

Witch Monastery #Chapter 170: The Alliance's Five-Seat Resolution - Read Witch Monastery Chapter 170: The Alliance's Five-Seat Resolution

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Mountaineer Tribe, inside the central longhouse.

The five leading tribes of the Alliance of the Mountain Purifiers were holding a crucial conference. This was the first secret gathering of all five tribes' leaders since the alliance was formed.

Representatives from the Mountaineer Tribe, Highmountain Tribes, Chimera Tribes, Stonehide Tribes, and Green Vines Tribes were all present, seated on wooden stumps prepared by Archdruid Ilarode. They sat with legs together and backs straight, expressions grave as they awaited the start of the meeting.

The theme of today's conference was simple: What should be the alliance's next step? Should they first concentrate on eradicating the spreading demon pollution, or prioritize eliminating the increasingly brazen human forces who plundered the mountains for profit?

Each tribe in the alliance had its own reasons for joining: some because their pastures had been ruined by adventurers from Liberl Port, others because their tribe's burial grounds had been robbed, and some because their kin had been abducted by adventurers and enslaved...

Other tribes, dwelling deep within the mountains, had little contact with the adventurers of Liberl Port, but now suffered terribly from demon pollution and lacked the power to resist the demons on their own—thus leading them to join the alliance as well.

If a compelling argument and a common direction couldn't be established, this grand alliance would quickly fall apart.

But before sending smaller tribes to risk their lives, the five great tribes first needed unity and consensus.

Once everyone had arrived, Ilarode nodded in satisfaction and announced, "Let the conference begin. Everyone, please share your views."

During the open assemblies, Ilarode would deliberately demonstrate humility, letting Torun take the public stage while he remained hidden in the background. But now, among the true rulers, there was no need for camouflage; he presided openly, making it clear who truly led the alliance.

At his words, the first to raise a hand was the representative of the Chimera Tribes, their future heir, the young beastmasters Danche.

This young half-orc, each of his three painted heads a different color, now lifted his huge hand and rumbled, "After careful internal discussion, our tribe supports immediate action—wipe out the demons! We must not allow those vile creatures to continue polluting our mountains!"

He recited each word of the speech his father had taught him; his eloquence was no match for Torun's, but he got his point across.

Destroying the demons was an urgent need for their tribe, whose primary strength came from their command of chimeras.

It must be known, chimeras were originally created upon the material world's arrival of the Demon Prince Demogorgon, abominations formed from the merging of many creatures—a primordial creation of the demons. Thus, their many heads lacked all reason; they knew only madness.

The Chimera tribe used secret magics to control them, cultivating calm and loyalty toward the beastmasters, able to command them.

But this calm was extremely fragile. If subjected to serious provocation, the chimeras would go out of control.

Now, with demon pollution spreading among the mountains, the chimeras were deeply affected—days on end of restlessness, driven by a longing for killing and blood.

Though still obedient, their agitation was growing; no one could say whether worsening conditions might turn their tribe's greatest asset into their doom.

This was the Chimera Tribe's stance.

"I propose we must first eradicate the threat posed by Liberl Port."

Torun Highmountain spoke, the minotaur's eyes burning with a fervor bordering on abomination. "The demon threat is still distant; there's no trace of their presence. But the peril from Liberl Port is right before us. Friends, we cannot turn our backs on our enemies!"

"Think carefully: those greedy adventurers from Liberl Port, based from Rockseeker's Outpost, are constantly devouring the mountain's resources. We must stop them first—otherwise, if we exhaust ourselves defeating the demons, losing so much strength, those outsiders will be left behind, stealing the resources that were ours to begin with, gorging themselves, and then even gathering the strength to destroy us in turn..."

"Is that what any of you wish to see?"

Though only a minotaur, his superb oratory delivered a rousing, emotional speech. Even Danche, who moments before insisted on destroying the demons first, now hesitated—after all, their own history with Liberl Port was hardly peaceful.

"I agree with Torun; let's first strike down the pride of Liberl Port!"

On the other side, Luger Stonehide—the Stonehide Tribes' representative, currently appearing human, but in truth a shapechanging werebear—also raised his hand and said, "I suggest we destroy Rockseeker's Outpost. Once it's gone, with our rear secured, we can then turn to destroy the demons!"

Torun nodded in satisfaction. Stonehide and Highmountain were the alliance's ironclad hawks. With this, the anti-Liberl Port side now held two votes.

But then, a clear voice rang out: "I do not agree."

The group turned to see Willo Green Vines, chief of the Green Vines Tribes—an almost fifty-year-old satyr matriarch. She had pale yellow, curly short hair and skin as smooth and white as milk. Her exterior looked near-human, but for her sheep's ears. Clad in her robe of autumn leaves, she slowly spoke: "Friends, the reason the demons have yet to show their true forms is because they are secretly preparing, aiming to pollute something even more terrifying that slumbers beneath these mountains."

"We must destroy them first—or suffer unimaginable consequences!"

Her interests were deeply personal; the satyrs' ancestors came from the Feywild and were fae beings. So her sensitivity to this wild nature—and especially to the encroaching, maddening pollution—was even greater than that of Ilarode the Archdruid.

Of all present, no one better understood how dire the crisis was. No matter what, today the alliance had to make defeating the demons its focus!

At the head of the table, Archdruid Ilarode cast a look of approval at Willo Green Vines, then a pitying glance at Torun. Though he was unsure what "more terrifying existence" Willo referred to, he knew his own tribe was suffering greatly from demon pollution.

The Earth Dragon was nearly at its limit.

"I too support destroying the demons first," he said. "The demon-worshippers have broken taboos ancient as the world; they are even more hateful than the people of Liberl Port. The latter are odious, but their conflict is only one of interests. The demon-worshippers are polluting the entire world!"

With three votes to two, the resolution passed.

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