

Village Head 1261

Chapter 1261 Seeking For An Ascension Path To Divinity(2), Paradise Future Plans

Without that conversation, he wouldn't have known that bases could be built between the Material World and the Spirit Realm, the same as a Spiritual Link Point. General Reynold, a powerful divine being in his time, the leader of the seven great gods had been able to go toe-to-toe with the nine greed gods and even hold his own against Naka. For him to say that he had encountered a powerful spirit beast he wanted to bring back to the Material World spoke volumes about the strength of some inhabitants of the Spirit Realm. Orion decided to inform General Reynold and Oberon about the information he had obtained from HX-09. "I see. That is indeed a problem," General Reynold said, his tone solemn. After contemplating for a moment, he focused on Orion and continued, "Paradise might not have the adequate force to handle them now, but we can't change our plans. There are countless Spiritual Link Points in the Spirit Realm, and even with their formidable forces, it would be impossible for them to establish bases in all of them without provoking the wrath of the residents of the Spirit Realm and entering into conflict with them."

"If that's the situation, it should be easier for you to gather information about them. But if not, we could seize a Spiritual Link Point and stealthily build our base there. Regardless of the circumstances, there is always a way forward," he concluded.

"If that's the case, I will begin preparations so we can head out," Orion nodded. There was no reason to delay their plans, as they would benefit Paradise, regardless of the enemies they encountered.

"Excellent," General Reynold said, nodding in approval at how quickly Orion had accepted their current circumstances and immediately started planning the way forward. Truly the mindset of a Supreme Leader of Paradise!

"One more thing," he added, "While your artefacts might be able to function within the Spirit Realm, your Divine Mandate won't. This is because the Spirit Realm has its own rules that govern it, placing it as a separate realm from the Material World. Even the Divine Mysteries cannot easily penetrate it, which is one of the reasons divine beings don't find it an ideal place to reside."

"However, you don't need to worry about that, as you should be able to use your Divine Mandate outside of this Realm, albeit with a few limitations. The same can't be said for your partners. So, rather than selecting those with Divine Mandates, it's best to choose individuals who can defend themselves with their abilities."

"And one of those individuals must be the localised Will of the Twelve Step Stairs. Due to her nature, she can communicate with 'it', but we are still unsure about her capabilities as 'its' 'Will.' So, in order to test her capabilities, she would be accompanying you all to the Spirit Realm. If she can survive outside of the realm, is something that we are still unsure of," General Reynold responded. "But if she can, she might reveal a few surprises that will aid the task or uncover something invaluable for Paradise. We have high hopes for her potential and wish to unravel what it is."

Orion was taken aback by this unexpected revelation. He never imagined that the Spirit Realm could prevent Divine Mandates from operating within it. However, he relaxed considerably after recalling that it was one of the reasons they had added a fragment of the Will of the Twelve-Step Stairs into the Throne of Infinite Edicts.

"Rest assured, I will do my best to ensure that the localised Will of the Twelve Step Stairs is taken care of, and Paradise can seize a Spiritual Link Point and return to the outside realm," Orion said confidently.

"Good. We've also selected women with exceptional potential and qualities matching your appeal. They would fit perfectly into your family and greatly aid Paradise once they ascend to the divine. You only need to see the first group and decide before you head to the Spirit Realm," General Reynold said, raising an important issue.

"You can reject any or all of them without explanation. We are still reviewing several others before making a final decision."

Orion nodded in understanding.

General Reynold gave a satisfied nod. "Is there anything else you would like to ask?" he asked, looking at Orion curiously.

"Yes. It's about the Prismerions gods' Chosen. I wonder if it's a good idea for them to follow us," Orion asked. He had informed them about Prismerion's Divine Apostle Crest, which allows them to devour spirit beasts to grow stronger. He had requested that they investigate it to see if Naka had laid any traps within the crest, but he had yet to receive any information regarding their findings. He had learned that Crystalia's and Selene's Divine Apostle Crest had shattered when they ascended to divinity. Still, neither he, Aerialia, nor Ilse could figure out anything about the unique crest, leaving them concerned about the unknown. He hoped they could decipher something to determine whether including the Prismerion's Divine Apostle into this force was the best course of action.

"Although I hate to admit it, the Divine Apostle Crest is a marvel of sophistication. To be able to transform spirit beasts into divine energy, storing and steadily injecting it into an individual, bypassing the usual procedure of ascending to divinity by becoming a demigod or a Divine Apostle subservient to another divine being while still retaining the abilities of the original divine blood it was forged from, is something we didn't believe was possible," General Reynold said with a sigh. "However, from what we have managed to uncover, it's clear that their Divine Apostle Crest is merely a prototype. This is one way we confirmed it was created by Naka. Only he could experiment with Divine Apostle Crests in such a way and be successful."

"The more they use the Divine Apostle Crest, the quicker it falls apart. It's unable to remain stable for long, so they should absorb higher-rank spirit beasts to quicken their growth and make the most of their divine ability. Fortunately, the Divine Apostle Crest wasn't made from Naka's blood, so he cannot influence them. If anyone does, it would be Aerialia. But knowing how crafty Naka is, we're still looking into it to uncover anything else."

"You can take the Prismerton Divine Apostle and the Four-eared Elves with you to mask your agenda and avoid drawing too much suspicion. But be careful not to reveal the existence of Divine Apostle Crest in the Spirit Realm to avoid conflict with its inhabitants."

While Paradise may be powerful, we don't need more enemies; we need allies. Regardless of how fragile the relationship is, as long as we accomplish our goals, the more support we have, the better," General Reynold continued. "We will inform you if we discover anything else."

"Alright, I will be waiting for more findings," Orion responded, sighing in relief, his expression satisfied. With this, he was sure they wouldn't encounter too many problems when venturing into the Spirit Realm.

"I don't have any more questions for now. When I do, I'll return here to ask them," Orion added.

General Reynold and Oberon nodded in acknowledgement.

Orion turned toward the Will of the Twelve Step Stairs and nodded respectfully, saying his goodbyes before he exited the Sundial with his throne.

Hovering above the Sundial, Orion looked down at the former Village Chief's compound, which had been left untouched except for the small stony platforms surrounding it, built for Paradise's inhabitants who wanted to visit and view the Sundial from which the Will of the Twelve Step Stairs had emerged. This was due to General Reynold's suggestion that nothing in this world was worth covering or hiding the Will of the Twelve Step Stairs with, and there was no need to conceal it from

Paradise's residents. As a result, the former Village Chief's compound was opened and closed at specific hours each day for those wishing to see the Sundial.

This was proof that the Will of the Twelve Step Stairs truly regarded Paradise as its own and wanted to be part of it.

With a thought, Orion created new bracelets from the Throne of Infinite Edicts, possessing powers greater than those of the Divine Medallion of Sovereign Accord. The bracelets resembled the precious stony bracelets but with golden alloy and starlight-like threads embedded around them. He forged several thousand of these, each with a specific limited authority, to be given to Paradise Key Leaders and other high-ranking figures and warriors to prepare them for the next revolution in Paradise.

Instantly, the bracelets vanished as he delivered them to the key leaders. He also sent out a message informing them of his new Divine Mandate, though he kept its full abilities a secret, as they were too shocking, and he wasn't sure if they could comprehend such information. He advised them to keep the old bracelets related to the Divine Medallion of Sovereign Accord for future developments, as they would undoubtedly be helpful outside the realm.

After reading the messages sent to him, Orion vanished from his position and reappeared above the Golden Palace Castle.

Chapter 1262 Parenting a little goddess, Healing the water nymph demigoddess!

After interrogating HX-09 and visiting the Sundial, he was supposed to meet with Zera, Ilse, Anara, and the rest of his tree nymph partners, along with the Nymph Water Demigoddess. The two goddesses within Zera would be examining the Water Nymph Demigoddess to see how they could help her recover.

Fortunately, they had already ascertained that they could restore her to a better state, so there was no need to bother General Reynold and Oberon about the matter. While they focused on other important issues.

Orion vanished once more and reappeared within a lush forest. Instantly, he realized he had exited the Golden Palace Domain and entered the domain created by Anara's Divine Mandate, the Root of All Creation.

As soon as Orion arrived, he tracked their location and vanished again, reappearing before them.

With just a thought, the Throne of Infinite Edicts carried out all these movements without Orion lifting a finger. As General Reynold had said, this was indeed a throne meant for the Supreme Leader of Paradise.

When Orion appeared, his eyes fell on Anara, Dariya, Malaia, and Nadia, with Grace and Sylvalis standing beside them. On the other side stood Ilse.

Their gazes were fixed on the goddess of Twilight Chorus and Fortune, who was now seated in midair behind the Nymph Water Demigoddess, also seated in midair, her form now more solid. The nymph's back was exposed, displaying mysterious runes, glyphs, and other inscriptions continuously shifting into various strange forms.

Her back was to the goddess of the Twilight Chorus and Fortune, who controlled the ever-shifting symbols with her hands. She moved at a rapid pace, fast enough to blur as she kept up with them.

The atmosphere was tense, growing thicker by the second, but the moment Orion appeared, the tension was broken.

"Daddy!" Grace yelled excitedly, immediately sensing Orion's presence and starting to run toward him. She stopped suddenly, noticing the throne Orion was seated on.

