

Village Head 1051

Chapter 1051: Leading By Example

Orion scanned the area to ensure the possessed god's chosen had been eliminated. Satisfied that nothing remained, he nodded at the two shapeshifted warriors.

The shapeshifted warriors roared to the sky once more before soaring upward into the clouds and disappearing from view.

After thorough questioning, it was revealed that the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City leaders were fully aware of the atrocities committed by the nobles but had chosen to feign ignorance. They neither warned nor informed Paradise, opting to stay on the fence, hoping to reap the rewards while avoiding the consequences from either side.

Initially, they believed that Paradise's mercy would be extended to them again and that they wouldn't be held directly responsible for the rebellion. Unfortunately, this was not the case. Paradise decided to make an example of them, demonstrating their resolve to others and winning the hearts of the entire population of the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City.

Once word of this spread, all those whose loved ones or close friends had died or been freed before they could be sacrificed felt their hearts stirred.

The memory of the overwhelming battle that had unfolded in the sky was still fresh in everyone's minds. Any doubts about Paradise's strength were extinguished, replaced by an even more unfathomable sense of power. No one dared to question the news of Paradise's warriors wiping out the entire Trekking Flamingo Runaway City's authorities and installing their own.

In fact, they were exhilarated, as it signalled that Paradise was committed to ensuring their safety. As a result, every inhabitant who could manage it rushed to the market hub to witness the spectacle.

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In the Market hub, Orion surveyed the vast crowd that stretched as far as the eye could see. He then glanced back at the stage, where a line of beautifully dressed individuals stood with their heads bowed in submission.

These were the nobles awaiting their fate. After dealing with them, they would address the leaders individually.

"Will our warriors really be the ones to carry out the executions?" Seth, now standing beside Orion, asked.

He believed it would be more fitting for the gods' chosens to handle the executions of the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City's authorities rather than burdening the warriors with such a task. While he knew they wouldn't hesitate to kill for Paradise, he was concerned about the consequences of involving them in a mass execution.

Orion nodded. "Yes, they're the best ones for the job. Remember what I told you-this isn't just for Paradise's benefit but also for our warriors. Mass killings like this will become more common in the future, so they must start hardening their minds now," he said, his voice solemn.

Seth nodded, realizing that this might indeed be the best way to prepare the warriors for their eventual emergence into the outside world.

As the Rightward Stronghold Leader, he cared deeply about his warriors' well-being but couldn't disagree with the Village Chief. His gaze drifted toward Orion again, and he inwardly nodded, acknowledging his father's foresight in grooming Orion to take over as the future Village Chief.

According to his mother, her precognition gift didn't work on or around Orion, so cultivating his intuition was something Seth also aspired to, hoping it would help him identify and nurture powerful warriors to stand by his side in the future. Being his father's son, he believed he must also possess such intuition.

Suddenly, a warrior approached them. "Everything is ready. We can begin the execution immediately."

Orion nodded, then turned to Seth. "Wait for me here. I'll be back soon."

"Is there something else you need to do?" Seth asked, furrowing his brows.

"As the leader of this mission, I have to take the first step so the others can follow," Orion replied.

In truth, he also wanted to use this opportunity to harden his resolve rather than leave the burden solely to the warriors. This way, he could lead by example and strengthen his connection with them.

Although they were warriors under his command as Village Chief, they were still his kinsmen, just like every villager who had grown up in the Village.

A look of understanding crossed Seth's face, and he nodded. "In that case, why don't I come along? As the Stronghold Leader of Paradise, it's not right for me to let my warriors handle such a significant task alone. I should be the one to lead this event," he said with a smile.

Despite the crowd surrounding them, their voices were only audible to each other through their masks.

Orion considered Seth's words before nodding in agreement. To everyone present except the warriors, Seth was the only key leader of Paradise, while Orion appeared as just another warrior. It made sense for Seth to initiate the event.

Besides, it wasn't as if the executions would be carried out one by one-ten platforms on the stage, each prepared for a warrior to ensure the task was completed swiftly.

With Orion's approval, Seth accompanied him to the stage.

On stage, eight warriors stood beside platforms resembling pillories, though these lacked the upper board to lock down the necks.

The crowd surged with excitement as the event was about to begin, chanting fervently in expectation.

"THEY SHOULD PAY FOR WHAT THEY HAVE DONE!" a man near the front roared, his fist clenched and raised toward the sky.

"JUSTICE FOR MY CHILDREN! JUSTICE FOR MY HUSBAND!" cried a woman, her body covered in numerous injuries, revealing her as one of the captives freed by the warriors. Her anguished words reverberated through the crowd, echoing the pain of countless others.

"NO MERCY! LET THEM SUFFER!" another voice shouted, fueling the rising fervour.

Seth turned his attention to the warriors below, ensuring the nobles were securely restrained, and signalled for them to bring them to the stage.

The warriors nodded in acknowledgement and carried out the command without delay.

For the nobles facing impending doom, their once proud and aloof demeanour had melted into sheer terror. The grand surroundings that had once symbolized their power and authority now felt like an inescapable cage, trapping them.

Chapter 1052: Mass Execution

The warriors dragged ten nobles up to the stage, and their cries of desperation filled the air. "Please, spare us!" one noble, a Dragmin, wailed, collapsing to his knees. His head was bowed on the hallowed space of the platform, and his bound hands were clasped in frantic prayer. "We can make amends!... Please!!"

Another Dragmin noble stumbled forward, his face contorted with fear. "It wasn't our fault! We were just following orders! Please, you must understand! We have families who need us!"

"This is insane! Surely we can negotiate something in exchange for our lives!" shouted another noble, his once fine robe dishevelled as he tried to cling to even a shred of dignity, his voice trembling with fear.

A younger noble, appearing to be a young man, cried out in panic, tears streaming down his face. "I don't know what's going on! I had no part in this-please don't kill me!"

An older Dragmin noblewoman clutched desperately at the warriors' feet, her once regal demeanour now twisted with terror. "I beg you, show mercy! I'm too old to flee or fight! I'm not a threat to you! Please, let me live!"

As the nobles were dragged to the stage one by one, their pleas grew more desperate. Some choked on their sobs, while others spoke incoherently, struggling to find the right words to ensure their survival.

"I'll swear my loyalty to you! Just let me live!"

"We were deceived by our clan elders!"

"Please think about the children! They are innocent!"

Yet, the voices of the crowd grew even louder.

JUSTICE!! JUSTICE!! JUSTICE!!

