rendered its user partially invisible, it didn't mask the sound of their footsteps, and reappearing was necessary to launch an attack.

With a sly grin, Zephyrion confidently observed Lazurian emerging from his semi-invisible state and executed the "Shifting Strike" technique, launching a fist toward him. This particular Quartzwraith clan specialty allowed them to phase their fists partially while striking, enabling their blows to bypass an opponent's defences to some extent.

Zephyrion didn't bother to block as he calmly observed Lazurian's fist hurtling straight toward his gut.

Employing one of the Gemheart clan's signature techniques, "Body Resonance," Zephyrion welcomed the punch head-on. He responded with a swift and powerful kick, connecting his knee with Lazurian's abdomen, resulting in a resounding "BANG!!".

Before Lazurian could even recover from the devastating kick, he hurled a punch toward Lazurian's face, sending the Quartzwraith heir flying into the air this time.

He landed violently, crashing onto the floor with an audible thud. Blood gushed from his chest, and Lazurian coughed up a mouthful of thick radiant crimson liquid. He lay on the floor, both hands clutching his stomach as he struggled to rise.

Clan Head Jadeus let out a heavy sigh as he witnessed this outcome.

"I told you to let Garnex go first," Olivia chided her husband with a stern expression.

She understood that Garnex wouldn't have stood a chance given the considerable gap in tiers, but he was more talented and would have at least put up a respectable fight instead of losing so shamefully.

'Pathetic,' Garnex couldn't help but sneer inwardly as he watched his elder brother being escorted away from the stage.

Back on the stage, Zypherion redirected his attention toward the guests, specifically the heirs of the other clans seated in the audience. "While I would prefer the next clan heir to step onto the stage, I'd like to suggest something else before we proceed," he stated. With that, he withdrew his gaze and directed it upwards, toward the section where the king and his royal family were seated.

#### Chapter 405 Challenging The Foreigner (2)

"Your Highness," Zephyrion began, his voice polite but insistent, "since we have a foreigner among us today, someone from outside the mountain, I would like to propose an exchange of hands with him."

As he observed the King and Queen's expressions turning sour, Zephyrion remained undeterred. This was his father's plan, designed to test the strength of the outsider and gauge his prowess.

He continued, "Certainly, someone who has traversed the upper sections of the mountain and survived, despite the Vylkr vines and a bloodthirsty god, must possess extraordinary strength." Zephyrion then shifted his gaze to Orion, sizing him up, and added, "Considering that our foreign guest appears to be only a few years older or younger than myself, I can't help but wonder about the experience and knowledge I might gain from such an exchange."

He redirected his attention to the king and queen, his smile now replaced with a more serious and respectful expression, awaiting their response.

As Zephyrion finished speaking, voices among the guests began to murmur in agreement.

"Indeed! I hadn't noticed before, but the foreigner does seem rather youthful!"

"The fact that he traversed the upper mountain unharmed at such a young age suggests that he must possess considerable strength."

"Hmm, now I can't help but wonder what would happen if the foreigner faced off against the Gemheart clan heir. This could also be a chance for us to measure the strength of the outside world against our own."

After hearing the young man's request and the audible voices echoing around him, King Brylon couldn't help but feel an irritating headache beginning to throb at the corner of his mind. They had indeed considered the need to ascertain the foreigner's strength, but the idea of pitting someone like that against another and asking them to brawl it out until either one of them was defeated wasn't an ideal solution.

It carried a high risk of jeopardizing their kingdom, especially since they still had no idea what awaited them outside the mountain. Were there more people with the young boy? Were there more nymphs, and how many of them were there?

These questions remained unanswered, making it wiser to gain the foreigner's trust first, gradually lowering his guard until he willingly shared his knowledge about the outside world without the need for coercion or deception.

However, until then, recklessness could potentially bring even greater peril to the Prismerian Kingdom. King Brylon turned to look at his wife, noticing her defeated expression. It seemed she was harbouring similar thoughts.