"Woah! What are you sitting on? It looks fancy!" She resumed her approach, rushing forward to examine the throne from every angle.

Sylvalis couldn't help but feel a sense of familiarity as she gazed at the throne. She had sensed similar emotions around Grace's mothers and their Divine Mandates, but the sensation was much stronger with Orion.

Everyone sensed Orion's presence and turned to look at him, their expressions shifting to curiosity as they observed the throne he sat upon.

Unlike Grace and Sylvalis, they had already seen the message Orion had sent moments ago and knew that he had received another Divine Mandate from the new Mysteries, now known as the Will of the Twelve Step Stairs.

Though they were aware of some of its abilities, they knew there were likely several more powerful abilities Orion hadn't informed them of. After all, wouldn't the Will of the Twelve Step Stairs

personally grant the Supreme Leader of Paradise, its most favoured individual, a Divine Mandate more powerful than his last one and theirs?

They agreed with Grace's words that the throne was indeed impressive.

Nadia gulped, sensing the overbearing, unfathomable aura that Orion exuded. It wasn't something that could be tamed, no matter how much he tried. She had a thought that the Supreme Leader of Paradise had grown stronger again.

Ilse narrowed her eyes at the throne, scrutinizing it while clenching her teeth, various emotions surging through her.

The goddess of the Twilight Chorus and Fortune, along with the Water Nymph demigoddess, remained in their positions, unaware of Orion's presence. They were currently engaged in a complicated task that required their full attention. Any distraction could cause serious problems that neither could handle, so a protective barrier surrounded them as a precaution.

Orion noticed this as well and made sure his arrival wouldn't disturb them. He quickly activated the inky black halo rotating around him, transforming it into a crescent-shaped opening for Grace to pass through.

Taking the cue, Grace rushed forward and landed on Orion's lap. She traced her fingers along the armrest and backrest of the throne, which resembled the mighty wings of a predator.

Grace refocused her gaze on Orion and asked, "Is this yours, Daddy?"

"Yes, it's mine," Orion replied with a smile.

"Can I borrow it then?" Grace asked, her golden iris widening with a pleading look.

"No, it's not a toy. But I can create something similar for you to use without causing any problems," Orion responded, shaking his head.

Though he could lend it to her and prevent the throne from causing any issues under his control, he knew there were lessons Grace needed to learn. As the youngest goddess in Paradise, daughter of

the Supreme Leader, and a goddess of the tree nymph race, there was little Grace couldn't get within Paradise.

But if she wanted the throne so badly, Orion felt it was important to teach her that some things in life shouldn't be coveted, no matter one's status or strength. He wanted to raise a responsible child he could trust to navigate the world without causing chaos.

Orion knew Anara had already started taking this approach, which explained her strictness with Grace. As a father, he felt it was his duty to support this and guide his daughter correctly while she was still young and under constant supervision.

Just thinking about what an untrained, full-grown teenage goddess could become was enough to solidify Orion's resolve.

"...Hicc... Hicc... Daddy doesn't love me," Grace whimpered, her expression turning teary.

Orion playfully pinched her cheeks and tugged them gently. "Silly girl... This throne is meant only for the Supreme Leader of Paradise. Though I could lend it to you if I do, I would have to lend it to your other siblings and your mothers too, so no one feels left out," he explained, giving her a reasonable answer.

Grace wiped away her tears and nodded. "...True," she muttered, furrowing her brows in thought. Then she leaned forward and whispered into Orion's ear, "If that's the case, why don't we keep it a secret? I promise I won't tell anyone. If you do the same, no one will ever find out."

Orion sighed.

The women below chuckled softly, clearly overhearing Grace's response.

Meanwhile, Nadia couldn't help but watch the interaction with envy. She had become attached to Grace since meeting her, drawn to her existence as a half-human, half-nymph. She also longed for a child of her own.

However, the only one capable of granting her such a miracle was the Supreme Leader of Paradise. Knowing this, Nadia quickly dismissed such thoughts whenever they appeared, not daring to dwell on them.

Anara stepped forward and spoke. "Grace, didn't you hear your father say no?" Her voice reached Grace's ears, causing her to flinch.

Grace turned to see Anara's narrowed gaze, then threw her head to the side. "Humph! Let's go hang out with the others, Sylvalis. It seems we aren't welcome here," she huffed, gesturing for Sylvalis to join her as she took off into the skies, heading toward the direction of the tree nymphs who had recently been freed from their cursed form and were still mentally recovering.

Sylvalis quickly followed, not wanting to be left behind.

Orion turned to Anara and nodded, which she reciprocated with a nod of understanding.

Witnessing this scene, the envy in Nadia's eyes grew before she quickly suppressed it.

At that moment, the goddess of the Twilight Chorus and Fortune stopped moving her hands and rested them on her legs, escaping her lips with a heavy sigh. Before her, the continuously morphing inscriptions radiated an intense light and spun even faster before exploding into countless particles of light that dispersed into the air.

After they vanished, the Water Nymph Demigoddess fainted to the side. Fortunately, the goddess of the Twilight Chorus and Fortune swiftly caught her and made her body levitate beside her.

A piece of clothing materialized on the Water Nymph Demigoddess's upper body, covering her once-exposed back.

Sensing they were done, Anara dispelled the invisible barrier surrounding them.

The goddess of the Twilight Chorus and Fortune turned her gaze toward them, her attention quickly caught by the levitating throne and Orion seated on it. Her expression shifted from shock to dumbfoundedness, then to fear and realization, before she swiftly regained her composure, her face returning to its usual rigid and emotionless state.

She stood up and approached them. She nodded at Orion. "I'm done. She will wake up in a few days with a more stable consciousness and body," she said, glancing at the Water Nymph Demigoddess, who levitated beside her.

Even she had forgotten the Demigoddess's name, as she hadn't cared about the names or origins of the divine beings she had trained to fight against the Will of the Divine Mysteries. She only cared about their potential and how it would help her achieve victory.

"What did you do?" Orion asked, looking at her.

"The crest on her body was something I created after studying the Divine Apostle Crest that Naka had been working on before he left Paradise. Though he took all of his research materials, there were still traces of his trials and errors, which we managed to piece together and recreate," the goddess of the Twilight Chorus and Fortune explained,

Chapter 1263 Healing the water nymph demigoddess!(2)

"While it functions similarly to other Divine Apostle Crests. One of the unique abilities of the Divine Apostle Crest is to devour spirit beasts and convert them into divine energy for its wielder. I modified it into an advanced version of the Void Heart, designed to isolate and continuously devour tainted cells before they could infect her body. Through our divine blood, she was able to surpass her limitations, just like any other Divine Apostle."

She continued, "However, due to the chaotic properties of the Vylkr energy mingling with the Divine Apostle Crest, she couldn't access certain portions of our abilities. She became like this because the crest was damaged, causing it to harm healthy tissues in her body. To help her recover, I destroyed the crest and severed our connection as gently as possible. With her divine physique, she should slowly recover and regain her true self in a few hours."

"If you destroyed the crest, doesn't that mean she'll be affected by the tainted cells?" Orion asked, frowning. He had thought that demigods were immune to the tainted cells due to their divine nature, but it seemed that wasn't the case. They were simply much more capable of suppressing the tainted cells from harming them and transforming them into tainted beings.

At the same time, Orion finally understood one of the reasons behind the creation of the Vylkr techniques—the demigods were unable to utilize their divine abilities through the crest. As a result, they were given these techniques after countless trials and errors.

It made sense why some of the demigods, despite being injured, had survived until they ventured into the pocket dimension. Only the most determined could pass the trials the goddesses themselves had set and ascend to demigodhood.

In other words, they were as tenacious as their goddesses, and without the tainted cells holding them back, they might have grown even more powerful and formidable.

"Yes, but we don't need to worry about that," the goddess of the Twilight Chorus and Fortune replied. "With Anara's Divine Mandate, it's possible for her to reincarnate into a new form. I've also heard that one of your partners possesses a divine mandate that can sculpt sentient lifeforms, and others are capable of healing life-threatening injuries and even performing resurrections."

"Also, there's talk of a migration soon to Paradise's new realm, where my children won't have to worry about the tainted cells. This will be accomplished through the help of the new Mysteries within Paradise, which will look after them. There haven't been any results of a tainted emerging for a while now, so it's already working perfectly."

"I've also heard of other formidable figures in Paradise who have challenged the Divine Mysteries and emerged unscathed, without any loss of life or anything else..." Her voice was tinged with emotion.

She paused, then continued, "...Though I don't fully understand how you've managed to accomplish all of this, based on everything I've heard and witnessed, I believe you are capable. So I don't mind removing the crest and leaving my daughter's safety in your hands."

Orion quietly exhaled, but his expression remained composed.

But the same couldn't be said for the women present, who reacted differently, expressing sympathy and resolve at the goddess of Twilight Chorus and Fortune's response.

Nadia shed tears as she felt a wave of sadness and happiness at their goddess's compassion. Though not their creator, she had shown care for them, understanding the struggles they had been through. If Paradise hadn't discovered them, Nadia would never have known there was a beautiful world beyond their own treacherous one or that they had such an amazing goddess caring for them. She felt the emotions as if they were her own.