Recognizing that actions spoke louder than words in such a moment, Seth took a sharpened cutlass from a warrior and brought it down decisively on the nobleman before him.

Swish!!

Thud!!

As the nobleman's head tumbled to the edge of the stage before coming to a halt, the crowd cheered again. Meanwhile, the remaining nobles' cries dwindled to desperate whimpers, their pleas falling on deaf ears.

Swish!!

Thud!!

After dispatching all ten nobles, Seth handed the cutlass to Orion and moved to the other end of the stage. The bodies were quickly discarded and replaced with new ones.

Orion proceeded to behead another set of nobles one by one before handing the cutlass to a warrior and returning to stand beside Seth.

With their Key Leaders setting the example, the warriors wasted no time. Each took their place at one of the ten platforms, wielding their cutlasses to swiftly execute the nobles. Others efficiently managed the process of bringing the nobles up to the stage and disposing of their bodies.

After several hours, the entire House of Arickhan was executed, their heads rolling across the stage. Next, the House of Solon, consisting of the Aarakocras, was brought up individually. The nobility of the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City, drawn from the three major races, stood apart from the ordinary inhabitants due to their purer bloodlines and the exceptional Techniques and Arts that defined their Houses.

To Orion, these techniques and arts were of little value; they were merely tools to establish a new noble household, which he would use to assess their potential and devotion to Paradise before sharing higher-ranked arts and techniques with them.

As the hours passed, blood began to pool on the stage, seeping down and flowing towards the crowd. At first, the spectators trampled over the crimson tide, venting their anger. But their enthusiasm waned as the pool expanded and the blood approached their feet.

Their voices grew quieter, and they retreated several steps, unnerved by the spreading sea of blood.

The entire crowd soon fell into a tense silence. The only sounds piercing the air were the sharp swish of cutlasses as they swung down, the heads of the nobles tumbling to the ground.

The House of Solon!

The House of Fieradol!

The House of Vielodor!

The House of...!!

After five and a half hours, the scene was suffused with the thick stench of blood as each household met its end. The blood pooled on the ground had risen so high that moving through it splashed it up to their upper legs.

As an additional six hours passed, the clouds began to glow with a bright morning orange hue, indicating the approaching sunrise. The area was soon illuminated, casting a light on the gruesome stage and the surrounding slaughter, revealing the full extent of the night's horrors to everyone present.

Even Orion, Seth, and the warriors were momentarily moved by the scene around them, but they did not falter in their tasks. Undeterred, other warriors stepped in and continued the grim task.

It wasn't until another six and a half hours had passed that the last of the nobles drew their final breath.

Instead of cheers of excitement, the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City inhabitants stared at the warriors with eyes filled with fear, holding their breaths as though afraid to make a sound.

Though their faces were hidden, their actions were methodical, each warrior taking their turn as if completing a routine task rather than participating in the slaughter of an entire ruling class. They had asked for blood; however, the bloodshed was far greater than anyone had imagined, and it left the onlookers stunned.

Such ruthlessness!

The crowd couldn't help but wonder: if Paradise could efficiently dispatch such formidable warriors to deal with the nobles, what would stop them from doing the same to anyone who stood in their way? They couldn't help but gulp at the thought.

However, not everyone in the crowd shared this worry.

"NO MORE LEADERS!! NO MORE NOBLES!! ONLY PARADISE!!" shouted several voices from the crowd, their fervour breaking through the stifling silence.

Paradise had already clarified what was expected: total submission and devotion in exchange for a vastly improved livelihood. So why should they be afraid?

Unless they were plotting a rebellion, none were foolish enough to do so, especially not after witnessing the events unfolding before them.

On stage,

Orion focused on a warrior. "Bring the former leaders of the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City. Let's begin with the former Commander Edmar," he said.

Chapter 1053: A Familiar Face?

The warrior nodded and swiftly descended the stage to carry out the orders.

Moments later, wrapped in bandages, the wingless former Commander Edmar limped onto the stage and was immediately laid on the platform.

As the crowd glimpsed the face of the man responsible for the atrocities committed by the nobles, their voices grew louder.

"Wait!" Orion called out, ensuring his voice carried across the area. "We should throw him to the crowds and let those he has wronged deal with him."

Hearing Orion's words, the crowd erupted in a thunderous roar of approval. Though watching the downfall of those responsible for the atrocities had brought some satisfaction, they were eager to deliver their own judgment on the perpetrators.

The warriors nodded in understanding. They bound Edmar tightly and then hurled him off the stage, sending him tumbling towards the frenzied crowd.

SPLASH!!

Edmar landed in the pool of blood, skidding to a stop at the feet of the onlookers.

Without hesitation, the crowd surged forward, dragging him into their midst as they unleashed their pent-up fury.

"I'll make you pay for what you've done!"

"Today, we'll end you with our own hands!"

The voices of the crowd grew louder as more people joined in, pounding Edmar's body, tearing it apart piece by piece in rage.

Observing the scene, Orion signalled the warriors to bring up the remaining leaders.

Within seconds, the leaders were escorted onto the stage one by one.

Like Edmar, they remained silent, likely understanding that death awaited them regardless of how much they might plead.

As Orion took a closer look-his first time meeting them-his eyes widened as he recognized someone among them.

Kerensa?

Orion shook his head. No, it wasn't her. The Centauress bore a striking resemblance to Kerensa, but it wasn't her.

Could she be a relative? Orion furrowed his brows beneath his mask as a thought crossed his mind.

Kerensa possessed information that was not available to the ordinary inhabitants of the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City. She had actively sought to establish a connection with Orion to secure more fruits despite her assumptions that he might be a noble. Her strength was undoubtedly sufficient to protect herself within the city, but Orion understood that her information likely came from someone with similar or higher authority.

Initially, he didn't care, assuming that this person could be someone from the Household. He couldn't start inquiring about their identity without risking deception or mocking Paradise.

In fact, he might have been wrong, and that person could already be dead. However, seeing the figure before him now, there was no way he could turn a blind eye and pretend he didn't notice.

"Wait!" Orion commanded, causing the warriors to halt their actions.

"Is there something else on your mind?" Seth asked, turning his attention to Orion. Orion nodded. "When I first arrived at the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City and decided to look around, there was a centauress who provided me with all the information I needed, which was crucial in uncovering the conspiracies being plotted by the nobles. And that Centauress bore a striking resemblance to her," Orion pointed directly at the woman.

"After the tremendous help she offered, I don't think it would be proper to watch her beheaded with the others."

