

## Village Head 1041

Chapter 1041: The Formidable Strength Of The Owner Of The Midnight Butcher Bar!

She then turned her full attention back to the battle. "So, I'd appreciate it if you found another place to play hero and left this one to me."

One of the gods' chosen had already sustained injuries to both arms, weakening his strikes and steadily draining his strength. Meanwhile, the other gods' chosen was slowly being overpowered by his opponent.

"I'll stay and watch in case you need help," Orion said with a nod. He needed to inform Seth to send warriors immediately to the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City to manage the situation. Revealing his identity seemed unnecessary. After all, what would people think if rumours spread that the Supreme Leader of Paradise was entangled in a crisis caused by the nobles of the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City?

Such rumours would tarnish the untouchable and incorruptible image of Paradise, which he had worked so hard to build. For now, he had decided to present himself as an ordinary warrior under Paradise, using this opportunity to demonstrate the strength of Paradise's forces rather than just its leaders.

"I assure you that I won't need it," Kerensa responded with a smirk, her eyes still blazing in fury.

The man swiftly returned with her Gearweaver. Collecting it, Kerensa immediately charged forward.

Surprisingly, her hooves seemed to fade into near silence, almost as if they were vanishing. Without his acute senses, Orion would have missed her movement entirely. In that instant, her speed surged dramatically, making it appear that she had vanished and appeared to the right side of the assailant.

Orion finally had a clear view of her appearance. Kerensa had a calm, confident expression, her rich brown, wavy hair pouring down her back. Gold earrings and a forehead ornament adorned her, sparkling with precious stones.

She wore a simple black bodice accentuating her ample chest, designed with intricate strings crisscrossing at the neckline. The bodice extended into two split fabrics that covered her powerful, robust legs. Over this, she wore a long white robe, which bared her shoulders but covered her arms

and extended backwards to cover her entire four-legged form. The robe had a slit for her tail to emerge and sway freely in the wind.

Her entire appearance radiated both brute strength and a sophisticated aura. She swiftly swung her Gearweaver Sword down, successfully striking the arm of the cloaked god's chosen, inflicting a deep, terrible wound.

The cloaked god's chosen immediately released the child from his grasp and retreated, distancing himself from Kerensa.

Kerensa quickly caught the child and returned him to their position. "You all should go inside and wait. I'll handle this," she said sternly.

The woman and the man hugged the little girl tightly before nodding and rushing back into the bar.

Orion also returned to the bar.

Kerensa glanced briefly at Orion's cloaked retreating figure, sighed, and shook her head before turning her full attention back to the cloaked god's chosen.

Closing the door behind him, Orion ensured that the room was empty before he removed his mask under his cloak and placed it on his face. He immediately activated one of its functions to contact Seth.

"Chief, is there anything you need?"

"Yes, but first, how is the torture going?" Orion asked.

"We've rendered them consciously immobile and increased the intensity of the torture, as you ordered. We expect they'll be willing to talk once they've healed a bit more." "Okay, that's good. I need you to send several warriors to the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City..." Orion began explaining everything that had transpired since he entered.

"Those bastards! Chief, I think it's best if I handle this personally. I'll slaughter them entirely along with their leaders!"

"If we act like that, many casualties will render the plan ineffective. Don't misunderstand; I don't plan on letting the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City off easily. Just follow the orders," Orion responded.

He didn't know what they were planning, but he was confident the warriors could handle it, especially with their Vylkr Fusion Armlets and Gear Devourers.

"Alright, Chief. Can I at least follow and monitor the situation from afar?"

"Okay, you can," Orion responded. After isolating the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City from the other Runaway Cities, it was wise to have someone like Seth keep an eye on things in case something unexpected happened.

Once he finished, Orion deactivated the connection with Seth and moved back toward the door to assess the strength of the combatants in the ongoing battle outside.

At this moment, one of the gods' chosen lay battered on the ground, his body marked with numerous cuts. Kerensa and the cloaked gods' chosen faced off, the latter's face now revealed as a Dragmin. He supported himself upright with his Gearweaver Sword, his eyes burning with anger as he glared at Kerensa.

[ Energy Level - 1,868 BEM.]

Orion raised an eyebrow as he examined Kerensa's base energy measurement. The figure far exceeded that of Commander Sy'ra and Vargoth. He now understood why Kerensa was so confident in her abilities-her strength backed her words.

[ Energy Level - 1,744 BEM. ]

Orion surveyed the defeated assailant, noting the two injured gods' chosen who had fought him earlier.

[ Energy Level - 1,729 BEM. ]

[ Energy Level - 1,608 BEM. ]

Even though he wanted to flex the strength he had laboured so hard to attain and enjoy the thrill of combat, the opponents were too weak to challenge him. He removed his mask and

continued to observe with a calm expression.

At a distance from the Midnight Butcher Bar: "When I first heard about the disappearances, I suspected a conspiracy by secret factions from other Runaway Cities-or something even more alarming. I certainly didn't anticipate that a Dragmin would be involved," Kerensa said, her expression marred by disappointment as she sighed heavily.

"So what if I'm a Dragmin? My actions are meant to ensure that the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City ascends to become a Grade Two Runaway City. Your interference is nothing short of sabotage!" the gods' chosen retorted, his voice seething angrily. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

#### Chapter 1042: Poisonous Smoke

Hearing his response, Kerensa frowned deeply. "If you tell me what the nobles are planning and where the others you've captured are hiding, I'll let you live."

"Hah! Stop the jokes! We both know I'll be dead when I give you that information. Also, I think that you should be more worried about yourself. Now that you know about this, we have no choice but to ensure you are dead, so this can remain a secret until it is prepared," the gods' chosen responded, revealing his razor-sharp teeth with a smirk.

Kerensa frowned, her senses flaring as she detected several individuals swiftly approaching. She looked up to see numerous cloaked figures, each wielding Gearweaver swords, landing on the platforms of the towering metallic buildings surrounding the Midnight Butcher Bar. Four. Six. Nine. The numbers continued to rise until twelve gods' chosens surrounded her from above. Each appeared no more formidable than the gods' chosen she had just faced.

Examining them closely, Kerensa inwardly exhaled in relief. She believed she could handle the situation, even with these additional opponents.

"Is this all the reinforcement you could call? If so, I assure you they aren't enough to rescue you," Kerensa said, shaking her head in disappointment.

"You'll regret those words when you realize the foolishness of your actions, but by then, it will be too late," the gods' chosen replied with a chilling tone, narrowing his slitted eyes at her. He then signaled to the surrounding gods' chosens before dashing toward the Midnight Butcher Bar.

Witnessing this scene, Kerensa snorted. As she attempted to step forward, the gods' chosens above hurled multiple small round balls in her direction. Kerensa raised her Gearweaver Sword, aiming to intercept them, sensing they might be more than they seemed. Her intuition proved correct; the balls exploded upon impact, releasing purplish-green smoke into the atmosphere.

Momentarily stunned, Kerensa's expression quickly shifted to anger as she saw that the gods' chosen had already made his way into her bar. Smoke also began to infiltrate the bar.