Nadia tried her best to wipe away the tears streaming down her cheeks, but she couldn't stop the overwhelming emotions from flooding out.

Only Ilse remained composed, her face unreadable and expressionless. She knew herself better than anyone present and understood her own thoughts. Though she believed the feelings of the goddess of Twilight Chorus and Fortune were genuine, she did not share the same experience of suffering or

possess the emotional capacity to process it in the same way. As such, she was unable to feel anything properly. At the same time, she wasn't willing to show any emotion in front of someone who, in her view, had abandoned her true self.

"You're right. We do have this, and other means to ensure she won't be turned into a tainted," Orion said, nodding confidently at the goddess of Twilight Chorus and Fortune.

He then turned to Anara and added, "I'll leave everything in your hands."

Anara nodded firmly, with a hint of resolve in her expression. Her role was no longer just that of a Tree Nymph overseer but now the Nymph Overseer. Any matters concerning the Nymphs would first be handled by her before any serious decisions were made. Only trivial matters would be delegated to her subordinates. Right now, it was just her, Dariya, and Malaia who held the top positions among the Nymphs as Divines. Though she wanted to select a Water Nymph goddess to balance the leadership, it was impossible since none of them had reached goddess status. The demigoddess before her had issues that would soon be resolved, but it was unlikely she would be ready to handle leadership responsibilities right after recovering.

The only one who seemed like a fitting candidate for such a role was Nadia. Anara had seen how Nadia looked at Orion and how she behaved around Grace, and she could guess what was going through her mind. Though Anara wouldn't mind if Orion took Nadia in and she became part of the household, she wasn't going to intervene or push her. The household, while calmer now, was already too competitive. Even she had to stand her ground when dealing with her sisters. Anara wouldn't help unless Nadia was willing to fight for the love and relationship she so desperately desired.

It was up to her to decide or watch the opportunity slip past her!

Orion refocused on the goddess of Twilight Chorus and Fortune and asked, "Is there anything else we need to know?"

"No, that's it," the goddess of Twilight Chorus and Fortune responded.

"In that case, follow me. There's something I need to discuss with you," Orion said.

The goddess of Twilight Chorus and Fortune nodded. Instantly, a mysterious divine power enveloped her, and she vanished from her position.

"He's grown more powerful again," Anara said with a sigh as she witnessed the scene. This domain was created by her Divine Mandate, so the fact that Orion could enter and leave as he pleased showed how much stronger he had become with the help of his Divine Mandate.

Fortunately, when it came to brute strength and prowess as a goddess, she was still vastly stronger than him.

.....

Orion took the goddess of Twilight Chorus and Fortune to a distant corner of the Golden Palace.

"What do you want to talk about?" the goddess asked, her tone tinged with curiosity.

"It's about our issue with Ilse. I want it resolved as soon as possible," Orion responded.

"Has she decided to return the vault key to me?" the goddess asked, her voice filled with anticipation.

"No. I want you to let this matter rest. I understand your situation, but Ilse isn't wrong in her decision. You were the one who chose to no longer carry the previous Ilse, not her. So, it wouldn't be right to demand that she hand over the vault key to you," Orion replied.

"And do you know why I didn't choose to carry my previous identity? It was because I had to survive, and I looked forward to the day I could reclaim my identity," the goddess of Twilight Chorus and Fortune responded. "Do you think I would have given it up if I knew this was going to happen?" Her voice cracked, her eyes turning red as tears threatened to spill, though her expression remained stoic.

"No, I don't. We can't change the past as we wish, but we can shape the future if we prepare ourselves and are ready for what comes," Orion said. He asked, "Aren't you too focused on what you've lost and losing sight of all the new things you've gained?"

"What do you mean?" the goddess asked, narrowing her gaze.

"The races you saved, the ones abandoned by Naka and left to die, whom you took care of and accepted as your own. Even without your old identity, without the vault, you stood against the Will of the Divine Mysteries and protected them as if they were your own children. Before the emergence of Paradise, no one could have accomplished such a feat," Orion responded, meeting the goddess's gaze from his throne. "You achieved all of this under your new identity, and yet you still want to throw it away, holding onto the past that you left behind to grow into who you are now. Do you know the weight of your name when it's spoken by those infected with the tainted cells? You haven't lost the love of your children—the Prismerions—just because they aren't familiar with your current title."

Chapter 1264 Do you want a name? Where I Sit, I Reign!

"I can promise you they respect you more than ever. When they see your face and hear the stories of what you've done, they proudly proclaim that you are their goddess—a goddess who didn't change despite no longer having the name or title they once knew. A goddess who only became more amazing as they learned more about her."

As Orion finished speaking, the goddess of Twilight Chorus and Fortune was left speechless, her eyes wide with astonishment.

"Are you telling the truth, or are you just saying this to settle the matter?" the goddess asked, scrutinizing Orion, waiting for his response.

"I am telling you the truth," Orion replied, his tone and expression solemn. "If you don't believe me, I can summon any Prismerion in disguise and ask them what they think of you while you watch from behind."

The goddess took a deep breath, her chest rising and falling as she absorbed Orion's words. Instantly, she spread her divine senses towards the city and distant camps. Though they were far from there behind them, it would only take a few seconds to scan the area. In moments, her senses enveloped the camps, and she began listening to the many voices rushing into her ears.

She carefully sifted through them until one voice caught her attention.

"I heard Priestess Zera, a demigoddess who emerged from a pocket dimension, is staying in the castle. Do you think she stands a chance of becoming one of the Supreme Leader's wives? Who knows, she might ascend straight to goddess status in one night, just like the Centauress who recently got engaged to him!"

"TSK!! How dare you speak about Priestess Zera like that?! Didn't you hear that her role was chosen by our goddess Ilse?... Ouch! Why are you hitting me?!"

"It's not the goddess Ilse! She looks like her, but she isn't... anymore! I don't know how it worked, but the guards accompanying the Divine Apostles say she's a counterpart of Ilse, someone who let go of her identity for another... it's through some divine explanation above our understanding. I can't explain it. No one knows her name now, but she's the goddess of Twilight Chorus and Fortune. But that doesn't mean she's less than our own goddess Ilse. From what those who emerged from the pocket dimension said, she and countless divines fought against the Divine Mysteries for thousands of years!"

"We also recently challenged the Divine Mysteries. But did you see that time when the whole world turned dark, when 'that' phenomenon descended from the sky? You mean she challenged it alone with a divine army by herself! Even as her counterpart, the goddess Ilse, is still such a badass—ouch! I'll correct myself... the goddess of Twilight Chorus and Fortune..."

"We also recently challenged the Divine Mysteries. But did you see that time when the whole world turned dark, when 'that' phenomenon descended from the sky? You mean she challenged it alone with a divine army by herself! Even as her counterpart, the goddess Ilse, is still such a badass—ouch! I'll correct myself... the goddess of Twilight Chorus and Fortune..."

As the conversation continued, the goddess listened to multiple conversations simultaneously. She had been watched by Ilse, her counterpart, since her arrival and had never taken the time to listen in on the Prismerions and other residents of Paradise. This was the first time she truly heard their thoughts about her. The more she listened, the more her emotions stirred. Tears began to flow down her face. After several minutes, she withdrew her divine senses.

She reached up and wiped her tears away with her hands. "I didn't know how they felt until now. Who would have thought they would still love me, even in this state? They are more open-minded than we goddesses," the goddess of Twilight Chorus and Fortune said, smiling at Orion. "Thank you."

Seeing the stoic expression of the goddess of Twilight Chorus and Fortune slowly regain her brilliance, much like Ilse, Orion smiled and nodded. "I'm glad to help as long as you are able to rediscover yourself. May I ask you a question?"

"Go ahead," the goddess of Twilight Chorus and Fortune replied with a nod.

It was as though they had reached a mutual understanding that the previous matter was now resolved.

"Why do you call yourself the goddess of Twilight Chorus and Fortune? And what is your name?" Orion asked, his voice tinged with curiosity.

There had been no mention of her name since he entered the mirror realm. He was growing tired of calling her 'the goddess of Twilight Chorus and Fortune' every time he wanted to speak with her. Also, he was curious why she had given herself such a title. Although he had learned about her divine ability—derived from the Law of Sound and Law of Creation, allowing her to command things into existence by uttering a sentence, which she had used when dealing with the Divine Corps members, he knew there was more to her story and wanted to understand it fully.

"The reason I took on such a title is because when the Will of the Divine Mysteries first sought to eliminate me... I was prepared to fight with everything I had... but I was shaken," the goddess explained, her tone filled with sadness. "I pleaded to 'it' as loudly as I could. I did everything in my power to appease its anger because a war against the Divine Mysteries is akin to battling the heavens themselves."

"As divine beings, our goal is to ascend to true godhood so we can discover where those who have ascended have gone and see for ourselves the current state of the heavens. But we cannot achieve that without the help of the Divine Mysteries."

She sighed, her voice tinged with emotion. "But it was useless. Even I couldn't change the Will of the Divine Mysteries. So, I turned my pleas into a war cry for those around me who would also be harmed because, at that time, I had already begun cultivating countless demigods in preparation for the outworld."

