

Village Head 1211

Chapter 1211 A Hand Dealt By Misfortune, A Five-Star Warrior Slave

Orion nodded thoughtfully, finding her explanation reasonable. For the goddesses to have nurtured so many demigods, they must have done so through a unique system that ensured the steady creation of demigods during their battle against the Will of the Divine Mysteries.

Given that those two goddesses had managed to create many Vylkr energy-based techniques from scratch and other incredible feats, Orion found it less exaggerated to believe they could have figured out something like that on their own.

"Did the goddesses create something like that to aid your ascension to godhood?" Orion asked, looking at the ice nymph demigoddess, seeking clarification.

"Sorry... I don't remember," the nymph replied.

Orion frowned. After contemplating, he asked, "When you said you couldn't introduce yourself, was it because you lost your memories?"

The demigoddess lowered her hand and nodded with a shameful expression crossing her face.

Orion nodded in understanding, his eyes filled with sympathy. "If you need anything, you can go to the palace and meet with Goddess Ilse or contact me if it's something I can help with. You may leave," he said.

The demigoddess nodded. She swiftly transformed into a stream of light and returned to the lake, disappearing from sight.

"Is there anything else you want to do?" Ilse asked, her gaze fixed curiously on Orion.

"I need your help preparing a place for the meeting. I can handle everything else myself," Orion replied.

Ilse nodded, tearing open a rift in space and stepping through it. The crack sealed instantly behind her.

Orion soared with Fifi toward the area where the Stowaways and new Runaways—one was in the shape of a giant alligator and the other a silver dingo—were residing. They landed in a less populated region.

Around him were numerous races, ranging from tall, slender humanoids with elongated limbs to others walking on four legs. Some had four eyes on either side of their faces. Some were horned, with one to three horns, while others had antlers. Some had extra limbs, wings growing from their backs, and wings in place of arms. Others looked more human but had distinct features like unique skin colours.

Orion recognized some of these races, including their names, but many others were unfamiliar.

"What are we doing here?" Fifi asked curiously. Orion had cloaked their presence, so the individuals walking past them were unaware of their existence. Some even subconsciously avoided them.

While Fifi could do something similar with her abilities, there were still limitations. It couldn't compare to Orion's divine power, which allowed him to manipulate the world around them.

"I came to meet the leader of the Stone Fang Stowaway," Orion replied.

Fifi responded with a nod. During her time overseeing Paradise's new forces, she met Iyalis. She knew she was bound to Orion through the Eternal Chains of Absolute Submission. Fifi had positioned Iyalis as one of the association's leaders, who managed the affairs of Runaway City and the Stowaway faction, reporting directly to them.

Orion swiftly activated the Eternal Chains of Absolute Submission, focusing on the bond connected to Iyalis, and summoned her.

Within a minute, a beastly humanoid woman with blue fur and four arms dressed in a robe swiftly landed before them. Her eyes widened, a mixture of shock, disbelief, excitement, and fear flashing across her face as she spotted Orion. In an instant, she prostrated herself before him.

Orion quickly enveloped her with his divine power, erasing her presence from the senses of the population outside. Those who had witnessed Iyalis—one of the leaders of the Runaway Cities and Stowaway association—prostrating on the bare ground looked on in horror and confusion, briefly

dazed, before they snapped out of their thoughts and continued with their day as though they hadn't witnessed anything. Although Orion wasn't fully aware of how to control his divine powers, he instinctively felt he could manipulate the perception of the world around him. This allowed him to hide their location entirely and make the residents believe it was a figment of their imagination.

He would need some time to fully master control over his divine abilities.

"Welcome back, Supreme Leader," Iyalis greeted, her tone and expression filled with reverence and respect. Her hair was dishevelled. Though pleased to see her master's return, she was also shocked by his overwhelming aura. As someone bonded to him, she was more sensitive to his aura than others, but she remained unsure of how much more powerful he had become. Iyalis noticed that none of the individuals walking past her noticed them, which confirmed her thoughts.

Orion nodded. "Follow me," he said.

He soared into the sky with Fifi, and Iyalis nodded swiftly, following close behind.

Within minutes, they arrived in a secluded area, far from the residential zones, and landed.

"Make yourself comfortable on the ground. I'm going to increase your strength," Orion said.

Iyalis, initially tense about the reason for Orion meeting with her directly after his return, widened her eyes in surprise upon hearing his words. She wondered if she had heard him correctly, but seeing the seriousness on his face, she realized she had.

Iyalis furiously nodded and sat cross-legged on the grassy land, positioning herself comfortably. "I'm ready," she said, her expression solemn.

Orion nodded, activating the One-Winged Chains of Absolute Submission. He sensed the bond with Iyalis and began increasing the abundance of celestial energy within her.

Iyalis felt an abundance of Celestial energy surge within her, and she did her best to circulate it through her body, controlling it. Fortunately, the diluted Vylkr energy had already tempered her body, so it wasn't too difficult to manage.

[3,600 BEM]

[3,900 BEM]

[4,200 BEM]

As the celestial energy continued to exceed the original amount within her, Iyalis soon felt an agonizing pain in her veins, flesh, and bones. They tore apart and healed repeatedly, tempering her body and allowing her to absorb the Celestial energy faster.

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[5,700 BEM]

Orion stopped his actions, sensing that Iyalis could no longer handle more.

The entire process lasted an hour and a half.

Iyalis's robe and the grassy area around her were soaked in blood from her pores as the celestial energy reconstructed and tempered her body. She collapsed onto the grass, her chest heaving as she breathed heavily.

Despite this, Iyalis couldn't help but feel incredibly excited. Her strength had increased from a four-star warrior to a five-star warrior instantly, surpassing the typical limitations of mortal strength.

Orion waved his hand, and instantly, her body was cleansed of the bloodstains. Even the grass beneath her returned to its original state, renewed and fresh.

"I expected you to break through the six-star threshold and perhaps go even higher, but such abrupt improvement would only harm your body. I'll allow you to rest and properly train your body to adapt to this level of strength before we continue," Orion said. He had hoped Iyalis might touch the steps leading to godhood. Nonetheless, he understood that an ascension to godhood required far more than merely accumulating energy, as he had experienced himself.

Nevertheless, he planned to try again later, conducting his experiment to see how much more energy she could accumulate before hitting a barrier.

"Tsk! I'm envious. If I could ascend in strength that easily, there wouldn't be any need for me to train anymore," Fifi said, clicking her tongue and glancing at Iyalis.

Orion remained silent, knowing she was teasing him. If Fifi ever stopped training, it would mean the sky was about to fall. If not for the combined efforts of Greta, Celeste, Celia, and several other women in the household, Fifi would have continued training even while pregnant. She had even managed to influence some women with her obsession with training, which, in his view, was good. As they found more ways to increase their strength, he was certain Fifi would intensify her training. In time, Orion wouldn't be surprised if she brought down the sky one day with her strength.

Iyalis pretended not to hear Fifi's remark and nodded at Orion's words. "Thank you, Supreme Leader. I promise not to disappoint you," she said, her tone filled with genuine gratitude. "I will surely find you as soon as I've adapted to this new level of strength you've given me."

"You may take your leave," Orion said.

Iyalis nodded and straightened her robe before soaring into the sky. As the distance between them grew, she couldn't help but break into a broad smile, the sensation of her newfound strength invigorating every part of her being.

'I'll need to have appropriate clothing ready at all times,' Iyalis thought, glancing at her robe. She had rushed out dressed like this to meet Orion due to the impromptu summons, which she couldn't delay even for a second. Today, he was accompanied by one of his main wives, so it wasn't an issue. But if Orion had summoned her before a company of important individuals, wouldn't that have brought shame to her master?

As a humble servant elevated to such great heights by him, she vowed always to keep one of her best attires ready to avoid repeating such a distasteful oversight.

Chapter 1212 The Council Meeting, Demigod Tormari's Inheritance

"What do you want to do next?" Fifi asked, her tone curious.

"Let's return to the palace to meet Ilse. I suspect everyone must have already arrived by now," Orion said, taking Fifi into his arms in a princess carry, much to her delight. With a single step, they traversed vast distances, heading towards the main palace.

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The meeting room prepared by Ilse was vast and circular, with walls adorned with formations of various precious golds and jewels.

At the centre of the room stood a massive round table forged from an unknown material with a mirror-like finish. Dozens of high-backed chairs coated in pure gold surrounded the enormous table. Overhead, an ornate glass-domed ceiling showcased the imaginary clear skies outside.

At the centre of the dome hung a magnificent chandelier, whose primary presence seemed to serve only as decoration for the room. Seated on the golden high-backed chairs were the Key Leaders of Paradise:

Supreme Leader of Paradise, Orion!

The Supreme Leader's main wife and the Village Chieftess, Reena!

The Commanders of Paradise's forces, Commander Zogar and Commander Seth!

The Tree Nymph Overseer, Anara!

The Caretakers: Caretaker Ivor, Caretaker Nala, Caretaker Naida, Caretaker Zola, and Caretaker Shani!

Ruler of the Prismerion race, Queen Selene!

The rulers of the Pixie race, High King Kael and High Queen Celeria!

The former leader of the Key Leaders and Village Chiefs, Brane and Zara!

Lastly, the creator of the Prismerion race and primary protector of Paradise, Ilse, Goddess of Treasures!

As Orion gazed at the Key Leaders of Paradise gathering, he realized that it was time to open a new position for the Four-Eared Elves race, specifically for Patriarch Lydon and Leona, given their forthcoming contributions. Orion anticipated their impact would skyrocket once the Prismarion Divine Apostles began harvesting spirit beasts from the Spirit Realm to nurture their mysterious divine apostle crests. After three and a half months, he was confident they had made significant progress.

