

## Village Head 1111

### Chapter 1111: Mind Games And Pressure

Orion's expression became firm as he turned to Seth and said, "I want you to bring warriors qualified to serve as maids to tend to the building for the time being." He placed his mask back on.

Seth nodded. "I'll handle it immediately," he said, swiftly soaring.

Orion followed suit, rising into the air with Zogar and Iris, heading toward the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City.

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As they arrived, Orion spotted the Stowaway-a horrendous, headless, four-legged beast, missing one of its legs. It was also incomparably smaller than the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City, as though it had been destroyed before and crudely put back together. If the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City was an adult, the Stowaway resembled a toddler, barely reaching its knee. It was surprising they would even attempt to attack a Runaway City, but considering the world's harsh conditions, it was either die trying to survive or do nothing and succumb to death.

When they landed within the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City, Sy'ra and a few other prominent gods' chosen approached to greet them and escort them to the cells holding the leaders and gods' chosens from the captured Stowaway.

Sy'ra led the way into the wide underground cells deep within the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City. The space was vast, large enough to hold 4,000 individuals, and there were other prisoners within the cells apart from the captured Stowaway. Naturally, they would have killed a few to make the detaining process more manageable, but considering the reasons behind the capture, they had no choice but to imprison all of them.

Orion, Zogar, and Iris followed Sy'ra. The criminals watched them as they made their way forward. After crossing numerous sections, they arrived at the cell.

"The leaders of the Stowaway are imprisoned here," Sy'ra said, pushing the cell door open and stepping inside.

As they entered, their eyes fell on eleven dark blue, hairy, beastly humanoid figures with four arms- both men and women. Each wore a devourer gear on one wrist and had a metallic mouthpiece binding their mouths shut.

They wore tattered tunics, dresses, and leather armour, their appearances battered and worn. Six heavy, rune-enhanced chains bound their limbs to the metallic cell. It was clear the entire cell was magically reinforced.

Scanning through the prisoners, Orion's gaze landed on a particular figure. He had already been briefed on the prisoners' identities, so he could instantly recognise the leader by looking at him.

"Release him," Orion commanded, gesturing toward the man in leather armour.

Sy'ra nodded. She took out a large rune-engraved key, stepped forward, and unlocked the chains binding the four-armed, dark blue-furred man.

As soon as the chains fell, the man attempted to lunge at Sy'ra, but before he could get an inch closer, his body froze mid-action. He was lifted into the air and pulled toward Orion, stopping just before him.

Utilising the One-Winged Sky Art, Orion quickly captured the man.

The prisoner, now face-to-face with Orion, took in his extravagant clothing and black mask adorned with countless Vylkr vines, which set him apart from the others, including the others behind him.

He guessed these were high-ranking figures from the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City, though he didn't know how high.

Realising his life was in their hands, the man gritted his teeth in anger and frustration. He spat, "I won't tell you anything. You're wasting your time if you think you can get information from me. And don't bother with my warriors, your gods' chosens have already tried and failed miserably." His eyes held a fierce resolve, ready to face death.

Considering the information Zogar had received from Sy'ra, Orion didn't doubt his words. However, it didn't matter.

"You're wrong. I didn't come here to waste time talking. I came to offer you servitude, then set you free," Orion replied.

"Huh?" The man's expression twisted in confusion, then disbelief. Just as he was about to speak, Orion cast the One-Winged Chains of Absolute Submission and began drawing runes on the prisoner's forehead with his fingers.

It took a minute for the rune to fully form. It solidified into the shape of two vibrant, shimmering white wings-one larger than the other-bound tightly by a brilliant golden chain.

The man's expression was shocked as he felt the strange changes within his body.

Orion withdrew his hand, staring into the man's dilating pupils. "Swear your loyalty to Paradise, and I will release all of you," Orion said.

Even with the Stowaways' firm resolve, he doubted they would choose death over a chance to keep living.

"What did you do to me?" the man growled, his voice filled with caution.

"I placed something akin to a slave seal on your body. If you choose to pledge your servitude

to Paradise, then your body and soul will belong to Paradise until you die. After that, you will be free," Orion responded truthfully.

Upon hearing Orion's words, the man's pupils dilated further, and his body trembled with fear.

The others in the room also widened their eyes, their expressions shifting between shock, fear, and anger. The chains binding them rattled as they frantically struggled to free themselves to save their leader, but their efforts were futile.

Realising their predicament, they ceased their struggles, gazing toward Orion with a gaze filled with hostility.

Soon, the man regained his composure. "And what if I refuse? Are you going to kill us all?" he asked, his tone filled with hatred and anger. His bloodshot eyes were fixed on Orion, burning with the intent to kill.

Rather than responding, Orion turned his attention to the two four-armed, dark blue-furred women wearing checkered and black dresses. He gestured toward Sy'ra to free them.

Sy'ra nodded and carried out his command at once.

The chains rattled violently once more as the two women rose. Before they could attempt to escape, they were halted in midair. Without hesitation, Orion inscribed the runes of the One- Winged Chains of Eternal Submission onto their foreheads.

"Pledge your servitude to Paradise, to serve with your body and soul, and I will release all of those we've captured, excluding him," Orion said.

Though the limitations of the One-Winged Chains of Eternal Submission were apparent, he doubted his plan would fail. Despite their tenacity, one of them must value survival. He only needed to uncover that one person and access their memories once they pledged servitude. The first woman shook her head frantically, baring her sharp teeth at him.

Orion then turned to the second woman and repeated, "Pledge your servitude to Paradise, to serve with your body and soul, and I'll release everyone we've captured, excluding the both of them."

Fierce gazes from the others turned toward the second woman, expecting her to refuse like the first. But-

The second woman bit her lip and nodded. "I pledge my servitude to Paradise, to serve it with my body and soul," she said. "Now, keep your promise and let us go."

The chains rattled even louder.

"YOU-" the man tried to shout, but Orion immediately sealed his lips with the first woman beside him.

As the woman who had pledged her servitude began to feel dizziness creeping into her mind, a surge of heat flowed through her head. Orion entered her mind and sifted through her memories.

Iyalis!

Stone Fang Stowaway!

Lord Lalos, leader of the Stone Fang Stowaway!

Dreyal Mountain Range Conference!

'So that was the name of this Stowaway and why they had bravely ventured deeper here. As it turns out, they weren't alone,' Orion thought.

After obtaining all the information he needed, Orion stopped his actions, and the woman felt her mind returning to normal, the dizziness dissipating.

"Aren't you going to keep your promise?" the woman asked, her tone filled with anger and regret. She was unsure about what had just happened to her and assumed it was the man trying to harm her.

"Of course I will," Orion nodded. He turned to Sy'ra. "Release all the captives from their Stowaway and hand them back their Stowaway to leave, excluding these two. Let no one stop

or follow them."

Sy'ra nodded in response. She retrieved the key once more and began unlocking their shackles one by one. This time, they didn't try to attack, likely understanding how futile it would be.

They were also stunned by Orion's words.

Was he really just going to let them go like that? No, it had to be a trap.

He might plan to follow them to find the rest of the Stowaways. Yes, that's what he wanted!

But, in the end... they didn't care about his intentions. They had their freedom, and that was

all that mattered.

Lalos and the other woman, who had responded earlier, widened their eyes in surprise and stupefaction. They attempted to speak, but their lips remained sealed. They could only watch as the rest were freed from their shackles.

They had never expected the man would genuinely release them, thinking he was playing

mind games instead. Soon, their gazes were filled with regret.

Once all eight remaining captives were freed, they looked at their leader with sunken eyes,

filled with complex emotions.

Chapter 1112: Mind Games And Pressure, The Shocking Discovery

They turned toward Orion and the others, attempting to speak, but quickly closed their mouths, remembering the man's words. Since they had been granted the chance to live, they needed to seize the opportunity and act quickly.

First, they needed to exchange the information they had learned about the sudden alliance between the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise, Sleeping Fox, and Trekking Flamingo Runaway Cities, as well as the unknown force called Paradise, which even Commander Sy'ra seemed to respect. They would then escape the Dreyal Mountain Range as fast as possible to avoid reencountering them.

Sy'ra exited the cell to inform the other gods' chosens, who were patrolling outside to carry out the Supreme Leader's commands.

"I always thought you were influenced by your new mistress, but it appears I was wrong. You and she are truly similar in many ways. See you later, Lord Lalos, my beloved brother. I will definitely miss you," Iyalis said, bowing slightly toward Lalos and his mistress. Her tone was firm, her expression filled with hatred.

She flinched slightly, glancing at Orion and the others before swiftly exiting the room, guided by the gods' chosens stationed outside.

"Supreme Leader, is letting them go really a good idea? I don't think it's okay for them to leave like that. What if they alert the other Stowaways and plot another ambush?" Sy'ra asked.

Supreme Leader? They felt their ears itch at her statement.

"What they do doesn't matter because we're going to meet them," Orion replied, turning his attention toward the suspended Lalos and his mistress. "We are going to war with every Stowaway and Runaway city and reclaim every inch of this territory to prevent something like this from happening again. So they should prepare with everything they have and accept their defeat when they lose."

There are enemies you hunt with strategy and those you crush without a second glance. The Stowaways were the latter. They needed to be dealt with immediately, and gathering them together seemed the best and easiest option.

A look of realisation crossed Sy'ra's expression, and she nodded in response. 'As expected, he has a reason for releasing them,' Sy'ra thought. She became curious about the slave seal he had cast on the prisoners.

"What do you plan on doing with them?" Sy'ra asked, shifting her focus toward the two suspended prisoners.

However, upon hearing her words, Lalos and his mistress felt fear emerge within their hearts. They realised the unknown man was genuinely intent on keeping his word, but something much worse was approaching them. Regardless, they were unable to do anything in their current dilemma.