"Although we could easily dismiss his proposal and discourage anyone else from making a similar request, even though I have some doubts about it and suspect it might be a ploy from the Gemheart clan," Queen Selene said as she shifted her gaze towards Orion from the corner of her eyes. Observing him furrowing his brows in response to the young man's request, she continued, "But no matter how you look at it, this is a chance to assess Orion's true strength and confirm whether he has been concealing his abilities or is indeed as weak as he has portrayed himself. After all, if anything goes awry, we can always place the blame squarely on the Gemheart Clan."

Recognizing that it had come to this point, King Brylon shifted his focus to Zephyrion and said, "Very well, I am also curious to ascertain the strength of our guest who has ventured into the Prismerian Kingdom from outside the mountain."

He was acutely aware of a pair of eyes intently fixed on him from the side, but he continued regardless. "However, I'm afraid this decision should be left to him," he turned his head to meet Orion's gaze, who had been watching him closely since he began speaking.

Orion, on the other hand, felt his eyebrows nearly escaping their positions due to irritation after hearing the young man's words below.

'Thank you very much, but I came here to enjoy a banquet, not to participate in it,' Orion thought.

He had no interest in exchanging blows with anyone, despite his curiosity about the ongoing battle below.

Meanwhile, below on the golden-veined crystal-clear stage, Zephyrion shifted his gaze from the King to Orion. "Mr Foreigner, I w--"

However, just as Zephyrion was about to speak, Orion promptly interrupted him. "I'm sorry, but I think I'll pass. I didn't attend the banquet to participate in such activities," his voice sounded a bit duller than King Brylon's own, as he was still uncertain about how he managed to amplify his voice so much.

Nonetheless, the echoes carried his words clearly to Zephyrion's ears.

Zephyrion's grin faded slightly, and he attempted to sweeten the offer, now realizing that it would take more than a simple request to get the foreigner onto the stage.

"Ahem! I understand that due to the impromptu nature of this challenge, you might not have been prepared. Therefore, I'm willing to make an offer," he declared, causing the grand amphitheatre to erupt with whispers and murmurs of intrigue.

"The Gemheart clan heir is really that desperate, huh!" Many attendees from the smaller minor clans and city families couldn't help but think, their attention now completely fixated on the unfolding scene, sensing that things were about to escalate.

Zephyrion, in the face of it all, persisted with his enticing offer. "If you lose, I am more than willing to make your stay in the Prismerian kingdom much more comfortable, in addition to sharing some of my wealth with you," he declared confidently.

He understood that his father might even double his reward if he managed to succeed in this plan and bring the foreigner onto the stage for everyone to witness.

Zephyrion continued, "And if you win, the offer remains the same, except I'll also ensure you get a guided tour of the city, visiting the finest places the Prismerian Kingdom has to offer, all under the protection of the Gemheart clan's finest security."

A win-win proposition was the only card Zephyrion could play!

To conclude his offer, he emphasized, "After all, this will be a straightforward exchange, just so I can get a firsthand look at the strength of those from beyond the mountain."

Chapter 406 Challenging The Foreigner (3)

Observing that he wouldn't be left alone by the Gemheart clan heir, Orion was initially inclined to dismiss the proposal, as he had no reason to engage in any kind of battle, whether for fun or otherwise until he heard about the accompanying rewards.

Seeing Orion's contemplative expression from far below, Zephyrion quickly added, "If you're concerned about me keeping my promise, don't be. I stand here before everyone today, even in front of the King and the royal family, and I solemnly vow to Naka that I shall honour my promise, fulfilling it to the best of the Gemheart clan's abilities."

Not only Orion, but also the guests were taken aback by the Gemheart Clan Heir's desperation.

Regardless, after glancing at the King and Queen and seeing them nod in agreement, signifying that they bore witness to the Gemheart Clan heir's words, Orion saw no reason to decline Zephyrion's challenge.

Instead, he viewed it as an opportunity to gauge how much he had grown in power after creating his two containers and becoming a 1-star warrior.

Directing his strange energy into his legs, alongside his Vylkr energy to enable a leap onto the stage, Orion was just about to rise from his seat and spring forward when a firm hand abruptly seized his arm.

Turning to the side, he saw that it was Princess Crystalia, her eyes filled with anxiety as she nervously whispered, "Be careful, I don't trust him."



Orion responded with a solemn nod. Observing as Princess Crystalia released his arm and reciprocated the gesture, he drew in a deep breath and then propelled himself into the sky with an explosive burst of energy.