With Zera and the goddess Ilse's presence, Orion hoped they would be able to decipher the mysterious divine apostle crest left behind by Naka and recreate it. This would lead to a diverse system where warriors could choose their path to ascend to godhood, potentially mass-producing individuals capable of wielding divine or Vylkr energy—or perhaps even both.

Clearing his throat to command the room's attention, Orion began narrating everything that had transpired since they first entered the pocket dimension.

Although several of the Key Leaders were already aware of some details regarding the emergence of a sister race of the nymphs from the pocket dimension, they preferred to hear the whole story from the Supreme Leader himself.

After recounting the events until he and Aurora entered the mirror realm, Orion paused. Then, he permitted Brane to explain what had transpired after their departure.

"This is the inheritance we received from the demigod Tormari we killed," Brane said as he stood up from his seat and extended his right hand to the side. A spark of inky black flame emerged and enveloped his arm, but strangely, the fire didn't burn him. Suddenly, the black flames surged outward, forming a humanoid figure made entirely of fire, which hovered in the air beside him.

"It's called the Inkflame Blazing Clone technique, and it can be learned alongside the Inkflame technique. Both are Vylkr energy-based battle techniques," Brane explained. "According to the information I received, this is a derived technique from the Inkflame technique, so it can be studied in tandem."

"It was created to allow the wielder to maximize the power of the Inkflame technique without bearing the burden themselves. With this technique, the only concern is the expenditure of Vylkr energy. Thanks to the demigod's inheritance, I've only reached this level. I can only maintain it for a short time before it disperses."

Brane unsummoned the humanoid flame figure and the inky black flames on his arms receded.

"We also uncovered a secret left behind by the demigod," Brane continued. "Because the humans in the pocket dimension could not awaken their gifts due to the damage inflicted on their bodies, the demigod devised a plan several thousand years ago. He merged the Inkflame technique with his bloodline, sacrificing a considerable portion of his power."

"He then infiltrated one of the human bastions, formed a family, and ensured his offspring could master the derived technique instinctively. His offspring eventually became a dominant force among the bastions. They established their own bastions known as the Bastion Of Ashen Hope. He became the first ancestor of the bloodline known as the Absolute Heart Flame.

"Seeing that his plan was successful, he faked his death by entering the Harbinger's Domain, waiting for one of his descendants to enter, kill him, and receive the rewards. Once this was accomplished, this would allow them to enter the mirror realm."

The Key Leaders listened attentively, intrigued by the mention of a Vylkr energy-based technique.

During Brane's several months within the pocket dimension, the presence of each force's leader made things more manageable, and the information he had uncovered began to come together.

"I believe that the Tidal Depths Kingdom's ability to control the Tainted was also due to the influence of one of the Harbingers, aiding their growth. This could explain how they managed to survive up until now. Without our arrival, they likely would have perished like the others." As Brane concluded his explanation, all the Key Leaders agreed with his deductions.

"And what about the nymphs? Did a divine being also aid them?" Anara asked, her solemn gaze fixed on Brane.

"I don't think so. The nymphs survived through their own power. We all know the fruits the tree nymphs produce are rich in dense nature energy and safe for consumption. Who's to say they wouldn't produce fruits with Vylkr energy if that were all they had access to?"

"As for the other nymphs who excelled in different specialities and the gnarled trees who protect their sisters even after they've succumbed to the death plague, it's clear how they've managed to survive until now," Brane responded, shaking his head.

It also became apparent why Naka had valued the tree nymphs so much. He had seen their worth and taken them and their ancestors out of the pocket dimension, away from the death plague and the potential chaos it could cause.

Brane continued, "We hadn't considered this before, but we should explore what kinds of fruits the tree nymphs would bear if they cultivated Celestial, Dragonic, or other energies. Commander Zogar, Seth, Fifi, and Iris have registered the energies and racial abilities of the races present, covering several top energy ranks."

"With Goddess Ilse here to help us master any energies we don't yet have, we should have no problem testing such an experiment. What do you think about this, Overseer Anara?"

Despite the need for the Key Leaders to reach an agreement, with the Supreme Leader making the final decision, Anara was the only one who could guarantee the experiment's success. As the de facto ruler of the nymph race, and given that their population had exploded to rival one of the top races within Paradise—alongside humans, Prismerions, and other emerging races from the pocket dimension—her role was crucial.

"It's not possible at the moment. We need to ensure our newly arrived sisters are well cared for and integrated with the rest of the nymphs. Also, we must provide enough food for the rapidly growing population. It will take several months before we're ready to carry out such an experiment. Unfortunately, I'm unsure of the exact timeline," Anara responded, her tone exhausted as she envisioned the massive task ahead. Fortunately, with Malaia, Dariya, and the rest of the Caretakers helping, the burden on her shoulders wouldn't be as overwhelming.

"No problem. I understand," Brane replied with a nod. He then refocused on Orion and said, "We also need to address the Tidal Depths Kingdom's and the Ashen Hope Bastion's wrongful treatment of the nymphs as slaves."

Anara's expression grew dignified, her aura transforming into that of a being several centuries old who had witnessed the vicissitudes of life.

"Key Leader Anara will be responsible for determining their punishments and presenting them to the council. We'll then decide on a course of action. Is that acceptable to you?" Orion asked, glancing at the resolute Anara.

Anara nodded. "Thank you, Supreme Leader," she responded.

Orion acknowledged her with a nod.

Brane sat back down in his seat.

Orion then recounted everything that had transpired within the mirror realm—from Zera and the goddess's inheritance to the Arch-Knights Corps, the condensed Vylkr essence rebirth elixir, the four-star Vylkr spawns, the Vylkr infected magical beasts, and the Will of the Divine Mysteries. He briefly mentioned his encounter with the goddesses, omitting many details. He also spoke about his ascension to a six-star warrior and godhood, aided by the residue of the Wisp of White Flame and their battle against the Divine Corps.

Although Orion omitted some specifics, the Key Leaders were still sharp enough to piece most of the information together. However, the events seemed so exaggerated that they struggled to reach a concrete conclusion. Nonetheless, what mattered most at the moment were three key points: Orion's ascension to godhood and the involvement of Zera, the Goddess of Twilight Chorus and Fortune, and the Goddess of Malevolence and Witches, which left them all shocked and in disbelief.

Their Supreme Leader had taken his first step toward godhood and ascended to the rank of demigod!

Paradise had gained two additional goddesses and a demigoddess! With this, the number of divine beings in Paradise had skyrocketed, just like the growing population.

Lastly, they were eager to examine the Vylkr energy-based techniques, which they had previously believed could never exist.

Chapter 1213 Divine Medallion Of Sovereign Accord

Even Iris and Fifi, listening attentively from their seats in the distance, stared at Orion in shock, gulping audibly. Soon, a wave of excitement washed over them, just like the others, as they realised that with the Supreme Leader's ascension to godhood, Paradise had also risen in power.

Fifi had been worried that with three additional divine beings in Paradise, Orion might be overshadowed despite his authority. Aurora alone wouldn't be enough to protect him. However, it seemed her worries were unfounded. With his status as a divine anomaly, even the gods would grant him the respect he deserved.

'As expected of my husband,' Fifi thought, smiling.

'The Supreme Leader is amazing,' Iris thought, her fists clenched, her burning gaze fixed on Orion. As a divine apostle who could grow stronger by devouring spirit beasts, she felt a fierce drive to catch up, eager to join missions like this that would benefit Paradise.

"Can we see a demonstration of your power, Supreme Leader?" High King Kael asked.

Orion nodded and released his aura in the hall. A wave of overbearing divine pressure descended upon their souls, and they found themselves rooted to their seats, unable to move. Then, without letting the aura linger for more than a moment, he swiftly withdrew it.

Sweat poured down their foreheads as they all took deep breaths, exhaling heavily, their chests rising and falling rapidly.

Brane and Zara looked at Orion with complex expressions of awe and defeat, realising they wouldn't have had the chance to ascend to godhood even if they had been by his side. Orion's transformation was something he had achieved through his own accomplishments. Nonetheless, they were happy, as this gave them hope to ascend to godhood through a different path from the conventional one.

Zara placed her hand over Brane's under the table, sighing softly, hoping they would soon uncover their own path.

Only Ilse seemed unaffected by the display of power.

Orion then began to speak about the Vylkr energy-based techniques.

"As for the techniques, you will have to wait until Goddess Aurora awakens, and we revise them to ensure they don't cause any harm to our warriors. I will establish a facility and personally train those interested in learning how to manufacture the Condensed Vylkr Essence Nourishing Elixir so it can be swiftly distributed for everyone in Paradise to use," Orion said. The key leaders nodded in understanding, eager to test the elixir's effects. They were confident that mastering the Vylkr energy would soon be within their grasp. Although they had concerns about Zera, especially given the identities of the two goddesses within her, they trusted Orion to make the best decisions for all of them.

"Lastly, I will be giving this to each of you," Orion continued as the medallion draped over his shoulders became visible. With a wave of his hand, worn stone bracelets engraved with mysterious inscriptions and tied with vibrant starlight strings appeared before them.

They examined the mysterious bracelets curiously, but their attention soon returned to the glowing medallion Orion wore around his neck, and they waited for his explanation.

Only Ilse continued to gaze at Orion in disbelief, doubting the sight before her.