Their bodies tensed as they awaited the man's response.

"They have already lost their freedom, so let them remain here until they can pledge their servitude to Paradise. Then we can reconsider their worth," Orion responded. He released their lips, seeing that they were waiting to speak.

"I surrender! I will pledge my servitude to Paradise!" Lalos shouted anxiously.

"I'm also willing to pledge my allegiance to Paradise. Please spare my life!" the woman also shouted anxiously.

Realising that the Supreme Leader was willing to fulfil his promise and that the alliance would soon face a foreseeable war, they decided to seize the opportunity before them rather than spend the rest of their lives rotting within this cell.

Without saying a word, Orion touched their foreheads and sifted through their minds individually. After he was done, he opened his eyes, a strange glint flashing within them. His gaze cleared soon after.

'So that's how it is,' Orion thought.

After examining the leader of the Stone Fang Stowaway, and the closest individuals next to him, he now had a firm perspective on the enemies they were up against.

They could easily be handled by the combined forces of the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise and Trekking Flamingo Runaway Cities. However, with the help of a few of Paradise's warriors, sending only the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City would suffice.

It would serve as a way to test their growth after receiving Paradise's resources and support.



Once captured, they would help gather information about the outside, assisting Paradise in capturing more forces to expand their strength. He doubted it would be difficult for them to surrender with Aurora's plan to create a border without Vylkr vines.

For individuals who had been abandoned, fled, defected from their Runaway Cities, and born in such conditions, wasn't that the ideal land they dreamed of residing in?"

From Lalos's and the others' memories he had accessed previously, Orion knew that he wasn't far off from the truth. Releasing them from the grasp of the One-Winged Sky Art, Orion observed as they both fell to the ground with a thud.

"Your body and soul now belong to Paradise. You will work and toil for its betterment. In the meantime, you'll provide Commander Sy'ra with every piece of information you know about the Dreyal Mountain Range Conference and the alliance backed by the Grade One Runaway Cities," Orion said, his tone commanding.

A chill spread through their bodies, and they realised their dizziness was the Supreme Leader peering into their mind. They felt a slight sting in their minds at the thought of escaping, and with their bodies still unresponsive, they became aware of where his confidence stemmed from.

With such a powerful technique, all one needed to do was capture any higher person of their enemy and use this technique to bring them under control and know what the opposing forces were planning. Perhaps this was how Paradise had gained control over Commander Sy'ra and the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City.

Feeling their bodies suddenly respond, they quickly got back on their feet and bowed forward, saying, "Thank you, Supreme Leader."

Orion nodded nonchalantly before refocusing on Sy'ra. "Find them a room to stay in for now and arrange for someone to monitor them. I will send my plans for the war later."

"Okay, Supreme Leader," Sy'ra replied, her expression serious.

Orion turned and exited the door with Zogar and Iris beside him. They left the cell to observe the gods' chosens and the leaders of the Stone Fang Stowaway being transported back to their

Stowaway.

"What's going on? Where are the Vylkr vines?" Iyalis asked, her tone shocked as she looked around at the vast, rough plain below her stretching far into the distance.

Typically, there would be Vylkr vines slithering around and trying to grasp the Runaway City before being crushed underneath.

However, there were none in sight. Iyalis couldn't believe what she was seeing. Did the Vylkr vines turn invisible?

Even the other gods' chosens and leaders felt the same way, their eyes scanning the surroundings with shock and disbelief.

"The Vylkr vines have been cleared by one of Paradise's divine beings. Her name is not something you are qualified to know," replied a Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City god's chosens, a female orc, standing near the bridge connecting to the Stone Fang Stowaway, guiding them across. Her tone was filled with reverence.

BAM!! BAM!!

Upon hearing this, several gods' chosens and leaders, including Iyalis, almost stumbled over their own feet. Others collapsed on the bridge, causing it to tilt from side to side.

The Vylkr vines were cleared by a divine being... one of Paradise's divine beings! "It's... It's a lie-- you're messing with us. Haah... this is an illusion. I knew they weren't just going to set us free like that," one of the younger leaders of the Stone Fang Stowaway, said with a depressing chuckle.

Hearing his statement, Iyalis and a few others nearby were shaken back to reality. However, their expressions suddenly turned pale as they realised that one of their own was doubting the words of the leaders of an unknown opposing force while they were still in the Runaway City

of another opposing force.

Iyalis hurried to close his mouth before he could utter another word, fearing the retaliation of the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway gods' chosens. But contrary to her expectations, they roared with laughter.

"Why would we lie to you when we don't gain anything? If the orders were given, any of our team would be enough to eradicate your measly Stowaway," one of the gods' chosen, an incubus, responded, clicking his tongue in annoyance. "You Stowaways really think too highly

of yourselves."

This time, Iyalis and the others nearby, who were listening intently to the conversation, remained rooted in their positions, their expressions morphing into utter disbelief at the

situation at hand.

The young leader who had spoken stepped back, seeing the fierce glare of the gods' chosens

directed at him.

It wasn't false! A divine being was indeed within this unknown force called Paradise!

Iyalis gulped. Though still doubtful, her mind raced, trying to make sense of this sudden revelation while thinking about their current situation.

If there was genuinely a divine being within Paradise, then why leave? Iyalis thought. Remembering that despite having engraved a slave mark on her, Paradise had kept their word and granted them freedom made her see them in a positive light.

If they could find a way to stay, even if it meant serving under Paradise, wouldn't that mean they would also be under the protection of a divine being?

## Chapter 1113: Straying From The Plan

One of the older leaders, with scars on his body and one eye, stepped forward and whispered into her ear, "Mistress Iyalis, I'm sure you've already arrived at this conclusion; now it makes sense why the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise, Trekking Flamingo, and Sleeping Fox

Runaway Cities haven't left the territory."

"They have pledged their loyalty to Paradise, staying under its protection rather than leaving. Maybe this is what they came here for in the first place," he said, then added hesitatingly, "Maybe this is a sign for us. Perhaps we should just stay and... join them."

"You? Do you even know what you're talking about?" Iyalis hissed, her pale face contorting into anger as she glared at the older leader beside her. His name was Karev, and he was the former Chief advisor to the leader of the Stone Fang Stowaway.

The Stone Fang Stowaways were scavengers, even among other Stowaways. They ranked at the lowest tier of power, willing to do anything to grow stronger or survive. This was why they accepted this mission: to participate in the subjugation of the Runaway Cities and claim a share of the spoils.

Because of this, they had no qualms about abandoning their leader and his mistress in the grip of a formidable enemy and fleeing.

Iyalis felt irritation rise within her. Accepting this unknown force's terms would make her sacrifice worthless, leaving her bound as an enslaved person under an unknown power. She could feel the restraints binding her soul, body, and mind, a dull ache manifesting whenever she considered attacking that 'man.'

Despite her frustration, she knew that if she hadn't accepted the man's condition, one of the other leaders would've clung to the faint hope of freedom rather than waiting foolishly for death. But what greater foolishness could there be than returning to the clutches of an enemy from whom they had once fled?

Would this unknown force treat them respectfully or cast them even lower because of their status? The answer was evident to even a child.

As Iyalis was lost in thought, the gods' chosens and leaders shared similar thoughts. They stood frozen in place, no longer advancing, their eyes drifting between Iyalis and the other leaders.

Sensing her hesitation, Karev muttered, "You have already taken the slave seal, so what use is there for hesitation now?" Noticing Iyalis's pained expression, he continued, "If there truly are divine

beings in this Paradise, one capable of all of this, then I don't mind taking a slave seal either. I've sold myself for less, and many here feel the same. Look around you." His single eye swept across the group, landing on Iyalis.

Even if there weren't any divine beings, the fact that someone had the power to push back the Vylkr vines and seal them out of a part of their territory was enough for most of them.

Seeing the truth in Karev's words, Iyalis glanced at every Stowaway present. Her shoulders slumped.

They were all ready to pledge their allegiance to this mysterious force called Paradise. "You fools!" Iyalis muttered under her breath, her shoulders sagging.

"Hey, get moving! We don't have all day to waste!" bellowed an orc gods' chosen, his thundering voice filling the entire area with a stern tone.

"Pick up the pace!" barked another gods' chosen from behind, his voice sharp and impatient.

"You're lucky we're in a good mood, following the Supreme Leader's orders," a third gods' chosen, a succubus, added, her tone dripping with irritation. "Otherwise, I would have tossed you out and returned to training. Now quit dragging your feet and move!"

Initially, The group's shock at the mention of divine beings was understandable, as they had gone through something similar just months ago. But as the minutes passed, they realized they needed a firmer push to return to their senses.

Hearing their words, Iyalis and the other sharp-minded leaders finally grasped the gravity of the situation. They stood there, their jaws dropping and eyes wide in disbelief.

It dawned on them that the man they had encountered was the Supreme Leader of Paradise. A cold chill crept down their spines.

Iyalis swiftly regained her composure and stepped forward. "Wait, hold on!" she called out audibly, bowing respectfully toward one of the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City representatives. "We have changed our minds; we no longer desire to leave!"

"Huh?" The gods' chosen turned to Iyalis, frowning with confusion crossing his face.

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Orion stepped out of the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City alongside Zogar and Iris, soaring into the sky. He paused midair, glancing down to observe the leaders and gods' chosens of the Stone Fang Stowaway being escorted back to their Stowaway.

With the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City stretching tens of thousands of meters in length, comparable to hundreds of sperm whales stacked together and towering over a hundred meters tall, the Stone Fang Stowaway, barely a few dozen meters in size, looked like a mere speck of dust in comparison.

This stark difference made Orion wonder about the immense courage and desperation that had driven them to ambush a Runaway City.