Kerensa took a deep breath and exhaled forcefully, generating a powerful gust of wind that scattered the smoke in all directions. Just as she was about to charge forward again, a sudden tingling sensation crawled down her lungs as if needles were being thrust down her throat and slowly shredding it apart.

"Hahh!" Kerensa exhaled deeply before erupting into violent coughs as if trying to expel the invisible needles from her throat. It was useless. The purplish-green smoke she had inhaled was poisonous, and now it wreaked havoc on her lungs. She realized she needed an antidote or a healer quickly to prevent the situation from worsening.

The gods' chosens threw more small balls towards her and around the Midnight Butcher Bar. These balls contained a toxin designed to inflict intense pain in the victim's respiratory system, causing enough distraction for drowsiness to set in and render them unconscious. This was their silent method to deal with any obstacles. However, they hadn't expected such a powerful opponent.

Despite the agony, Kerensa took another deep breath, disregarding the increased potency of the poison in her lungs. She exhaled with tremendous force, generating a powerful gust of wind that dispersed the purplish-green smoke once more. Realizing they couldn't afford to waste another poisonous smoke bomb, the gods' chosens prepared for a direct confrontation. "ATTACK!" ordered one of the gods' chosens.

The gods' chosens brandished their weapons as they rushed toward Kerensa.

Kerensa could feel the prickling needles in her lungs morph into stabbing knives, turning each breath into a struggle. Biting her tongue to draw blood, she fought to stabilize her double vision and focus on the enemies charging at her from all sides.

Her chest heaved with some effort as she raised her weapon in preparation. She knew she had to end this quickly to return to the bar, make the intruding gods' chosen regret his actions, and find a healer to rid herself of the poison. But at the moment...

BAM!

The door of the Midnight Butcher Bar shattered into countless pieces as a figure was hurled through it, colliding with the gods' chosen, who was about to clash with Kerensa's Gearweaver sword.

BAMM!!

The two gods' chosens plummeted violently to the ground, rolling for a few seconds before coming to a halt. Everyone in the surroundings, including Kerensa, immediately ceased their attacks, gazes shifting from the gods' chosen to the broken bar door with dumbfounded expressions.

A chill crept down the gods' chosen spines as they realized there might be someone as strong as the woman inside the bar. How did they come to that conclusion?

They hadn't sensed any distortions indicating a fight inside, meaning the mysterious individual had quickly subdued them. The deep scar on the gods' chosen's chest, indicating a heavy punch that tore through the Dragmin's powerful body, further reinforced their suspicions.

Meanwhile, Kerensa frowned deeply. She had watched everyone enter the Midnight Butcher Bar and knew no one present was strong enough to subdue the gods' chosen with a single punch. Her thoughts immediately wandered to the mysterious cloaked figure, but she quickly dismissed the idea.

He wasn't wearing a Devourer's Bracelet, so achieving such a feat seemed impossible. Regardless, a thrill surged within her. With someone in the bar capable of protecting the bar, she could go all out and defeat the gods' chosens around her.

Kerensa straightened her back. However, just as she was about to charge forward, a severe cough tore through her lips, causing her to halt and instinctively cover her mouth with her hand. Looking at her palm, she saw thick, deep scarlet blood.

The poison had become even more potent, tearing through her insides.

Witnessing this, the group leader, a Nimvire, realized that the poisonous smoke was working. He immediately shifted his attention to the other gods' chosens.

"This one can no longer fight, so let's end this quickly. The rest of you, eliminate whoever is responsible for this. If you see any other Dragmin, capture them and return immediately," the leader ordered.

#### Chapter 1043: The Arrival Of Paradise's Warriors

Not wanting to take any risks, nine of the gods' chosen dashed towards the Midnight Butcher Bar, some entering through the windows, others through the broken door, attempting to divert the attention of whoever the assailant was, thereby increasing their chances of emerging victorious.

Outside, three gods' chosen remained, cautiously approaching the injured Kerensa, attempting to find an opportunity to strike.

BANG!! BANG!! BANG!!

Seven bodies flew from the windows and the bar's front entrance, hurtling toward the three

gods' chosens outside. They were alert this time, so they swiftly dodged the flying bodies heading in their direction.

BAM!! BAM!!

As the bodies collided heavily with the ground, lifeless, another terrible chill spread through the hearts of the remaining three gods' chosens when they saw the severed limbs and the array of swords and daggers embedded in their foreheads, throats, and eyes.

It was a horrifying scene!

Nine gods' chosen had been dispatched effortlessly, with no signs of battle, and had died so quickly. This sight filled their hearts with a profound dread similar to the terror they had felt on the day of the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City's subjugation.

Witnessing this shocking scene, Kerensa was momentarily stunned. Yet, realizing that whoever this formidable, mysterious individual was, they were clearly on the side of the Midnight Butcher Bar, she could no longer hold back. So she shouted desperately, "Hey, WHOEVER YOU ARE, I NEED YOUR HELP TO DEAL WITH THE REMAINING ONES OUTSIDE!" Her vision doubled, and it took immense effort to control the pain searing through her lungs. Without hesitation, the remaining gods' chosen turned around in fear. They attempted to flee, but before they could make a move, the weapons embedded in the corpses around them sprang to life. They cleaved through vital organs with swift accuracy before pinning their bodies to the ground.

Hiss! Kerensa drew in a deep, silent breath, her body tense with uncertainty. It was hard to tell whether her unease stemmed from the dreadful scene that had just unfolded or the poison tearing through her lungs. Suddenly, her senses flared, and she turned sharply to see the figure emerging from the bar.

"You!!" The sight of the figure left her stuttering, her lips sealed in shock. At first, the image before her seemed to flicker in triplicate, but she managed to steady her vision. The mysterious cloaked figure had stepped out with his hood lowered, revealing his full features. Her mind replayed the recent events in a whirlwind of disbelief, but she shook the thoughts away, grappling with the impossibility of it all. Unless...

She recalled a piece of information she had received days before.

"Are... you from Paradise?" Kerensa's voice trembled as she fixed her gaze on the man who stood before her, intensely scrutinizing her condition.

Hearing her words, Orion nodded, "Yes, I am a warrior from Paradise. I was dispatched to investigate the brewing rebellion within the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City. Initially, our strategy was to bide our time, gathering intelligence on all involved in this ongoing crisis. However, with the rebels growing more desperate by the day, we are left with no choice but to intervene and put an end to this horrible situation."

As Orion concluded his explanation, he felt satisfied with his delivery.

Hearing his words, Kerensa, struggling to maintain her balance, lost control and collapsed to the ground with a heavy thud. Her four powerful legs buckled beneath her, and her Gearweaver sword clattered away to the side.

Despite the intense pain, her gaze remained locked on the man before her. Initially, she thought the cloaked man was just another noble trying to gain public favour for political or personal reasons, perhaps with a powerful guardian in tow, which was why she called for help. She had never expected that this figure was responsible for the deaths of thirteen gods' chosens-or that he was a Warrior from Paradise.

"You don't seem well, Miss Kerensa. Let me assist you inside so you can rest and arrange for a healer to treat you," Orion offered, his eyes taking in the blood on her palm and her quivering form.