Though Orion had traded for the information he needed from Kerensa, from the little he knew about her, she seemed to be a good person who cared about those around her. With her strength and familiarity with the residential areas of the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City, she could be valuable as an undercover, helping Paradise keep an eye on any hidden threats.

"Oh!" Seth nodded in understanding. "We can't stop the event now, but I have a plan. I've been curious about the Dragmins' dragonic bloodline. I hadn't found any particularly interesting before, but I think one of their leaders will do." His eyes were fixed on a specific Dragmin leader on the stage, dressed in a long-sleeved folded midi dress.

Orion raised a brow under his mask. He knew that the villagers had strict criteria for choosing partners or the parents of their children, which was even more noticeable when compared to women of other races. The idea of intermingling rarely crossed their minds, and considering their limited fertility age limit, it wasn't even worth contemplating.

However, it seemed that the Dragmins' dragonic bloodline had piqued Seth's interest because of his gift.

"It's surprising. I didn't expect you to suddenly develop such an interest. So, what exactly do you have in mind?" Orion asked.

"Why don't we be straightforward? I'm sure the inhabitants of the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City would be grateful to learn that one of their leaders was among the reasons why such atrocities were quickly unearthed," Seth responded, contemplating.

"I'll leave it to you, then," Orion nodded. Since the plan aligned with his thoughts, he let Seth handle it.

Seth nodded and stepped forward.

On the other side of the stage, the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City's leaders witnessed former Commander Edmar being assaulted by the crowds. They had even enlisted the help of a god's chosen to dissect his limbs and vital organs.

Initially, the leaders were confused about why the warriors around them had halted their actions just as they were about to be placed on the platform. However, they quickly understood when the Paradise Key Leader stepped forward. They realized that, like the former Commander Edmar, they faced an even graver fate.

"Everyone..." Seth announced, drawing everyone's attention. "During Paradise's investigation into these atrocities, one of the reasons we were successful was due to crucial intelligence provided by two of your leaders."

Seth pointed towards the two leaders.

The two leaders were stunned by the Key Leader's words. A hopeful expression, which had been quenched, reemerged in their gazes. Although the female Dragmin had no idea what was happening, she believed that as long as she had the opportunity to continue living, it was better than dying in such a terrible way.

For the Centauress, a knowing glint flashed in her eyes. She lowered her head with a sigh escaping her lips, her fists clenched with emotion.

Chapter 1054: A Familiar Face? (2)

Meanwhile, the crowds experienced another surge of emotions.

"Thank goodness! I was beginning to think that our leaders no longer cared about us and were willing to do anything for the sake of power!"

"This is a good revelation! Among our leaders, a few still possess some conscience!"

"It's a shame that our number of good leaders is so insignificant compared to the bad ones!"

They all sighed in relief as they spoke one by one.

"... And due to this, Paradise has decided to spare their lives. They will be no different from the ordinary inhabitants of Trekking Flamingo Runaway City from now on. They will assist in training new leaders appointed by Paradise for the betterment of the city!" Seth added. He gestured for them to stand aside, away from the other leaders.

Orion nodded in approval as he observed from the side. Evidently, Seth had been honing his skills in choosing and delivering his words. Apart from these two, the only leader spared was the one responsible for the Forgepalace. Still, there was no need to announce that, as the inhabitants were already satisfied with everything that had transpired.

As the inhabitants' voices rose loudly, Seth returned to Orion's side with the two spared leaders.

The event continued, and within ten minutes, it was over. The gods' chosen and the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City inhabitants were tasked with cleaning the environment. Surprisingly, small mechanical entities emerged from various corners of the streets to aid in the cleanup. They captured Orion's and the others' attention.

Meanwhile, the warriors, alongside Seth, handled the disposal of the corpses. They no longer needed to feed the Vylkr vines, as they could manage them quickly now.

Royal Cave

Emperor's Palace

Orion sat in a comfortable chair, with two women standing before him.

The first was a Dragmin woman, dressed in an elegant red and white, long-sleeved midi dress, Her broad, leathery wings folded behind her back and two long, curved horns nestled in her long auburn hair.

Her bulky physique and hooved feet were similar to those of other Dragmins he had encountered, except for the auburn streaks of hair along her legs. A simple necklace adorned her neck. She had a devourer's bracelet on her left wrist.

She was Zarelia Glavis, the former Mistress of Arcane and Educational Affairs of the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City. She had once been in charge of training the new generation of gods' chosen and those unable to become one, providing them with the necessary knowledge about the world.

The second was a centaur with long, flowing black hair. She was dressed in an elegant sky- blue robe that covered her humanoid upper half and robust, four-legged body with hooves. Beneath her robe, Orion could see a lightweight armour peeking out. She wore golden jewellery on both wrists and a locket around her neck.

She also had a Devourer's bracelet around her right wrist, indicating she was one of the gods' chosen.

Her name was Evaline Feiradol, former Mistress of Espionage and Intelligence. Her title confirmed Orion's judgment that she was responsible for providing Kerensa with all the information she possessed.

Nonetheless, their surnames indicated they were part of the noble households, all of which had been executed by the warriors.

"Do you feel the need for revenge after witnessing the death of your noble households?" Orion asked, his voice calm as though discussing the weather. His expression was hidden behind his inky black mask, rendering his thoughts unreadable.

"No, we wouldn't dare entertain such thoughts. Once we were appointed our specific titles, we could no longer meddle in the affairs of our former households. Even before today, we had no relationship with the executed households," Zarelia responded, her expression stoic and firm as she shook her head.

"She's right. We've had no connection with our previous households since our titles were appointed. Furthermore, since you spared our lives when you could have allowed us to die, we hold no grudge against you or Paradise," Evaline chimed in.

Both women spoke with no hesitation or flicker of doubt in their actions or words. Although they had no knowledge of the individual before them, the fact that one of Paradise's Key Leaders had left them in his hands indicated that he held a significant position among the

warriors.

Orion narrowed his eyes at them, scrutinizing their expressions for any signs of deception, but he found none. This convinced him they were worthy of their titles as former Trekking Flamingo Runaway City leaders.

"In truth, only one of you here is responsible for indirectly helping us secure the information we needed to stop the nobles and their atrocities. As for the other, the Key Leader of Paradise has merely taken an interest in you, leading to your life being spared as well," Orion said, observing the varying reactions of the two women.

Zarelia trembled slightly, her expression paling. Meanwhile, a look of understanding emerged on Evaline's face.