Suddenly, Orion's gaze shifted to the bridge connecting the Stone Fang Stowaway and the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City. He noticed the gods' chosens of the Stone Fang Stowaway heading back to the Runaway City and frowned, his brow creased in confusion.

'Huh? What's going on?' Orion thought.

Zogar and Iris also noticed the bizarre situation.

"Let's go and see what's happening," Orion said, descending toward the bridge.

Zogar and Iris nodded and followed beside him.

As if sensing their approach, two gods' chosens, both incubi, soared unsteadily into the sky toward them. Their ascent was shaky, prompting Orion to use the One-Winged Sky Art to stabilize them and bring them closer. Within seconds, they arrived.

"What's going on?" Orion asked, skipping formalities as the gods' chosens attempted to bow

and greet him.

The gods' chosen on the left quickly replied, "Supreme Leader, it's the Stone Fang Stowaway's gods' chosens and their leaders. They have all decided not to return to their

Stowaway."

Orion, Zogar, and Iris were taken aback. They would have doubted the gods' chosen words had they not seen the scene below them.

Wasn't this the same Stone Fang Stowaway whose leaders had chosen to risk their lives by taking a slave seal for freedom rather than face an uncertain fate in the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City's underground cell?

The same group that had abandoned their leader to escape, sparing him only a few glances?

However, Orion, who had sifted through the memories of their leaders, knew the reality about the Stone Fang Stowaway better than anyone present. Regaining his composure, he asked, "Do you know how they came to such a decision."

The gods' chosens hesitated briefly before nodding. They quickly explained the situation

within a minute.

Once they finished, Orion nodded. "I see. It's not your fault."

Hearing the Supreme Leader's response, both gods' chosens exhaled inwardly in relief.

The Stone Fang Stowaway's reaction to the vast plain devoid of any Vylkr vines was understandable, as was the response they received from the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City, which had no reason to lie.

Nonetheless, Orion furrowed his brows in thought at the unexpected deviation from his original plan. He was impressed by their swift judgment, but if the Stone Fang Stowaway

chose to stay and devote themselves to Paradise, then who would deliver the message of their experiences to the Dreyal Alliance?

Zogar and Iris also seemed to recognize the same issue, their expressions tightening with a deep frown.

Orion gestured for them to follow as he descended toward the bridge.

Due to the presence of both Runaway Cities, the gods' chosens below had already noticed the

arrival of the Supreme Leader and the other leaders of Paradise. They remained silent, ensuring total quiet among themselves.

As Orion, Zogar, and Iris descended, becoming the centre of attention. They landed at the edge of the bridge.

Several figures immediately emerged from the crowd and bowed before them. These were the leaders of the Stone Fang Stowaway whom Orion had spoken with only minutes earlier.

"Supreme Leader of Paradise, we no longer wish to leave. We want to stay, serve you, and devote ourselves to Paradise!" Iyalis shouted, her voice firm and resolute. She bit her lip subtly, finding the situation somewhat ironic; having been turned into an enslaved person, she was now granted absolute freedom, only to run back into the arms of the man who had initially placed the slave seal on her.

It was as though a servant had returned to their master, offering all the wealth they had earned to serve once more.

"And what makes you think we would accept your devotion?" Orion asked, his tone dripping with ridicule as he glanced at the others. "Do you have anything to offer like the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise, Sleeping Fox, and Trekking Flamingo Runaway Cities?"

Iyalis trembled in fear and swiftly prostrated herself on the ground before him.



## Chapter 1114: A Task Like No Other, Housewarming Festivities

"We have information about the Drayal Alliance, who are plotting an ambush on the Runaway Cities here. If Paradise provides us with aid, we can dismantle the alliance and make them submit themselves to Paradise. One Stowaway might not be enough to offer any value, but more than three hundred more should suffice," Iyalis responded, her teeth clenched as she awaited his response.

Orion raised a brow at her words. "And you can do that yourself?" He asked.

Iyalis nodded hesitantly, responding, "It might be a bit difficult, but it's not impossible. With enough time, we can definitely complete the task."

Orion pondered for a moment before responding, "Alright, if you can achieve something like that, I will accept the Stone Fang Stowaway's allegiance, and your status will be no less than that of the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise and Trekking Flamingo Runaway Cities."

Iyalis's eyes gleamed at his words. "Thank you, Supreme Leader," she replied, her voice tinged with excitement. She quickly suppressed her emotions and recomposed herself. With the Supreme Leader's agreement, her mind and body relaxed.

"One more thing..." Orion added. He stepped forward, stretching a finger toward Iyalis. Iyalis quivered, shutting her eyes tightly, not daring to open them.

"This is the only help Paradise will provide to you," Orion said, placing his index finger on Iyalis's forehead.

The One-winged mark appeared, radiating an intense light.

Iyalis felt her body heat up as a sudden surge of unfamiliar power erupted from her forehead, spreading to every fibre of her being. Her muscles twitched and contorted, causing sharp flares of pain to surge through her.

It felt like her body was breaking down and reconstructing at an atomic level. Even the lingering Vylkr energy within her, which had granted her a terrifying constitution as a gods' chosen, was torn apart easily. Her entire body was being rebuilt to withstand the immense Celestial energy flowing into her from the environment.

"Ah!" Iyalis moaned in pain, alerting the Stone Fang Stowaway leaders and gods' chosens behind her.

Before they could react, Orion exerted an overwhelming pressure, rendering them immobile. It was done effortlessly, with the immense Celestial energy swirling in the air.

Feeling the immense weight pressing down on them, they gritted their teeth in fear and frustration, choosing not to struggle. They wondered if they had done something to anger the powerful individual before them.

Then...

Suddenly, multiple vibrant golden chains burst from the centre of the rune on Iyalis's forehead, wrapping around her body and restraining her.

BOOM!!

A wave of celestial energy exploded from Iyalis's body, shaking even those from the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City.

Stunned, the leaders and gods' chosens of the Stone Fang Stowaway could only watch the scene unfold in shock, while those from the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City observed with interest.

Meanwhile, Orion continued to observe as Iyalis's BEM rose sharply.

[ Energy Level - 507 BEM.]

[ Energy Level - 1022 BEM. ]

[ Energy Level - 1,234 BEM.]

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Iyalis BEM soon solidified at [Energy Level - 3000 BEM].

After three months of consuming Vylkr vines to increase his strength, Orion's BEM reached 3,518. He was confident that he would attain the rank of a five-star warrior before the year ended and experience a significant leap in his abilities.

Initially, he was taken aback by how quickly he accumulated Vylkr energy, but then he remembered the first time they had eaten the Vylkr vine during the awakening ceremony. He was the first to awaken, long before the others. He had also become a one-star warrior within the mountain far earlier than Gorg and the rest, so he considered his speed natural.

Since those with an affinity for any particular energy rank could harness it faster than others, the same applied to the Vylkr energy.

Nonetheless, Zogar and Seth had taken two years to advance to the next stage, whereas ordinary warriors would take two and a half years or longer. Additionally, with the cost of Vylkr vines in sharp decline, their warriors could now accumulate while they trained and honed their skills, reducing the time needed for advancement.

Iyalis collapsed on the ground, her body twitching violently.

With strength equal to that of a four-star warrior, Orion believed she could handle the task more efficiently. He could have increased her strength further, but this was the limit she could endure. Pushing her beyond that would put her life in danger.

Orion raised his head, looking at the Stone Fang Stowaways, who were rooted in place. He dispersed the pressure. "Take her with you and leave. She will awaken naturally after a few days, so there's no need to worry about her health," Orion said.

Orion guessed that Iyalis would need a few days to recover compared to Evaline, who had recovered in a few hours.

The Stone Fang Stowaway leaders sighed in relief, sensing their freedom. Their bodies tensed when they heard his words, but they soon relaxed and nodded silently.

"Ensure they all get back to their Stowaway safely," Orion said, shifting his focus to the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City's gods' chosens. Without waiting for their response, he turned and soared into the air, Zogar and Iris following beside him.

It took three hours before the Stone Fang Stowaway finally departed.

Ten days Later,

Due to Ilse needing less time to awaken and the time dilation within the Golden Palace, one month was reduced to ten days.

Ilse awakened on the tenth day.

After explaining everything that had transpired to her, she aided in suppressing the body of the unknown woman. However, she could not do anything about the mechanical halo and power core due to their unique nature. As a result, another research centre was established outside, near the Outward Stronghold, to study and unlock their secrets.

The research facility was protected by some of Aurora's Eternal Chaos Legion. Considering that they couldn't determine their energy levels and that the surrounding lands were now devoid of Vylkr vines, their safety was fully guaranteed.

Aurora, Liora, and Aerialia also returned to Paradise. However, Ilse was keenly interested in Aurora's divinity and her unique control over Vylkr's energy. She decided to train Aurora alongside Aerialia, understanding that in a world plagued by Vylkr vines and Vylkr spawns, having a goddess like Aurora, with her unique abilities, was a valuable asset.

Thus, Aurora was allowed to stay within the Golden Palace for as long as she wished.

Two days later,

It was time for the Four-Eared Elves' new residence opening celebration.

Orion stood with Paradise's key leaders beside him, observing as Patriarch Rylan concluded

his heartfelt speech.

"For this moment, I will be stepping down from my role as Patriarch to give the next generation a chance to prove they are capable of handling leadership," Patriarch Rylan announced.

He gestured for Lyndon, who stood below the stage with the Four-Eared Elves' gods' chosens beside him, to come forward.

"He will be the new Patriarch of the Four-Eared Elf race!" Former Patriarch Rylan declared, clasping his right hand on his son's shoulder.

Lyndon stepped forward and began delivering the speech he had prepared beforehand.