Due to the substantial height from which Orion had descended, his entrance was both amazing and commanding. Consequently, all eyes were now riveted on him as he touched down on the stage with a resounding "BOOM!"

Orion surveyed the stage beneath his feet, pondering that it was sturdier than he had initially anticipated.

Zephyrion narrowed his eyes at Orion, inwardly snorting at the fact that his opponent had executed the same jump he had previously done.

Nevertheless, as he observed Orion displaying a certain level of strength, just as they had suspected, he promptly cleared his throat and remarked, "Alright, since you're ready, you can go ahead and strike first."

Recognizing that the aim was to gauge the mysterious outsider's prowess, Zephyrion extended an invitation to Orion to make the first move.

Preparing himself, Orion channelled the strange energy coursing within him, alongside the lingering Vylkr energy remnants. As he settled into a combat stance, he asked, "Are you ready?" Deciding to begin cautiously, he prepared to test his opponent's defences with a measured fist strike, not entirely certain of his current level of strength.

"Of course, I'm ready. Go ahead and give it your best shot," Zephyrion replied with a smirk.

"Alright," Orion nodded in response. Suddenly, he lunged forward, his fist directed straight at Zephyrion's chin. Observing the punch coming his way, Zephyrion lightly scoffed as he swiftly sidestepped, evading the attack.

However, because he had only moved aside, Orion abruptly halted his advance, pivoting to the side while clenching his left hand into a fist, which he hurled towards Zephyrion's face once more.

Observing this, Zephyrion felt a hint of irritation that Orion seemed to be exclusively targeting his handsome face. Nonetheless, he underestimated Orion's speed, causing his guard to drop momentarily.

In response, Zephyrion activated the Gemheart clan's speciality, "Body Resonance," to communicate that Orion's efforts were in vain and to compel him to reveal more of his abilities if he wanted to succeed.

"BAMM!!" Orion's fist landed a solid blow. The smirk on Zephyrion's face faltered as he had not expected Orion's punch to hit with such force, shaking his body before he could fully absorb the impact. Stumbling backwards, he tried to regain his composure as Orion swiftly repositioned himself.

With his right hand, Orion aimed another punch directly at Zephyrion's face. Before Zephyrion could understand what was happening, the sound of the wind being torn apart by Orion's fist echoed in his ears. He had little time to react...

"BAMMM!!" The fist tore through his defences, and an incomprehensible sound of bones cracking and breaking apart echoed loudly across the stage.

The sound resonated throughout the grand amphitheatre, so distinct that it felt as though it was splitting the bones of everyone present.

Zephyrion was sent hurtling backward, spinning a full one hundred and eighty degrees in mid-air before he crashed heavily onto the ground.

His body continued to rotate, completing a full three-hundred-and-sixty-degree spin before finally coming to a halt.

After witnessing Zephyrion effortlessly dodge his first punch and somewhat absorb his second, Orion had only slightly amplified his strength for the third strike.

When he saw the thick, vibrant crimson blood on his fists, he grimaced and shook his hand to remove the wet sensation, staining the golden-veined, crystal-clear stage beneath him.

Orion then focused his gaze on Zephyrion, who was clutching a broken and bloodied jaw with one hand while trying to rise with the other.

A strained smile appeared on Orion's lips as he uttered apologetically, "Sorry if I had known you couldn't absorb that punch, I wouldn't have added more strength to it."

"GASSPSS!!" Gasps rippled through the guests as they observed the unfolding scene and registered the words that had just escaped Orion's lips.

They had been attentive witnesses to the entire altercation, noting how Orion had steadily gained momentum after his first two punches missed their mark.

Thus, it wasn't entirely implausible to consider that he might be right.

However, as they shifted their gaze toward the bloodied Gemheart Clan Heir, who was now struggling to rise, they couldn't help but question whether it was indeed just a fraction of the young man's strength that had caused such devastating damage.

After all, they were discussing the Gemheart Clan Heir, the most promising young Prismerion in the entire Gemheart Clan, someone eligible to ascend to the throne in just a few years.