"I wanted to protect them, no matter what. Yet, every battle ended in soot, fire, rubble, fractured space, and my own feigned death. I couldn't move, but I could still move my lips. With my words, I recreated our Mirror Realm to contain our battles. Each recreation led to a void sky, and a dimmed light that was a poor imitation of the sun for us to rest and rumbling earth under before the battles would resume. And 'Fortune,' because I hoped that I would emerge victorious."

"As for my name... I don't have one. My battle against the Will of the Divine Mysteries and the experience forged my current self. If you were expecting some grand reason, I'm sorry. That's all there is to it."

Orion nodded. "I am not disappointed. In fact, this has enhanced my image of you," he responded.

"Do you want a name?" he asked.

"Do you want to give me a name?... How bold," the goddess of Twilight Chorus and Fortune replied, narrowing her gaze at Orion.

"If you want one, I would feel privileged to give you a name," Orion responded.

"No... Although I hate to admit it, I wouldn't be here without your and Paradise's assistance. That's a fact I can't deny. Even the inheritances and rewards I have given you aren't enough to repay this. So, it would be my privilege to receive a name for my new identity from the Supreme Leader of Paradise," the goddess of Twilight Chorus and Fortune replied, shaking her head. Then, she chuckled slightly. "Besides, I'm curious about what you have in mind." Her eyes sparkled with radiance, her expression filled with anticipation as she gazed at Orion.

Orion nodded. Instantly, a radiant creamy white and ink-black light emanated from the throne. The ink-black halo spun brightly, creating a brilliant spinning sphere that caused the air around them to tremble as if even the surroundings weren't enough to contain the Supreme Leader's power. In truth, at that moment, Orion was shielded from all external influence; even if the realm itself were obliterated, he would remain unaffected as long as the power wasn't more than the Divine Mandate could handle and the Twelve-Step Stairs Mysteries still remained.

This was one of the abilities of the Throne of Infinite Edict. When activated, it allowed Orion to be present everywhere within every selected section of his territory. It also had a passive ability that let him be aware whenever a subject spoke his name, allowing him to eavesdrop on their conversation or actions. Each manifestation could perform independent actions based on his will. His mind, as a demigod, could easily handle such tasks.

This ability made his influence omnipresent within his territory, and so Orion had named this power: Where I Sit, I Reign!

The goddess of Twilight Chorus and Fortune quickly distanced herself, watching the scene unfold. She narrowed her eyes at Orion, wondering what he intended to do.

Meanwhile, across various parts of the Golden Palace, including Anara's realm, Paradise, and areas surveying the newly built realm outside, an ethereal, spinning sphere of creamy white and ink-black light appeared out of thin air.

At first, the residents of Paradise were confused and frightened by the strange phenomenon's appearance. But soon, a deep understanding and emotion rose in their hearts, and they realized the display before them was projected by the Supreme Leader of Paradise!

Chapter 1265 The law unwritten, now inscribed! Avarielle, the goddess of Twilight Chorus and Fortune!

The goddess of Twilight Chorus and Fortune noticed this phenomenon, too, and her frown deepened. She also felt two powerful emotions stirring within her.

Seated within the rotating sphere of divine light on the throne, Orion spoke.

"All who dwell within Paradise, bear witness! From now on, the goddess of Twilight Chorus and Fortune will be known as Goddess Avarielle!" Orion declared. At that moment, every other figure of himself spread across Paradise spoke in unison. Simultaneously, Orion activated another ability of the Throne of Infinite Edicts, and the words he had spoken materialized in the air for everyone to see and understand. Then, they mysteriously faded away.

Suddenly, the residents of Paradise felt a strange sensation in their bodies, an instinct to address the goddess of Twilight Chorus and Fortune as Goddess Avarielle. As they processed what had just happened, those with considerable strength were frightened. It was as though the Supreme Leader had issued a command that felt like a law imprinted in their hearts—something they could not oppose. Weaker individuals, however, were excited, having never before witnessed the Supreme Leader's power firsthand.

Regardless of their reactions, everyone was equally shocked and amazed at the Supreme Leader's unfathomable power.

The enormous spheres of divine light dematerialized, and the mysterious presence that had enveloped all of Paradise vanished.

Meanwhile, the sphere of divine light surrounding Orion's throne dissipated as well.

Orion sat on his throne and turned to the goddess, who was staring at him in dumbfounded shock. "Do you like the name I've given you?" he asked.

She snapped out of her thoughts and regained her composure. "That throne... is that a Divine Mandate?" she asked, ignoring Orion's question and letting her gaze linger on the throne. She had

suspected as much before, but after witnessing the power Orion had just displayed, which far exceeded his natural abilities, her suspicions were confirmed.

Orion nodded, understanding that she was taken aback by the power displayed by the Throne of Infinite Edicts.

"What exactly did you just do?" she asked, her voice tinged with curiosity. "One of the many abilities of my Divine Mandate is that it allows me to inscribe an absolute Edict that everyone under my rule must obey. It gives me the power to redefine what can and cannot be commanded. For example, if I command that no one can step within five meters of me, all attempts to do so would be impossible. I call this ability 'the law unwritten, now inscribed,' " Orion responded.

As he finished speaking, he noticed Ilse's expression turn even more horrified, likely realizing that she, too, was subject to this command as an affiliate of Paradise. But Orion wasn't concerned. He could sense that her loyalty to Paradise remained intact and was even growing stronger.

After a few moments, her shoulders slumped, and she sighed. "The name is beautiful. What does it mean?" she asked, meeting his gaze, genuinely curious about the meaning behind the name he had chosen for her. "The name 'Avarielle' stands for strength, courage, and victory. For a goddess who has held her own against an incomprehensible foe, I believe this name commemorates your title as the goddess of Twilight Chorus and Fortune, fitting you perfectly," Orion responded.

"I accept the name," Avarielle nodded. "Although I have had countless names, this is the first time I've taken on a name that isn't Ilse as a goddess. It feels strange, but I believe I'll get used to it in time. One more thing, have you made your decision regarding Zera's matter?" she added.

Orion nodded. "I have decided to give her a chance at a relationship. However, I will only take the necessary steps once we know each other well, to ensure that we are compatible," he replied.

Avarielle sighed inwardly, though her expression remained composed as she nodded in understanding. She wanted to mention that he had recently gotten engaged to a centaress, and it wouldn't be bad for him to get engaged to Zera, too, and have her join the household. Taking that approach would make it seem as though he was searching for a reason to love her before making her part of his household, so she held herself back, especially sensing the joyful emotions rising within her. If Avarielle had known that Orion already knew everything about Evaline through her slave mark, she wouldn't have made such assumptions. But unfortunately, she didn't.

Regardless, Avarielle had something else on her mind. "I need your response on another matter," she said.

"What is it?" Orion asked, staring at Avarielle with a curious tone. He wondered what other matter needed to be settled.

"I'm also developing a growing interest in you. If this feeling develops into something more, would you give me an opportunity to become part of the first and only divine family in Paradise, the Orion household?" she asked.

"I promise I'm not doing this for selfish reasons. Though I admit that having a Divine Mandate of my own would soothe my desire to get back my treasure if Zera joins your household, then we'll have no choice but to be part of it since we're stuck in the same body."

Orion was dumbfounded by Avarielle's words.

'Has my charm become so incredible?' he thought.

Though he knew he had a talent for capturing women's hearts, it seemed that after he ascended, his charm had grown even more effective, and he hadn't noticed due to the overwhelming work he had to deal with.

Still, Orion couldn't help but scrutinize Avarielle. He had no idea what was running through her mind, prompting her to ask such a question, but he realized she had raised some valid points. The goddesses within Zera clearly weren't interested in seeking partners at this stage in their lifetimes, and even if they were, it would be impossible since they were all sharing Zera's body. There was no way he could allow his partner to be intimate with someone else. This was something they should already be aware of, especially after spending time with his wives. To make Zera feel more at ease with the situation, they might choose to become his partners as well. After all, the Will of the Twelve-Step Stairs would likely grant them all Divine Mandates if he were to take them in. Orion wasn't sure whether it would work, but if it did, he couldn't help but wonder what would happen if all three became pregnant. Would it be similar to triplets, or would they develop one after the other? Zera's fascinating physique made Orion ponder various possibilities. But for now, he pushed those thoughts to the back of his mind.

"Are you certain about your words?" Orion asked, his tone and expression serious.

"Yes, I am. You know, all three of us can sense each other's emotions. So if you don't believe me, you can ask Zera or perhaps... Margona," Avarielle replied with a cheeky smile, deeply contrasting her previous stoic expression.

Orion shook his head. "There's no need. I believe your words," he responded. With his Divine Mandate, he could sense when any of his subjects were lying, and he was certain Avarielle was telling the truth. Still, he suspected she had some hidden motives—after all, this was a goddess whose experiences far surpassed those of countless worlds. He wasn't going to underestimate her. He added, "I will give you a response to your confession later."

"Okay. Take all the time you need. But make sure it doesn't drag on until you seal the deal with Zera and give her a child of her own. We don't want to sense the process and not experience it ourselves," Avarielle responded with a teasing smile.

Suddenly, she added, "There's someone else who wants to talk to you. It's Margona."