Orion was aware that Isadora had been intended to be the next in line to handle the position of female patriarch. However, Lyndon was chosen as the successor due to her current position and unique situation.

His partner was Leona, a gods' chosen, who would help him consolidate his authority among the Four-Eared Elves and manage their remaining gods' chosens alongside the future generation.

Due to the Vylkr energy's effect on Leona's fertility, conceiving an offspring would be

difficult. Yet, Former Patriarch Rylan was determined to ensure they overcome this challenge. After all, if they continued trying for a few decades, Leona would eventually become pregnant and conceive an heir.

Once the speeches were done, they descended from the stage and led the way toward a red cloth stretched between two trees.

On the other side of the trees stood many wooden buildings spread across the ground and among the trees. The new city did not have gates.

The homes resembled those of the Pixies, which was understandable since they had helped design the layout, given their experience building such structures. However, instead of being built into the vegetation, these homes were constructed with wood and metal, making them easier to renovate and offering additional advantages.

Lyndon handed Orion a sizable pair of scissors. "Please, Supreme Leader, do us the honour of opening the gates to our new home," Lyndon said with a smile.

Orion accepted the large scissors and nodded. He gestured for Reena to join him as he walked forward, choosing to perform the task as the Supreme Leader and Village Chief. Former Patriarch Rylan, Lyndon, Isadora, and several other Four-Eared Elves understood what was happening, broad smiles blossoming on their faces. As Supreme Leader, Orion treated every race and authority impartially, regardless of who they were.

However, as Village Chief, his judgments could sway either way, depending on his discretion. Receiving such acknowledgement before the other key leaders and influential figures within Paradise subtly showed his support.

#### Chapter 1115: Housewarming Festivities, The Tempting Proposal

Nonetheless, the impact of this gesture would be more significant among Paradise's ordinary inhabitants.

Orion held both ends of the sizable scissors over the white rope while Reena had his hand. Together, they clasped their hands and cut through the rope.

As the red rope fell, a chorus of applause echoed through the surrounding Four-eared elves. The key leaders, several members of the Supreme Leader's main family, the former Village Chief and Chieftess, a few Prismerton Divine apostles, the reputable warriors, Seig and Evadne, and numerous other influential invitees all joined in the celebration, clapping their hands together.

Patriarch Lyndon stepped forward and addressed the crowd, "Everyone, let's go in and make the most of the day! The celebration has only just begun!" he announced loudly.

Cheers of excitement erupted, filling the air and signalling the crowd's enthusiasm.

Patriarch Lyndon turned to face Orion and Reena, gesturing for them to lead the way through the gate.

Orion nodded, handing the scissors back to him. He turned and led the way inside, with Reena walking beside him.

The key leaders followed closely behind them.

Next came the Supreme Leader's main family, walking through the gates.

Following them, Former Patriarch Rylan entered with the new Patriarch Lyndon by his side.

Then came the former Village Chief and Chieftess.

The Prismerton divine apostles followed next.

Then, the village's reputable warriors.

Finally, everyone else made their way through the gates, entering the new Four-Eared Elves residence.

The celebration was scheduled to last a week, allowing every inhabitant of Paradise to participate in the joyous event. It also served as a diversion to shift attention away from the phenomenon that occurred during Aurora's ascension.

The key leaders aided in making the celebration as grand as possible.

Initially, the plan was to commemorate Aurora's ascension with a celebration, but she declined, choosing to keep her ascension a secret from all but a select few. She preferred staying in the

Golden Palace to train with Aerialia and Ilse. As a result, the plan was changed. This elevated the standing of the Four-Eared Elves and showcased their new city, turning it into the first of its kind—the fifth border city not directly connected to the other border cities. Due to Aurora using her powers to help clear the Vylkr vines and the rising tensions in the world, the key leaders and other important figures all left within two hours. The only people remaining were the Prismerions' Divine apostles, who decided to live among the Four-Eared Elves to learn about the Spirit Realm ritual rites and Orion.

Former Patriarch Rylan, Orion, and Isadora sat on decorated chairs at a table filled with fruits, meats, and wine. Nearby, several similar decorative tables and chairs were arranged, though their tables were slightly less extravagant than those on theirs.

The fruits were sourced from Paradise, the wine made using the Four-Eared Elves' unique methods, and the magical beast meat was brought from the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City below.

"Ahem, I will be taking my leave now. I need to show the Divine apostle where they will be staying, as they insist on settling in quickly so we can begin their training," Former Patriarch Rylan said, clearing his throat as he stood from his seat.

He nodded to Orion and Isadora, his gaze lingering briefly on her before turning to leave. Observing her father leave, Isadora sighed loudly. "He just won't stop. Does he think any of us here are too stupid not to notice his intentions?" she muttered.

Orion chuckled as he tore off a piece of the grilled meat on his plate and placed it in his mouth. The flavour melted on his tongue, stimulating his taste buds with a lingering aftertaste.

"Mmmh..." Orion couldn't help but admit that the Four-Eared Elves' cooking was exceptional, just like the other races within Paradise.

He made a mental note to see if he could diplomatically acquire some for his family to enjoy. Isadora glanced at Orion seated beside her. "Since you're aware of his intentions, I thought you'd leave, considering you have far more important things to handle," she said.

Despite her role in managing Paradise during his external affairs, Isadora often felt tired whenever dealing with the man beside her.



While the key leaders and prominent figures had already returned to continue their duties, he remained here, using her father's pleas as an excuse while indulging in the festivities. As the Supreme Leader, he was supposed to lead by example.

Orion paused and turned to look at her. "I led a confrontation against four divine beings and a rampaging Runaway City. I think it's fair for me to take a break," he responded.

'That was a few weeks ago,' Isadora thought. But she didn't say it aloud, understanding it would be improper to say so.

"But shouldn't you lead by example? It would help if you left first before the other Key Leaders and prominent figures took the cue and departed," Isadora replied.

"Oh, if it's about that, you don't have to worry. I'm sure they have had enough examples," Orion replied, taking a sip from the glass before resuming his meal.

Upon hearing Orion's response, Isadora slumped her shoulders and sighed in defeat. She bit her lip, searching for a way to express her thoughts.

Indeed, the words she had been speaking were just a means to ease her mind and body; however, she realized that she could not utter even a single word.

Suddenly, Orion asked, "Do you know how Paradise was built?"

Isadora nodded. "It was built by a divine being to protect the inhabitants of Paradise from being obliterated by other divine beings. He was more powerful than goddess Ilse and Aurora. He fought against five Vylkr spawns alone and is currently resting somewhere within Paradise," her expression grew more excited as she spoke.

The divine beings were once the stuff of legends, hardly even seen in dreams. However, ever since she became a part of Paradise, she had encountered them left and right, even having the opportunity to speak with one of them.

The bizarre heavenly and Vylkr phenomena, once considered rare, erupted as though they were a monthly occurrence. It had reached the point where the common inhabitants of Paradise had also begun preparing countermeasures.

"You are correct," Orion nodded. But he's already dead! He wanted to say, but he couldn't. Exposing such information was one of Paradise's taboos!

"Do you know my purpose for gathering the forces of the Runaway Cities under Paradise?"

Orion asked.

Isadora nodded. "It's because you desire to build a singular force capable of crushing any enemies, including the divine, and to form a haven for the inhabitants of Paradise and those from the Runaway Cities who have pledged their allegiance to Paradise, allowing them to wander the land as they wish," she responded, her expression serious.

With goddess Aurora clearing away the Vylkr vines from part of the territory below, it already proved that their plan wasn't merely a dream but one that was slowly coming to fruition. Suddenly, Isadora's expression morphed into a frown, and she asked with a raised brow, "Why are you asking such a question, Supreme Leader? Remember, you were the one who told

me all of this."

Even if he hadn't told her anything about it, she would have heard it from other inhabitants, but that didn't change the fact that he had informed her first.

Orion nodded. Indeed, he was the one who had told her about this-to help her understand their rapid growth and why they needed to grow even faster.

"I'm trying to help you understand something important..." Orion said softly. He turned his head to look at Isadora. "I may be seen as the one guiding Paradise's future, preparing for towering challenges and readying our forces for battles we can't even imagine. But in truth, I am a man who indulges in the present," he sighed softly.

He continued, "While others worry endlessly about tomorrow, calculating every step with hesitation, I've chosen to embrace each moment as it comes. It isn't because I ignore the future, but because I am prepared to face it with unwavering resolve."

Orion held Isadora's trembling gaze. "The best way to live your life is to do so as you desire, without restraint or fear, because tomorrow will come with its own variables no matter how much we prepare for it, especailly in such a chaotic world," he paused, allowing his words to settle. "Do you understand?"

With her hands clenched, Isadora nodded in response. After a while, she opened her mouth and asked, "What does the Supreme Leader think about a union... between us?"

Orion raised an eyebrow, his lips curling into a smirk. "It sounds as though you don't plan on putting any effort into this proposal?" he teased.

Isadora's cheeks flushed slightly, realizing her formal tone wasn't quite right for the moment. She coughed, straightened her back, and then corrected herself. "What does Mr.

Orion think about a union... between us?"

"Well, it sounds like a proposal worth considering," Orion replied, chuckling softly.

#### Chapter 1116: A Heart Fully Valued

Flushed, Isadora lowered her head and spoke, a bit more flustered, "This is my first time doing this, so I would appreciate it if you stopped making fun of me."

Orion's expression became slightly serious, and he nodded in response. "You are right. Compared to you, I have had more experience, so mistakes are bound to happen," he replied. "I'm glad that you didn't try to propose a contract and negotiation terms."

Then, Orion's playful expression softened. "Are you sure this decision comes from your heart?" he asked, a faint smile emerging.