Suddenly, Kerensa's disoriented senses flared as she detected two figures swiftly approaching. She instinctively gripped her weapon and watched as they landed beside her.

These newcomers wore rugged armour, a blend of metal and thick, leather-like material. Their black masks, covered their heads to their chins. Strange, slender bracelets adorned their wrists, and an oddly strapped, bulky weapon hung from their backs and waists.

It took only a few glances for Kerensa to recognize that these individuals were not from the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City but were unmistakably from Paradise.

They both approached. "We've dealt with the remaining crisis and received information regarding the location where the Dagmins are being held hostage. We came to inform you and see whether you would also want to come along," one of the warriors said, carefully choosing his words and remembering the information Stronghold Leader Seth disclosed.

They weren't burdened by the Supreme Leader's presence but were exhilarated, especially after hearing the plan. Since the beginning, when they ascended to the sky, establishing Paradise, some of them were tasked with harvesting the Vylkr vines from below and sending them to Paradise, while others were dispatched to the Outward Stronghold to harvest the Vylkr alloys, and others to keep an eye on the leaders of each Runaway City and help capture the spies in secret so as not to reveal their presence and force them into hiding once more.

While the tasks were thrilling and presented a unique opportunity to broaden their horizons -each of the three Runaway Cities being a civilization unto itself-they were also eager to demonstrate their prowess. They wanted to face the best opponents available and solidify the reputation of Paradise's formidable warriors.

Orion nodded, recognizing the reason for their delay. He had spent some time extracting information from the remaining gods' chosens he had captured in the bar. As a result, he was fully aware of where the Dragmins were being held.

#### Chapter 1044: The Arrival Of Paradise's Warriors (2)

"Alright, I'll be coming along as well," Orion replied, nodding. He turned his head towards the poisoned Kerensa. "Can you get on your feet?" he asked.

Hearing his words, Kerensa immediately realized that the man before her held a high-ranking position among Paradise's warriors. Seeing that his following words were directed at her, Kerensa stood on her four hooves and attempted to walk toward the Midnight Butcher Bar. However, before she could, a wave of weakness spread through her entire being, causing her legs to buckle again, and she collapsed back to the ground.

She gritted her teeth and tried to stand up again, but her lower body refused to move as though it had grown numb. Instead, another severe cough tore through her lips, painting the ground below with her blood.

Realizing she was unable to move and the poison was growing stronger, Kerensa shook her head in response. "It appears that I'm unable to move, sir. I'll be needing your help." Her lips were strained, beads of sweat forming around her head ornament. Her double vision and growing weakness only added to her nervousness.

Orion nodded. He moved towards her and helped her stand up properly.

Kerensa initially flinched at his touch, but seeing that he was genuinely assisting her, she relaxed. Orion held her upright, then put his hand under her underbelly, using her robe as cover, and hoisted her onto his shoulder without any difficulty.

Kerensa was stunned by his sudden movement, initially assuming he would help her walk towards the door. However, she calmed down, appreciating that he had the etiquette to use her robe to protect her underbelly before lifting her, considering it one of the most sensitive parts of a centaur.

Orion then stepped towards the bar. Once they arrived, Kerensa lowered her head so they could pass through the door. Orion knelt and gently lowered her back to the ground.

As Kerensa was placed on the ground, she looked around the bar. It appeared much the same as she had left it, with the only difference being the various Gearweavers scattered around and the two gods' chosen corpses present. Their horrified expressions and the clean cuts through their limbs reminded her of the strange technique she had witnessed outside, confirming her suspicions.

He had quickly subdued and defeated all thirteen gods' chosens. What kind of force was Paradise that they were capable of producing such an individual?

Kerensa's heart began to pound rapidly as she remembered there were still many others like him and that this was the same force the nobles were planning a rebellion against.

Have they lost their minds?

However, she regained some remaining composure and gratefully said, "Thank you for your help, sir. I'll handle it from here. My staff can get me a skilled healer to treat my injuries." "Are you sure? I can help you get a much better skilled healer from Paradise who can aid in healing your injuries quickly," Orion responded.

He could tell that the poison the gods' chosen used was incredibly potent, showcasing that they were prepared for anyone who tried to hinder their plans. Fortunately, his mask had a filtration function, so he had no reason to worry about whatever they threw at him.

"Yes. The Trekking Flamingo Runaway City might not have as much depth as Paradise. Still, I assure you that we have skilled healers capable of handling such a task without difficulty," Kerensa replied with a nod.

Her expression loosened, and a sigh escaped her lips. Kerensa also didn't want to become further indebted to him after he had saved her entire bar and staff.

Orion nodded in understanding. "I'll be going then." He turned and exited the bar.

Kerensa watched him leave, her shoulders slumping in relief as he disappeared into the distance with the rest of Paradise's warriors. Taking a deep breath, she shouted, "HEY! THE ISSUE HAS BEEN TAKEN CARE OF, SO GET OUT HERE AND CLEAN UP THE SURROUNDINGS! AND

SOMEONE, QUICKLY GET A HEALER BEFORE I COLLAPSE OR ELSE I'LL HAND YOU OVER TO THE INTRUDERS IF THEY RETURN NEXT TIME!" Her voice cut through the air, her calm and authoritative demeanour emerging again.

Immediately, hurried footsteps echoed through the bar as numerous people rushed down the stairs, their faces a mix of worry and relief.

"MISS KERENSA!!"

"MISS KE...!!"

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Orion surveyed the cityscape from above, his cloak fluttering in the wind. The warrior's black mask he had collected from them concealed his features, but behind his gaze was sharp and focused.

Beside him stood seven warriors, each dressed in rugged metal and leather armour enhanced with Vylkr alloys that gleamed in the moonlight.

Below, the sprawling, towering buildings glistened under the rising moon. They were polished, their elegance far surpassing that of the residential areas and other sections of Runaway City. The streets were neatly arranged and branched out towards the main gates of each building.

The architecture was imposing, with grand structures that resembled educational centres and other significant institutions. These buildings, with their sophisticated design and details, deeply contrasted the more modest structures in the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise and the Sleeping Fox Runaway City.

Orion admitted that after spending time in the Lower Wards and other residential areas, the air was quite pleasant, and the surrounding elegance was incomparable.

"There are about fifteen noble households here. Some once held significant sections of the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City, with one or a few serving under the city's leaders. However, after its subjugation and with the leaders placed under watchful eyes, they lost the authority they once possessed and were reduced to nothing more than ordinary inhabitants. It's no surprise they are plotting a rebellion."

"Nonetheless, compared to the nobles within the Sleeping Fox and Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway Cities, they are extremely foolish and even more arrogant," one of the Warriors explained, his tone filled with disappointment, his eyes fixed on the towering buildings below.

"The suspects are the House of Arickhan and the House of Solon. The other nobles are too intimidated by Paradise's might to join them; they either hope to stay under the radar and escape any consequences if the rebellion fails or stand to gain if it succeeds," he added, pointing out specific buildings below them.

#### Chapter 1045: Plotting A Rebellion

"Three of you will accompany me to rescue the captives. The remaining four will split into pairs and apprehend every member of these two households. Kill anyone who resists. However, wait for the signal before taking action. You will stay here and monitor the situation from above," Orion instructed with a nod. "Remember, this is your chance to demonstrate your strength to the Runaway Cities and their forces. Don't tarnish Paradise's reputation."