Chapter 407 Challenging The Foreigner (4)

Certainly, even though his strength was bound to increase with time, and he would still have to contend with other clan heirs, some stronger and some weaker, the fact remained that as a twenty-one-year-old Tier four Crystal Adept, he was considered a genius.

"ZEPHYRION!!!" Elara exclaimed from her seat as she swiftly ascended into the sky, landing precisely where her son lay, allowing her to kneel down and assess his condition.

Observing this, Garnet couldn't help but release a weary sigh, knowing that his wife would certainly reprimand him for their son's current state.

After all, he was the one who had devised the plan that had led to Zephyrion's condition. Furrowing his brows into a frown, he subtly shifted the blame onto his son.

It should have been common sense for Zephyrion not to underestimate an opponent whose strength and abilities were unknown.

Meanwhile, on the stage below, all Orion had initially sensed was a faint vibration on the stage. In the next instant, a powerful gust of wind rushed in from all directions, prompting him to instinctively shut his eyes. When he reopened them moments later, he found himself greeted by a completely altered scene before him.

In front of him stood the woman Princess Crystalia had mentioned as the Clan Mistress of the Gemheart clan, Elara Gemheart. She wore a vibrant violet dress, daringly short, which only reached the upper half of her voluptuous wide buttocks, revealing her crimson panties that clung sensually to her waist.

Orion, ever watchful to avoid any awkward situations in a room full of stunning women who had each exposed their panties, managed to keep his composure as he noticed the outline of her curves beneath the dress.

When she turned to face him, her dress pressed against her, revealing the subtle contours of her body, including the outline of her pointed nipples.

Orion had exercised restraint upon entering the banquet, avoiding prolonged stares at any woman, but now, with the opportunity to observe the stern yet beautiful expression of the woman before him, he couldn't help but appreciate her ample assets, seeing as she was thick... incredibly thick...

While they were far from matching those of his wives back in the village, they were still considerable, even enough to rival or challenge the Queen's.

Elara, however, managed to quell her anger as she glared at the young man with a mixture of frustration and understanding.

She recognized that it was her son who had acted recklessly, driven by his father's foolish plan, and blaming Orion for the injury would be one-sided, especially when her own son had chosen to underestimate his opponent and take such a blow head-on without assessing the full extent of the opponent's punch.

Elara couldn't help but sigh internally, wondering, 'Why do both father and son have to be so foolish?' She decided to rise from her kneeling position when she noticed two more members of the Gemheart clan approaching the stage, presumably to check on the condition of their young heir.

She waited until they had reached Zephyrion and helped him off the stage before turning her gaze back to Orion.

"You've won, and I promise that the Gemheart Clan will keep its word," she said, her tone firm. "For now, I must ensure the well-being of the Gemheart young heir. See you later."

Orion nodded in response, taking a moment to admire her dick-erecting backside as she turned and walked away.

After witnessing this tense confrontation, sighs of relief escaped the lips of many guests who had feared that the situation might escalate further when they saw someone jump down from their seats.

To their surprise, it was the Clan Mistress of the Gemheart Clan.

"Well, that was certainly entertaining," Queen Selene remarked, a touch of amusement in her voice.

She had never been particularly fond of the Gemheart clan, so Orion's actions had brought a refreshing sensation to her heart.

She couldn't help but narrow her eyes at Orion and mutter, "He's strong." As she observed him, she noticed the absence of any magical energy emanating from him, indicating that he had accomplished all this solely with his physical prowess, without relying on any external assistance or clan specialities.

On the stage, Orion had already turned around, preparing to descend the steps and return to his seat. But just as he was about to leave...

"WAIT!!"

A young woman's voice echoed through the grand amphitheatre, and all eyes turned toward her.

She bolted from her seat, sprinting down the steps without hesitation until she reached the edge of the seating area. With a graceful leap, she soared into the air and landed in front of Orion on the golden-veined crystal stage.

As she appeared, a chorus of excited voices erupted from the guests' seats.

"It's Maya Luminous! The second young heiress of the Luminaris clan! She's only nineteen years old, but they say she's already a Tier four Crystal Adept!"

"Wait! A nineteen-year-old Tier four Crystal Adept! Are you kidding me?"

"Humph! If you don't believe me, wait until you hear how powerful her older sister is. And don't bother asking, I tried to check, but I couldn't find anything."