"...Yes," Isadora stuttered, nodding her head firmly. "Both from a personal and political point of view, it would only become more troublesome if I delayed this proposal any longer," she explained.

Then, after a brief pause, she added, "Besides, you'll be heading out soon with the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City to meet the Wandering Wolf Borough and the Journeying Jaguar Runaway City so you can retrieve the four-eared Lone Rabbit Runaway City and advance Paradise forces the next stage."

Orion nodded silently. With the destruction of the Sleeping Fox Runaway City and its

inhabitants now residing in the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City, he had no choice but to take the Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise Runaway City.

He was prepared for the journey, and the only task left was to observe how the Stone Fang Stowaway would handle the Dreyal Alliance and the Grade One Runaway Cities supporting them. He had sent some warriors to monitor their progress.

While Orion didn't expect complete success, if the Stone Fang Stowaway could manage even a significant disruption of the Dreyal Alliance before being caught, he would consider accepting their allegiance to Paradise.

"I also want to use this opportunity to get closer to the main family," Isadora continued. "So, what does Mr. Orion think about my proposal?" she asked, keeping her expression calm despite her heart racing fiercely.

"When you put it like that, how can I say no? A union between us would be perfect," Orion responded, his tone now gentle.

The tension around Isadora eased, and a smile broke through her nervousness. She leaned slightly toward Orion, resting her head on his shoulder. "I wasn't sure if I needed to propose with a grand speech, so I made one beforehand," Isadora admitted with a soft chuckle. "I can't let it go to waste-do you want to hear it?"

Orion wrapped his arm around her shoulders, his voice soft. "Go ahead. I want to see if it's grander than something I might have come up with."

Isadora felt her body relax, a weight lifting off her shoulders. She took a breath, then opened her mouth to speak.

Observing the scene from a distance, Former Patriarch Rylan erupted in laughter. "HAHAHA... She's done it!!" He swiftly pulled Leif, standing nearby, into a celebratory hug.

He stared joyfully at the sky, shouting, "Do you see that, darling?! Our children are doing alright! They won't have to worry about the future in this wretched world anymore!" Tears streamed down his face as he spoke, but Former Patriarch Rylan didn't wipe them away.

Instead, he continued to laugh wildly.

Leif and the other Four-eared elves' gods' chosens also joined in the jubilation, smiling from ear to ear. They kept their celebration quiet, careful not to draw too much attention and risk revealing their location.

After all, it wouldn't be good if the Supreme Leader knew they were watching from afar.

Unknown to them, Orion was already aware of their location but decided not to expose it since they only watched them briefly.

"It seems I can now boldly say the Supreme Leader is my brother-in-law," Leona said with a light chuckle, her hand linked with Lyndon's arm.

A warm smile appeared on Lyndon's lips as he nodded. Suddenly, he felt Leona's grip tighten. Lyndon turned to look at her, noticing her flushed cheeks and heavier breathing.

Holding Lyndon's gaze, Leona leaned in.

"Although I admire the Supreme Leader's strength and ability to handle such a large family and Paradise simultaneously, I hope my Lyndon will be more like Former Patriarch Rylan and stick to one beautiful partner. You are incapable of handling me, so this is the best decision, or am I wrong?" Leona said.

Lyndon quickly shook his head. "No, you're right. I won't let brother-in-law's influence rub off on me, so you don't have to worry," he replied swiftly.

"Since the celebration is ongoing, shall we go somewhere a little more private, husband?" Leona asked a glint in her eyes. Without waiting for a response, she swept Lyndon off his feet, carrying him in a princess carry.

Sensing his wife's intoxicating scent and the toned muscles gained from her training, Lyndon nodded enthusiastically at her suggestion. He couldn't understand why other men always liked being in control. After experiencing Leona's care and touch, he decided this was the life he wanted and couldn't imagine trading it for anything else.

"Okay," Lyndon nodded.

Hearing his response, Leona adjusted her enhanced Gearweaver holstered on her back, then leapt into the air.

Watching this scene, the surrounding gods' chosens exchanged concerned glances before shaking their heads with smiles.

Given Leona's strength, it was apparent who held the power in their relationship behind closed doors. Her loyalty to the Four-Eared Elves and Paradise ensured she wouldn't go too far, squeezing Lyndon's last bit of life out when they were together.

"Come on, we need to prepare for the next celebration between Mr Orion and Isadora," Former Patriarch Rylan said excitedly as he exited their hiding spot, not bothering to look at Leona and Lyndon, who had already left.

The gods' chosens followed behind him.

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Night arrived quickly, but the celebration showed no signs of stopping. Enchanted lanterns were hung around every corner of the new Four-Eared residence, including indoors, casting a brilliant hue on the joyous occasion.

Many people continued to pour in and out; the streets and tables were bustling with excitement. While some retreated indoors to rest, others took the celebration home to share with their families.

In the grandest, most decorated room of the Four-Eared Elves' new residence, Orion stood before Isadora, whose back was pressed against a wooden wall.

Isadora's face was flushed, her heartbeat pounding fiercely, resounding outside her body. Even her four ears twitched as though sensing something ominous in the air. Understanding that the sensation came from Orion and what would happen next, Isadora gulped, bracing

herself.

After spending the day together without any disturbances, something Isadora knew was her father's handiwork, they decided to head straight to bed to commemorate their relationship. Given their busy schedules, they were unsure when another perfect opportunity would arise.

"Before we begin, there's another thing I would like to ask of you," Isadora said, struggling to maintain her composure. After all, this was the first time she had experienced such a

moment.

"I don't want any special treatment when I become your concubine. Treat me like you treat the other concubines, as Key Leader Selene and Shani. I'm sure you know that even though I've chosen you from the depths of my heart, one of the primary reasons for my choice is political," Isadora replied, holding her trembling gaze with Orion's. "I want to become part of the main family through my strength and hard work."

Orion pondered before he nodded. "I thought you were going to tell me that it's impossible

for me to love you equally along with my other wives and that you'd be satisfied with whatever care and attention I could offer, as you understand what you're getting yourself

into," Orion replied.

Isadora trembled slightly and turned her head to the side. She opened her quivering lips and muttered, "...That was oddly specific. You didn't think about that on the spot, did you?"

"No, it's something I learned from experience," Orion responded, shaking his head slightly.

"Then..." Isadora asked, "What if I had asked it?"

"Then I would have told you that my love isn't about dividing myself into equal parts or distributing attention like rations. I will never give you scraps of attention because you deserve to be cherished fully, in your own way," Orion replied sternly.

Silence stretched between them before Isadora's eyes filled with tears-tears of relief. She wondered why she had been bothered by such a question despite witnessing Orion's care and affection for the rest of his wives firsthand.

For the younger wives, it was easy to spot them as couples; even a growing child could recognize it. For a few of the older ones, a bizarre chemistry they shared made it difficult to tell whether they were engaged, especially if one wasn't close to them or in a relationship themselves.

At some point, she had even thought that the reason for the newborn celebration within his household was so he could put them on the sidelines and focus on the others. However, it appeared that she was wrong.

She knew how men and women of high positions of power, who possess numerous partners, treat them, and she was glad that the Orion she had witnessed before making her decision was the same here now. There was nothing hidden behind a mask.

Chapter 1117: Crossing An Intimate Threshold\*\*

Thank goodness!

Orion observed as Isadora wiped away her tears and stretched his hand to aid her.

Isadora looked up at Orion with a small, tearful smile. "...That was an amazing response. Did you also gain it from experience?" she asked, cheerfully chuckling and awaiting his reply.

Orion returned the smile and shook his head. "No. I thought about it on the spot because those were the right words to show you how much I cherish you."

Stunned, Isadora stood there, her lips sealed, not knowing what to say.

She was intelligent enough to devise solutions to every problem, as shown by her efforts as



the Supreme Leader's assistant. Yet, she found herself unable to form a response to his words, which somehow made her heart flutter.

This proved that what Orion had gained from caring for his many wives was more than a simple experience.

"Since that's settled, shall we begin?" Orion asked, stretching his hand and gently tracing it along her neckline.

Isadora nodded, still blushing. "Boba..." she called out.

Immediately, a small four-legged creature with snow-white fur emerged from within her attire and leapt out of the room through the window.

Orion followed the creature's movements, stunned. He had grown so used to the presence of Isadora's magical beast that he had nearly forgotten about its existence. It didn't help that it rarely came out, always hiding within her leaf-crafted attire.

The sound of leaves rustling filled the room.

Orion turned his attention back to Isadora and saw that she was taking off her attire.

Isadora untied a thread connecting both sides of her outfit at the shoulder. Instantly, countless threads loosened, and the leaf-crafted attire rippled open.

Her leaf-crafted garment fell to the ground, revealing her entire form. The only remaining pieces of clothing were a green lace top and tight knickers, hugging her body sensually. She moved to remove the rest, but Orion stopped her.

"Allow me," Orion said. He quickly discarded his attire and tossed it aside before lifting Isadora into a princess carry and placing her onto the bed. She lay in his arms, blushing fiercely, and positioned herself straight on the bed.

Orion climbed onto the bed, his muscular figure hovering over her. He gently removed her lace top, exposing her perky breasts. They were medium-sized with small, delicate peaks. He cupped them,

massaging both excellently for a few seconds before moving one hand toward her tight green knickers.

The entire execution was swift and smooth. Before Isadora fully understood what was happening, a soft breeze brushed against her lower lips.

Instinctively, her thighs clenched together, shielding her most intimate area from the sensation. Surprisingly, the force behind the wind became more intense, causing Isadora to snap her legs open and glance downward.

Her eyes trembled as she realized it wasn't wind teasing her but Orion's fingers. His fingers traced along her slender upper thighs, making them tremble and sending chills.