"Understood, Chief," they replied in unison.

Orion nodded and then focused on one of the warriors supporting a battered and injured Dragmin. "Lead the way," Orion commanded. "If you guide us to the wrong location, I promise you a torment so severe that you'll beg for death-yet it will never come." His eyes bore into the trembling gods' chosen, who nodded in fearful agreement.

"Good. Let's begin," Orion said.

In a dimly lit hall, numerous enchanted cells lined the walls, each holding individuals of all ages, chained and battered. These were the Dragmins kidnapped from the residential areas of the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City, now imprisoned in this gloomy hall.

At the hall's centre lay a vast rune pulsating with a sinister red glow. The rune was surrounded by large circles, within which Dragmin gods' chosens meditated, submerged in a pool of shimmering dark red blood that flowed toward them through the runes from the centre.

The rune inscribed on the ground occupied a significant portion of the hall's open space, casting an eerie crimson light that bathed its entirety. The only other illumination came from the enchanted lanterns, faintly glowing and scattered throughout the hall, adding to the ominous atmosphere.

"What are you doing? Aren't you supposed to be protecting the denizens of the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City, not using them for your own selfish purposes?" shouted a man, his voice strained by the fresh wounds that marred his body and the chains that bound him to the ground.

"Let us go, or you'll regret this when the leaders and other nobles discover what you're doing!" a woman's voice echoed, her chains clinking as she moved.

"So, you're the ones behind this? You blame Paradise for everything?" another voice shouted from the cells. "Hasn't the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City already fallen? You'll be banished from the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City and left to fend against an endless surge of Vylkr vines when this is revealed!"

"What kind of ritual requires so many Dragmins? Don't tell me you're planning a calamity, trying to drag the entire Trekking Flamingo Runaway City down with you!" another voice screamed from one of the six cells, filled with anger and despair. "Do you have no heart?"

They were all Dragmins who had recently been captured. As they awoke from their unconscious state and took in the grim scene around them, the truth began to sink in: Paradise was not responsible for their disappearance.

Instead, it was the nobles who had orchestrated these heinous acts. The realization fueled their anger and hatred. They hurled curses and threats, desperate for their captors to grasp the gravity of their actions and free them.

But their pleas fell on deaf ears.

"They're always so loud, thinking someone will come to their rescue," a tall, imposing Dragmin remarked with a sneer. His broad, leathery wings stretched behind him, and he wore a brown, scaly tunic adorned with an insignia of a dragon coiled around a miniature horn. His presence radiated an aura of elegance and nobility. "They don't seem to understand that we've been given the freedom to act as we see fit. We are the ones who will liberate the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City from the crisis we've found ourselves in."

"It seems they're finished, Father. Shall I bring in the next batch?" the man asked, glancing at the three lifeless corpses at the centre of the rune circle. His attention then shifted to the even more imposing Dragmin beside him, whose scales were thicker and whose skin had a deeper, bronze-like

hue. Dressed in a dark red tunic embroiled in golden threads, this Dragmin had folded leathery wings and a similar insignia on his back.

"Go ahead. Make it four this time," the man responded, echoing through the hall and silencing the previously clamorous noise.

The man nodded, with a smile revealing his jagged, sharp teeth. He signalled to the two gods' chosens standing nearby.

They returned his nod and moved towards one of the cells to execute the orders. Hearing the grim details of the conversation, the prisoners realized their pleas had fallen on deaf ears, and their deaths were imminent. As the gods' chosens approached their cells, the captives began to beg desperately for their lives.

"Please, let us go! We've done nothing wrong!" a man shouted from one of the cells, his hands futilely tugging at his chains in a vain attempt to break free.

"Have mercy, set us free!" another voice pleaded-a woman's trembling with fear. "You shouldn't be doing this! Will you ever be able to sleep soundly after what you've done?" The gods' chosens, unbothered by the cries and pleas, opened the cell doors and stepped inside. Though they did not relish the suffering of their captives, they viewed this as a necessary step toward their ultimate goal: breaking free from Paradise's control and advancing to a Grade Two Runaway City. They clung to this brutal method with no viable alternatives as their only path forward.

The gods' chosens removed the chains from an older man and three younger men, dragging them toward the centre of the engraved rune. They pulled the three corpses outside the rune, then forced the three men to their knees before drawing daggers from their sides.

"WAIT! PLEASE DON'T-"

Before they could utter another word of plea, the daggers sliced through their throats, severing their heads from their bodies. The heads were flung to the ground, their lifeless bodies collapsing in a gruesome heap.

Blood poured from the necks, pooling onto the runes below. As if possessed, the shimmering dark red liquid surged through the engraved patterns and toward the gods' chosens seated around the rune's edge.

## Chapter 1046: Plotting A Rebellion (2)

Witnessing the scene, the man who had given the orders nodded in approval and praised, "It appears that the art Emperor Greroth has discovered isn't as simple as it looks. Not only can it help stimulate an individual's draconic bloodline, but it can also use the bloodline of another to enhance one's draconic heritage, in addition to the functions of this rune. If I'm not mistaken, this is far beyond what Emperor Greroth classified as a high-grade Legendary Art and might even be a middle- or high-grade Mythical Art. No wonder the Emperor could suddenly ascend in strength and secure resources to help the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City ascend to Grade Two."

The man was Nahe Arickhan, Clan Leader of the House of Arickhan. The other man, who resembled him, was his eldest son and future Clan Leader, Ogell Arickhan.

"Doesn't this mean our chances of breaking free from Paradise's control have grown exponentially?" Ogell responded, his eyes glinting with excitement.

After witnessing the Dracon Shadow Transformation in action, he considered this possibility but didn't dare voice it aloud. A Mythical Art wasn't something one could simply trade resources for. Even their most prized technique was Epic-ranked, so seeing a Mythical- ranked Art was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

'Yes. Fortunately, Emperor Greroth was insightful and shared this wonderful art with other gods' chosens to train in, and Commander Edmar was more than willing to hand them over to us. Otherwise, such a strenuous Art isn't something that could be easily mastered in just a few days,' Nahe said, nodding.

"I've received news that Paradise has already assigned its representatives to the Sleeping Fox and Wanderlust Traveling Tortoise Runaway Cities, which means they will likely be preparing some for us as well. So before they arrive, increase the target to 25 Dragmins daily until we reach our target,' he added.

Considering that Paradise hadn't bothered to keep such information a secret-since there wasn't any reason to-it was easy for him to procure.

And with several million living in the Runaway City, it would take less time for Paradise to figure out the ongoing plot, especially since they didn't seem interested in the affairs of the ordinary denizens, focusing only on the Runaway City itself and its leaders.

"I'll do my best, Father, not to let you down," Ogell responded, nodding. However, his expression shifted to annoyance as he noticed that the next batch hadn't arrived yet, even though it had been a few hours.

'What's taking them so long?' he thought.

"Has the next batch arrived yet?" Nahe asked, a frown forming on his face.