"Hmm, that's strange!"

Maya scrutinized the young man in front of her, examining him closely.

Her elder sister had initially tried to stop her from coming out, but how could she stay away?

After witnessing the Clan Heir of the Gemheart clan being defeated by a foreigner as young as they were, especially after he had previously beaten the oldest heir of the Quartzwraith clan, she wanted to confirm one thing before proceeding with her plan.

"Excuse me, Mr Foreigner. My name is Maya Luminous, the second eldest clan heiress of the Luminaris clan. I'd like to ask for your name, and if possible, your age," Maya asked as she observed the foreigner examining her.

Orion was taken aback by the sudden appearance of the young woman as he was heading back to his seat.

Chapter 408 Challenging The Foreigner (5)

He regarded her, noticing that she appeared to be about the same age as Princess Crystalia. He gazed at her long, silver-coloured hair cascading down her back and her tall stature. Her yellow dress, matching the length of the Gemheart Clan Mistress's attire, accentuated her slender figure.

Orion couldn't resist sneaking a glance at her yellow panties before returning his gaze to her, recalling that Princess Crystalia had introduced her when they entered the grand amphitheatre.

Raising his eyebrows at her question, Orion responded, "I am Orion." He paused there, with no intentions of divulging his age at the moment.

Upon hearing his name and realizing that he wasn't inclined to reveal his age, Maya furrowed her brows slightly. She decided to rephrase her question, "Very well, may I know your current rank?"

"Rank?" Orion asked, a bit puzzled by her wording.

Maya cleared her throat, noting his confusion, and rephrased, "I meant to ask about your current power or abilities." She observed him curiously, intrigued by how strong he might be at such a young age.

"Oh," Orion thought for a moment, "Hmmm, it's a bit difficult to explain. But if you want to compare it to the guy I just punched, I'd say I'm way stronger than him." He remembered that he hadn't even used more than a fraction of his strength in his fight against the Gemheart Clan Heir.

Plus, he hadn't received any information about how the Prismerions ranked their strengths, so he was a bit at a loss for words.

Meanwhile, downstage, Zephyrion was being treated for the injuries inflicted by Orion.

He overheard Orion's words and couldn't help but curse aloud, "Tchh! Bastard!" His words came out as muffled complaints, causing the Quaztrwraith healers around him to assume he was just expressing his pain.

Maya's eyes couldn't help but twitch the moment she heard Orion's words. 'Is he bragging?' she thought.

She was only one tier higher than Zephyrion, who was just two tiers above her youngest sister. Hearing Orion's words made her wonder if the young man in front of her was simply boasting, trying to send a message and show them how much weaker they were compared to the outside world.

Or perhaps he might genuinely have no idea how strong he was at the moment.

Regardless, Maya saw this as a golden opportunity to increase her influence in the kingdom. Beating the foreigner who had defeated one of the Prismerian young clan heirs during the banquet would undoubtedly enhance her standing.

After all, everyone who was someone within the kingdom was present at this event. She couldn't let such a chance slip through her fingers and allow her sister to maintain her higher influence unchallenged.

In fact, not only Maya but every other Clan Heir was contemplating such a possibility, so they naturally grasped what Maya was attempting to achieve.

However, instead of rashly storming onto the stage like her, they chose to wait and assess the situation first.

After all, wouldn't defeating a foreigner who had beaten two of the Prismerian Clan Heirs be more impressive than a foreigner who had only defeated one?

Nevertheless, they all silently thanked Zephyrion for eagerly presenting this opportunity to them.

They hoped that Maya could coax more of Orion's strength out so that they could gain a better understanding of it, even though they doubted her prowess since she was around the same level of strength as the Gemheart Clan Heir.

"This girl, what am I going to do with her," Merida Luminous, the eldest daughter and heir of the Luminaries clan, lamented.

She crossed her legs, one over the other, and massaged her forehead with her hands while sighing in exasperation at her younger sister's actions.

"She's not very bright," her other younger sister commented.

"Don't say that; she's your elder sister," Merida replied, releasing another weary sigh as she cast a sidelong glance at her sister before refocusing her gaze on the scene below.



"Still not very bright," her younger sister insisted.