Orion turned his attention to Evaline. "However, this does not change the fact that you did not provide us with the information directly. We were the ones who had to search for it

actively."

Evaline immediately bowed her head in response. "I am aware of the consequences of my actions and am grateful for your benevolence. I will devote myself to Paradise and fulfil all its desires to the best of my ability."

Orion nodded. He planned to make her take an oath later, as he still intended to utilize her skills within the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City. Therefore, he was indifferent to how much emotion she put into her words.

"As for you, your fate will be decided by the Key Leader. He's quite headstrong and hot-tempered, so do your best not to annoy him," Orion advised, focusing on Zarelia.

He knew Seth well enough to understand that he was genuinely curious about the dragonic bloodline within the Dragmins and wouldn't act brutally toward her. In fact, she would benefit significantly, as her status would be elevated by serving one of Paradise's Key Leaders.

"Thank you for your advice, Great Warrior. I will certainly keep it in mind," Zarelia responded swiftly, nodding. Her life had been spared on a whim, so unlike Evaline, she was anxious about the future.

Chapter 1055: One-Winged Chains Of Eternal Submission

The hall soon fell into silence.

After a few minutes, the large door at the entrance swung open, and Seth walked in.

Not wanting to break character, Orion stood up from his seat and waited for Seth's arrival to greet him.

Seth nodded at him. "I'll leave the rest here for you and the other warriors to handle and return to the Outward Stronghold," he said before turning his attention to the two former leaders, specifically Zarelia. "Follow me." He signalled before walking towards the door once

more.

Zarelia swiftly bowed to Orion before turning around and following Seth.

They both exited the hall, leaving Orion and the Evaline behind.

"Let's head over to a better area," Orion said, turning and stepping towards the door.

Evaline nodded and swiftly followed behind him.

In a private chamber within the Royal Cave, Orion sat on a bed, facing Evaline, who was opposite him. Her four legs were tucked beneath her as she lay on the bed, her sky-blue robe pulled down to her waist, with her lightweight, mixed leather and metallic armour neatly arranged beside them. Her entire upper body was bare, revealing her enormous, fair breasts that stood proudly, no longer concealed by her baggy robe.

This was the first time Orion had seen a pair of globes that rivalled those of his wives or some of the curvaceous women in the village, and for a moment, he was slightly entranced. But he quickly regained his composure, having grown accustomed to sights like this and not easily swayed by them.

Still, it made him realize how much of her figure had been hidden beneath that robe. As for her lower half, Orion was not the kind of man who shied away from exploring the depths of debauchery; he found it more intriguing than repulsive.

Though Orion could admit that Evaline was attractive, his thoughts weren't focused on that. He restrained himself because those weren't the reasons he had spared her life. Despite her stoic expression, he could see the turmoil in her eyes, understanding that he had ventured deep into the sensitive boundaries of her race's culture.

Even without his status as the Supreme Leader of Paradise, Orion was confident that, as a mere warrior, he could build a meaningful relationship with a centaress, one where they could mutually enjoy each other's company to the fullest.

Suddenly, Orion's thoughts paused, and he furrowed his brows, reflecting on when he began to develop such a mindset. It didn't take long for him to realize that it had started during his time with the Pixies. Surrounded by so many remarkable women, he had come to see it as beneath him to force himself on anyone or to grovel at their feet just because he found them attractive.

Wasn't that the same reason he allowed Isadora to decide for herself whether she wanted to become his concubine? Rather than acting impulsively, he found it far more intriguing to see if Evaline might develop an interest in him on her own and choose to be with him willingly.

Wasn't that a more enticing and rewarding path than seizing the moment now, risking a strange and potentially harmful relationship?

Fortunately, Orion's entire expression was concealed beneath his mask.

"Though I doubt you're foolish enough to go back on your word after being saved by Paradise, it's safer to take precautions," Orion said, his tone firm.

"From this moment onward, you will serve me for the betterment of Paradise with every fibre of your being. You will serve with your mind, offering your knowledge and wisdom to strengthen my cause, and you will think only of my goal. Your body will utilize its strength and skills to protect and fight, moving solely to fulfil my commands. Your soul will belong to me, dictated by every essence of my will. This is your new life and your new purpose. Swear it."

He bit his thumb until blood surfaced, then pressed it against Evaline's chest, inscribing a strange rune onto her skin.

"I swear it. I will serve you loyally and truly until my last breath," Evaline responded, feeling a surge of oppressive power in every movement Orion made.

It reverberated through her entire being, momentarily shocking her with the incredible strength of the warrior before her and the extraordinary technique he was using.

Given her role, Evaline was well-versed in various techniques and arts and recognized this as exceptional. However, she kept her thoughts to herself, observing with dumbfounded awe as changes unfolded within her body.

As Orion finished, he withdrew his hand. The rune gradually solidified into the shape of two vibrant, shimmering white wings-one larger than the other-with a brilliant golden chain coiling around them, binding them tightly.

The technique, known as the 'One-Winged Chains of Eternal Submission,' was a Divine art designed to enforce absolute loyalty and submission from an individual to the caster, akin to a master-slave relationship. Its prerequisites included the master possessing an exceptionally high level of soul power and strength, while the slave had to willingly or forcefully accept the oath. The master used their blood as a special ink to inscribe the rune on the slave's chest, back or any part of their body.

Orion had mastered this Divine art to perfection, making its effectiveness so potent that he could alter the slave's minds, making them see the master's commands as natural and necessary. He could even reshape their thoughts and memories.

Even in death, the slave's soul could be resummoned at his will. Only when Orion willingly released the technique would the slave be genuinely free.

The divine art also granted numerous benefits, including enhanced overall capabilities tied to the master's strength and will. The slave became an extension of the master's power to a limited extent. These powers could not be used independently unless permitted by the master.

The consequences of defying the master or attempting to break the oath were severe, potentially leading to severe backlash or instant death.

Suddenly, Evaline felt a surge of power erupt from her chest, spreading through every fibre of her body. Her body grew hot, and she collapsed onto the side of the bed as her muscles began to break down and reconstruct, causing her aura to rise sharply.

Chapter 1056: One-Winged Chains Of Eternal Submission (2)

Suddenly, multiple vibrant golden chains burst from the center of the runes on her chest and wrapped around her body, restraining her.

Orion remained in place, his eyes fixed on her as she underwent the transformation.

[Energy Level - 1,820 BEM.]

[Energy Level - 1,827 BEM.]

[Energy Level - 1,835 BEM.]