"No, not yet. But they will be here soon, Father," Ogell replied, shaking his head as sweat beads formed on his forehead under his father's gaze.

Nahe frowned, his brows furrowing together. He knew the batch had never been late unless they encountered some obstruction.

'Have they finally decided to act?' Nahe pondered, focusing his gaze on the ritual before him. He knew that some of the nobles hesitated to aid them out of fear of Paradise, so they hadn't yet acted against them. If his assumptions were correct and they had finally decided to try to stop him, he would make sure they regretted their foolish actions.

"Change the corpses, then send some more gods' chosens to uncover why they are late and help them in case they encounter any danger," Nahe ordered.

Ogell swiftly nodded in understanding. He turned to two gods' chosens and gestured for them to execute the orders. He then turned to another group to follow him out.

However, as the gods' chosens stepped into the cells and began to drag out four more captives, they halted and looked around with frowns. Just as they were about to speak, a heavy tremor spread through the hall, causing it to shake before the metallic door burst open. BAAMMM!!

Ogell, who had arrived close to the door, was frozen, his body trembling as the gods' chosens immediately stood before him, brandishing their Gearweavers as they stared at the door cautiously.

However, before they could realize what was happening, nine daggers shot forward, swiftly embedding themselves in their eyes, with one cleanly cutting off their heads.

All of this transpired within an instant.

Their eyelids widened in horror as their decapitated heads fell to the ground, rolling a meter away before coming to a stop, and their bodies followed suit.

BAM!!

Nahe and the other gods' chosens in the room finally realized what was happening. "OGELL!!" Nahe screamed, his voice tinged with pain at the death of his son.

Four gods' chosens immediately sprang into action, their Gearweavers drawn as they rushed forward to confront the intruders. However, the moment they arrived close to the door, the daggers shot out from the corpses and swiftly tore into their hearts and necks, incapacitating them.

They were unable to comprehend what had just transpired, even as their bodies fell and their heads rolled on the ground behind them.

Witnessing this scene, Nahe's expression turned to one of horror, his eyes widening in disbelief. Four gods' chosens had been killed so quickly and in seconds. He had never imagined that such a thing could be possible.

Even the remaining gods' chosens in the room could not help but stand rooted, their bodies trembling in fear as they stared at the severed heads and corpses on the ground.

The captives were stunned, utterly dumbfounded by the unfolding scene until a realization hit them...

"HELP US!! WE'RE IN HERE?!" screamed a woman about to be removed from her cell.

"PLEASE FREE US..."

Just then, four unfamiliar figures walked out of the room. They wore rogue armour, held strange Gearweaver swords, and had black masks covering their faces.

Paradise!

Nahe's eyes widened with fear as he leapt backwards, widening the gap between himself and the unknown warriors from Paradise.

"Go free the captives and lead them to a safer location," Orion ordered.

The warriors immediately rushed forward, each moving toward the cells to break them open and free the captives one by one.

"Thank you...!"

"You are our saviours!"

"You guys don't look like gods' chosens. Who are you?"

Several voices of appreciation, praise, and weeping resonated through the space as the captives stood up individually and walked out of their cells. They hesitated, glancing at the gods' chosens, who appeared frozen in their positions, before following the unfamiliar warriors out of the hall.

As all this unfolded, the gods' chosens did not dare move from their positions.

As the captives continued to make their way out, Nahe could no longer hold himself back and asked, "Who are you? Are you from Paradise?" He was prompted by the familiar black masks, the strange Gearweavers, and the bracelets, which had already stirred controversy across the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City due to their unknown functions.

Hearing the man's words, Orion shifted his attention from the ominous runes before him towards the Dragmin, flying high close to the corner in the ceiling like a frightened bat.

"Yes, we are warriors from Paradise. We've heard about your growing rebellion and are here to curb it. I advise you to hold off on any actions until the captives are in a safer location," Orion responded before refocusing his gaze to scan the room.

Despite this, the captives around them overheard the conversation and a clamour of whispers spread across the hall.

"We were freed by Paradise!"

"Since Paradise isn't responsible for this atrocity and the nobles were planning a rebellion, doesn't that mean they will make those responsible pay with their lives?" "Hahaha!! They deserve it! Our leaders failed to notice that a Noble was plotting a rebellion right under their noses, which might bring the wrath of Paradise upon the entire Trekking Flamingo Runaway City. It only means they are incompetent and can no longer protect us!" "Sigh! If this is what it has come to, surrendering to Paradise might not seem like such a bad

idea!"

Within minutes, their voices gained the approval of all the captives present. They had watched people they knew being butchered and had almost experienced the same fate themselves. So even if it were another entirely different force that had saved their lives, their emotions would have remained the same.

Hearing their words, Orion smiled inwardly. This was the result he had aimed for. Though disgusted by the sight before him, he understood that such practices could be considered

normal.

Nonetheless, he was curious about their plans, especially since the eight gods' chosens seated on the runes seemed unbothered by everything surrounding them.

With his mask, he could see their energy levels rising inch by inch, though the rate seemed to be slowing down as the streams of fresh blood began to dry up.

[ Energy Level - 1,886 BEM]

[ Energy Level - 1,906 BEM]

[ Energy Level - 1,897 BEM ]

[ Energy Level - 2,005 BEM ]

.....

The highest energy level was at 2,028 BEM, already reaching the entry level of a Four-Star Warrior, while the others were slowly teetering on the edge. Rather than feeling afraid, this only made Orion more curious about how they had achieved such a feat and solemn about the

number of bodies it had taken.

It took one more minute for the captives to be escorted safely out of the room by two

warriors, leaving Orion and a single warrior behind.

#### Chapter 1047: A Formidable Bizarre Technique

"Can you explain what sort of atrocity is transpiring here? You have one minute," Orion said, turning his attention to the winged Dragmin perched in the corner of the ceiling.

Nahe frowned deeply at Orion's demand. The time it had taken to secure the captives had allowed him to regain his composure and assess the situation more clearly.

Even the remaining gods' chosens had managed to quell their fear, eyeing the two figures before them with cautious expressions. Only three gods' chosens remained, apart from the eight seated within the runes.

"There is nothing to explain. All of this has transpired because of Paradise's own faults. Do you think we would simply kneel and bow our heads just because our Emperor has been captured and our Runaway City subjugated? A true leader scales any trial, no matter how mighty, regardless of the sacrifices required."

"Paradise is merely a stepping stone that will glorify the ascent of the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City into a Grade Two Runaway City, solidifying our position as unshakable. We will no longer need the protection of the Wandering Wolf Borough Runaway City. We may even have the chance

to subjugate them under us and climb to the peak," Nahe replied, his voice brimming with confidence and conviction, his eyes burning with rage as they fixed on the two Paradise warriors before him.

Orion nodded in understanding before responding, "If this is the extent of your rebellion, then it's not enough to stir the sands outside the shores of Paradise. It's pitiful that you had to sacrifice so many lives of your own people just to achieve this. Regardless, as warriors from Paradise, we must end this uprising and bring you before the denizens of Trekking Flamingo Runaway City to atone for the irredeemable atrocities you've committed."