Orion furrowed his brows. "Does she also want to make a confession?" he asked cautiously.

"Yes, I sense that's exactly what she wants to do," Avarielle replied, chuckling as if finding the situation amusing.

"Let her know I'll give her an answer later," Orion said.

"Are you sure you don't want to meet her? She's the one who's been the most affected by you. Cracking open the heart of an ancient goddess who's held strong for countless years, is that something you think you can easily avoid?" Avarielle said with a snort. "Even though it wasn't your fault, you were still the catalyst. And after hearing your response to Zera, if Margona loses it, that's on you."

Orion shifted uncomfortably in his seat. Avarielle's words were clear, and he understood them easily. A headache began forming in the back of his mind as he wondered how he hadn't noticed all of this before.

After a few moments of contemplation, Orion refocused on Avarielle and said, "Bring her out."

Avarielle smiled and nodded. A bright flash of light engulfed her. As the light dimmed, a familiar figure emerged. It was Margona, the goddess of Malevolence and Witches.

When Margona appeared, her breathing was heavy, her chest heaving as she focused her burning gaze on Orion. "Orion, do you love me?" she asked, taking a deep breath as soon as she finished speaking.

Chapter 1266 Margona's confession! How About You Try Claiming My Heart?

Orion frowned, observing her. It was as if he were looking at a wild beast released into the wilderness. Suddenly, something shocking happened—Margona rushed toward him.

"Stop!" Orion swiftly commanded.

Margona froze in place, unable to move. Her expression shifted to surprise before determination set in. In an instant, she broke free from the invisible force that had shackled her and dematerialised into thin air.

Orion was stunned. The powerful connection he once sensed between them had been severed. He could no longer control Margona with the Throne of Infinite Edict. This meant that somehow, Margona had withdrawn her loyalty, allowing her to move freely outside of his control.

Zera was a First-Order Demigoddess, and though she shared her body with two goddesses, whenever they emerged, their power multiplied, almost touching the realm of a full goddess. With their myriad of abilities, it was like facing an unpredictable opponent because you never knew who would emerge or what divine skills they would use.

Despite this, Orion remained composed. Even if he couldn't directly control Margona, as long as she was within his realm, she was still subject to his influence. After all, what kind of ruler is powerless within his own kingdom?

Margona reappeared behind Orion, descending from above. Just as she was about to move an inch closer, she froze again, her fierce gaze meeting Orion's as he shifted his attention upward to look at her.

"If you move any further, I can't guarantee your safety," Orion warned, pointing to an ink-black halo twisted in a spiral, hovering dangerously close to her hands. While she might survive an attack due to her divine physique, the recovery would be slow and agonising. He didn't want to punish the other two individuals within her body for one's actions.

"Tsk!" Margona clicked her tongue in frustration. "I won't give up until you answer my question. Do you love me?" she asked.

"No, I don't," Orion replied, shaking his head.

For a brief moment, the intensity in Margona's eyes dimmed, only to return with even greater fierceness. "I see. Thank you for being honest. It seems I still have work to do."

"How did you manage to do this? Was it through your Divine Mandate?" she asked, curiosity lacing her voice.

Orion nodded, silently sensing the reestablishment of the connection between Margona and himself through his Divine Mandate. Witnessing Margona dispel her loyalty to Paradise and then restore it in an instant confirmed that his cautiousness toward the ancient goddesses was warranted.

"Can you free me?" Margona asked, her voice filled with allure.

"No. You're going to be punished for attempting to assault the Supreme Leader of Paradise," Orion responded.

Margona opened her mouth to speak, but before she could, her surroundings constricted. Chains materialised out of thin air, coiling around her and holding her in place. Her eyes widened, but before she could utter a word, she vanished into thin air, along with Orion.

Orion handed Margona over to Ilse, instructing her to lock Margona in her room at the castle for a specific period before she could be allowed out again. He was confident that Zera and Avarielle would handle Margona in their own way during her time in isolation, which he felt would be more effective than any punishment he could devise. Ilse seemed excited by the task, but Orion reminded her not to go overboard with the punishment. After Margona was locked away, Orion and Ilse stood alone in the hallway.

If one looked carefully, one could see an infinite number of strings encircling Orion. Though he wasn't sitting on his throne, he could still freely utilise its abilities. "Is it settled? How did it go?" Ilse asked, her gaze fixed on Orion with a strange glint in her eyes. Though she could already anticipate the answer, she wanted to hear it from him. She hadn't expected her counterpart to accept a name from Orion and was curious about what had transpired during their conversation.

Orion quickly recounted everything that had transpired.

"So, that's how it is," Ilse said, crossing her arms tightly across her chest. "It seems I've been unfair in my judgment, looking down on her. Since she's no longer interested in the vault, I'll try my best to reconcile our relationship. But if she shows even the slightest interest in my vault again, that would mean her words can't be trusted, and I won't hesitate to strike her down."

Orion nodded in understanding. Though their agreement was unspoken, it showed how difficult it had been for Avarielle to accept that she could never be Ilse again. After what had happened, he doubted she would return to her previous desires. If she did, however, he would be forced to separate them, ensuring they never crossed paths again. He was now courting Zera and couldn't allow her life to be jeopardised by two arrogant, self-conceited goddesses. Convincing Ilse to accept Avarielle and strive for reconciliation was already the best he could do.

Ilse's following words took Orion by surprise.

"Does this also mean you are dating my counterpart and that insane woman?" Ilse asked bluntly. "Although they manifest in three different forms, they still share the same body. So if you take Zera as your partner, they will experience everything you two go through."

Ilse doubted that Orion wouldn't eventually take Zera as his wife now that they had started dating. She knew his nature—if not for his desire to maintain stability in his family and respect his authority as the Supreme Leader of Paradise, Orion could have pursued any woman he deemed worthy. The fact that he hadn't, despite his ability to elevate women to goddesshood with his essence, proved that he wasn't ruled by mortal desires and could control them when necessary. Ilse was secretly pleased that the Supreme Leader of Paradise was such a man.

"No, I'm not," Orion replied. "But I'll consider it in the future after things with Zera are settled." His mind had been so preoccupied with dealing with Margona that he had forgotten about Avarielle's confession.

He had assumed she would be too traumatised by her past relationship with Naka to seek another, but he now doubted that would be enough. Given the stakes involved in all three women potentially entering a relationship with him, it seemed inevitable.

The only thing he could do was make them rethink their decision, as becoming his partner meant staying with him even in the next life.

"In that case, what do you think about me? Am I better than Avarielle?" Ilse asked, moving her hair behind her neck to showcase her beauty.

"You and Avarielle are both gorgeous, with opposing personalities that complement each other perfectly," Orion replied, looking Ilse dead in the eye, already understanding her intent.

"That's not what I meant," Ilse clarified. "If you had to choose between me and Avarielle for a relationship, who would you pick?"

"Neither," Orion said.

"Since we haven't developed an intimate relationship yet, that's a reasonable answer," Ilse responded thoughtfully. "With Avarielle out of the picture for now, I don't have to worry about competition. It shouldn't be too difficult for me to win your heart if I put my mind to it."

Orion's brow twitched subtly as he listened to Ilse's words. He felt as though he was experiencing what women must go through when suitors constantly confess their feelings. At first, it felt flattering, but as it continued, it became overwhelming, and stricter decisions would need to be made. The only difference was that he was dealing with ancient goddesses whose morals knew no bounds.

Orion felt a slight emptiness in Aerialia's absence, knowing she would have handled the situation due to her relationship with the three goddesses. She was currently reforging her new body to be reborn, so he could only wait until she emerged before seeing her again.

"I assure you, you would be wasting your time. My heart is already occupied by countless women whom I love dearly. It's a challenging task to claim even a part of it," Orion replied. "Besides, I thought that after your failed relationship, you wouldn't be eager to enter another with anyone."

Ilse smiled and stepped forward, stopping just before Orion. She took his hand and placed it over her heart. "If your heart is too difficult to win, how about you try claiming mine? It won't be easy, but it's less of a challenge. I promise it will remain open to your advances. And if you succeed, I'll give you a love that rivals countless lifetimes," Ilse responded. "Can you comprehend the depth of such love? You can't. So, you don't need to worry about opening your heart to both of us. My love will be more than enough to make that happen." As she concluded her words, she revealed pearly white teeth contrasting beautifully with her dark skin.

"As for my past relationship, I gave someone my heart, granting him access to my vault, and yet he mistreated me, pushing me to my current state. This is the second time I'll be dating a human who has attained divine status, and to be honest, I'm scared," Ilse admitted.

Chapter 1267 Ilse's Confession, Pamper Her Like A Princess!

"I can only hope the love you've shown your wives and concubines is genuine. But if I'm wrong and that day ever comes, I'll accept that I made a mistake and choose wisely in my next lifetime. But despite our differences, I doubt my counterpart would let me go through the same experience again. So, you'll have to deal with her too, and that won't be easy."

Her voice softened with emotion as she finished speaking.

"Are you confessing your feelings, or are you threatening me?" Orion asked sternly. Yet he didn't withdraw his hand as Ilse held it firmly in place.