"Sigh!!" Another exasperated sigh escaped Merida's lips.

On stage, Maya fixed her gaze on Orion and bowed her head. "Mr Foreigner, just like the Gemheart clan heir, I would also like to use this opportunity to challenge you to a battle."

A wave of murmurs erupted from the seats around them the moment those words escaped her lips.

But Orion couldn't help but frown, his brow arching. "I'm sorry, but I don't think that..."

"Wait!" Maya immediately interrupted him, her head rising from her bowing position as she noticed that Orion was about to refuse her challenge. Locking her gaze onto Orion's, she continued, "Unlike the Gemheart clan heir, I will personally grant you two wishes if you defeat me, and one if I win."

However, as another clan heir ascended the stage and issued yet another challenge with a win-win offer, Orion couldn't help but raise both of his eyebrows. It was beginning to feel rather unreasonable at this point.

Nonetheless, Orion was no longer in the mood for battles, especially after realizing that the Prismerein Clan Heirs weren't as strong as he had initially imagined, based on his observations of Princess Crystalia and Flintor when they had rescued him and Saria.

With a sigh, he responded, "I've been away from home for some time now, and if I win, I might just wish to take you back as my wife, considering that my mother currently desires a beautiful young woman like you."

Maya immediately raised her brows in surprise, utterly dumbfounded by his words. "I..." She tried to utter a response, but no words came out.

Stuttering, she struggled to find her voice.

Orion couldn't help but smile at her flustered state as he continued, "Well, that's just one of the wishes I'd like to grant. If you can't fulfil it, then there's no need for this battle."

Maya bit her lip in frustration as she watched Orion turn to leave.

Just as he was about to take another step forward, she blurted out, "Wait!" Her voice resonated loudly across the golden-veined crystal-clear stage. "If you win, I'll gladly accept your wish and become your wife. I'll follow you willingly to meet your mother."

#### Chapter 409 Challenging The Foreigner (6)

Maya turned to face Orion and said, "But if I win, you'll have to change that wish to something else."

She observed his back for a moment before he slowly turned around to face her, a dumbfounded expression on his face.

Orion looked at the young woman in front of him. Although he had no problem with the idea of getting a Prismerion wife so easily, he needed to ensure she wouldn't backtrack on her word, so he questioned, "Are you sure?"

Maya nodded, a smile on her face, and she proclaimed loudly, "I vow in the name of Naka that I will do my best to keep my word, no matter the outcome of the battle. I hope you do the same."

Unlike Zephyrion, she had planned to give her all from the start.

However, before she unleashed her magical energy and revealed her true power, she needed to gain his assurance.

High above the seats, Merida slapped her face with her right palm, "This girl," she muttered once more.

"You see, I told you she wasn't that bright," her youngest sister chided.

Merida sighed in defeat, then turned her head toward the direction where their parents were seated. She was a bit surprised that they weren't intervening. However, seeing their calmness, she decided to remain composed and observe how things would unfold.

Who knows, her sister might just have an ace up her sleeve that gave her the confidence she could win.

Orion smiled, nodding his head in understanding. "I will. However, I hope you don't regret it," he said.

"Don't worry, I won't," Maya replied confidently.

She immediately released her magical energy, allowing her magical pressure to flow and spread all around her.

"GASP! Tier five Crystal Adept! The second heiress of the Luminaris clan is a Tier five Crystal Adept!" exclaimed a minor clan head. He was astonished by the light cyan aura that floated and radiated from Maya, even brighter than Zephyrion's.

"Hahahaha! I understand now... No wonder she seemed so confident!" chuckled an elder from the same clan beside him.

Seeing that Orion was silently looking at her, almost as if he were encouraging her to attack first, Maya immediately activated her clan's specialty techniques.

"Radiant Sensing!"

"Radiant Aura!"

"The Radiant Sensing technique" allowed her to detect hidden dangers, providing her with valuable information about her surroundings. Meanwhile, "The Radiant Aura technique" radiated a soft, soothing aura that could calm emotions, making negotiations and interactions with others more harmonious.

In essence, Orion would become less vigilant against her attacks, almost instinctively welcoming her with open arms, even if she were to have a dagger aimed straight at his chest.