"Hehe! You speak as though Paradise hasn't committed its own irredeemable atrocities in its pursuit of power. We all know that such strength doesn't come without a price," Nahe sneered.

"Yes, indeed, there was a price," Orion responded.

Nahe's brow rose in astonishment at Orion's admission.

"Unfortunately, it's not as simple as you think," Orion replied, shaking his head. He recalled the horrendous experiments his ancestors endured to gain the strength they now wielded, a strength that came with severe consequences, like their declining fertility.

Nahe frowned, not understanding the meaning of his words. "Humph! You can say whatever rubbish you want to establish the stupidity of your words," he responded, his eyes shifting towards the gods' chosens seated on the bloodied runes.

"If you're trying to buy more time for whatever scheme you're plotting, I can assure you, it's doomed to fail," Orion said, his gaze sweeping over the bloody runes and the countless corpses strewn about. "But considering the atrocities you've committed to bring this plan to fruition, it would be an insult to those who loved their fallen to end this too quickly and grant you the quick mercy of defeat. No, you'll watch as every piece of your plan unravels, as every bit of victory slips through your fingers until you're left with nothing but the weight of your actions."

His voice turned cold. "Then, we'll deliver your inevitable defeat. It won't be quick, and it won't be painless. So if you've got any other tricks up your sleeve, now's the time to use them because I can assure you, they won't be enough."

The voices of the freed captives alone would be enough to shake the hearts of the denizens, but once they witnessed the horrific scene for themselves, any shred of respect they still held for the

Trekking Flamingo Runaway City's leaders would utterly collapse, giving Paradise the perfect opportunity to cement its place within their hearts.

Hearing Orion's words, Nahe grimaced, struggling to find a response to the warrior's confident declaration.

"Fine! Your arrogance will be your downfall. You'll remember these words and regret them," Nahe spat. Though their plans had been prematurely uncovered, it didn't mean they hadn't prepared for such an adversity.

As for the escaped captives who would inevitably spread the truth, he'd find a way to deal with that later. But first, he had to take care of the threat before him.

"ACTIVATE THE RUNES IMMEDIATELY!" Nahe screamed at the gods' chosens, snapping them out of their stupor.

The remaining three hesitated, their faces etched with reluctance at the order.

"What are you still standing there for? Don't tell me you think they'll spare everyone here after everything that's happened! If we want to leave this place victorious, get moving!" Nahe shouted, his piercing gaze locked on the gods' chosens.

The gods' chosens gritted their teeth and raced toward the bloodied rune. As they arrived, they drew their daggers and began plunging them into the necks of the seated gods' chosens.

Orion and his warrior partner were taken aback by the sight.

"Chief, I think they're planning something unusual. We should stop them now," the warrior said through his mask.

"There's no need to act yet. Since everyone within the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City will be watching, we should give them a show," Orion responded, shaking his head.

The warrior remained silent, nodding.

The seated gods' chosens fell one by one, their blood spilt onto the rune, creating another heavy pool of blood. The blood then surged toward the last remaining gods' chosens, who had the highest energy level in the room.

The gods' chosens then stood at specific places within the rune and began to chant.

"From skies torn asunder by raging storms, tear the heavens, rend the sky..."

As the gods' chosens chanted, the rune's glow intensified, eventually overpowering even the lanterns around the hall.

Soon, a shadow began to form above the centre of the runes.

Witnessing this, Nahe cracked a smile and turned his attention to the two Paradise warriors. "Since you're so confident about decimating whatever we've planned, it's only fair I explain the fate you've sealed for yourselves." He gestured toward the bloodied runes on the ground.

"These runes are part of the technique Emperor Greroth acquired alongside the Dragon Shadow Transformation technique. They complement each other so well that it's believed this technique was built upon the Dragon Shadow Transformation. It details the intricacies of sacrificing the blood of a being with draconic heritage to amplify one's strength-the higher the mastery, the greater the benefits of the absorbed draconic heritage."

"Lastly, it describes a ritual to summon an ancient malevolent spirit beast from the Lower Spirit Realm. Only those who fully master the technique can summon the spirit at will. Attempting to summon it prematurely risks tainting the summoner's soul or even possession."

#### Chapter 1048: Summoning An Ancient Malevolent Spirit Beast

Orion frowned beneath his mask. He recalled Isadora's explanation about the Spirit Realm, though he hadn't paid serious attention to it then. He had been more focused on increasing his strength than on utilizing the power of another.

He remembered that spirit beasts, when summoned, don't manifest in the physical realm with their full strength. Instead, their power depends on the strength of the being anchoring them to the physical world, which is tied to the rank of the summoned spirit beast. However, Isadora had never mentioned anything about malevolent spirit beasts or a Lower Spirit Realm, so he wasn't entirely sure what the Dragmin was talking about.

Orion shifted his gaze to the faint shadow at the centre of the runes, which seemed to be slowly solidifying, and then to the sole gods' chosen seated on the runes.

[ Energy Level - 2,052 BEM.]

Orion quickly checked his energy levels and then refocused on Nahe. "So, you're planning to use him as a host for the spirit beast," Orion deduced, his voice calm.

Nahe let out a loud, mocking laugh and nodded. "Yes, you're correct. So go ahead and prepare yourselves. Show me if the strength behind your arrogance can match your bold words."

Just as Nahe finished speaking, the entire hall began to tremble violently.

"W-What's happening?" Nahe stammered, his voice tinged with fear as he glanced around in confusion.

"You shouldn't be so surprised," Orion responded coolly. "Since you're so confident in your plan, we've decided to give the entire Trekking Flamingo Runaway City a chance to witness the kind of leaders they have-and to show them how we deal with such situations."

"You!" Nahe's face drained of colour. He hadn't anticipated that they were unafraid of the terrifying adversary they were about to face and willing to ensure everyone within the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City witnessed the scene.

Even if they emerged victorious, it would be impossible to appease the anger of the ordinary residents, leading to even more severe consequences.

**BANG!!**

A loud crash echoed above as the metallic ceiling tore open, allowing the moon's brilliant light to pour into the room.

Nahe glanced up at the night sky, then refocused his gaze downward. The gods' chosens had completed their chant and now lay weakly beside the runes.

Meanwhile, the shadow at the centre of the rune began to solidify, taking the shape of an ethereal, unsettling spirit beast. It was a bird with a skeletal structure, with massive wings formed from jagged, lightning-shaped bones crackling with electricity. Instead of feathers, a swirling mass of storm clouds enveloped it, sparking and emitting small electrical discharges. Its beak was bony, and its eyes resembled twin vortices of swirling storms.

"SCREECH!!" the spirit beast screeched, announcing its emergence into the physical realm.

Orion attempted to assess the spirit beast's energy level, but after several tries, he realized the mask couldn't quantify it. He made a mental note to inform Seraphina about this issue later. With the help of the Four-Eared Elves, he believed they could eventually find a solution.

Nevertheless, Orion remained alert, understanding that he might need to act swiftly if the situation spiralled out of control.

Everyone in the hall felt the spine-chilling aura of the spirit beast as it spread its wings and ascended into the air, enveloping the atmosphere in dread.