"Can't I do both? Love and fear are two of the greatest emotions known to all. If I fail to capture your heart, then at least I'll know I tried my best," Ilse responded. "Are you sure about this, Goddess Ilse? Even if the benefits of becoming my partner are tempting, you should think about this carefully because once you accept, it will be for eternity," Orion responded. "There'll be no going back on your word; it will be too late. Attempting to do so would mean earning the ire of the entire household."

Ilse remained undeterred. "Does that mean that even if I were consumed by the Vylkr energy once more, you wouldn't abandon me?" she asked, smiling.

"Yes. I will never abandon you, no matter what condition you are in. Even if you're gone, no one will take your place in my life and your position in the household, not even in the next life," Orion replied, his tone and expression solemn.

"That's good. That's all I needed to hear. As promised, you've successfully claimed my heart," Ilse said, gently releasing Orion's hand, and walking towards him, embracing him for a hug.

She rested her head on his shoulder, her scent softly drifting to his nose.

After a brief contemplation, Orion asked for the second time, "Are you certain?" He had already accepted Ilse's proposal, but knowing the nature of an ancient goddess like Ilse, he wanted to be sure of everything that might transpire in the future.

"Yes, I am. And don't ask me that question a third time," Ilse responded before pulling back her head. She leaned forward and pressed her lips against his.

Orion felt their lips meld together as their tongues danced, exchanging their bodily fluids intimately.

After several moments, Ilse pulled away, her clear gaze meeting Orion's. "So, is that a yes?" she asked, her breathing was soft.

Orion nodded.

Ilse's smile widened, and she winked at him. "Since we've reached this point, why don't we commemorate the event?" she suggested, wrapping her arms around his waist. Being divine beings, they didn't need a grand celebration—just a word was enough to announce their new relationship status.

"We will commemorate the event once Aerialia emerges with her new body," Orion replied, smiling as he saw Ilse's smile vanish and a slight frown form.

Before Ilse could respond, Orion added, "I don't favour one wife over another. However, Aerialia and I had made our relationship known before this. If it had been anyone else, it wouldn't be a problem. But, with both you and Aerialia being ancient goddesses, it would be disrespectful to her if we celebrated our union before she returned."

Had she been a mortal like Evaline, Orion might have chosen to commemorate their relationship sooner. He planned the same for Zera, Avarielle, and Margona. Considering Aerialia's longer history with the household, even his wives might show their displeasure if he moved too quickly. The best course of action was to wait for Aerialia's return.

Orion was aware that Ilse, one of the reasons, wanted to swiftly commemorate their relationship to see if she might receive a Divine Mandate from the new Mysteries. Unfortunately, nothing of the sort had happened when he had been intimate with Aurora. She had only received hers due to the ongoing competition between the New Mysteries and the Divine Mysteries.

Despite this, Orion was uncertain whether Ilse would obtain another Divine Mandate. If she couldn't, it wouldn't change anything, as she had now become part of the household. He pushed the matter to the back of his mind.

"Tsk! I don't know whether to feel annoyed, jealous or impressed that you think so highly of that battle-headed bird brain," Ilse said, clicking her tongue in irritation.

Orion flicked her forehead with his finger. "I'll inform the others about our current relationship. Then, you'll be taught the rules and learn how to address your fellow sisters," he said firmly. He never allowed his partners to belittle one another, not even ancient goddesses. Favouring one over the other would be a sign of weakness in the household. Now that they were all under the guidance of the New Mysteries, the Eternal Heart Covenant, a technique in which his partners swore an oath in the name of the Divine Mysteries, vowing their fidelity to him, was less effective. The punishment they'd face for breaking their promise to him had become so negligible under the New Mysteries that they could endure or recover from it without much effort. The New Mysteries wouldn't allow the Divine Mysteries to harm its own people.

They discovered this information only when Evaline was about to take the Eternal Heart Covenant. Because of this, in addition to learning how to utilize their Divine Mandates, the women also began to explore ways to enhance the technique's effectiveness without relying on the Divine Mysteries.

Although Orion's playful finger flick didn't harm Ilse, his sudden change in behaviour still elicited a reaction. She had only seen him act this way around his wives or loved ones, and now, being on the receiving end of it stirred some uncomfortable and unpleasant memories.

"What is it?" Orion asked, noticing Ilse's displeased expression. He wondered if he had done something wrong.

"It's nothing. I just had an unpleasant memory," Ilse replied.

Orion quickly realized what the memory might have been. Without hesitation, he scooped her into his arms, lifting her into a princess carry. Ilse yelped at his sudden action, but once she understood what Orion was trying to do, she calmed down.

The Throne of Infinite Edict materialized behind him, and he sat down on it. Orion sat on the throne, holding Ilse sideways in his arms.

"I find it rude that you're still thinking about your past relationship at a time like this," Orion said, glancing at her with a smile. "But given your previous experience, it's understandable. So, to make you feel better, I'll grant you the privilege of flying with me on my throne. No one else has had this honour; you're the first. It will be our little secret."

Ilse's eyes widened at his words, her heart skipping a beat as she felt the warmth of his embrace. A goddess of her stature wouldn't usually be affected by such words, but since her heart was open to Orion, his care for her at that moment struck her deeply. Before she knew it, her heart began to race.

"Cute!" Ilse chuckled, "I never thought you'd go to such lengths to cheer me up and that I'd react this way." She stretched out her hand, cupping Orion's cheek, then leaned in and kissed him passionately.

When she pulled back, she rested her head against his chest, her right hand holding his. Her right leg rested on the armrest of the throne, while the other hung over Orion's legs below the seat, getting comfortable in his arms. "So, where are we going? You can't just be planning to take me around Paradise, right?" Ilse asked.

"I was planning to check for the Spiritual Link Points that have opened within our realm," Orion replied.

"Why?" Ilse asked, frowning. She was curious why Orion was seeking Spiritual Link Points to the Spirit Realm within a newly built realm. But she knew Orion wouldn't do something like this without reason, so she waited for an explanation.

"We'll discuss it on the way," Orion replied. Instantly, the throne vanished, reappearing within the enormous ethereal tree that stretched downward, holding the cosmic expanse of Paradise's realm.

As they travelled downward toward the nearest universe, Orion repeated his earlier conversation with Ilse about his interaction with the Divine Corps, the predicament of his and some of his wives' ascension to true divinity, and the Will of the Divine Mysteries attempting to break into their realm/

.....

Soon, they arrived on one of the planets. It was a bright blue planet, much like Earth, but more than twenty times its size, with vastly different continents, giving it a distinct appearance.

Before them lay a lush grassy plain, with a massive forest in the distance, abundant with fruit-bearing trees. However, the land was eerily devoid of life. The only sounds were the rustling of grass swaying in the breeze and the faint hum of the halo around Orion's throne as it descended onto the grassy plain.

Orion and Ilse stepped down from the throne, their feet hovering just above the ground.

Chapter 1268 The Mysteries Of The Spirit Realm

The throne dissolved into invisible threads that coiled around Orion. Ilse walked beside Orion, her mind deep in thought as she processed everything he had just told her. She realized that if not for the new Mysteries, she might have faced the same fate as her counterpart in a battle against the Will of the Divine Mysteries. Even with the power within Paradise, it was hard to believe there were still enemies they had to be cautious of.

Ilse's expression shifted into displeasure as she realized that she no longer had the luxury of sitting back and slowly developing her strength.

Orion soared ahead, stopping in front of a barely noticeable thin red line that seemed like a thread stretched from the earth to the sky.

As Orion moved to the side, he stared in curiosity at the thin red line that expanded into a vast red gate portal that reached far across the world as though it divided the land itself. He returned to his original position in front of the thin red line. He closed his eyes, moved to the side, and opened them again. Unlike before, the vast red portal dividing the world was no longer visible, replaced by the faint red line as it had been.

"This is one of the characteristics of the Spiritual Link Point," Ilse's voice sounded as she emerged through the red portal and appeared before him. "It prevents anyone from accidentally entering. Only those with the intent to go through it and explore within can pass. Even then, they feel a repulsion, as if being warned that the world they are entering is not meant for them. Its effects are so powerful that even divine beings feel a sense of doubt about the creation of the Spirit Realms and what might have made them."

Orion nodded, already familiar with some details of the Spiritual Link Point and the Spirit Realm from Patriarch Rylan and Isadora. But Ilse's following words made him raise an eyebrow.

"Are you suggesting that the Spirit Realm wasn't created at the dawn of existence but rather by someone else?" Orion asked, curious.

Ilse nodded. "Isn't it strange that whenever a new universe is born or a new realm emerges, a Spiritual Link Point automatically connects to it? We didn't notice such phenomena until after we descended into the material world.," she replied, "Mortals can enter it. But, due to the powerful

energies and elements within, they can't remain there for long. The immortal bodies of Spirit Beasts are one reason they can survive there unharmed."

"For divine beings, our connection to the Divine Mysteries is severed, so if we're trapped, we can only rely on ourselves to rise through the ranks. I'm not certain, but I suspect the Spirit Realm was created by a mysterious entity, and my guess points to the Omnithrillians."

Orion frowned, his mind racing as he pieced together Ilse's words. "If they created the Spirit Realm, wouldn't it have been safer to place us there, making sure we are in control, unlike the realm they left for us?" he responded, still frowning.