This was just one of the many applications of the technique.

Calming her senses, Maya activated another of the Luminaris clan's initial-tier specialties: "Radiant Infusion." This technique not only added a subtle glow to their Lightshaping abilities, making their constructs more vivid and illuminating dark areas but also allowed them to channel the minimal radiant energy they could access into their elemental abilities.

The Luminous Clan consisted of Prismerions with a natural talent for channelling and controlling natural energies.

As a result, they possessed the most diverse elemental abilities among all the major clans, thanks to their inherent affinity for one elemental aspect. When Maya activated this technique, her elemental power surged to life. A mesmerizing mix of whitish-blue arcs of light materialized around her waist, streaking downwards and flowing toward her legs.

As these radiant energies met the ground, they transformed into crackling lightning, racing up her legs and waist in a rhythmic, mesmerizing motion.

Observing this spectacle, Orion's eyes widened in astonishment. "She can control lightning," he mused silently as he watched Maya deftly retrieve a concealed, 5-inch milky-white, crystal-clear rod from her hidden pocket.

To his amazement, the rod stretched and extended until it reached a length of 1.8 meters (5.9ft), becoming a staff.

Maya took a deep breath, her focus on her staff as she channelled her elemental ability into it, before redirecting it back towards her legs. She opted to enhance her speed since she lacked the magical energy required to envelop her entire body.

The collective gaze of the onlookers transformed in that very moment as they beheld the stunning transformation of the Luminaris clan's second heiress.

"As expected, it appears the second heiress intends to give it her all right from the beginning," someone in the crowd murmured with keen anticipation.

This was a unanimous sentiment among the spectators, as they had all shared the same assumption.

Undoubtedly, they recognized that her optimal strategy in this situation was to exert herself to the utmost, potentially compelling her opponent to reveal his concealed strength, especially considering that he might have held back against the Gemheart Clan heir.

Orion, however, was also well aware that she intended to give it her all.

"Are you ready?" Maya inquired, her tone laden with determination.

Orion responded with a solemn nod, and just as he was about to...

"BBOOM!!!"

Maya's body surged forward with astonishing speed, seemingly materializing in front of him in the blink of an eye - at least to most observers.

For Orion, who now had two Vylkr containers in his body - one enhancing his mental acuity and the other empowering his physical prowess, elevating him to the level of a 2-star warrior - her movement unfolded before his heightened senses.

He quickly sidestepped, tilting his head as he agilely extended his hand to support himself on the stage, executing a splendid side flip that carried him away from the path of Maya's staff, which struck the spot where he had just been moments ago.

Witnessing her initial miss, Maya's figure surged forward once more, her body fluidly shifting in various directions – sometimes right, sometimes left.

Each step reverberated with a resounding "Boom!" that echoed throughout the stage as she pursued Orion in a zigzag pattern.

Orion, on the other hand, effortlessly evaded each of her attacks. The more he dodged and increased the distance between them, the more her momentum intensified, rapidly closing the gaps between them.

Chapter 410 Challenging The Foreigner (7)

Judging by her speed and the ferocity of her assault, Orion could deduce that her prowess could rival his own when he had just begun harnessing the power of the Vylkr vines, adjusting his body to their energy.

In short, had Tala been present, she could have easily subdued Maya or even incinerated her before she gained any momentum.

No wonder he had defeated the Gemheart Clan Heir with such ease!

"BANG!"

Orion used the side of his arm to block her staff, exerting more of his strength to restrain its movement as he realized Maya had reached her maximum speed.

However, due to the rebound, Orion's arm recoiled backwards, forcing him to take several steps in retreat.

Seeing this, Maya initially smiled until she noticed Orion's arm. Her smile instantly faded, replaced by a look of shock.

"Your... Your arm is okay," she exclaimed, her heart fluttering at the realization that Orion's arm had sustained no damage despite her powerful attack.

Orion shook off the tingling sensation in his hand, now understanding how the Village Chief or Stronghold Leader Zogar must have felt when he attacked them with such speed.

"Yes, it is. Was it supposed to get hurt?" Orion replied, his tone laced with a touch of amusement.

"TCHH!" Maya bit her lips in annoyance.