Realizing that Orion's hands were like the wind, caressing her body, Isadora parted her trembling thighs.

With no barriers in his way, Orion's fingers made contact with her lower lips again. He gently brushed against them, circling around her intimate area.

"Haa..." A soft moan escaped Isadora's lips.

'It's amazing,' Isadora thought, struggling to catch her breath.

She now understood how powerful Orion's touch was.

It was as if he had devoted his entire life to mastering every corner of a woman's body and her most sensitive areas.

However, it only took a brief pause before another soft moan escaped her lips. "~~aHH~~"

Soon, Isadora realized something crucial.

Whenever Orion caressed her and didn't get a response, he would quickly adjust, applying another technique to correct his previous movements. Through this method, Orion quietly transformed her body into a blazing furnace moulded under his touch.

One day, Isadora visited Orion's manor to inform him of an important matter, deciding to take a light rest before returning home. However, when she awoke and tried to leave, she was greeted by an arousing sight: every one of Orion's wives was sprawled across the wide bed in the main room. Some were deeply asleep, others twitching fiercely as their feminine juices continued to leak, while a few still moaned in their sleep.

Only a handful remained awake, but the pleasure, love, and happiness were evident in their hazy eyes.

A man whose words could fill one's heart and stir her soul...

A man whose touch could slowly render a woman's body helpless, causing it to writhe with pleasures she never knew she was capable of...

A man whose love knew no bounds...

It slowly became clear to Isadora, as she felt her feminine juices dripping from her lower lips, without Orion even penetrating her, that calling his nature debauched was an

understatement.

"AHHH~~~" Isadora moaned loudly, feeling her feminine juices pour out like a river, drenching her slender thighs and the sheets beneath her.

A fierce tingling sensation spread through every fibre of her body, causing her to jerk. Soon, an intoxicatingly musky scent filled the air.

"Now, let's begin," Orion said, positioning his veiny, throbbing shaft against Isadora's soft, folded lips.

The haziness in Isadora's eyes momentarily cleared as she heard Orion's words. She opened her trembling lips and shouted, "...WAITTT!!" Only then did her senses return.

However, undeterred, Orion gently thrust forward, breaking through the barrier within Isadora's drenched, narrow lips.

"AHHHH!" Isadora's voice thundered through the room as she felt her virginity being taken by Orion's veiny shaft.

Without giving her time to recover or think, Orion pulled back before thrusting in once more. He maintained a steady rhythm, penetrating her narrow lips as her feminine juices leaked out, drenching his entire veiny shaft and the sheets beneath them.

Soon, the room was filled with the sound of sweaty, fleshy bodies slapping together.

"HAAA~~ Ahh~~~ HAAA~~~" Isadora moaned loudly, her sensual voice resounding across every corner of the room.

Her moans merged with the echoes of their lovemaking, creating an intoxicating melody that spurred Orion's movements, enhancing his rhythm.

Isadora felt waves of strength and exhaustion washing over her with each passing second.

Noticing her ears twitching violently, Orion lowered his lips. However, the moment his lips grazed her ears...

"WAIITT... AAHHHHHHH~~~" Isadora's moans tore through the walls, echoing outside and reaching the ears of everyone nearby.

At a building some distance away.,

A woman with four ears and toned, visible muscles pinned a man beneath her, riding him fiercely. Both were drenched in sweat, and the bed was soaked, indicating they had been going at it non-stop for hours.

Despite struggling to keep up, the man below held her waist, adding thrusts whenever she pulled back.

The two were Lyndon and Leona.

Suddenly, their four ears twitched violently before stopping.

"That sounds like my sister-in-law's voice. It seems brother-in-law has pinned her down

and is doing all sorts of passionate things to make her scream like that," Leona said, smiling lightly as she turned her head to the open window.

"I was worried she wouldn't receive enough love and tender care in a household like this, but there's no reason to worry. She's clearly getting more than enough," she added before refocusing on Lyndon. "Husband, won't you make me scream like that too?"

Lyndon tried to respond to Leona's words but was too exhausted. His body shivered as her soaking, tight cave tightened even more around his throbbing shaft.

Seeing him like this, a playful smile appeared on Leona's lips, and she resumed her movements.

"Even if you don't know how to yet, I'll make sure you're capable in the future. Don't worry; leave everything to your lovely wife~~~" Leona said, moaning softly. "~Ahh~~Ahh~~" Despite his exhaustion, Lyndon nodded and never let go of her waist, aiding her movements

again.

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The next morning,

Isadora stood before the women of the household. After giving a speech introducing herself and revealing some secrets known only to her, she remained silent, observing their pondering expressions. Even Selene and Shani were present, glancing at her several times while

whispering.

"Alright, we welcome you to the family," Celeste said with a smile. She wore a flowery mid- thigh dress hugging her voluptuous body, coincidentally matching Isadora's leaf-themed dress.

Celeste approached Isadora and hugged her, welcoming her to the family before letting go. "We? I haven't agreed yet!" Crystalia's voice suddenly reverberated from behind.

"I don't think that's necessary!" Celeste shot back, glancing at Crystalia and snorting. "If you had Selene's royal demeanour, you'd have developed some ample assets by now." Isadora glanced down at her chest before looking at Crystalia, who stood up angrily at the

back. Though her breasts were neither flat nor ample, she couldn't help but admit that compared to the other women present, they might as well be.

Her only real competition seemed to be the pixies flying around, but was that even a fair

comparison?

"Here you go, dear. Selene and Shani will teach you everything you need to know. If you have

any questions, please ask any of us-except for Lyra and Derry. They'll get you into trouble before you even realize it. I would've warned you about Whisperwing too, but it seems she's given up her mischievous ways after spending time with Seraphina, so you don't have to worry," Celeste said, pointing at the women she mentioned.

## Chapter 1118: Shattered Expectations

Seraphina and Whisperwing had already left for the research centre midway through Isadora's introduction.

Isadora nodded. "Thank you," she replied.

"Alright, make yourself at home," Celeste said, handing her over to Selene and Shani. She

then turned and approached Orion, who was being led out of the room by Fifi, followed by the rest of her sisters.

Three hours Later,

After ensuring Isadora settled in, Orion swiftly arrived at the Research Centre.

Before him stood Seraphina, with Whisperwing perched on her right shoulder, legs crossed. "How's the progress with 'her' going?" Orion asked, his tone serious.

"There isn't any," Seraphina responded, shaking her head. "Even with some of the equipment Ilse lent us, we've barely made a dent. The Primordial barrier may have sealed her completely, but it didn't make her body any easier to break into." She exhaled tiredly.

Orion frowned. He had hoped to see some progress on their mysterious, formidable enemy before he left, but that wouldn't happen.

"We could ask goddess Ilse or Aurora to help us break through, but that would mean pausing their training and ensuring they follow every step we outline so no mistakes are made during the delicate procedure. I doubt goddess Ilse would be interested in helping, and I don't want to trouble Aurora at a time like this," Seraphina continued, her expression downcast.

While goddess Ilse might be curious enough to help, she could only stay awake for a short time and would likely grow frustrated with being told what to do. Even if they completed the procedure, Seraphina worried Ilse might hold a grudge.

Seraphina did not want to deal with that issue. As for Aurora, while she would undoubtedly assist with any problems, it would disrupt her training, which wasn't ideal during such a critical time.

After listening to Seraphina's concerns, Orion nodded and replied, "I see. Goddess Ilse is out of the question, so that leaves only Aurora."

"Yes. It would be ideal if we had two Auroras-then she could focus on her training while also aiding us," Seraphina said, crossing her arms and rubbing her elbow absently.

The frustration of being unable to uncover the origin of their unknown enemy, who was as powerful as a god and now within her grasp, was clearly starting to wear on her.

Whisperwing patted her shoulder gently to comfort her.

Orion raised an eyebrow. "What if she could be in two places at once?" he asked.

Startled, both Seraphina and Whisperwing focused their attention on him.

Seeing their reactions, Orion continued, "Aurora can be in multiple places at once-she is a goddess, after all."

In fact, Orion suspected some other techniques or arts could replicate this effect, likely ranking above legendary.

Hearing Orion's suggestion, Seraphina and Whisperwing were filled with excitement. "Let's do it, then! Once we're ready, you can help us bring her from the Golden Palace, and I'll prepare everything for Aurora's arrival," Seraphina said eagerly.

Orion nodded in agreement. "Have you uncovered anything from the Divine Apostles?" he asked.

Seraphina quickly regained her composure and nodded. "We've made about two per cent progress in understanding the Prismeron Divine Apostles' constitution and how the spirit beasts dramatically enhance their overall capabilities," she explained carefully.

"Now that the Four-Eared Elves have settled into their new homes and are beginning to teach the Prismeron Divine Apostles, we hope to learn more by observing the process firsthand. We'll also attempt to see if we can replicate it with or without the Divine Apostle crest." "Will that even be possible?" Orion asked, raising a brow in surprise at her words.



"If we succeed, it will," Seraphina nodded. "Based on the rank of energy an individual harnesses, not only do they gain its characteristics, but their entire constitution is reconstructed to grow stronger, allowing them to harness even more of that energy. The bigger the container, the more liquid it can hold; the sturdier the container, the better it can contain."

"This explains the vast difference between individuals harnessing various energy ranks and why those controlling higher-ranked energy have no difficulty managing lower ranks. Of course, the line blurs for races like ours, utilising magikal energy like mine. Some clans harness lesser-known ranks, like the radiant energy used by the Luminaris clan, which becomes a part of their lineage."

Seraphina pursed her lips with a smile. Though magikal energy was one of the highest-ranked energies, it was only considered so because it formed the base of other energies. Its rank was somewhat unstable compared to the higher energy ranks.