Orion presented the divine mandate as a powerful artefact that he had acquired, thanks to the aid of Divine Mysteries, as an investment in their future. The information about the divine mandate was too sensitive to share with them until they grew more powerful to protect the truth. "I am giving you these to help you manage Paradise," Orion said, explaining that one of the functions of his divine mandate was the ability to split itself into countless parts for his subordinates to use. Each fragment retained the full capabilities of the original, including tracking and categorising all resources within the force—from weapons, food, and armour to other necessities. It catalogued the skills and abilities of every member, highlighting their strengths and weaknesses. It could also store the wisdom, techniques, tactics, will, personality, and plans of fallen members—their legacy if they wished—allowing their knowledge to guide future generations. Furthermore, it enabled warriors and other members to easily trade for what they needed, as long as they had permission and authority. Additionally, it tracked the culture and traditions of the various races within Paradise, making it easier for one race to integrate with another, thereby fostering unity and understanding. There was even a system that allowed for analysing individuals' behaviours within the force, providing predictive insights into their future actions, morale, and potential betrayal.

However, considering the crucial nature of the task, Orion planned to grant such permissions only to Commander Seth, Zogar, and Anara. He wanted to test the waters first. As long as it concerned managing his force and ensuring its safety and stability, the divine mandate could accomplish it by offering various systems he could implement to achieve the desired results.

In simpler terms, the divine mandate was a tool possessing its own intelligence, given its ability to create and handle so many systems at once. Orion had learnt from Aerialia that artefacts possessing their own intelligence were rare, so he wasn't surprised by this revelation. Orion was simply astonished by the management capabilities of his divine mandate. As Supreme Leader, he alone could grant or reduce the level of permission each individual deemed necessary. The best part was that he didn't have to expend energy to use it. The divine mandate was a gift directly from the Divine Mysteries. As long as they existed, it would continue to work effortlessly. He didn't have to worry about the growing population straining him.

This was fortunate, considering he couldn't utilise divine energy and that the divine mandate might be damaged if he attempted to use Vylkr energy through it.

The entire hall was silent when Orion finished explaining the functions of the divine mandate fragments.

"This..." Brane attempted to speak but was at a loss for words. "What is the name of this powerful artefact?" he composed himself and asked.

"It's called the Divine Medallion of Sovereign Accord," Orion responded. This was the name of the divine mandate the Will of the Divine Mysteries granted to him.

"All of our weapon catalogues and resources will be moved within it. Later, I will adapt the point system created for Paradise's representatives when they were sent to the Runaway Cities. Other rules will also be implemented to prevent abuse. This way, we can connect Paradise through trade and communication," he added. He didn't speak about much more, as they would naturally gain all the necessary information once they bonded with the fragment of Divine Medallion of Sovereign Accord. Orion then talked about the Divine Mysteries' assistance in restoring the pocket dimension to normal so they could stay within it. With this, they were certain that Paradise's growth would skyrocket, both in terms of development and economics.

"Does this mean we will no longer have to fear an invasion from other forces?" Zogar swiftly asked, his tone filled with excitement.

The key leaders present were also filled with anticipation and excitement as they listened to Orion's words.

"Yes. However, only those with unwavering loyalty to Paradise can reside within the pocket dimension. The others will continue to stay outside, serving as a false camp. This way, we can continue to mine the Vylkr ores while quickly detecting anyone infiltrating or attempting to stir trouble."

"We don't have to worry about anyone waging war unless they possess capabilities comparable to a divine being. Even then, they would sense something is amiss and choose not to act rashly until they discover what it is," Orion said.

Now that they could block anyone from casually monitoring them, and with many Vylkr spawns and Divine Corps members having died within their territory, their enemies were unlikely to act rashly unless they were foolish, hotheaded warlords. They would wait until they uncovered Paradise's true strength and intentions.

With him, Ilse, Aurora, Aerilaia, who would soon reform her body after she awakens, Zera, the two goddesses within her, the demigoddess water nymph and the residents of the pocket dimension's technological improvements protecting them, they were well-secured against anyone seeking trouble.

"Are there any more questions?" Orion asked.

The Key Leaders all shook their heads.

Orion nodded, deciding to display the power of the Divine Medallion of Sovereign Accord. He utilised it to send them to their residences. To their surprise, the Key Leaders observed as their bodies scattered into countless specks of light, one by one. They immediately understood what was happening and bowed towards Orion before vanishing into thin air. Only Ilse, Fifi, and Iris, who had yet to receive the mandate, remained in the meeting hall.

Ilse immediately approached Orion. "Is that a divine mandate?" she asked, her firm gaze fixed on him, trying to uncover any lies. She shielded their conversation from the others present.

Orion didn't plan to lie to her, so he nodded. "Yes, it is."

Ilse didn't ask why Orion hadn't mentioned the divine mandate earlier; she understood his reasoning. "Follow me," she said, enveloping him with her divine power. Without hesitation, they vanished from the room.

Chapter 1214 Another Divine Mandate, Grace's Ascension!

Orion looked around in confusion, wondering why she had brought him here.

"Do you know what kind of artefact the golden gate is?" Ilse asked, glancing at him.

Orion shook his head at her question.

"The golden gate is a divine mandate that I received from the Divine Mysteries," Ilse responded.

Orion was shocked. It took him several seconds to fully register her words. "How did you receive it?" he asked, his heart pounding as he awaited her response. Initially, he had thought the golden

gate was a powerful artefact that Ilse had created in one of her past lives. But now, learning that she hadn't, he was curious about what she had done for the Divine Mysteries to grant her such a divine mandate.

"Unfortunately, I can't explain how I obtained the divine mandate due to a promise I made to keep the matter a secret," Ilse replied with a sigh, shaking her head. "However, it doesn't seem that you made a similar promise. Can you explain to me how you received yours?" Ilse asked.

Orion nodded and explained.

As he concluded his explanation, Ilse's expression grew serious. "I've encountered many strange phenomena from the Divine Mysteries and the Will of the Divine Mysteries itself, but this might be the strangest," she said, frowning deeply.

"Aren't you afraid of making such a deal with the Will of the Divine Mysteries?" she asked, glancing at Orion. She hadn't expected him to boldly enter into such an agreement. Going against mysterious, unfathomable forces that even the Will of the Divine Mysteries was wary of—forces filled with formidable divine beings—was akin to fighting opponents far beyond their power, especially for a newly ascended demigod.

To her surprise, Orion shook his head confidently. "I can only take risks to advance an empire like Paradise. To survive in this world, I must bet on myself and every being in Paradise to seize the opportunity granted to us. Together, we will ascend to an unprecedented level where we no longer have to fear the Naka, the Vylkr spawns, the Divine Corps, and any other behind them or unknown forces. I believe we can achieve this, especially with your help, Goddess Ilse."

"And what would you do if the Divine Mysteries someday becomes one of our adversaries?" Ilse asked, scrutinizing Orion from head to toe, searching for any sign of deceit.

Orion remained silent even after a full minute had passed.

"I'll be looking forward to your answer," Ilse said with a chuckle, smiling broadly. "Because if Paradise rises to such an unprecedented level where we no longer fear the Naka, the Vylkr spawns, the Divine Corps, or any other forces behind them, then that day is inevitable."

"If such a day arrives, I'll surely give you my answer then," Orion nodded. He didn't dare entertain such thoughts now, as it was foolish to worry about such things given Paradise's current stage of

development. Besides, one of his greatest strengths was that, as an anomaly, his future wasn't yet set in stone.

"One more thing. If an offender leads a group of people over an extended period, do you think they would emulate their leader and become offenders themselves, or would they remain the same and not be treated as offenders once they and their leader are captured?" Ilse asked, overlooking the diverse races scattered across the earth below.

"I don't know," Orion responded, understanding the intent behind Ilse's question. This was the first time he had encountered such a situation, and he couldn't be certain if all the inhabitants of Paradise would follow in their leader's footsteps and become anomalies themselves. He knew at least some of them possessed the potential to do so. But, the path to becoming an anomaly was fraught with many challenges. So, he could only wait and observe what would transpire.

'Neither brash nor overconfident despite his accomplishments. Most of all, it's easy to forget how young he is. He will make a capable god if he maintains this steady growth,' Ilse thought, satisfied with Orion's response.

Ilse nodded in understanding, and they returned to the main palace.

Orion left the golden palace with Fifi and returned to their manor.

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Within the main room of Orion's manor, he sat on a comfy, broad carpet surrounded by numerous little boys and girls walking around him. They were all his children. While he was still in the pocket dimension, some had already celebrated their first birthdays, while others had yet to do so.

His newborn children: Lyrielle, his daughter with Crystalia; his twins with Gina, their son Tymon and daughter Virelia; Meldra's daughters, Aridelle and Zarissia; Ursa's triplets, their son Darvon, Fyrell, and their daughter Arcelia; his daughter with Tala, Alissa; and Shani's daughter, Thalina. After several months, they could all crawl and join their siblings playing with one another, creating more chaos.

"Okay, I accept that it's my fault for not returning earlier for your birthdays," Orion said, stretching his arms wide open as he was swarmed by an army of growing toddlers. They all spoke to him in babyish tongues that made it hard to decipher if they were simply making sounds or trying to say something.

Meanwhile, some of his wives and concubines sat on raised, plump pillows in the distance, observing the interaction with smiles on their faces. After hearing about his return, the others were on their way back from their respective duties.

Despite being tackled to the ground and bearing the full brunt of a stampede, Orion couldn't help but admit that it was an exhilarating situation.

Greta walked into the room wearing a cropped white blouse and a maxi floral skirt that flowed down to her feet. She carried Grace, who was dressed in a beautiful, bright orange floral dress. On either side of her were Dariya, clad in a form-fitting orange kneel-length dress adorned with vines, and Malaia, who wore a snug yellow knee-length dress also decorated with vines. They stopped before him.