"Yes, you're right. Considering that the Spirit Realm has anchored itself into various realms and universes, its vastness must be greater than anything we can imagine," Ilse responded, her tone solemn.

"It would have made sense for them to place humans in a small corner of it and give you authority over that space, but they didn't. Your race wouldn't be in the dilemma it's currently facing, as it would've been impossible for us to dwell there."

"This leads me to think that there are larger forces at play—perhaps the Spirit Realm wasn't created for humans, but rather as a resting place for the Omnithrillians."

The moment Ilse finished speaking, Orion froze. He recalled a detail he had overlooked until now. The number of Omnithrillians who chose not to participate in the war but instead build homes for themselves was too great to count. Such a vast number of immensely powerful beings would surely leave traces upon their deaths, especially given that their 'imperishable corpses' could withstand the ravages of time and the harshest elements of the cosmos. Yet, only two of these imperishable corpses had been found by Oberon by accident. It was unknown how many Naka had in his possession, as he seemed capable of tracking them down. But that wasn't the main concern at the moment. The real question was: where were the rest of the Omnithrillians' bodies?

Could the Spirit Realm be genuinely created as a resting place where their corpses wouldn't be desecrated? Or perhaps some of the Omnithrillians were still alive and residing within the Spirit Realm. After all, if divine beings could live indefinitely, and ancient gods could reincarnate endlessly, then indeed, the second-strongest race in existence could still be alive today.

But if they were alive, it raised another question: were the Omnithrillian corpses found on Earth left behind to watch over humanity, given their protective stance against divine beings and other races?

Or does this somehow relate to the disappearance of the true gods?

Orion gulped. The more he thought about it, the more questions flooded his mind. If the Omnithrialians were still alive, he would be both excited and terrified, unsure if he could resist the influence of such a powerful being. But if they weren't, and this was the work of some other entity, it could be even worse. It meant they might have to contend with an entirely unknown and potentially dangerous enemy.

Orion could only think of a few individuals who might provide the answers to his questions: Naka, and the mysterious forces behind the Divine Corps. He also considered the possibility of meeting age-old Spirit Beasts that had resided there for epochs. Although it would be dangerous, his only option was to continue growing stronger until he was powerful enough to unravel all the puzzles.

Suddenly, the vastness of the Spirit Realm that Orion had once imagined seemed small compared to the magnitude of the information they had just grasped.

A hand abruptly grasped Orion's shoulder, snapping him out of his thoughts.

Orion turned to the side and saw Ilse staring at him with a worried expression.

"Don't dwell on this too much. I, along with countless other divine beings, have tried to unravel this conspiracy for years, but none of us have succeeded. I doubt you'll encounter anything significant during your first entry into the Spirit Realm, or until we've completed our journey," Ilse said softly. "And even if we do, I'll be there to support you, no matter what."

Orion nodded, a smile forming on his lips. What were the chances that he would encounter six of the most important figures of the era, form a force with a name reminiscent of one from the past, and create a new Mysteries capable of rivalling the powers of the Divine Mysteries? He doubted Ilse's earlier words, as he didn't believe he was lucky enough to avoid such situations. Nevertheless, he didn't voice his thoughts as her final words warmed his heart. He knew her relentless nature and that she meant what she said.

"Let's go in and look around before we return," Orion said, gently placing his hand on her head.

Ilse nodded in agreement.

They both soared toward the other side of the thin red line and as the red portal revealed itself, they entered. Initially, Orion felt resistance against his body and soul, as if something were trying to push him out of the Spirit Realm.

But the force wasn't strong enough to be an obstruction; it felt like a thin sheet of paper, which he quickly tore through. The world around him twisted with a glowing red light before his vision darkened, only to return moments later, revealing a strange new world.

The landscape resembled that of the material world, but the grass possessed a bright green hue. In the distance, the forest was alive, with trees walking as their roots merged into large, writhing limbs that traversed vast distances, reverberating with a thunderous "BOOOM!"

Orion looked up.

The sky above was an expanse of swirling mist, with floating landmasses dotting the horizon and glowing streams of rivers flowing from one unknown end to another. Some cascaded onto the floating landmasses, only to stream out in various locations, each heading in a strange direction.

Orion attempted to utilize his Divine Mandate but sensed he was steadily losing his connection to it. He felt the Spirit Realm restraining his body, blocking his attempts to circulate his Vylkr energy.

If not for his Divine Physique, Orion doubted he would be able to use even half of his strength.

The Spirit Realm was just as peculiar as he had imagined.

Orion looked behind him and noticed that the line had changed colour, no longer blue but red. He suspected that red signified the entrance to the Spirit Realm, while blue marked the exit.

He focused forward and scanned the surroundings but couldn't detect any Spirit Beasts.

"Since this area is unknown, don't use your Divine Sense recklessly. We don't want to draw any unwanted attention," Ilse advised.

Chapter 1269 Mysteries Of The Spirit Realm (2), An Ancient Virgin

"If you want to see any Spirit Beasts, we'll need to venture deeper, away from the Spiritual Link Point."

Orion nodded and withdrew his divine senses. They soared deep into the Spirit Realm, each movement traversing thousands of kilometres in moments. They carefully marked their path to ensure they wouldn't get lost upon their return.

Along the way, they encountered many Spirit Beasts. Some resembled animals from Earth but possessed strange and unnatural features. Others were part humanoid, resembling distinct races. Meanwhile, some were as large as mountains, moving either alone or in groups. They were spotted on various occasions, but the inhabitants merely glanced at them before withdrawing their attention.

Orion saw an enormous Spirit Beast shaped like a bear with a lion's mane soaring across the sky. In the next moment, it transformed into a monkey, leaping from tree to tree. A stream of water morphed into clouds, ascending into one of the floating landscapes, only to transform back into a stream of water once it arrived.

The rules of the Spirit Realm were as strange and distorted as Orion had imagined.

Suddenly, they halted mid-flight. In the distance, an enormous Spirit Beast with twelve hind legs and the body of a moose was swiftly heading in their direction.

"I'll handle it," Ilse said, waving her right hand. Instantly, a broad golden rift appeared before her, and a beam of light shot out, striking the Spirit Beast that had targeted them from tens of kilometres away. The beam pierced through its neck, decapitating the creature, and its head fell to the ground. The body staggered before collapsing with a resounding "BOOM," crushing the vegetation beneath it. However, the Spirit Beast wasn't dead yet. Its jaws opened wide as it inhaled deeply, creating a powerful gust that drew other Spirit Beasts toward it. Echoes of pleas reverberated from the surrounding creatures, but they fell on deaf ears.

Ilse didn't remain idle. Before the Spirit Beast could continue, countless golden rifts emerged around them, each five times larger than the first, with diameters of fifteen meters. Beams of light shot out from the rifts, illuminating the surroundings as they descended upon the decapitated moose.

The attack landed with a thunderous "BANG! BOOM!" sending shockwaves across the area, powerful enough to overturn the land and uproot vegetation. Smoke rose like a mushroom cloud into the air.

Soon, the smoke subsided, and the immense body of the moose was nowhere to be seen.

"Let's leave before we attract more attention," Ilse said, turning to look at Orion.

Orion nodded in agreement. After watching Ilse's battle, Orion realized that the Spirit Realm was incredibly sturdy. If the same battle had taken place in the material world, the atmosphere would have been torn apart, struggling to repair itself from the sheer force of the attack.

They turned and made their way back to the Spiritual Link Point. Once they arrived, they returned to the material world.

"I'll speak to General Reynold and Oberon about the security of these Spiritual Link Points," Orion said. He realized they could no longer use this passageway without arousing suspicion about what had transpired. Though he didn't need to worry about the Spirit Realm through the Spiritual Link Points, the Divine Corps and Vylkr spawns still posed a threat, and they couldn't take any chances with the safety of their realm.

"The tighter the security, the better. We don't want anyone sneaking in and causing problems," Ilse responded with a nod. She moved closer to Orion, placing her right hand on his shoulder and her left hand gently on his chest. Leaning in, she whispered in his ear, "Now that we're done, why don't we head back to my castle so you can give me a baby? Aren't you curious to see what our children will look like... Husband?" Her tone was teasing, coquettish. Her left hand slid toward the centre of Orion's body, just below his waist, her clothed thigh brushing suggestively against his crotch.

Orion's little brother was awakened and stood at attention at the sudden disturbance. His lips twitched, but he didn't stop Ilse's movement. Instead, Orion wrapped his arms around her and then grabbed her modest plump buttocks.

"AHH~~~ That's it. Keep going, Husband~~~" Ilse moaned dramatically. She halted her actions and embraced Orion, her hot breathing clashing against his neck. Without hesitation, Orion raised her thin, sheath black dress with colour strips decorated with countless precious jewels and stones until it was right above her slim waist. He looked downwards and saw that she was wearing a pair of golden panties—they weren't lace but like a piece of cloth made with golden threads. They were adorned with tiny plated rubies and jewels and wrapped around her privates. They brought another meaning to an idiom he knew: 'Served on a golden platter.'

Orion stretched down her panties and held onto her dark, bare buttocks. Then, he slid towards her narrowed lips, which he swiftly penetrated with his right index finger. "Ahh~~~ Be gentle, I'm still a virgin," Ilse moaned and responded, her arms wrapped around Orion's shoulders tightly.