The room's atmosphere grew thick as the sheets were swept off the bed, flying across the room and slamming against the opposite wall. The bed began to shake and swirl from side to side, its legs scraping loudly across the floor as if a fierce wind had erupted within the space.

Evaline's robe was caught in the chaos, fluttering wildly in all directions, exposing her lower half and upper body to Orion's gaze.

As Evaline's physique was being reshaped and enhanced, Orion could feel the Celestial energy in the environment rapidly surging into her body. This influx of energy caused her veins to retract and expand, their outlines visible to the naked eye. She tried to move, but her body convulsed uncontrollably as though she were experiencing a seizure.

Evaline felt her body grow stiff until her eyes became dizzy and misty. Her vision darkened, and she immediately lost consciousness.

...

Three Hours Later

Evaline's eyes fluttered open, her vision slowly clearing. "Haa!" A painful moan escaped her lips as she picked herself up and looked around the room. When her gaze fixed on Orion, her eyes widened in shock, and she leapt from the bed, reaching the edge of the room in seconds.

"It seems you're feeling better. If you had slept for another hour, I would have left to attend to some matters before returning to check on you. Now, come back to the bed," Orion said, tapping the spot where she had previously been lying.

Before Evaline could respond, she found her legs moving against her will. She tried to resist, but a severe headache, as though someone had smashed a Vylkr alloy-forged hammer against her brain, disoriented her and caused her to collapse to the ground.

"I wouldn't try disobeying my commands again if I were you," Orion said, shaking his head in disapproval.

Evaline bit her lip and pushed herself up. She looked down at the glowing tattoo that had emerged after the rune solidified on her chest and realized it must be an incredibly powerful slave technique—a truly formidable one, to have caused such a drastic change to her entire being.

Evaline gulped, realizing that Paradise's capabilities extended far more than she had imagined, making her previous assumptions seem ridiculously shallow. She steadily walked toward the bed, climbed onto it, and sat opposite him, her body tense.

[Energy Level - 2,400 BEM]

Orion glanced at her current energy level and nodded inwardly, approving the effectiveness of the One-Winged Chains of Eternal Submission. The difference between her strength and his was only 445 BEM.

"How are you feeling?" Orion asked, attempting to ease the tense atmosphere.

Hearing his words, Evaline immediately felt her lips part as she responded, "Strange. I feel like there's a power within me that isn't mine, yet it feels like it is." As she finished speaking, her hand instinctively covered her mouth, her eyes widening in fear as her body trembled. "That's Celestial energy, the power currently residing in you. While your body has adjusted to accommodate it, you'll still need time to get used to it," Orion explained.

Celestial energy! Evaline's eyes widened in shock. Among the top fifty energy ranks, Celestial energy was well known to be within the top five, even higher than Draconic energy.

She couldn't help but be bewildered, realizing that this warrior was already utilizing such potent Celestial energy-far more than she had ever encountered.

Wait a minute! Evaline's mind paused as she suddenly realized something. Her eyes wandered toward his wrists, and she gulped again, not seeing any bracelet on them.

This was indeed his power! Even though she had witnessed his incredible battle, which displayed his strength, it still felt unbelievable.

"What's on your mind? You are free to speak as you wish," Orion said, instantly observing her myriad expressions shifting from one emotion to another.

Evaline felt her lips move against her will again. "Is this truly your power?" she asked.

"Yes. Some of it," Orion responded.

"But how is that possible? This amount of power shouldn't even be realistically possible for a mortal to possess," Evaline said, her expression morphing into a grimace as she realized she couldn't stop speaking. Her teeth ground in frustration after she finished.

"It's because 'we' from Paradise are special, unlike anyone you've ever encountered before," Orion replied with a smile, his tone filled with pride. Though his expression remained hidden, his demeanour radiated an aura of arrogance, nonchalance, and pride.

"Is there any other question you would like to ask?" Orion added, finding her questions both entertaining and amusing.

Evaline sealed her lips, trying to keep her following words to herself, but it felt like trying to stop the wind-it was impossible. Realizing this, she stopped resisting and responded, "I've noticed those strange bracelets and weapons that oddly resemble the gods' chosen Devourer bracelets and Gearweavers on every warrior sent by Paradise. However, you aren't wearing any of those. I'm curious about their purpose. Of course, if it's confidential, you don't have to tell me, and I won't ask again."

Finishing her words, Evaline exhaled tiredly, lowering her head toward the bed while glancing up at the masked warrior, awaiting his response.

"It's information you'll soon learn about, so there's no point in hiding it. Those bracelets are called Vylkr Fusion Armlets, and the weapons are Gear Devourers," Orion replied, emphasizing their names.

"They are far more powerful than the Devourer bracelets and Gearweavers, enabling us to harness and utilize Vylkr energy much more efficiently. And before you ask, I can also utilize Vylkr energy, but I currently don't need it. As for how, that's a secret."

Orion didn't intend to reveal more. Although he doubted Evaline would betray or even consider such an act with the One-winged Chains of Eternal Submission, the information was too sensitive to disclose casually.

Chapter 1057: Evaline's Predicament

Meanwhile, for the umpteenth time, Evaline was dumbfounded by his words. However, as he finished speaking, her expression completely fell, staring at the warrior before her as if she had just seen a ghost.

"You can also utilize Vylkr energy like that?" Evaline stuttered, her lips trembling.

She glanced at his wrists again, and then her eyes wandered to his ankles. Seeing no bracelets there either, a cold chill ran through her body as everything became clear to her at that moment.

Paradise was filled with warriors capable of harnessing Celestial and Vylkr energy-each potent enough to triumph over any of their warriors!

This was the same force they had once believed they had a chance of defeating. Not even the Grade Two Runaway Cities had made her feel such oppressive might and mystery.

Orion nodded.

Evaline took a deep breath and asked, "What rank and grade is this art?"

"It's a Divine-ranked, High-grade art," Orion replied.

Evaline's eyes widened to their limit, her mind reeling as she processed his words.

A Divine-ranked, High-grade art!

Wasn't that something that only existed in myths and legends?

It was unbelievable! Even though she had stopped underestimating Paradise's heritage, Evaline realized how absurdly shallow her previous assumptions had been. The depth of what she had witnessed was far more profound than she could have imagined.

Her heart began to race, and she took deep breaths, trying to steady herself. As the dizziness subsided, an overwhelming reverence for Paradise and the warrior before her blossomed in her heart.

Another thought raced through Evaline's mind, spinning her thoughts again.

A Divine art was something only a divine being could create, so if the warrior before her- who wasn't even among the high-ranking leaders-possessed such an art, then...