"What happened?" Orion asked, noticing their concerned expressions.

"Grace has been unconscious for a few days now and only just woke up a few hours ago," Greta replied. Orion furrowed his brow, wondering if this had to do with his unconsciousness. This was the second time Grace had fallen unconscious after he went through a drastic experience. "Be careful. I'm still not sure what's wrong with her or if she'll fall unconscious again," Greta said, stretching her hand forward to hand Grace over to Orion.

Orion gently took Grace into his arms.

Suddenly, a bright glow radiated from Grace's body, astounding them. Sensing the sudden change happening with Grace, Orion immediately vanished and reappeared outside, high in the sky over the manor.

Orion watched in shock as a surge of white flame emerged from his body and enveloped Grace. Her body was suspended in the air as the white flames wrapped around her like a cocoon, bathing her entire figure. Even her aura began to steadily climb, stirring the atmosphere around them.

Orion swiftly enveloped Grace with divine power, taking control of the situation. He sent a mental message to his wives, urging them to remain within the manor. He didn't want to falsely alarm the residents of Paradise that they were facing another attack soon after his return.

"What's going on?" Orion muttered to himself, though there was no one to answer.

Suddenly, the space beside him trembled and cracked open, and Ilse stepped out of it, the tear in space sealing behind her. "What did you do?" Ilse asked, looking from Orion to the cocoon of white flames. She rushed over after sensing a divine aura similar to Orion's uncontrollable flare-up, thinking he might be in danger. But to her surprise, he wasn't. She quickly realized something was amiss and wanted to know what it was.

Orion quickly explained everything that had transpired. "At first, I didn't understand what was happening, but now I'm certain that Grace and I are mysteriously connected in a way that causes her to experience the drastic changes I go through." His expression was solemn as he finished speaking, his eyes never leaving Grace's figure. Ilse remained silent momentarily, her expression shifting from shock to disbelief, then realization. She had barely recovered from the shock of learning about Orion's ascension to demigodhood and the revelation of his divine mandate. Now, once again, he had triggered something incredible.

"I'm not sure what's happening to her, but she doesn't appear to be in danger. Let's wait until this ends to handle it together if it becomes a problem," Orion said.

Ilse quickly recomposed herself and nodded in agreement with his words.

Two figures appeared in the distance, swiftly approaching their direction. It was Seth and Zogar. They, too, had rushed to Orion's manor after sensing the sudden chaotic divine aura, fearing something terrible had happened. However, they were surprised to see a blazing white flaming cocoon suspended in the air, with Orion and Ilse standing guard.

They halted before them and bowed respectfully.

"There's no need to worry. You can return to what you were previously doing. I and Goddess Ilse will handle this," Orion said.

Chapter 1215 Grace's Ascension (2), A New Sister Race!

Zogar and Seth nodded in response. They glanced curiously at the flaming white cocoon before departing, soaring into the distance.

After waiting three hours, the white flames began subsiding, and the cocoon slowly opened, revealing an unconscious Grace.

Orion immediately appeared by her side and caught her.

Grace's eyes fluttered open, and she instinctively snuggled deeper into Orion's embrace.

"How do you feel?" Orion asked, his voice calm and soothing as he gently stroked her hair.

"I feel... stronger, much stronger than before," Grace replied. "But everything around me feels different like the world isn't as hard to understand as it used to be," she added, her gaze wandering in confusion as she took in her surroundings.

"Don't worry about it too much right now. Let's get you back so you can rest," Orion responded with a reassuring nod, his touch steady as he held her close.

Grace nodded cutely, her soft expression brightening as she turned her head towards Ilse, sensing her presence. "Aunt Ilse, why are you here? You didn't tell me you'd be coming, or I would've helped you get Liora ready," she said, puffing her cheeks in mild protest.

Ilse's eyes widened in shock, and she muttered, "She sensed my presence..." She hadn't fully concealed herself, assuming Grace wouldn't notice her. After all, Ilse had cloaked her presence with divine power, effectively hiding from mortal eyes. Yet, Grace had easily sensed her location.

Grace stared at Ilse with furrowed brows, confusion growing as she wondered why her beautiful aunt was acting so strangely.

'This could only mean one thing... She has ascended to godhood,' Ilse thought, her mind spinning as the realization hit her with full force.

Despite already suspecting it, confirming it left her in disbelief. Just a few hours ago, this little girl had been a mortal, suffering from the strange effects of her connection with Orion. Now, in such a short time, she had taken her first step into godhood.

When Orion was mortal, his actions often left her astounded, making her question whether he truly fit the mortal scope she knew or was a reincarnated god. Now that he possessed divine potential,

she expected more extraordinary things from him—but why did it feel like he was sharing divine ascension as if he were handing out Kalna fruits?

Wasn't this too much? Had the Divine Mysteries grown lazy, allowing such unprecedented ascensions without intervention, handing out Divine Mandates like it was nothing?

Forget it! The more the residents of Paradise grew stronger, the more certain Ilse felt about their future.

"I didn't come here for Liora. I came to check on you after learning what had transpired," Ilse said, offering Grace a gentle smile. "If you'd like, you can join Liora while I teach her. That way, as her big sister, you can learn to properly care for her and ensure she's doing everything right."

Ilse was teaching Liora to control her powers so she wouldn't cause a scene. As a born demigod, Liora was more intelligent than other children her age, making it easier to educate her.

Now that Orion's first child had also gained divine potential, Ilse—the primary protector and resident goddess—saw it as her duty to guide Grace so she wouldn't lose control of her newfound powers and cause a drastic situation.

Grace's eyes widened in surprise at Ilse's offer, but before responding, she looked to Orion with wide, questioning eyes.

Sensing her inquiry, Orion gave her a nod of approval.

"YIPPEE!" Grace cheered, her fists clenched and raised to the sky in excitement.

Orion couldn't help but smile at the scene.

"Does this mean Grace can now be considered a new sister race rather than a tree nymph? More powerful than the other nymph races and with such a weakness?" Ilse asked, fascinated by the idea of Orion potentially creating a new divine race from his own seed. It seemed fitting for someone like him.

"I think so. But we'll need to run some tests to verify that nothing is wrong with her. Maybe we'll give her more sisters and see if they show the same results. If they do, then we can consider it

similar to the Dragnims, where a powerful bloodline can awaken potential in a weaker one, leading to the creation of a new race," Orion replied, wanting to be sure before giving Grace the official title of a new sister race among the nymphs.

"You might be the only mortal to have fathered a demigod both before and after your ascension," Ilse remarked, finding the thought amusing. It was quite an achievement, given his unique lifestyle, and one to be proud of.

Orion's face beamed as expected, and he nodded with a saintly smile. "Thank you for the compliment, goddess Ilse. I will make sure to father more children for the sake of Paradise," he responded.

A sudden, inappropriate thought about how potent Orion's semen must be now that he was a demigod flashed through Ilse's mind, but she quickly shook it off.

"For your sake and that of your wives, I suggest you wait for goddess Aurora to awaken before engaging in intimacy with them. She's the only one who could sense any changes in your... fertility, and your other partners will need to be prepared to handle the effects of your enhanced potency," Ilse focused on Orion and asked.

Ilse was certain that, at this moment, Orion could bring a body on the brink of death back to life with his seed. Although she wasn't sure if the same effect would apply to a goddess like herself, she sincerely hoped never to find out.

She wondered how other divine beings who had mastered the law of fertility would react upon encountering Orion.

"I will," Orion responded with a solemn expression. His ascension had granted him absolute control over his body, down to the molecular level, but he was still unsure if he could fully control the potency of his fertility.

While he could control himself enough to release outside, it wasn't worth the chaos that would ensue if any of his partners ingested his semen. It was best to wait for Aurora to awaken and confirm that she was improving first. Besides, the Will of the Divine Mysteries could summon him at any moment, so it would be unwise to indulge right now instead of preparing for that encounter.

"I will be taking my leave," Ilse said, tearing open the space beside her.

"Bye-bye, Aunty!" Grace said, waving her hands at Ilse.

Ilse paused, smiled warmly, and waved back before turning and stepping through the tear in space, which was sealed behind her.

"When will Aunty Ilse also become my mommy?" Grace asked, looking at her father.

"Aunty Ilse is a goddess who has lived for countless lifetimes, and having a partner might be trivial to her. So, you shouldn't entertain such ideas," Orion said, rubbing her cheeks gently.

Orion had already sensed that Anara and his other wives had returned home an hour ago and were anxiously awaiting their arrival. "Let's go home; your mothers are waiting for us," he said, enveloping Grace in his divine power.

They vanished from their spot and reappeared within the manor.

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"What?" Anara exclaimed, her eyes wide with shock and bewilderment. She glanced at Grace, who sat beside her, playing with Liora, seemingly oblivious to what had just been said.

Anara had already suspected that Orion and Grace shared an unnatural connection after what had happened before. Learning about his ascension, which coincided with Grace's mysterious illness, had only fueled her suspicions. Now, just as she had been ready to confirm it, she discovered that her little Grace had taken her first step toward godhood.

It wasn't just Anara— even the other women, who were accustomed to encountering bizarre situations as part of their everyday lives, found Orion's explanation hard to believe. Liora becoming a demigod was understandable, as her mother, Aurora, was a genuine goddess. But hearing that Grace had also ascended...

"Don't look at me like that! Did you think I'd keep it a secret if I'd reached godhood?" Anara snapped, her brows twitching in annoyance as she noticed the women's suspicious glances in her direction.

She sighed abruptly, then focused on Grace's excited expression, reaching to ruffle her hair.

"Well done," Anara said with a sweet smile.