The spirit beast scanned the room, its gaze sweeping over the faces before locking onto the gods' chosen, still seated on the rune. In an instant, it turned towards him and vanished into his body.

The gods' chosen's eyes snapped open, revealing swirling twin vortices within them—two massive, bony wings, larger than his entire frame, unfurled from his back. A swirling mass of thick storm clouds enveloped him as he slowly rose into the air.

"ARGH!!" The gods' chosen screamed, clutching his head as his devourer's bracelet roared to life, and Vylkr energy flared violently from his body, shrouding him with its inky black strands. His mouth opened, and two distinct screams emerged from his lips.

After a few agonizing minutes, his agitation subsided. He slowly raised his head, his eyes no longer obscured by the swirling vortices.

"Are you okay?" Nahe asked, his eyes fixed cautiously on the gods' chosen. The ritual had been gruelling, and the sudden possession by the malevolent spirit beast was a risk they had barely calculated. He needed to ensure the plan had proceeded as intended without any unforeseen complications.

The gods' chosen turned his head slowly, locking eyes with Nahe. His gaze was unnervingly cold and intense, sending a shiver down Nahe's spine. Nahe's heart skipped a beat and almost made him retreat in fear.

"I'm fine," the gods' chosen replied, his voice tinged with a chilling calm. "The malevolent spirit beast couldn't withstand the force of the Vylkr energy. Instead of tainting my soul and seizing control, the Vylkr energy ultimately eroded it, allowing me to retain consciousness and dominance over my body. I feel more powerful than before, and I sense that my strength will only continue to grow." His lips curled into a menacingly cruel smile.

"Good," Nahe said, nodding as he tried to mask his unease. "Now defeat them, and show everyone that you're the gods' chosen who will free the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City from Paradise's grasp and enable its ascent to Grade Two."

The gods' chosen nodded, but to Nahe's surprise, he abruptly raised his hand. A meter-long bone shot from his bony wings, slicing through the air with deadly speed toward Nahe.

Just as it was about to reach its target, a small dagger whizzed through the air, intercepting the attack and deflecting it away.

BOOM!

The area where the bone was redirected exploded in a shower of debris.

Nahe's eyes widened in shock, and he instinctively soared backwards, pressing his back against the wall, trembling. The dagger floated back towards Orion, who calmly watched the scene unfold.

"There's no need to waste time on petty disputes," Orion said, ascending to meet the gods' chosen. He vanished from view in a fluid motion, reappearing in front of the gods' chosen. He seized him by the neck with a powerful grip, crushing several of his neck bones in the process. "I'll deal with the chaos you've wrought in the name of your rebellion," Orion added. Then, he flung him upward with a forceful heave through the gaping hole in the ceiling, tossing him

into the night sky.

[Energy Level - 2,090 BEM.]

The gods' chosen BEM hovered before Orion's eyes. Despite the assimilation of the draconic bloodline from the other seven deceased gods' chosens, which had increased his energy level by twelve per cent and was still rising, it had risen. It had hastened at a rate of fifty, moving at a steady pace rather than inch by inch.

Orion couldn't help but wonder how Emperor Greroth had acquired such a formidable technique. Of course, given the steep price of such immense power, Orion had no intention of practising the technique himself.

Nonetheless, he enjoyed the thought of the upcoming show. The more dramatic the display, the stronger the impression Paradise would leave on the hearts of the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City residents.

"Handle the situation here," Orion instructed the warriors. "Ensure no one escapes. If anyone tries to approach, capture them as accomplices." He then soared upwards through the torn

ceiling.

#### Chapter 1049: The Unfathomable Power Of The Paradise Warriors

Orion ascended into the sky, stopping mid-air with his eyes locked on the possessed gods' chosen before him.

Below, the four-legged shapeshifted warrior who had torn through the roof now stood, blocking the advance of the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City's gods' chosen. They halted in their tracks, their faces a mix of disbelief and fear as they watched the scene unfold above.

Orion knew they wouldn't dare make a move now.

He rose higher, his gaze sweeping across the sprawling expanse of the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City. With a deep breath, he amplified his voice, letting it reverberate across the sky, "I AM A WARRIOR FROM PARADISE, SENT TO END THE REBELLION OF THE FLAMINGO RUNAWAY CITY'S NOBLES AND LEADERS AND TO AVENGE THEIR ATROCITIES! ONCE THE MALEVOLENT SPIRIT BEAST THEY SUMMONED TO FEAST ON THEIR OWN PEOPLE IS DESTROYED, THEY WILL ALL BE ELIMINATED!"

His voice echoed through the air, reverberating across the sky; the echoes of his proclamation reached every corner of the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City, stirring the hearts of its inhabitants.

The gods' chosen below paled in fear. They knew that resisting now would mark them as allies of the treacherous leaders, sealing their fate alongside the convicted nobles. Suddenly, they dropped their Gearweavers and fell to their knees, surrendering.

The rescued denizens, who had been returning to the residential areas, could no longer contain their emotions. They cried out, revealing the horrors the nobles inflicted upon them and condemning the leaders for failing to protect them. They told how Paradise had uncovered the conspiracy and saved them from certain death. The news spread like wildfire, and everyone who heard it was shocked and disbelieving.

...

Meanwhile, within a building in the Royal Cave at the head of the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City, Commander Edmar's eyes fluttered open as the announcement reached his ears. "They failed," he muttered, his lips morphing into a frown.

After his defeat, Paradise decided to spare his life, leaving him to heal on his own, under the watchful eye of one of their warriors. Although no one had told him anything, as a gods' chosen who had served as a Commander for several decades, he could discern their intentions. However, that didn't mean he would cooperate, especially after his humiliating defeat.

He couldn't tell whether Paradise was overconfident in their strength or simply foolish for sparing him. To uncover the truth, he had secretly sent a coded message containing information about the special individuals Emperor Greroth had trained in secret techniques to the nobles. He had learned of their rebellion plans and hoped this act would shift the tide in their favour.

The Paradise warriors were vigilant; any wrong move could have cost him his life. Fortunately, his familiarity with the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City gave him the edge to send the message without detection. Yet, his efforts seemed to have failed, as Paradise still managed to uncover the plan.

Edmar's brow suddenly furrowed as a chilling thought crossed his mind. Perhaps Paradise had known about the brewing rebellion from the beginning and had allowed it to escalate, using it as a pretext to overthrow the existing Trekking Flamingo Runaway City authorities. This way, they could seize control without the burden of suppressing numerous more minor uprisings unless they chose to eliminate everyone within the Runaway City.

Edmar swallowed hard, realizing the depth of Paradise's strategy.

They had been outplayed at their own game.

Even if Paradise had known about the plan from the beginning, it didn't change the fact that they had chosen to proceed-and utterly failed.

As these thoughts passed through Edmar's mind, he gritted his teeth in frustration.

...

All the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City's leaders trembled when they heard the voice. They understood that Paradise had seen through their feigned ignorance of the rebellion orchestrated by the nobles, and now they would pay the price with their lives.

As for the nobles, especially those of the House of Arickham and Solon, who were being held separately from the rest of the captured aristocracy, they knew that none of them would survive the day.

.....