It felt as though a hammer had slammed against her brain. Her vision went blank, and she plunged into darkness, her body collapsing unconscious beside the bed.

Startled by what had just happened, Orion called, "Evaline, are you okay?" He reached out to tap her, but she remained unresponsive, lying motionless on the bed.

'She fainted,' Orion thought, his brows twitching in mild frustration. He had underestimated the impact such revelations about Paradise could have on someone from outside.

Orion exhaled tiredly. He had intended to return home yesterday to address the situation with Crystalia and Selene, but now it seemed he would spend the rest of the day here before heading back.

He hoped Greta, Ingrid, and the others would keep Lyra and Vivian from making things worse until he returned. He would later need to give Isadora a bonus for handling all his responsibilities during this time.

Refocusing on the unconscious Evaline, Orion gently repositioned her, arranging her body more comfortably on one side of the bed.

Since he couldn't leave Evaline here until she awakened, he sent a message to a warrior to bring back some kalna fruits for him to feed on while he waited.

Forty minutes Later

Evaline stirred awake once more, her mind feeling groggier than before. In an instant, the memories of what had transpired before she collapsed onto the bed came rushing back.

"Are you okay?" Orion asked, watching Evaline slowly sit up, clutching her head in pain.

Evaline flinched, her gaze locking onto Orion before she nodded, "No, I'm not okay. I think it'll take me a few weeks to fully recover." Her words surprised her initially, but then her lips twitched in annoyance as she realized she was still bound by his earlier command.

Orion nodded in understanding, satisfied to witness the effectiveness of the One-Winged Chains of Eternal Submission firsthand.

"Can you please undo this command?" Evaline asked, her voice pleading, her expression matching her words.

She still felt an immense reverence toward the warrior before her, so the courage it took to speak those words made her fear she might say something that would irritate him.

"No," Orion responded, a smile hidden beneath his mask.

"You're enjoying this, aren't you?" Evaline asked, her expression pale with fright, forming an amusing contrast to her words.

Orion remained silent.

Without a response, Evaline felt a mix of relief and nervousness. She exhaled deeply, trying to regain her composure, inwardly terrified of losing it again.

'Since it won't stop, then if I must perish, I will do so gladly,' Evaline decided before posing her next question.

"Given the current situation, can I learn more about your identity?" Evaline asked, her eyes fixed on the man before her.

Orion paused, considering his response. "I am Rion, a warrior from Paradise. I was dispatched to handle the brewing rebellion in the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City." He chose not to reveal his true identity as the Supreme Leader of Paradise.

Evaline only knew him as a warrior who had saved her life due to the information she had indirectly provided. She was now bound to him for the greater good of Paradise. Telling her more would serve no purpose and might only plunge her into further disbelief and delay her recovery date.

Even though he had the power to manipulate her thoughts and memories, he preferred not to do so unless absolutely necessary. If he had wanted to test the limits of the One-Winged Chains of Eternal Submission, he could have chosen someone from the captured- Orion's brow twitched as a sudden realization struck him. He had been so engrossed in the myriad of techniques he'd learned from Aerialia and so focused on keeping himself from straying into an unending abyss that he hadn't realized until now what he had overlooked. Orion quickly regained his composure and sent a message to Seth before turning his attention back to Evaline.

Evaline toyed with the words on her lips before finally nodding and meeting Orion's gaze.

"How would you prefer I address you?" Evaline asked.

"Rion will do just fine," Orion replied.

"Okay," Evaline replied with a nod. "Can I ask one more question?"

"Go ahead," Orion responded.

"Why didn't you use this divine art on the other leaders? With your strength and capabilities, there would be no challenge in controlling them and a few nobles as well," Evaline asked, her tone tinged with curiosity.

Author's Note: 'Rion,' as a Gaelic masculine name, means 'King.' The universe fell in place for this glorious revelation.

Chapter 1058: Drawing A Line

Having experienced the divine art's effects firsthand, she was no longer sceptical of its power. She was intrigued by why Orion hadn't employed it more broadly, as it seemed the most

logical approach.

"I didn't because there was no need to," Orion replied, shaking his head. "If you think it was the most logical thing to do, then you're right. But it wasn't Paradise's proper course of action then."

"What do you mean?" Evaline asked, her brows furrowing in confusion. "Is an unfathomable force like Paradise still driven by mere emotions?" She had pondered various reasons behind Paradise's actions yet couldn't reach a sensible conclusion.

"With the damage the nobles caused during their rebellion, it might seem like a simple solution to put them under this divine art," Orion explained, his tone calm. "But if that were the answer, I'd have to subject every inhabitant of Trekking Flamingo Runaway City to the same art, making them forget their lost loved ones or that such a tragedy even occurred after Paradise took control."

"If I followed that path, wouldn't it mean that Paradise is going back on its word to this city? It would show the ordinary inhabitants that their lives are less valuable than those of the nobles and leaders and that the nobles are too irreplaceable for Paradise to touch."

He paused, letting his words settle before continuing, "Covering up the rebellion would have been a wasted effort because such a thing would surely happen again if given the slightest chance. Instead, wouldn't it be wiser to uproot the weeds and leave no seeds for future strife? To fell the old and rotten trees so that a new forest can grow on a foundation rooted in Paradise?"

Despite his faith in the One-winged Chains of Eternal Submission, he knew that other divine beings still hid within this desolate world, with strength and prowess unknown. He wasn't willing to take such risks for a city in constant motion.

Observing Evaline's contemplative expression, Orion added, "A true leader understands the scars of his people and wields their emotions as his sword and shield. The orders we received came directly from the supreme leader of Paradise. His actions always carry a deeper meaning, which I'm sure you've come to understand by now."

Evaline nodded. "Yes, I see it now. Paradise is not just manipulating the emotions of the inhabitants of Trekking Flamingo Runaway City but also laying a stable foundation that will ripple out to the other Runaway Cities. It's brilliant and compelling," she replied. "So, what's next?"

Orion nodded but then furrowed his brow at her follow-up question.

Noticing his silence, Evaline continued, "Apart from sparing me because I indirectly gave you the information needed to uncover this rebellion, you also did so because you require my skills—someone familiar with Trekking Flamingo Runaway City—to ensure that there are no variables threatening the growth of this foundation, right?"

"Would it be difficult for you to believe that I saved you simply because you are connected to someone instrumental in uncovering this rebellion?" Orion asked, his tone curious. Evaline's quick deduction and intelligence made him realize she truly deserved her title as one of the leaders of Trekking Flamingo Runaway City.