Only after the influx of many races within their territory was she able to conduct this research and conclude. Still, she saw no reason to complain, as it was one of the reasons the Prismarion race had unlocked so many unknown potentials and survived until now.

This is also why she awakened her ability as a healer and became fascinated with her race's limitless possibilities.

Clearly, Goddess Ilse had taken a gamble and won.

Seraphina continued, "So, if we follow this logic, a god's blood is used to create a Divine Apostle to form a deep connection with them and refine their bodies, making them sturdier containers capable of accumulating Divine energy. As for the divine skills they inherit from a god likely have something to do with the Divine Apostle crest, which resonates throughout their entire being, turning these skills into natural abilities."

"Think of it as a seed of knowledge that grows based on how it is nurtured. This allows Divine Apostles to draw inspiration on utilising divine skills or even creating new ones, which can then be transmitted back to the god, further empowering them and their abilities. If the Divine Apostles comprehend the laws, it will benefit the god even more."

Seraphina added with a small sigh, "I managed to gather this information by asking Selene, Flintor, and others independently, goddess Ilse. As it turns out, I might have overstepped by bombarding Goddess Ilse with numerous questions. She's purposely avoiding me, so I've had to find other means." She cleared her throat, explaining why she couldn't accompany Orion to the Golden Palace to retrieve Aurora.

Orion nodded in understanding. He could recall Ilse's proud expression when he informed her that most of the significant changes within Paradise stemmed from the research centre, spearheaded by Seraphina.

Ilse quickly returned to the Golden Palace after one visit to the centre, after Seraphina had asked her numerous questions. Apparently, Seraphina's frequent visits for her experiments had caused Ilse to kick her out.

Still, he couldn't help but admit that Seraphina's idea was brilliant. That way, they wouldn't have to worry about being subservient to a divine being.

Seraphina sighed and continued, "The main issue is that, for now, we still need the blood of a divine being as a primary ingredient, and we have no idea how the Prismerion Divine Apostle crest can refine a spirit beast. So until we figure that out, it's just a hopeful dream." "This doesn't even include the warriors and the gods' chosens, as divine and Vylkr energy are incompatible-unless someone has a unique constitution like Aurora's. While Aurora might be able to help us find something useful, I wouldn't get my hopes up since I sense that this is beyond what I can figure out on my own."

Diluting the Vylkr energy had already caused Seraphina countless headaches in the past, and any real progress seemed dependent on Aurora's aid.

Orion nodded, then asked, "How about the tree nymphs? Have you made any progress?"

"Well," Seraphina said with a downcast expression, "I've performed the Vylkr energy compatibility test on every tree nymph, and unfortunately, they all have a minimal compatibility score. None of the tree nymphs are qualified to utilise Vylkr energy. Exposing them to it would lead to certain death."

Seraphina sighed in frustration. She had been struggling to help the tree nymphs grow stronger, as they were responsible for sustaining Paradise's ever-growing population, especially those below.

If they remained weak while Paradise's forces expanded, they would be pushed to exhaustion, unable to keep up, which would have dire repercussions for the entire realm. They had been enlisted in the Vylkr energy compatibility test to prevent this, but the results were

disheartening.

The VECT—Vylkr Energy Compatibility Test—was divided into four scores: the Vylkr Energy

Absorption Rate score, which indicates how much Vylkr energy one can absorb from Vylkr vines or vials. They utilised this score to create suitable Vylkr Fusion Armlets and Devourer Gear for the warriors and enhanced Gear Weaver or Devourer Bracelets for numerous gods' chosens, ensuring they were not harmed by the equipment and benefited more.

This also made overloading difficult unless they wanted to commit suicide. The Storage Capacity score indicates the maximum amount of Vylkr energy stored within an individual. Only the warriors from the village have successfully passed this test. The Manipulation Precision score assesses an individual's ability to control and use Vylkr energy for specific purposes, like any other energy. No one has passed this test except Aurora.

#### Chapter 1119: Grace's Potential

Lastly, the Vylkr Energy Resistance score checks an individual's resistance to the adverse effects of excessive Vylkr energy accumulation. The warriors from the village possess the highest scores, with the numerous gods' chosen following closely behind.

With all this information, they could compile nearly perfect data to evaluate and maximise an individual's potential with Vylkr energy. Unfortunately, the tree nymphs could not achieve a passing score in any of these categories.

"Our only option to help them make progress is by replicating the Prismerion Divine Apostle crest, or they can continue harnessing Celestial energy until they reach their potential, or choose to become one of Goddess Ilse's Divine Apostles, further extending their potential and lifespan. I'm sorry, but that's all I can do," Seraphina added.

Orion nodded, disappointment clear in his expression, but a glint of hope lingered in his eyes. "Nonetheless, one individual obtained a good Vylkr energy compatibility score," Seraphina added.

"I thought you said none of them could utilise Vylkr energy," Orion responded, frowning as he refocused on Seraphina.

"Yes, and I'm still correct. I don't know what to call her, so I had to phrase it that way," Seraphina explained.

Upon hearing this, Orion furrowed his brows in confusion. Then, suddenly, a realisation dawned on him.

"Are you talking about Grace?" Orion asked.

Grace was the only one who could be called a tree nymph-or not-. Considering that tree nymphs don't get pregnant, her existence should have been impossible, making him understand why Seraphina had phrased it that way.

Seraphina nodded.

"To this day, we still haven't fully understood the potency of your semen or how you were able to grant a tree nymph a womb, but the others and I have decided to label it as one of your other gifts, making you the only Villager to possess two gifts," Seraphina explained.

"We chose this label because it would explain why you have a six-star potential, unlike the others. Due to this, it makes sense that your potential was also doubled from three to six stars. We will continue to investigate this and collect samples in the future to uncover anything else."

Hearing her explanation, Orion nodded in understanding. He had long confirmed that he was responsible for his six-star potential and his extreme fertility. Regardless, he knew he would need to speak with Anara about Grace later.

"We are still waiting for Aurora to complete her training so she can look into Dariya and Malaia to verify if you are truly capable of reforming a form where there isn't one or if Grace was a one-time occurrence," Seraphina added.

"Grace's score isn't complete yet. We're waiting to see if the awakening ceremony will bring any changes since Anara's training hasn't been effective. If there is a change, we're confident her score will be among the highest, comparable to the best warriors."

Whisperwing nodded firmly in agreement with her statement.

"Okay, is there anything else I need to know?" Orion asked.

"Yes. We've compiled all the data on the Prismeron and Pixie Vylkr energy compatibility scores, just like before. Many of them possess Vylkr energy compatibility scores of 250, which is not lower than that of an ordinary villager, so we've decided to first try pure Vylkr energy on them before we begin manufacturing the Vylkr Fusion Armlet," Seraphina responded.

"So, this means Naka did something to the two races as well?" Orion asked with a frown. Initially, they had thought the Vylkr energy compatibility scores from the Prismeron and Pixie races were a mistake and even held a meeting about it. However, with Seraphina's confirmation, they were sure that Naka had also conducted similar experiments on the two

races.

They had seen things from Aegis of the Arctic Deity's perspective, so this possibility couldn't be ruled out, especially when the evidence was proper before them.

"Yes, that's the only explanation we can come up with," Seraphina nodded. "Nonetheless, this is a good thing. We'll be able to increase our forces without needing diluted Vylkr energy. Over time, we can pair them up and increase the chances of the next generation acquiring more resistance to Vylkr energy, reducing any reliance on Paradise's external forces."

Although Paradise's external forces were still vital for its growth, a more powerful internal strength would give them greater confidence against external threats.

Orion nodded. "Is there anything else?" he asked.

"Yes. Pour it over your body," Seraphina said, taking a vial from the desk she was standing beside and handing it to Orion.

"What is it?" Orion asked curiously. He looked at the transparent liquid, pulled the cap open, and poured it over his body.

"We prepared this to reduce you to the size of a pixie by utilising the Pixie's racial ability, 'Dust Morphosis.' We also have another vial here to return you to your normal height, so you don't have to worry," Seraphina replied, gesturing at Whisperwing.

Whisperwing stared at Orion intently.

Suddenly, a strange, familiar sensation filled his body, and the world around him grew larger. No, it was his body that was getting smaller!

As Orion shrank, Seraphina swiftly caught the vial before it could reach the ground. Whisperwing took off from Seraphina's back and shot toward Orion, catching him just before he could hit the ground.

"Are you okay?" Whisperwing asked, looking at Orion in her arms, whose expression had morphed into a deep frown.

Even though the potion was made with the help of Dust Morphosis as a primary ingredient, it still wasn't natural, and she was worried there might be side effects.

"I'm fine. I felt drowsy, but it seems to be gone," Orion responded.

"That must be the side effect. Fortunately, it's only that," Whisperwing replied.

"Though we have tried this on other willing test subjects, it's fortunate that it works really well," Seraphina said.

Orion nodded in understanding. He stared at Whisperwing, who was sighing in relief. Without hesitation, he leaned in and sealed her lips with a kiss.

Stunned, Whisperwing quickly understood what was happening and reciprocated the gesture.

It had been a long time since she had felt her partner's love like this, and seeing him now at the same height as her was enough to ignite a flame within her.

After a few seconds, they withdrew and stared at each other, her breath clashing heavily against his.

"You can go ahead; I will give you guys some space," Seraphina muttered. Though the mess they would create wouldn't be much due to their height difference, it would undoubtedly be distracting to watch, and she would instead use the opportunity to catch a break.

They both nodded absently at Seraphina's words. However, just as they were about to continue, Orion's body grew bigger.

Whisperwing swiftly distanced herself, a heavy frown emerging on her face.

Within a few seconds, Orion returned to his original size.