"Yes, congratulations on your ascension to godhood, Grace," Greta added, clapping her hands with a smile.

"Congratulations on your ascension to godhood, Grace," Celeste said softly.

"Congratulations..."

One by one, the women in the household echoed their congratulations, their voices filling the room for everyone to hear.

Hearing their praises filled Grace with an incredible sense of excitement. Thanks to her father, She ascended to godhood, a special status few could achieve.

Her beautiful and strong aunt invited her to attend her lecture. Now, she could finally play with her sister, whose abnormal strength had made her sad because she hadn't been able to express herself freely before.

Grace had been worried about watching her youngest sister grow in such a way, fearing that she couldn't do anything about it. But it seemed all her previous concerns had been pointless.

Chapter 1216 Crossing Into The Pocket Dimension, The Mysterious Connection

Now, everyone was congratulating her and acknowledging her achievements. If she could choose her next life, she would again choose this family—her father, mother, and siblings—without hesitation.

Orion cleared his throat and summoned the Divine Medallion of Sovereign Accord, drawing everyone's attention. With a thought, he created a smaller version of the medallion, its chain made of starlight rope, and draped it over their necks. He then began explaining its functions, similar to what the Will of the Divine Mysteries had informed him and what he had shared with the key

leaders. The rest of the knowledge flowed into their minds. As the wives of the Supreme Leader, their authority was second only to his, giving them the right to utilize all the powers of the Divine Medallion of Sovereign Accord.

After an hour of absorbing the authority Orion had granted them, the women all took sharp breaths, one by one. Even Reena, Anara, Selene, and Shani, whose fragments had transformed into necklaces similar to the others, were taken aback by the increased level of authority they had been granted. It was far greater than their previous authority as key leaders.

"Thank you, my husband," Anara stood up from her plush pillow and bowed respectfully to Orion.

Reena, Selene, Shani, Dariya, Malaia, Fifi, Greta, Celeste, Celia, Vivian, Gina, Seraphina, Maeve, Whisperwing, Tala, Crystalia, and the others followed suit, rising from their pillows and bowing towards Orion with the same respect.

"Thank you, darling."

"Thank you, sweetheart."

"Thank you, my husband."

They had decided to show their appreciation officially, demonstrating their commitment to using the immense authority given to them wisely. It was also a gesture of respect, not only for their husband but also for the Supreme Leader of Paradise.

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On the vast expanse of ruined land below, outside Paradise, a rift in space emerged and gradually expanded, stretching from the earth to the sky. An overwhelming, visible pressure emanated from it and spread outward, causing the shattered ground to collapse further. Dust rose into the air, shrouding the entire area in a thick cloud. The sudden eruption alerted the warriors monitoring the territory.

They quickly sent a message to Paradise using their masks.

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A warrior soon arrived at Orion's manor to deliver the message.

"Okay, you can take your leave," Orion nodded.

The warrior bowed respectfully, then turned and soared into the distance.

Orion closed the door, returned to the house, and handed Liora to Reena.

"Everyone should stay here until I return," Orion instructed.

The women nodded in understanding, one by one.

With that, Orion vanished, reappearing beside the Golden Palace. He spotted Ilse waiting for him at the edge of the land, her gaze fixed on the disturbance below. Orion appeared at her side.

"Can we pass through the gateway?" Orion asked, glancing at the enormous rift in the earth that stretched high into the sky, almost reaching their level. He planned to move the floating territory into the pocket dimension but was concerned it might be too difficult.

"Yes, I can do it," Ilse nodded.

Ilse tore open a rift in space and stepped through it, with Orion following close behind. The rift sealed behind them as they reemerged within the Village Chief's compound.

Brane, Zara, Zogar, Seth, and several powerful warriors stood in the compound. They had been awaiting their arrival, and as soon as they saw Orion and Ilse, they bowed respectfully.

Ilse nodded in acknowledgement and walked toward the sundial that had stood erect in the centre of the Village Chief's compound for thousands of years.

Orion gestured for the others to raise their heads as he followed Ilse.

Without saying another word, Ilse placed her right hand on the sundial. Instantly, the enormous stone pillar radiated a bright hue, and an indescribable wave of pressure emanated from it and spread outward. Strangely, only Ilse and Orion could sense the immense force rippling across Paradise.

Orion felt a distinct sensation within him, drawing him toward the sundial. He knew he shared a connection with it, having eaten its fruit to acquire a wisp of Primordial energy—still residing within him—and awakening his gift and control over Ilse. However, this was the first time he had felt such a direct pull, actively drawing his attention.

Choosing not to interrupt Ilse, Orion shook off the sensation and refocused on the events unfolding around him.

The Primordial barrier protecting Paradise's floating territory revealed itself, resembling a void sphere that blocked the radiant sky outside from penetrating through it. It transformed the illusionary sky within to night, with countless illusory stars dotting the heavens, obscuring whatever was happening outside from being seen within.

This lasted for ten minutes before Ilse withdrew her hand from the enormous sundial. The bright hue surrounding it dimmed until it vanished.

Ilse turned to look at Orion standing behind her and nodded. "I'm done. The floating territory of Paradise has now been successfully transported into the pocket dimension," she said.

Orion nodded in acknowledgement.

Just as Ilse was about to step forward, she staggered and fell. Before she could hit the hard, solid ground, Orion appeared beside her and caught her.

"Are you okay?" Orion asked, realizing that transporting the entire territory might have taken a toll on her.

"I'm just a little tired and need to rest briefly. I can stay conscious far longer than before, so it isn't something to worry about," Ilse responded, gently removing Orion's hand as she supported herself up to her feet.

Orion responded with a silent nod and refocused on the sundial, sensing that its connection had grown stronger now that he was close to it.

"What is it?" Ilse asked, noticing Orion's distracted look.

"I can sense a powerful connection that has suddenly formed between me and the sundial... I think it's something within it," Orion replied. He knew that the sundial had transformed into a powerful structure, one even the Crimson Greatsword couldn't break through.

Due to the primordial energy stored within the remains of the omnithrallian, powering the Primordial barrier, Orion once thought the sundial had been influenced by this energy, transforming it into something primordial. There was also a chance it was connected to the Aegis of the Arctic Deity. Still, there was no way to verify his thoughts without compromising Paradise's security.

Orion wondered if this was because he had ascended to godhood, the first and only among the villagers to have achieved such a status in history.

Ilse had similar thoughts. "Touch it. I'll be ready to protect you if anything happens," Ilse said, an inquisitive glint in her eyes. She was eager to discover what kind of connection Orion had formed with the sundial.

Orion hesitated but nodded in understanding. He wouldn't be able to focus intently on the migration of Paradise's residents into the pocket dimension until he dealt with this now.

Orion turned to look at Brane and the others. "You all should exit the compound. I want to try something, and I'll inform you when I'm done," he said.

They nodded silently in response, understanding the gravity of the situation. They turned and exited the Village Chief's compound.

Orion walked forward and halted before the sundial. Sensing the connection growing stronger, he took a deep breath, exhaled, and placed his hand against the sundial. In an instant, a spark of white flame erupted from the centre of his palm and surrounded him. Flickers of white flame emanated from his body. At the same time, the sundial was enveloped by a fierce, blazing surge of white flame that gradually rose high into the sky.

Orion discovered that his vision became blurring as his connection with the sundial deepened. Suddenly, his vision darkened, and his consciousness was pulled into the sundial.

Orion opened his eyes and found himself in a void with the enormous sundial pillar still burning with blazing white flame. There was nothing else around him.

Suddenly, a presence manifested beside him.

Orion turned his head and gaped, recognizing who it was.

It was none other than White Flame, also known as General Reynold, the leader of the great god of illusion and creation!

His body was solid, and his features were sharp, making him easily recognizable to Orion. Gentle white embers scattered around him, illuminating the void.

"I didn't expect you to ascend so quickly... but that's to be expected. You're human... It's in our nature to achieve what others deem impossible," White Flame said, his voice calm yet tinged with curiosity. However, his gaze never wavered from the burning sundial.

Orion remained silent. He sensed that the White Flame before him was real. Even though White Flame's ember had aided in his ascension to demigodhood, Orion was unsure what to say. He had been the one who had slain White Flame, so he didn't want to risk angering him while in such a vulnerable state.

"I didn't come here to harm you, so there's no need to be afraid. I'm here for something else," White Flame said as if sensing Orion's thoughts.

"What is it that you want?" Orion asked.

"The remnants of my essence reside within the white flame ember inside you..."

Mysteries!

"Although you had ascended. It is not a complete one. I can sense what you are now and know that your path to godhood would be fraught with impossible challenges. Because of that, I want to offer you a path to ascension. With it, your ascension through godhood would be smooth, even rivalling those aided by the Divine

Mysteries," General Reynold replied.

Upon hearing his words, Orion was stunned. "How do you plan on doing it?" he asked. Suddenly, he paused and focused on the burning sundial before him.

"Don't tell me...?" Orion said, his eyes widening.

"Within this sundial are the remains of an Omnithriallain and a fragment of the Divine Mysteries that I managed to acquire during my failed ascension to true godhood," General Reynolds said, looking at the white flames shrouding his hand. "Over time, this fragment has become a part of me, resonating deeply with my divine power." "This fragment is also within you, so you ascended so effortlessly. Fortunately, it doesn't seem to have affected your divine potential, which relieves me. Unfortunately, the more I aid in your ascension, the closer I come to dissipating. But with this sundial, I can pass my legacy to you... to accomplish what no man has ever done, because no man could."

"You don't need to do anything. As my successor, stand back and watch," General Reynolds said, stepping forward. He stretched out his right hand and placed it on the sundial.