"A few moments ago, I might have thought that Paradise genuinely cared for the people under its wings, but after that realization, I can only say, 'Yes.' Also, I doubt my responsibilities will end there," Evaline nodded.

A gnawing frown appeared on her lips as she remembered she was still under his control. Her shoulders slumped in defeat.

"This will be the end of me," Evaline thought, sighing inwardly.

"Believe what you want to believe. In time, you'll see that as long as the Runaway Cities dutifully serve Paradise, they'll be cared for far more than ever. And even if I could make you think otherwise right now..." Orion replied, shaking his head, "There's no need or reason to do so."

Orion added, "What did you mean by your last words?"

Initially, Evaline was stunned by Orion's earlier words and was about to ask more about the divine art he had cast on her, but Orion's question shifted the direction of her thoughts.

"You don't need to act oblivious. I am one of the former leaders of the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City, a woman now under your control, both in body and soul. Aside from the reason you saved my life, there's no doubt that you might make me engage in all manner of spoken and unspoken carnal activities."

"Although I'm not sure if I'm your preference since not everyone is attracted to a race whose lower half resembles a magical beast, it's still an assumption I can't entirely overlook," Evaline replied, her fists clenched as she fought to maintain her composure, fully aware of the consequences of defying the warrior before her.

A realization dawned on Orion, prompting him to nod in response. "I see. Fortunately, my preferences do not prevent me from finding your features attractive. However, don't think I'll ever force you into engaging in such a thing."

"So you slaughter entire lineages from young to old, but forcing yourself on a woman whose every action is dictated by your will is where you draw the line? That's incredibly ironic and moralizing," Evaline retorted.

She wanted to bang her head against the wall. For the first time, she would do anything to keep her lips sealed and her words tucked in.

"I understand where you're coming from, and you're wrong. It's not about drawing a line but choosing which line to cross. Slaughtering entire lineages was necessary to prevent a greater crisis, but breaking someone's will to that extent? My principles won't allow me to stoop so low," Orion replied, shaking his head.

He wasn't annoyed by Evaline's responses; instead, he found them interesting, especially since he was the one who had issued the command.

"So you're the kind of person who finds satisfaction in having others grovel at your feet and plead with you to take them. I'm sorry to tell you that it will never happen."

Chapter 1059: Orion's Principles

"My principles aren't for sale, and I won't bend them just to appease your sense of moral superiority," Evaline said, her face draining of colour as a profound fear gripped her.

"I... I..." She wanted to speak again, but Orion interrupted. "Be bold with your words."

Evaline immediately felt the fear within her dissipate as an overwhelming sense of calmness washed over her, followed by a surge of confidence.

"Can you please undo this command?" Evaline asked, grinding her teeth. Though the words reflected her true feelings, she would have preferred to keep them to herself rather than reveal them so openly.

"I'll do so when I feel it's the right time," Orion replied.

Hearing his response, Evaline felt a wave of weakness wash over her. She glanced at her bare body and then closed her eyes. Tilting to her left, she fell onto the bed and turned onto her back, her forelimbs raised in the air, arms spread out, exposing her most intimate areas. She turned her head toward Orion and said, "I've opened my arms for you, Rion. Take me as you wish. Since I'm doing this of my own will, it shouldn't conflict with your principles." Orion's frown deepened beneath his mask. "Why are you so fixated on this?" he asked. "I don't recall doing anything during our conversation that would make you so focused on this matter."

"It's because I don't trust you," Evaline admitted, nibbling on her lip. "I believe you might use your Divine Art on me while you're supposedly waiting for whatever connection within me to spark. So, while I'm still myself, the best solution is to take advantage of it immediately. As a Centaur, there are certain ceremonies we must go through before we copulate. But since that's impossible right now, I'd at least like to be aware so I can do it myself."

Orion nodded, understanding. From Evaline's demeanour at the beginning of their conversation, he suspected he was crossing a cultural threshold, and her words confirmed it.

"Let's first handle the ceremony if that's the case. I'm curious about what it involves," Orion replied.

Evaline swiftly stood up and turned to sit on the bed, forelimbs folded under her. "Are you sure about this?" she asked, her astonished eyes fixed on Orion.

"If it makes you feel better, I don't see any problem with it," Orion nodded.

Then, unexpectedly, he raised his hand to deactivate his mask, lifting it to reveal his lips and chin. He leaned upward, wrapped his left arm around Evaline's waist, and gently kissed her lips for a few seconds before pulling back.

"Does that interfere with the ceremony?" Orion asked.

"No, it doesn't," Evaline responded, shaking her head swiftly. She trembled under his touch, her body growing tense before the sensation faded.

"As long as you ensure Paradise's influence remains strong and handle any issues that arise within the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City without needing Paradise's intervention, you'll have no trouble continuing to live as you please. As for being the object of my desire, I'm certain there are younger, more beautiful centaresses who would gladly fulfil that role, so you don't have to worry about it. This kiss is as far as I'll ever go," Orion responded, retracting his arm from her waist.

He then placed his mask back on, reactivating its functions before stepping off the bed to stretch his limbs. "We've already wasted enough time here. Now that this issue is settled, there are other things I need to attend to," he added.

"And the commands?" Evaline asked.

"Do you still feel anything?" Orion asked.

Evaline instinctively opened her mouth to respond but closed her lips instead, feeling no compelling force pushing her to speak.

"Thank you," Evaline replied, exhaling silently with her head lowered toward Orion. She felt relieved to regain control over herself, even temporarily. It gave her a certain level of trust in Orion's words.

Orion nodded. "Put on your clothes so we can leave," he said, watching as Evaline descended from the bed and dressed.

As she did, Orion considered that he could always look through her memories if he wanted to uncover what she'd been up to. Still, he had already compelled her to be truthful when answering his questions, so she was free to live as she pleased as long as she didn't break his commands.

"I'm done," Evaline said as she approached him. She was now dressed in her lightweight armour and sky-blue robe and adorned with her previous jewellery, exuding a subtle aura of authority.

"I'll send someone to deliver a personal mask to you next time," Orion said, leading the way to the door.

"What are the uses of the mask?" Evaline asked, curiosity lacing her tone as she followed behind him and closed the door behind them.

Orion glanced back at her. "You'll know when it arrives," he replied, smiling before turning his attention forward.