She had initially believed that he was merely dodging because her "Radiant Aura" had dulled his senses, making him fail to perceive the danger until it was right in front of him. Now, it seemed that he had been dodging to gauge the extent of her abilities.

Maya swiftly channelled her elemental power into her staff, sacrificing some speed for increased attack power.

She declared loudly, "VERY WELL, TAKE THIS!" and surged forward, swinging her staff with even greater force.

As her staff hurtled toward his chest, Orion burst forward in a straight trajectory to meet Maya's attack head-on.

He realized she was putting everything into this one strike, and he had no intention of prolonging the confrontation, understanding that this was likely the pinnacle of her abilities.

He couldn't help but ponder what might have happened if she had discovered earlier that using lightning against him was akin to wielding a paper sword.

Regardless, Orion wasn't foolish enough to meet her attack head-on with only his bare fists!

In the instant before Maya's staff and his fist were about to collide, the strange energy coursing through his body surged as Orion activated his gift.

He refrained from using the Vylkr energy with his gift at this moment, as he was uncertain about the extent of its power.

However, even without it, his abilities were formidable.

As Orion's arms began to emanate a vibrant blue glow...

"BANGG!!"

Lightening sparked...

"BAMM!"

Maya's lightning-coated staff and Orion's lightning-coated fist collided, producing a dazzling flash of light that nearly blinded her, along with everyone else seated in the grand amphitheatre. This was immediately followed by a deafening impact.

"CRRAACCK!!"

The sound of bones cracking and deforming echoed across the stage, sending shivers down everyone's spines. It was a moment that no one in the audience could forget.

Consequently, an incomprehensible, shrill scream of agony followed, resounding across the stage. It left everyone who witnessed the scene dumbfounded, as the miserable scream came from none other than Maya Luminous herself.

Both of her arms were burnt, her right hand bent at an incomprehensible angle, and even her elbow had popped backwards due to the force of the collision.

"MAYAA!!"

A scream echoed from a specific area in the grand amphitheatre, precisely the seating position from which Maya had initially rushed onto the stage.

Merida, her eyes filled with fear, leapt upward, reaching the edge of the seating area. She leapt high again into the sky before landing in front of her brutally injured sister.

Orion, however, watched as the unknown woman, who seemed to resemble Maya, jumped onto the stage.

Looking at her closely, he couldn't help but notice that the woman's attire was even more captivating and beautiful. He might have enjoyed the view under different circumstances, but his entire attention was now fixated on the brutally injured Maya.

He acknowledged that his strength and overall attack power increased when he used his gift.

Nevertheless, observing her current pitiable condition, Orion realized he might have overestimated her endurance and the force behind her final attack.

"It seems I may have underestimated myself as well," Orion muttered to himself with a sigh as he moved forward to check on Maya's condition.



Seeing her younger sister's condition, Merida urgently signalled for the healers to come and attend to Maya. She refrained from touching her herself, fearing that she might inadvertently worsen her injuries.

"HURRY! WHERE ARE THE HEALERS?!" she shouted, prompting half of the healers attending to Zephyrion to rush to their aid.

Another group of healers quickly arrived, thanks to the Quaztrwriaths' foresight in planning for the battle beforehand and having enough healers on standby in case anything went wrong during the fight.

However, since this battle was supposed to be between the clan heirs, they had anticipated that the confrontation wouldn't escalate to such a severe injury, leaving them unprepared for this grave turn of events.

Merida swiftly sensed someone approaching behind her and, in an instant, channelled her magical energy, activating her elemental ability.

Simultaneously, she pivoted on her kneeling position, extending her left arm to wave it behind her.

"STAY BACK!" she screamed.

"WHOOOSSSHH!!!"

Following her command, a searing crimson tidal wave of flames surged out in a ninety-degree arc toward Orion.

Realizing he had no time to evade the incoming attack, Orion, unwilling to confront the tidal wave directly, swiftly activated his gift.

He clasped his hands together, conjuring a thick, vibrant bluish wall of lightning to shield himself from the fiery onslaught.

"CRACKLE!" "CRACKLE!"

"BOOOM!" "WHOOSH!"

The tidal wave of flames ferociously collided with Orion's fortress of lightning, causing it to split into two sections that scorched the ground on either side of him.