After several seconds, he withdrew his hand, furrowing his flaming brows.

Orion was about to speak but quickly closed his mouth when he saw part of the blazing white flame on the sundial transform into inky black flames.

Vylkr energy! Orion was surprised, quickly recognizing the familiar energy. Suddenly, an ethereal figure began to take shape from the wisps of the inky black flames. As the figure became more visible and solidified, Orion's body shook.

The ethereal individual was none other than Oberon, also known as the Aegis of the Arctic Deity! A god who didn't wish to be called one out of respect for his creator. This was the same individual

Orion had witnessed die in battle against the Vylkrspawns. Now, without a doubt, a fragment of his consciousness stood before him. Orion trembled, his eyes wavering. He realized that Oberon had done more than awaken Ilse before he died.

Oberon's gaze lingered on General Reynolds before shifting toward Orion.

"How is Paradise?" Oberon asked.

"It's doing well... thanks to you," Orion responded.

"And the Pixies?" Oberon asked.

"They're fine. They've been instrumental in Paradise's development," Orion replied. "And the Princess of the Garden?"

"Aerialia has accepted her as her daughter and given her a proper name. We also have a daughter of our own now-she's a born demigod," Orion said.

"Oh, it seems like I missed a lot," Oberon said, his voice tinged with surprise. Then he chuckled. "I should have expected nothing less from your lascivious nature."

He sighed and nodded. "It's good to hear that everyone is alright."

"How are you still here?" Orion asked, wanting to get to the heart of the matter.

General Reynolds remained silent, observing Oberon by his side.

Hearing the question, Oberon sighed in defeat, then responded, "It's like this: when I attempted to use the power within the sundial to strengthen the protection around Paradise, I came into contact with the consciousness of an Omnithriallain. Just as I had made a deal with one Omnithriallain to use its body after merging with it, another Omnithriallain prevented Ilse from awakening."

"As it turned out, Naka already had the corpse used to create a man-made god tree nymph before he changed plans after what transpired with the goddess," Oberon explained, a sad glint flickering in his gaze.

"The moment it saw me, it became immediately aware of my condition and attacked. But I managed to communicate with it after revealing my purpose and allowing it to read my memories for confirmation."

"Then, it offered its aid and helped me seal a portion of my divine consciousness within, on the condition that I would manage the affairs of the sundial-ensuring its bloom, protecting Paradise, and ensuring goddess Ilse doesn't harm you by constantly strengthening your control over her. The consciousness of the Omnithriallain dissipated on its own after that."

"I planned to eventually pass this on to you after you ascended to godhood, but it seems someone else was interested in the sundial," Oberon concluded, shifting his attention from Orion to General Reynolds.

"Are you planning to stop me?" General Reynolds asked, narrowing his eyes at Oberon.

"No. We are both remnants of divine consciousness. Any battle between us could lead to a catastrophic event that would harm us both-and the sundial," Oberon responded calmly, meeting General Reynolds' gaze.

"I sensed your intentions regarding what you are about to do, and I'd like to propose something. With our combined abilities, I believe we can achieve it," Oberon quickly added.

General Reynolds remained silent, pondering briefly before asking, "What do you propose? I don't have much time left before I dissipate. If I don't find your words convincing, I don't mind putting your abilities to the test to see if you truly have the power to stop me." The blazing white flame enveloping him flared up slightly, flickering around them.

Undeterred, Oberon replied, "The corpse of an Omnithriallain, no matter how damaged, was a race created not by one god but countless gods. As such, they possess their own mysteries, which cannot be fully understood by either the gods who gave up their powers and descended or by the divine mysteries that emerged afterwards. This is why they are feared."

"You wish to create an item similar to a divine mandate that would enable him to

advance through godhood effortlessly using the fragments of the divine mysteries you assimilated during your failed ascension, correct? Why don't we create something greater-a structure that

possesses the mysteries of the Omnithriallains and the fragment of the divine mysteries you've assimilated?"

"We could forge a pathway to ascension for all of Paradise, one that even the divine mysteries themselves won't be able to comprehend or control, no matter how hard they try. An ascension pathway that doesn't require the direct intervention of the Divine Mysteries... Mysteries beyond Mysteries. It would only be for those who meet the necessary criteria. Doing this would be tantamount to achieving what no god

could."

"By all of Paradise, do you also mean the other races within it, apart from the humans?" General Reynolds asked, his tone sharp.

"Yes, I do. You will need my permission before you can do anything with the sundial. Paradise is composed of many races, all of which I've chosen to protect. It's no longer the same as it was under 'Naka," Oberon responded.

Once Orion reached his full potential, it was unknown what his true strength would be or if he could push into the realm of true gods with what remained of his power. The consciousness within the White Flame ember had devised a plan-to create a way for Orion to ascend once he exhausted his potential.

This was why General Reynolds needed the help of the sundial, as he couldn't accomplish such a feat alone.

With Oberon's help, they could create a better path for other warriors who had reached their full potential and even those of different races who could utilize the Vylkr energy to ascend, provided they met the necessary criteria.

This would solve one of the longstanding issues plaguing Paradise and, at the same time, forge an unimaginable number of formidable forces hidden from the outside

world.

However, it was unclear whether a man like General Reynolds would pursue such a

plan.

Within the mysterious sundial, two man-made gods were planning something unbelievable, something that would leave any divine being outside aghast and in

disbelief.

A sudden silence enveloped them.

Orion turned toward General Reynolds and bowed respectfully.

"I stand on behalf of the human race, which has endured so much terror under Naka,

and for the other races within Paradise who have suffered similar experiences. I understand your hesitation, as I would likely feel the same if I had gone through what you have. But I didn't."

"I am the Supreme Leader of Paradise, having lived through events that were the byproducts of seven thousand years ago. I promised myself to build a sanctuary where every race could coexist, and I can see that promise slowly being fulfilled. The only thing I desire more than power is a peaceful world and a family to enjoy it." "Don't tell me that I am foolish because we are divine by nature, surpassing mortal understanding and triumphing over the limitations of the universe. How can I walk with pride if I can't create such a world while others turn it upside down for their pleasure?" Orion said, straightening his back.

"Besides, I plan on reforging the entire universe and putting everything in order once I ascend in power to the level of a true god. Unity is important, but I won't force anyone to lose their sense of identity."

Chapter 1218 Mysteries Beyond Mysteries (2)

"And how do you plan on turning the race against their creator god?"

How do you plan to keep the gods at bay? There's no way they'd sit back and watch their children come under someone else's authority. Even if you kill them as much as you want, as long as their children exist, they will be reborn," General Reynolds asked.

"It will be impossible for him to accomplish such a feat alone. That is why I am making this proposal. The Divine Mysteries is the only thing that can keep the gods at bay. But, if we can create our own, with Paradise as the new heaven, it won't be difficult to sense their reincarnation when it occurs or regulate them," Oberon responded.

"I wasn't speaking to you, pixie man," General Reynold replied, refocusing his gaze on Orion. He patiently awaited his response.

"The gods are powerful and resourceful, so it would be nothing but arrogance for me to claim I could handle them alone. Even with the Vylkr energy, the perfect weapon against the divine, they still thrive. You two have lived far longer than I have and know more about the gods, so I can only listen to your advice and lean toward the Aegis of the Arctic Deity's plan," Orion responded.

He had seen the resourcefulness and ferocity of the gods—Aerialia, the Nine Greed Gods, the Goddess of Twilight Chorus and Fortune, and the Goddess of Malevolence and Witches—when their backs were against the wall. He knew he would suffer heavily even with all of Paradise at his side in a confrontation against them.

General Reynold nodded, turning his attention back to Orion.

"And what's your guarantee that this new Mysteries won't become like the Divine Mysteries, subjecting everyone under its rule? How can you be certain it will control the gods just as the Divine Mysteries do?" General Reynold asked, focusing on Oberon.

"This new Mysteries will be under Orion's command. And yes, I am certain it will. As for how—well, isn't it too much to ask me that when you're unsure if the pathway you're creating will even allow Orion to ascend to godhood?" Oberon responded, meeting General Reynold's gaze.

"Of course I am. My only concern is whether he can handle it when the time comes. I don't want to be the one to end my successor with my own hands," General Reynold responded with a snort. "But you're right. It's too much for me to assume you know how something so great will work."

"To defeat the gods and save this world, bringing it back under humanity's rule, I will go along for now. But I won't hesitate to destroy both of us if I find anything amiss," General Reynold warned.

"My intentions are pure. I don't plan on using any underhanded means, so you don't have to worry," Oberon responded with a nod. Then, he shifted his focus towards Orion. "Stay behind and watch. You're about to witness a monumental event that will be recorded for all ages."

Orion nodded silently.

With a nod toward each other, General Reynold and Oberon turned to face the blazing sundial, covered in both white and inky black flames.

"The Omnithriallain I helped refused to extinguish this curse as a reminder of what would happen if I failed to keep my promise again. Fortunately, this curse will be crucial in creating this new Mysteries," Oberon remarked. He hadn't anticipated General Reynold's arrival or intentions to turn the curse into a blessing. With the Vylkr energy, they could add another nature to their creation, making it significantly more powerful.

"For failing to keep your word and bringing this curse upon us all, you deserve it," General Reynold said coldly.

Oberon's lips curled into a slight, tight smile. Both men stretched out their hands, placing them on opposite parts of the blazing sundial's white flame and the inky black flame. Suddenly, the sundial began to crumble, revealing the half-mangled skeletal remains of an Omnithriallain within. The skeleton was crushed and melded with the blazing flaming rocks suspended in the void before them. Then, the rocks began to reform, creating a step. The step was forged from stone mixed with the remains of an omnithrallian, blazing white and inky black flames, which was General Reynold's divine essence and a fragment of the Divine Mysteries that he had absorbed during his ascension to true godhood and Oberon's.