Within the Midnight Butcher Bar, Kerensa lay on the ground, her four legs hunched under her. Beside her sat an Aarakocra dressed in feminine attire, surrounded by bowls of mixed herbs lined up before her. Neither of them moved, their eyes wide with shock and astonishment.

"I should have known it was the leaders behind this," the Aarakocra said, her voice tinged with anger and disappointment. "Didn't they consider the repercussions on the denizens before committing such an atrocity?"

As a healer who had retired from working at the Royal Cave and with the nobles, she had chosen to spend the rest of her life in the Lower Wards, using her abilities to tend to those who needed treatment but couldn't afford it.

Because of this, she was one of the most renowned healers in the Lower and Middle Wards. She had heard about the strange disappearances of Dragmins around the residential areas and had treated others poisoned like Kerensa.

Initially, she had suspected the mysterious force called Paradise. However, after hearing Kerensa's explanation of how Paradise's warriors had saved her from their own Runaway City's gods' chosens, and with the undeniable announcement, she realized just how wrong she had been.

Suddenly, Kerensa tried to push herself up to stand on her four hooves, but the healer immediately grasped her hand and pulled her back down. "Where do you think you're going? If they discover you're connected to one of the noble families, you'll be eliminated along with the others," the healer warned.

"But-" Kerensa stammered, struggling to find a response, but the healer cut her off.

"It's too late. You'd be better off severing any ties you have with them. And if you choose to leave, what do you think will happen to those in the Midnight Butcher Bar? Given the number of enemies you've made, I doubt they'll get through even one night in peace, especially once everyone learns about your identity." The healer shook her head and released her grip.

#### Chapter 1050: The Unfathomable Power Of The Paradise Warriors (2)

"However, if you still decide to go, that's your choice. Just know that my dealings with you end here I don't want to be dragged into such a problem."

Hearing the woman's words, Kerensa bit her lip, muttering, "I'm sorry..." before collapsing onto her mat.

The healer immediately resumed mixing various herbs to cure the potent poison within Kerensa.

...

Far from the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City, Seth observed the scene unfolding before him with narrowed eyes. He activated his gift, causing the ground around the city to crack open slowly, revealing a pit of molten lava that spread until it encircled the entire area.

The Trekking Flamingo Runaway City crushed all the Vylkr vines within its path with several mighty steps before coming to a complete halt.

Outside, the Vylkr vines continued approaching, only to dive into the molten lava and be incinerated. The smoke turned into a mist of inky black smoke that rose steadily, faintly shrouding the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City from view.

Seth deactivated his gift and shifted his focus to the unfolding confrontation above the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City.

.....

Above the city, the possessed god's chosen clutched his head, screaming at the top of his lungs, "ARGGHHH!!" His voice thundered through the skies as if he was losing control.

The faint, ethereal figure of the malevolent spirit beast began to expand until it was about 46 meters wide, with the god's chosen visible within it.

The spirit beast's menacing appearance loomed over those below, drawing the attention of everyone observing the scene. The god's chosen figure was faintly discernible within the monstrous form.

[ Energy Level - 2,102 BEM.]

[ Energy Level - 2,104 BEM. ]

Orion frowned as he observed this scene. He suspected these fluctuations were side effects of the malevolent spirit's possession. Knowing he couldn't use his gift without risking his identity, he relied on a suitable technique for the situation.

Celestial Ember Forge Technique-Flare Chain!

Orion stretched out his left hand and pulled his right hand over his shoulder. A torrent of golden flames erupted from him, swirling around like a whirlpool, illuminating the night as though a miniature sun had appeared beneath the shimmering night sky. Four halos emerged from six

directions-his sides, head, foot, front, and back-radiating an aura that made him appear like a sun god descended to the mortal plane.

Suddenly, the flames before Orion began to take shape, morphing into a blazing bow with an arrow whose tail was a long, flaming chain. The chain flowed through the sky, emitting faint whispers of metal clinking together as if they were real. And in his fingertips, they felt very real-far more powerful and lethal than ordinary chains.

The Celestial Ember Forge Technique was the first technique Orion took seriously. He acknowledged it for its fierceness and lethality, which could harm even the user. Initially, he had protected himself by cloaking his body in lightning, but once he mastered the technique, the flames felt warm and soothing.

Despite being primarily a bow-and-arrow-based technique, it allowed him to manipulate the golden flames freely. Though not as versatile as his lightning gift, it was still a powerful technique that could save him from danger or leave a lasting impression on those who witnessed it.

With his eyes fixed on the possessed god's chosen, who was still struggling to regain control of himself, Orion decided. The Celestial Ember Forge Technique would become his signature technique while displaying his identity as one of Paradise's warriors.

Orion released the fiery string, sending the chain-like arrow streaking through the air. CLING!!

SWWIISHH!!

Like a comet traversing the starry sky, the arrow chain blazed through the night, instantly appearing before the possessed god's chosen and piercing his chest.

BOOOOMMM!!!

A fiery explosion erupted from the back of the penetrated area while the chains coiled around the malevolent spirit beast, holding it aloft in the air.

Orion nodded in approval as he witnessed the scene. He had deliberately reduced the technique's power, not intending to showcase only his strength but also to leave room for Paradise's warriors to deliver the final blow.

As if on cue, two immense beasts descended from the clouds. The first was a colossal, winged creature resembling a deer with a wingspan exceeding 50 meters (164 ft). Its scales were a dark, iridescent black that shimmered with deep blue and violet hues in the light. It had razor-sharp talons, a long serpentine tail tipped with a venomous stinger glowing with a menacing crimson light, and a mouth bristling with rows of jagged, obsidian-like teeth.

The second was an equally fearsome beast with a lion's body, an eagle wings spanning over 55 meters (180 ft), and a scorpion's tail. Its fur and feathers were striking crimson-grey, adorned with wisps of purple flame emanating at various intervals as it descended towards their direction.

Although their size paled compared to that of the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City, the mere presence of the two colossal beasts, both Paradise warriors, filled the hearts of those watching below with unimaginable dread.

Seeing these formidable creatures, equally as fearsome as the possessed god's chosen, made everyone realise that Paradise's mysterious force was far more unfathomable than they had

initially imagined.

"ROARRRRR!!!"

The four-legged beast with a mane opened its jaws, unleashing a roar that sent a burst of searing purple flame towards the possessed god's chosen, causing the air to boil with smoke emanating from it. At the same time, the other beast released a torrent of strange, poisonous water filled with deep blue and purple hues from its stinger.

BOOMMM!!

BOOOMM!!

Both attacks landed simultaneously on the chained possessed god's chosen. The purple flames elicited a spine-chilling scream as the strange, poisonous water slowly froze him, sealing his lips shut as a sphere of ice began to form around him. To everyone's surprise, his body began to decay rapidly. His flesh peeled away, revealing veins, muscles, and wisps of blood dissipating into the air until only a white skeleton remained.

The skeleton gradually turned to dust and evaporated into the atmosphere, leaving nothing behind.

With nothing to bind itself to the physical realm, the malevolent spirit beast dispersed into nothingness, returning to the lower spirit realm.

The once chaotic sky regained calm as the ice shattered into fragments and dispersed into the air.