Evaline nodded, her expression thoughtful. She had already suspected that the masks worn by Paradise's warriors and Key Leaders weren't simple, so his words didn't surprise her. Though she doubted the mask's capabilities could surpass all she had witnessed, she mentally prepared herself for whatever it might reveal.

Soon, they arrived at an open space outside the building filled with numerous paths leading to other locations within the Royal Cave.

"What is your relationship with Kerensa?" Orion asked, turning to look at her. Her close resemblance to Kerensa made it clear they were closely related, and he was curious about

their connection.

"Kerensa is the daughter of my twin sister," Evaline replied, her tone tinged with melancholy. "She's always harboured a deep animosity toward the nobles, blaming them for the conspiracy that led to her mother's death. At first, I wanted to keep her under my protection, but she preferred to open a bar in the most impoverished section of the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City rather than accept any help from me."

"The only thing she ever asks of me is information on the happenings within the Runaway City, under the pretence of wanting to stay informed and protect herself from any arising problems. I

agreed, under certain restrictions, and it seems that decision has finally paid off," Evaline added, smiling wryly.

Chapter 1060: Kerensa's Heartfelt Reunion

A look of surprise crossed Orion's face before he nodded in understanding.

"Let's get going then," Orion said, rising into the sky.

To her surprise, Evaline felt a gentle wind wrap around her body, lifting her off the ground as she soared high into the sky, following behind Orion.

Orion and Evaline arrived swiftly at the Midnight Butcher Bar within twenty-five minutes. As they landed, they observed the stunned individuals within their homes, who soon began to cheer one by one.

Orion smiled brightly under his mask as the cheers grew louder, with others outside joining in. He raised his hand as though signalling them to calm down, and it worked. The crowd quieted, and the inhabitants returned to their day one by one, though a few remained, continuing to observe.

Soon, as if responding to the loud voices, the door of the Midnight Butcher Bar swung open, and a centauress raced out. Upon seeing the two of them, she halted suddenly, her eyes widening in shock and disbelief. This individual was none other than Kerensa!

Kerensa stared at Orion, scrutinizing him before shifting her attention to Evaline. Her eyes welled with emotion. "Evaline, is that you?" she muttered.

Evaline nodded. "What? Are you going to tell me I might scare away your customers by visiting your bar?" she responded, her lips curving into a light smile.

Without responding, Kerensa raced forward, swiftly arriving before Evaline and embracing her. Evaline returned the embrace, soothing her emotions by gently rubbing her hand against Kerensa's back.

"I thought I had lost you forever. It's such a relief to see you safe," Kerensa muttered, her voice trembling with emotion as she gazed at Evaline.

After the horrifying events, she had heard rumours that Paradise spared the lives of two leaders for their role in uncovering the rebellion plot. Though she had doubts, she clung to the hope that Evaline would be one of them. However, as the hours passed without any word from her, Kerensa's hope began to fade. But now, just before the end of the day, she was- standing in front of her bar, safe and sound.

Orion quietly observed the reunion from the sidelines. On their journey here, he had taken the opportunity to sift through Evaline's memories, learning important details about her relationship with Kerensa. Understanding the depth of their bond, he saw no need to interrupt and allowed them their moment.

"Yes, I'm fine, and it's all thanks to you that I'm here," Evaline responded, her hand gently running through Kerensa's hair as she smiled warmly. She subtly glanced at Orion, inwardly relieved that he wasn't interrupting their reunion.

Upon hearing Evaline's words, Kerensa's eyes widened in shock. "Then, I was truly the one..." she began, but before she could finish, Evaline gently placed a finger on her lips and nodded.

"Yes, you were the one who provided the crucial information to Mr. Rion, which is why he spared my life," Evaline replied with a reassuring smile, gesturing toward Orion. She made sure to acknowledge his role in what had transpired.

"Mr. Rion?" Kerensa repeated, turning to stare at Orion, stunned to finally learn the identity of the warrior before her-and from her aunt, no less.

A wave of worry washed over her as she looked at Orion with growing apprehension. Quickly, she turned around, using her right hand to shield Evaline from him, gently pushing her a few steps backwards.

"Aunt, did they do something strange to you? Are they forcing you to do something against your will?" Kerensa asked, her voice laced with concern. After witnessing the horrific scene in the marketplace, she found it hard to believe that Paradise would spare her aunt-one of the former leaders-on such grounds alone, without any ulterior motives.

Evaline frowned and shook her head. "No, they didn't. But that might change if you keep treating our benefactor as though he were an enemy."

Kerensa bit her lip in frustration before lowering her arm.

"Now, why don't you apologize?" Evaline's voice was firm, her expression strict.

Kerensa nodded, taking a deep breath before walking toward Orion. When she reached him, she lowered her head slightly. "I apologize for my rude behaviour, Mr Rion. Thank you for sparing my aunt's life," she said, her emotions turbulent as she awaited his response.

"You don't need to thank me," Orion replied calmly. "I acted out of Paradise's benevolence. As for your behaviour, it's perfectly understandable for you to be suspicious. But let me assure you, Miss Evaline is now an ally of Paradise, helping us prevent future rebellions. To avoid unnecessary complications, you should keep this information to yourself, Miss Kerensa."

"Yes... I will keep this a secret," Kerensa swiftly responded, nodding enthusiastically. Though initially taken aback by his words, she quickly grasped the solemnity of the situation.

"Okay. I'll be taking my leave now. See you later," Orion said with a nod to Kerensa and Evaline before soaring into the air, vanishing into the clouds.

Evaline watched the direction of his flight, her eyes reflecting a swirl of emotions. The conversation and their agreement replayed in her mind, making her heart race. But she quickly composed herself before Kerensa could notice.

Kerensa returned to Evaline. "You're here because you need to lay low for a while, right?" she asked with a knowing smirk.

"What do you think?" Evaline replied with a snort.

"Well, after losing your title and position as Mistress of Espionage and Intelligence, you're stuck here with me for the foreseeable future. But don't worry," Kerensa said, her smirk widening as she gave a thumbs up. "As the owner of Midnight Butcher Bar, I promise you'll get top-notch room service and a five-star dining experience."

"Humph! Haven't these places been destroyed a few times over the past weeks? It's a miracle it's still standing," Evaline remarked, eyeing the tall, rusty metallic building and the surrounding area. Though she couldn't anticipate what might transpire later, she had already decided to make this place her new home.

"Hey! The Midnight Butcher Bar saved your life, so show some respect. And don't blame me if you annoy her too much and she decides to collapse on your head while you're asleep," Kerensa retorted, rolling her eyes before leading the way to the door.