As the first step formed, the second step began to take shape.

The same scene transpired within the Village Chief's compound as the sundial broke apart, revealing what was inside before merging and reforging into a step. Then, a wave of mysterious power flooded the surroundings, enveloping Paradise. Strangely, it didn't affect the residents of Paradise directly but instead caused a chill to crawl on their spines and spread deep within their souls.

Within the mysterious sundial, Orion continued to observe the scene unfolding before him, wide-eyed, not daring to blink for fear of missing anything.

After four days, a twelve-step staircase with a radiant creamy white and inky black surface, covered in wisps of flames of the same colours, stood before them. At that moment, General Reynold's body, which had been on the verge of dissipating, now burned more vigorously. Oberon's form also appeared more solid than when he had first emerged.

They both exuded immense, formidable power. Although the structure that would serve as a pathway for the ascension of Paradise's inhabitants and a foundation for the birth of a new Mysteries had been built, something still needed to be done for it to be truly completed.

General Reynold and Oberon looked up as though their eyes could pierce through the layers of conceptual space around them.

Outside, Ilse had been observing for four days as the sundial broke apart, revealing its contents before they were reforged into a twelve-step staircase. She had previously attempted to awaken Orion, but her senses warned her that intervening would lead to catastrophic consequences. So she could only watch from the sidelines, hoping Orion would return to his senses soon.

In the meantime, she placed a barrier around the Village Chief's compound to prevent what was unfolding from spilling into Paradise. Even though her barriers had been destroyed more times than she could count, she continued to reconstruct them, waiting for Orion to awaken.

Suddenly, Ilse's eyes widened in horror as two familiar figures manifested above, beside the stairs. Their gazes focused skyward as if ignoring her presence entirely.

The Great God of Creation and Illusion! Aegis of the Arctic Deity! She recognized the former from her past life and the latter from the memories of one of her children—and because he was responsible for her current predicament.

Both had played pivotal roles in her life but were once considered dead, so Ilse found it hard to believe that they were present. Her mind raced, and she concluded they were responsible for what was unfolding and why Orion had been in a trance for four days.

The twelve-step staircase trembled, and a blinding light beam emerged from and shot into the sky. The primordial barrier parted, allowing the light beam to leave Paradise and make its presence known to the outside world.

Ilse was unsure of what was happening as she observed the gaping hole in the primordial barrier in the sky, which she could no longer control. Gritting her teeth, she continued to watch, hoping that whatever unfolded wouldn't cause irreparable harm to Paradise.

Accompanied by the mysterious power that shot into the sky, General Reynold's and Oberon's power flared uncontrollably, and together, they spoke:

"Today, we announce the birth of a new Mysteries and an ascension pathway to godhood for all races. If anyone opposes this, let them step forward. If not, hold your peace!"

Just as two captains cannot command the same ship, the vastness of the universe was not enough to contain two Mysteries. For one to emerge, it must challenge the other. And for one to remain, it must oppose the other's emergence. If the latter appears to oppose them and loses, their victory would be assured, and the Mysteries could grow under the same sky unhindered—until it was confident that it would challenge and ultimately take down the Divine Mysteries. This was like hanging a rope around one's neck and handing the ends to one's adversary.

As they waited, a reply came swiftly. The entire sky of the pocket dimension darkened, and a figure descended from the clouds. His body radiated an intense, blinding light, spilling into every corner of the pocket dimension and the mirror realm. All eyes were fixed on it, as he was the only light source within the pocket dimension. This entity was none other than the Will of the Divine Mysteries!

Because they were within a pocket dimension, where the presence of the Divine Mysteries was faint, the Divine Mysteries would have to tear it apart and emerge to respond to the challenge. But since there was already a direct representative of the divine Mysteries present, it acted as its will.

Chapter 1219 Mysteries Beyond Mysteries (3), A Localized Will!

Outside the pocket dimension, a catastrophic phenomenon enveloped the entire earth, affecting mortals and those of divine nature as the confrontation between the Divine Mysteries and the birth of new Mysteries began.

The Will of the Divine Mysteries looked at the twelve-step stairs in surprise, shock, and disbelief.

"How did they accomplish such a thing?... Interesting," the Will of the Divine Mysteries muttered. It then focused on General Reynold, Oberon, Orion, and Ilse alongside the newly created 'Mysteries.'

Rather than taking action after receiving a challenge, the Will of the Divine Mysteries spoke: "Is this the path you have chosen to take?" Its voice boomed, resounding across the pocket dimension.

General Reynold and Oberon remained silent. However, their silence spoke louder than words.

"If that's your answer, then I will allow it," the Will of the Divine Mysteries responded.

General Reynold and Oberon furrowed their brows in confusion, deep frowns appearing.

Meanwhile, Ilse, now seated on the ground behind them, physically exhausted from maintaining her barrier, couldn't believe what was transpiring before her. From the emergence of the two man-made gods to the creation of new Mysteries and challenging the Divine Mysteries, the Divine Mysteries had decided to allow the birth of a new one. Ilse couldn't believe what she had just heard and thought she was hallucinating as a side effect of her worldview being upturned over and over since she had reawakened.

"Ahh!" Ilse clutched her head, feeling a throbbing sensation in her mind. She could not process or comprehend what was happening.

Meanwhile, Orion watched wide-eyed after hearing Will of the Divine Mysteries' words, his heartbeat racing as he imagined that Paradise might make it through this and emerge stronger than ever. He didn't know how things would turn out and could only place his hope in General Reynold and Oberon to handle the unfolding situation.

"Aren't you going to stop us?" General Reynold asked, his voice filled with suspicion as it reverberated across the pocket dimension.

"What if I don't want to?" the Will of the Divine Mysteries responded. Before they could reply, it continued: "Not long ago, I was dealing with two borderline depressed and psychopathic goddesses who tried to disturb the order of everything, causing the emergence of an Anomaly—and various other things. And now, two man-made gods and a territory filled with anomalies are attempting to create a new Mysteries. Divine Mysteries this, Divine Mysteries that... What if the truth is that I don't want to stop you?"

The Will of the Divine Mysteries paused, then added, "Besides, I've already invested in Paradise, so there's no reason to stop you. Have you ever seen an investor willing to destroy their investment?"

At that moment, General Reynold, Oberon, Orion, and Ilse couldn't help but stare wide-eyed in surprise at the Will of the Divine Mysteries after hearing what it had just said.

The Will of the Divine Mysteries was... complaining!

Had they heard this from someone else, they would have believed the other party was lying and chosen not to take their words seriously. However, seeing the Will of the Divine Mysteries uttering such words with their ears, they were uncertain whether to believe it or not.

General Reynold and Oberon exchanged glances and nodded. Despite still being filled with suspicion, they decided to proceed with their plan since they had received approval from the Will of the Divine Mysteries.

Suddenly, the twelve-step staircase vanished and reappeared in the sky above Paradise. As the stairs enlarged, the intensity of the blazing white and inky flames enveloping it radiated such intense heat that the sky churned violently. The barrier protecting the mirror realm was pierced, and the staircase continued expanding until it broke out of the mirror realm and emerged into the outside world. Outside, the heavens churned even more violently as though sensing a threat to their existence. The clouds gathered together, forming a spiral in the sky, and strange catastrophic phenomena emerged, covering the entire Drelyal Mountain ranges.

The clouds were filled with lightning coiling around them, each bolt as thick as a mountain, striking down the stairs, but the twelve-step staircase remained unmoved. Then, it transformed into an enormous whirlwind that overturned many mountains within the Drayal Mountain ranges, upturning vast swathes of land as though attempting to dislodge the staircase, yet the stairs remained steadfast.

Next, countless hailstones fell from the sky, each as large as a human head, descending heavily. Afterwards, a wide swath of fire bathed the entire territory, charring it. It seemed as though the Divine Mysteries was doing everything in its power to prevent the emergence of the new Mysteries before it, but all of its efforts were futile.

General Reynold and Oberon sensed this within the pocket dimension and couldn't help but frown, feeling like the Divine Mysteries were toying with them. They knew the Divine Mysteries could

unleash a terrible phenomenon capable of pushing the new Mysteries to the brink of collapse, so they had prepared themselves for a fierce battle, gathering all the power they could. However, they could not understand the intentions of the Divine Mysteries, leaving them utterly confused.

Outside the pocket dimension, the bizarre phenomena slowly dissipated, and another emerged. The sky turned to night, and countless bright stars emerged, dotting the heavens and illuminating the earth. Even the pocket dimension wasn't spared from this sight, as the darkness brought by the Will of the Divine Mysteries was expelled, revealing countless arrays of beautiful stars.

One of the stars fell from the sky, streaking through the night like a shooting star, travelling across the entire earth. Distance and location didn't matter. Whether within a pocket dimension, a hidden realm, or even the Spirit realm, all could witness this breathtaking and mesmerizing sight.

And all of this had transpired because... a new Mysteries had been birthed!

The twelve-step staircase shrank, returning to its previous length, and re-emerged at the centre of the Village Chief's compound. Suddenly, the twelve-step staircase was illuminated again. This time, a massive ethereal tree grew from within this time and stretched outwards, passing through the Primordial barrier until it touched the sky. Its roots stretched across all of Paradise, and surprisingly, they continued to expand. However, instead of breaking free from the Primordial Barrier, the tree's roots extended alongside it as though using the barrier as a shield to protect them. Soon, the roots had spread across every corner of the pocket dimension, bound together with the Primordial barrier.