"What happened?" Orion asked, frowning.

"It appears that we still need to figure out the right formula to increase the potion's duration. The Dust Morphosis shrinking portion is still experimental, so there are bound to be

challenges," Seraphina responded, smiling wryly.

Turning her head toward Whisperwing, she apologised, "I'm sorry."

Whisperwing bit her lip and shook her head. "There's no need for you to apologise. The only reason we have reached this far is because of you. I don't think that any of the alchemists in the Pixie Kingdom or I can concoct something like this, so a minor mistake is understandable," Whisperwing replied, shaking her head. Her shoulders soon fell in defeat.

She had already informed Maeve and the others about the potion's near completion, and they were all excited.

They wanted to feel his warmth so they could endure his absence when he left Paradise, especially since they were unsure when he would return. So, the results were highly disheartening.

Seraphina nodded but chose to remain silent.

Orion exhaled tiredly, observing Whisperwing's demeanour. Naturally, he knew what was going through her mind.

"How about you take a break and spend time with me for the rest of the day?" Orion asked, stretching his index finger toward her to brush her hair to the side.

Whisperwing leaned into his touch, a sigh escaping her lips.

"I agree. I need to try out a few experiments and document them. I also have a meeting with the rest of the Leaders of the Healers Association and the various top professionals within the research centre, so I won't have the time to teach you today. You should take the rest of the day off," Seraphina said, agreeing with Orion's suggestion. Whisperwing nodded and stood back to her feet before flying onto Orion's shoulder, settling between his neck and collar. Leaning into the warmth of his skin, she closed her eyes.

Orion gave Seraphina a kiss on the lips before swiftly leaving the research centre. He headed to the Golden Palace to visit Aurora and Liora.

Orion spent four hours at the Golden Palace, which was a time difference of an hour and twenty minutes outside, before returning to the farm to speak with Grace, Anara, and his other tree nymph partners.

#### Chapter 1120: Isadora Engagement Ceremony, Last Resort

The engagement between Orion and Isadora was announced, causing an uproar that spread throughout the Four-eared Elves and all of Paradise.

Some were taken aback, surprised that the Supreme Leader was taking another partner.



Others, who had anticipated this event, hadn't expected it to happen so soon but smiled in anticipation, knowing this union would strengthen Paradise through the Supreme Leader's growing household.

Excitement and celebration erupted as the Four-eared Elves began preparing for the engagement ceremony of Orion and Isadora.

Two weeks later, the engagement ceremony of Orion and Isadora commenced.

Every notable individual within Paradise was present. This time, all of Paradise's inhabitants -from the border cities, villages, and warriors, including those outside of Paradise- gathered for the event.

Led by Former Patriarch Rylan and Patriarch Lyndon, the Four-eared Elves, with support from the Supreme Leader's household, ensured the ceremony's grandeur was fitting. The scale of the event was so vast that it seemed as though Isadora was marrying into the Supreme Leader's Main Household rather than becoming a concubine.

The four-day engagement ceremony began with both partners exchanging their vows while bowing to the four winds-east, west, north, and south.

On the final day, they rubbed ointments on each other's ears, symbolising cleansing and unity. This act connected their ears, allowing them to better understand one another's hearts and listen to the world around them to ensure their survival.

Although Orion wasn't a Four-eared Elf, Former Patriarch Rylan had overseen many such ceremonies between Four-eared Elves and those of other races. So, he successfully carried out the ritual.

Afterwards, both partners headed to a private room to solidify their engagement.

As Orion and Isadora walked down a path, flanked by a sea of countless individuals stretching as far as the eye could see, some women in Orion's household couldn't help but furrow their brows in thought.

"Is anybody else thinking about having an engagement ceremony like this?" Lyra asked.

Derry, Breezeflutter, and some others nodded firmly in response.

"Her engagement is like this because she's a Four-eared Elf. The Village doesn't usually have events requiring such a large crowd and dramatic display, right?" Crystalia sighed.

Crystalia's engagement and Merida's and Maya's had been grand events within the Prismerton circle. Although not as grand as this, which she attributed to Paradise's growth and the combined efforts of Former Patriarch Rylan and the Four-eared Elves, she wasn't bothered. She had enjoyed her engagement ceremony.

However, not all of her sisters seemed to share the same sentiment.

"Tsk! Tsk! It would be best if you were more than satisfied that you even had the opportunity to become Orion's partner," Celeste said, her tone sharp, agreeing with Crystalia. She clicked her tongue in annoyance.

'Give them a slice, and they will reach for the whole fruit,' Celeste thought, looking sternly at Lyra and the other women who agreed.

Celeste made a mental note to ensure they didn't stir trouble within the household. Though she had to admit, the scale of Isadora's four-day engagement ceremony had left an impression on her, that was all.

Besides being attentive, intelligent, young, and beautiful, Isadora had won Celeste's favour. She was happy that her son could get engaged to such a wonderful young woman and was eager to welcome Isadora as one of her sisters.

After learning about Isadora's past and how she had unknowingly played a role in destroying the Four-eared Lone Rabbit Runaway City, Celeste also sympathised with her determination to make amends by working as the Supreme Leader's personal assistant. She wanted to console the young woman, care for her, and guide her, much like a mother would.

Though it would have been better for Isadora to marry directly into the main household, rules were rules, and not even Celeste could break them. Fortunately, Selene and Shani were willing to guide Isadora and shower her with all the love and support she needed.

Celeste glanced at Selene and Shani and sighed inwardly. The look in their eyes told her that they had settled to remain concubines. Unfortunately, she could not do anything but hope they would change their minds when their time for advancement came.

Lyra bit her lip and murmured, "I just meant it wouldn't be bad to have a ceremony where we confess our love for each other in front of everyone. I feel more confident now and wouldn't avoid the attention."

Hearing Lyra's words, several women exhaled inwardly, agreeing. They were much more confident now than when they had felt insecure about the Village's beauty standards and their partner's difference in age. Having been exposed to so many different races, each with its beauty standards, they realised that these standards had become irrelevant or less stringent within the respective races.

It was difficult for individuals with deeply ingrained beliefs to change.

"I agree. It would be such a wonderful memory," Sura said with a light smile, glancing at Lyra. "But remember, Paradise is still in its growth phase. The population will continue to increase with the city being built beside the Vylkr alloy mine. As you all perform well in your tasks, Orion might reconsider holding a grand ceremony that everyone above and below will witness."

Lyra's eyes lit up, a pondering expression emerging on her face.

Several other women also had thoughtful expressions, a glint flashing in their eyes.

"Thank you," Lyra said with a grateful smile directed at Sura.

Sura nodded and returned the smile.

Despite Orion and Isadora knowing each other's bodies, Isadora's moans echoed again across several of the Four-eared Elves' new residences.

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Three weeks later,

After concluding their discussions, Orion and the Key Leaders exited the meeting hall.

Suddenly, Orion halted his steps.

"Is something wrong, Chief?" Zogar asked, stepping forward.

Seth also stepped forward.

Orion nodded. He had just received information from Iyalis that her attempt to break apart

the Drayal alliance had failed. She had successfully pulled over 60 Stowaways from the alliance, all ready to pledge their allegiance to Paradise after listening to her words and witnessing her immense new strength.

However, for her to continue without raising too much suspicion, she needed to rope in one of the key leaders of the Drayal Alliance. Unfortunately, unlike the other Stowaways, they were more loyal to the Grade One Runaway Cities, supporting them and revealing everything Iyalis

had told them.

Despite her immense strength, she could not protect the Stone Fang Stowaway, so she had no choice but to turn herself in to keep them out of danger.

They were trying to turn her to their side because of her strength and make her reveal everything she knew about the whereabouts of the Sleeping Fox, Wanderlust Travelling Tortoise, and the Trekking Flamingo Runaway City.

She felt ashamed for sending such a message and wished Paradise could save the Stone Fang Stowaway from harm, as she had been unable to fulfil her promise.

The One-Winged Chain of Eternal Submission allowed both sides to communicate. However, not everyone bearing the mark was allowed to do so. Orion also had the option to look through their memories whenever he wished, and he would be alerted if someone tampered with the slave seal, contemplated betraying their master or Paradise, or was in danger.

This was why he hadn't visited the Midnight Butcher Bar to see Evaline. He knew everything that transpired then and saw no reason to do so.

Orion explained the situation to them.

"I need you to gather 40 four-star warriors for the subjugation of the Drayal Alliance and the two Grade One Runaway Cities backing them," Orion said, focusing on Zogar.

"Isn't five enough to defeat them?" Zogar asked. With him leading them, it should be enough

to subjugate such a measly force completely.

Orion nodded and responded, "Yes, it's enough. But victory alone is not sufficient. I want them to feel the vastness of our strength. They should understand that they never stood a

chance."

A look of understanding emerged on Zogar's face.

"I didn't see it from that view. If that's the case, then I will show them the unreachable might of Paradise," Zogar responded, smiling.

"Ensure that the Stone Fang Stowaway is protected, and Iyalis is released before taking any action. You can leave as soon as you can," Orion nodded.

Orion knew that Zogar's mentality had been built around efficiently utilising their power to deal with whatever enemy they encountered. He wanted to use this opportunity to help him understand the difference when facing a force that realised they never stood a chance.

Zogar nodded in understanding and exited the building, soaring into the sky.

Orion followed, with Seth accompanying him from behind.

The Key Leaders exited the building one by one to quickly return to work and begin preparations, understanding that Paradise's forces were about to undergo another wave of

expansion.

Two days later, Zogar and forty-four-star warriors left the Paradise, accompanied by Lalos, the former leader of the Stone Fang Stowaway, swiftly heading towards the direction of the

Drayl Alliance. This marked Paradise's inaugural declaration of war.