It stopped once it reached the edge, seemingly unable to break out of the pocket dimension. The tree and the Primordial barrier began solidifying, becoming even more visible to the naked eye yet still exuding an intense, ethereal presence.

Countless fruits hung on the tree's towering branches, some piercing into the mirror realm and others stretching outward. Each fruit glimmered like precious crystallized jewels, radiating a pulsing, rainbow-coloured hue. One of the fruits suddenly began to enlarge until it was half the size of a human and fell from the branch. It landed within the Village Chief's compound, beside the trunk of the ethereal tree, with a resonating "BANG!" that echoed across the entire pocket dimension. Then, the tree scattered into countless specks of light, which returned to the twelve-step staircase. The staircase transformed into the sundial and planted firmly on the ground.

The entire event had transpired within several minutes. But it wasn't over. The fruit that had landed on the ground began to peel, strip by strip, until it revealed a figure curled up within it.

It was a little girl with a golden upper body and a dark lower body, dressed in attire seemingly woven from many leaves and flowers possessing the same distinct colours as her skin. She resembled a typical tree nymph from Paradise. However, her mysterious yet powerful aura and the manner of her emergence indicated that she was nothing short of extraordinary.

The girl stirred awake, slowly pushing herself up with one hand while rubbing her eyes. Still seated on the ground, she looked around her surroundings with a gaze filled with curiosity, suspicion, and wariness.

Her gaze landed on General Reynold, Oberon, Orion, and Ilse. She paused, staring at them curiously, with similar emotions in her eyes—neither afraid nor approaching them.

"Who's that?" Orion asked, looking at the girl in confusion and interest.

"It seems that the essence of the tree nymph Naka was working on before he moved on to trying to cure goddess Ilse of the curse was still within the remains of the Omnithrialian. Due to our actions, she has been reborn as the localized Will of the stairs," Oberon responded, scrutinizing the young girl with a calm yet piercing gaze.

"That shouldn't be a problem, should it?" General Reynold said with a frown, studying her.

Orion also awaited his response.

"No. Since she's connected to the new Mysteries, she's also subject to its Will and intentions," Oberon shook his head. "We had already anticipated something unexpected might occur. We should be grateful that this is all that has transpired. Besides, with her presence, we can rest assured about the future of the new Mysteries."

Chapter 1220 The Realm Of A New Mysteries! The Secret Of The Divine Corps?

General Reynold nodded in acknowledgement. "This is very fascinating," he said.

Everyone, including Ilse, nodded in agreement.

Even in her countless lifetimes, she had only witnessed the birth of a new Mysteries once—this was the second time. Ilse disregarded the anger that surged upon hearing Oberon's mention of 'Naka' and scrutinised every detail about the unnatural tree nymph before her with an inquisitive gaze.

Soon, the little girl, feeling intimidated by the many stares fixed on her, swiftly vanished into a stream of light that entered the sundial.

"She's fascinating indeed," a familiar voice sounded behind them.

They all turned their heads toward the voice.

Standing behind them was a tall figure radiating an intense white light that made it difficult to discern his form or attire. Yet, they could still manage to look at him, albeit with some difficulty.

"So, are you two going to handle it until it matures?" the Will of the Divine Mysteries asked, focusing on General Reynold and Oberon.

"We will handle it," Oberon responded. "We'll leave the rest for Orion to take care of."

Since they hadn't expended the divine power they had gathered during the creation of the new Mysteries to hold back the Divine Mysteries, they could last for an extended period managing them. However, because they had used their essences in its creation—leaving just enough to carry them through their battle—they were unsure whether they could last until the new Mysteries matured.

Regardless, they couldn't reveal this to the Will of the Divine Mysteries, as they were uncertain about his true motives.

General Reynold nodded in agreement with Oberon's words.

"I will do my best not to disappoint you all," Orion said, bowing respectfully.

The Will of the Divine Mysteries nodded silently. He stretched his hand sideways, causing a ripple in the space beside them, and it disappeared. He then pulled backwards, dragging a woman with ice-white hair and in a matte black bodysuit, and threw her to the ground.

The woman landed roughly, her body bound by ropes that appeared to be made of light. She struggled, trying to break free from her restraints, but no matter what she did, she couldn't. She glared at them before turning her head to the side, focusing on the Will of the Divine Mysteries.

Orion frowned as he examined the woman's attire, realising that there was more than one Divine Corps member they had missed, who had been dealt with by the Will of the Divine Mysteries. Even after ascending to demigodhood, Orion wasn't sure he could defeat her without using White Flame's Ember.

Meanwhile, Ilse stared wide-eyed at the woman, wary of her as she had encountered Divine Corps members before.

"Who's she?" General Reynold asked with a frown, glancing from the woman to the Will of the Divine Mysteries.

"This is one of Paradise's adversaries whom I captured. I was planning to hold onto her until I figured out what to do, but after the several surprises you've given me and the outstanding return on my investment, I decided it's best to leave her here. Be cautious in how you handle Divine Corps members—they are tricky individuals, and even gods have to be wary when they encounter one," the Will of the Divine Mysteries responded lightly.

"One more thing. I'm sure you all sense that the Primordial Barrier is now connected to the new Mysteries you've created, using it as a domain to establish itself until it matures. This means this place can no longer be considered a pocket dimension—it has expanded into its own realm."

"Consequently, it will be difficult for anyone outside to break in and inside to leave unless through a stellar gate or other special means. Had I not intervened, it would have continued spreading into the outside world, so you have me to thank for that," the Will of the Divine Mysteries explained, his words echoing in Orion's ears.

Orion barely managed to suppress the smile threatening to spread across his face. Doesn't this mean they were fully secured and no longer needed to worry about their safety? The only issue was that they, too, were bound by this barrier and unable to move as freely as they desired.

"Is there a solution that would allow us to move freely?" Orion asked. Since the Will of the Divine Mysteries had informed them of this, it must also have a way to resolve it. As for their actions in challenging the Divine Mysteries, he put that matter aside since the Will of the Divine Mysteries hadn't taken it too seriously.

"There is. I merged the barrier with the Divine Mandate I have given you, making it easier for you and anyone you choose to leave without much difficulty. Consider it a bonus for proving you can uphold our promise," the Will of the Divine Mysteries responded.

The Divine Medallion of Sovereign Accord around Orion's neck emerged.

Orion glanced at the Divine Mandate, then bowed respectfully toward the Will of the Divine Mysteries. "Thank you for your aid," he said.

The Will of the Divine Mysteries nodded and turned his attention to General Reynold, who had stretched out his hand, summoning the bound woman toward him curiously.

"Do you have any issues with her?" the Will of the Divine Mysteries asked.

"No, I've never met her in my life," General Reynold responded, hesitating momentarily as if he wanted to say more but remained silent. Instead, he released a wisp of white flame and watched as it entered the woman. Her eyes widened in fear, and she began struggling even more frantically, but she could only watch as the white flame ember flowed into her body.

Her movements froze, and in an instant, she lost consciousness.

General Reynold laid her back on the ground, contemplating for a moment before focusing on the Will of the Divine Mysteries. "What is she? I can sense she's not... alive," he said, glancing subtly at the unconscious woman.

Everyone around them frowned upon hearing his words.

"The Divine Corps emerged out of nowhere. No one knows their origin, and everyone who has encountered one is searching for answers, but no one has found them... except me. However, I see no reason to answer your question after your previous unpleasant actions," the Will of the Divine Mysteries replied, revealing a glimpse of a secret about the Divine Corps members, though unwilling to share any more details.

A brief silence enveloped the environment.

Even Ilse didn't dare utter a word and felt left out among the individuals before her. On the one hand, she didn't want to stir up enmity with General Reynold; on the other, there was the Will of the Divine Mysteries, which had spent thousands of years trying to eliminate her other self. She was unsure if it would consider her an anomaly to be struck down if she accidentally irritated it. She wasn't sure if its current attitude was reserved solely for the insane individuals before her, so she decided it was best to remain silent and stay safe.

"Forget it," General Reynold said, sighing loudly and shaking his head. He refocused on Orion and said, "I'll leave her in your hands. I've ensured she won't be able to use her powers or do anything that would threaten Paradise, so you don't have to worry about her being a threat when she awakens."

Orion responded with a nod.

"Do you know why the Divine Corps are so powerful and troublesome?" the Will of the Divine Mysteries asked.

"I don't," Orion replied, refocusing his attention.

"If you continue on this path, you'll find out soon enough," the Will of the Divine Mysteries responded, chuckling lightly. He then glanced towards a specific direction on the roof of a building in the Village Chief's Compound and added, "Take good care of her. I wanted to speak with her and ask how it felt to her that she could be reborn as a localised Will of a new Mysteries, but it seems I'll have to save my curiosity for later." He glanced at Ilse, who shivered under his gaze, then vanished in the blink of an eye, his mysterious aura erased as though he had never been present.

After they were confident the Will of the Divine Mysteries was gone, General Reynold turned to Orion. "We'll be taking care of the new Mysteries, ensuring its growth is guided in the right direction. It seems we will be around for some time. If you need help handling any matters, feel free to inform us," he said, glancing at Ilse before shifting his attention to the little girl who had emerged from the sundial without them noticing. She watched them from the roof of a building in the Village Chief's compound, hiding as she observed them from above.

"We'll also leave her in your care to handle," he added.

Orion nodded in response.

"I can tell you'll be busy for quite a while, but when you're done, I want to bring the Pixie leaders here so I can speak with them," Oberon said.

Orion nodded once more.

General Reynold and Oberon dissolved into countless specks of light, which were absorbed into the sundial.