Orion's expression shifted slightly in surprise as he realized that Aurora, Aerialia, Zera, Avarielle, and Margona might also still be virgins in this lifetime. He hadn't considered such things about them before, as they were ancient goddesses who had experienced the vicissitudes of life, so virginity might not hold much significance to them. What truly mattered was winning their hearts, which, while challenging, was far more rewarding. However, for Orion, the idea of taking the virginity of these goddesses—who had sworn their loyalty to him in this lifetime and the next, and imagining them writhing in pleasure beneath him felt like a powerful aphrodisiac.

As Orion continued to twirl his fingers into Ilse's wet vagina, not going too deep but teasing her close to her entrance fleshy walls, while his other hand massaged her buttocks, she squirmed under him. "Put it in~~, Put it in," Ilse moaned out in pleasure, letting her voice reverberate across their surroundings. Only they were present here, so she saw no need to hide her emotions. However, Orion paid her no attention; he continued to stroke her drooling pussy until her body twitched, and a flood of womanly juices shot out from her wet pussy walls, staining Orion and her golden panties. Orion brought his hands under Ilse's gaze and licked them until his hands were clean. With both hands, he stretched up her stained golden panties, to her waist, her womanly juices pressing against her drooling vagina lips and its side. And then allowed her dress to drop to its normal position.

Sensing his actions, Ilse shivered slightly. "Why didn't you put it in?" she asked, staring at Orion in indignation as she rubbed her thighs together uncomfortably.

"Because it's not time yet. After Aerialia, then it will be your turn. Until then, you won't be able to change my mind," Orion said with a smile, kissing her lips.

Ilse's expression morphed into annoyance. However, she didn't resist.

Orion pulled back and whispered, "Don't erase it until we return," he gently slapped Ilse's clothed buttocks, causing her body to twitch uncomfortably. He summoned the Throne of Infinite Edict and sat on it. Then, gestured for Ilse to come take her position. "Since you want to play like that, fine!" Ilse responded sharply. She snapped her hand, and instantly, her thin, sheath black dress vanished, revealing her bare body, which was only dressed in two breast pads covering her modest perky breast and her stained golden panties. She jumped into the throne, making herself comfortable just she her sat in her previous position. Except this time, rather than holding Orion's hand, she placed under her golden panties allowing his fingers to massage her wet pussy walls. "Let's go," Ilse said, with a degenerate smile, one that no one could ever imagine, as it looked almost blasphemous coming from such a beautiful goddess.

Orion gulped, realizing that he had unleashed a depravity more debauched than his own. But that didn't mean he was going to back down easily. He moved his fingers, stirring up her emotions, while commanding the throne to take them back to the domain of the gods.

It took three hours before they arrived. Orion had thought he could tire her out, but instead, his continuous movements left him with a stiff hand. He realized how insatiable Ilse was and understood that his chances of emerging victorious were slim against her degeneracy. He had to kick her out of the throne and into her bedroom, quickly exiting under her amused chuckles.

After placing the matter at the back of his mind, Orion went to speak with General Reynold and Oberon before he returned home.

They spent a month preparing for the exploration. The ones tasked with the exploration with him were Ilse, Zera, his wives' divine clones, Lyndon, Lief, and a few of the Four-Eared Elves' god chosens, the Prismerions' Divine Apostles, including Flintor, Brane, Zara, Seth, and Zogar.

Chapter 1270 The Structure Of The Paradise Realm

Considering that all of his wives were currently pregnant, despite their desire to accompany him, he disagreed.

After all, they were pregnant with his children, and even if they were goddesses, their divine mandates wouldn't work in the Spirit Realm, making them only goddesses in name as they couldn't utilize their abilities.

They settled on sending their divine clones instead. Only Greta, Celeste, Fifi, Fiona, and Ayla's clones, and the others who didn't possess a devourer's heart were stronger than the others at the moment, so they were in charge of leading them. Aurora and Aerialia were still locked indoors.

As for Brane and the others, they had decided to come along in hopes of obtaining divinity through their own efforts. At this point, Orion wanted to tell them to meet Ilse and the others so they could be added to their ascension, but he respected their wishes and remained quiet. However, before they commenced their exploration, they spent several days transporting all races within the domain of the gods to their own respective universes. The total number of Paradise's residents was approximately 960 million. Each race was given a world suited explicitly to their race and physiology.

Even races with smaller populations of around 3,000 to 20,000 and more were placed in their own universe. Given enough time, they could repopulate their planets and expand outward to other

regions. However, considering that some of these worlds were 20 to 50 times the size of Earth from his previous life, and the surrounding planets were equally large or more significant—many of which could easily be inhabited—Orion understood that it would take time for them to achieve this.

The gods' chosen and other individuals who could control diluted Vylkr energy were purified of it. However, this did not mean that the Paradise Realm was free of Vylkr energy. Vylkr energy had become one of the top-ranking energies, taking the second position, right below Primordial energy. Unlike Divine Energy, where one had to be a divine being to utilize it, with Vylkr energy, individuals would need to grow and become powerful enough before they were granted the right to use it freely. Once they ascended to divinity, like Whisperwing, Crystalia, Saria, and the others who had never utilized Vylkr energy, they would, depending on their own efforts, gain incredibly high resistance to it. This would allow them to freely utilize Vylkr energy without harm as they continued ascending to the Realm of true gods.

In this way, Paradise would have divine powerhouses who could utilize Vylkr energy, thanks to the care of the Mysteries of the Twelve-Step Stairs.

Orion had also begun to study the Vylkr combat techniques that Avarielle and Margonna had created, ensuring they would become a cornerstone for the Realm's future.

Also, with the help of the two ancient goddesses, separate universes were created for the residents with Mother Seed Cells. Using the structure of the Mirror Realm, they were able to create several other universes that would suppress and cleanse the Mother Seed Cells across generations until they were entirely eradicated. However, due to the nature of the residents, these universes were among the few where Vylkr energy could be freely used, as it had become an integral part of their being.

Due to this, their universes were among the sturdiest, constantly evolving to disrupt the emergence of a sentient Vylkr entity. They were also located far away from the rest of the regular universes, and it would take an unknown number of years before they encountered each other. By then, they would have been cured of their Mother Seed Cells.

However, they were aware that peace would become unstable in the distant future as each race began seeking more lands to conquer, fighting among themselves, or perhaps gaining the power to traverse their universe and enter the home universes of other races, seeking to seize their worlds. To address this potential conflict, with the help of General Reynold, Oberon, and the Mysteries of the Twelve Steps, and with an understanding of each race's culture, Orion used the Throne of Infinite Edicts to inscribe several laws in each universe. These laws would dictate future conflicts and govern their ways of life to be morally upright. With these rules, even if a tyrant rose among them as their leader, they would be unable to lead their race, world, or even universe to total destruction. Of course, there was also a grading system for each race, which rewarded those who adhered to the

laws for generations without consistently breaking them. Those at the top would be rewarded for the peace they had brought to the Realm of Paradise. At the same time, those at the bottom would be placed under the guidance of those who had maintained peace, reminding them that this was still Orion's Realm—Paradise—and they needed to understand their place. After all, the best way for mortals to learn was from other mortals. And since they aimed to prevent divine interference in mortal affairs, this was the best course of action until further intervention was necessary.

Nonetheless, there were still several empty universes that were theirs to conquer. Once they became strong enough to ascend to the Domain of the gods, they would be granted a home there, along with a branch for their races, which would be directly connected to their home universe. This connection would allow them to descend and ascend with limited permission. Still, they would not overly influence the affairs of their races, as the influence of a divine being on mortals was too great to describe.

The ascended beings would be able to freely interact with the Domain of the gods, which had expanded to such an extent that Orion needed an hour to travel from the boundary line to the other end, even with his Throne of Infinite Edict. And it was still growing, with various new territories emerging, divine artefacts being birthed, and other unique divine phenomena that would cause even the gods to gasp in awe.

These divine beings could also leave Paradise's Realm to interact with the other realms beyond. This way, they would be able to announce Paradise's existence to the outside with their formidable divine presence, drawing the attention of those still in hiding or unaware of them. However, Orion doubted that many would remain unaware for long, given the actions they were about to take. But there were still many gods like Oberon, General Reynold, Avarielle, and others out there who could overcome their challenges and grow stronger, shattering the known realities of what was once considered impossible.

As General Reynold once said, 'There is no monopoly on survival.' If they could create their own Realm using the corrupted fragment of the Divine Mysteries and the imperishable corpse of an Ominthriallian, there was no telling what others could accomplish with similar resources in their hands.

The only races able to reside directly within the Domain of the gods were the Humans, Nymphs, Pixies, Prismerrions, and Four-Eared Elves—each of them holding a key leadership role in the Paradise Realm. The inclusion of the Four-Eared Elves was initially a debated topic since they joined later. Still, after witnessing their contributions to the exploration of the Spirit Realm and realizing how much their success could enhance the Paradise Realm, the discourse was settled.

Each of the Key Leaders was given the right to possess their own territory, which was unrelated to their race's residential areas. Even if a Key Leader stepped down, they would still retain ownership of their territory. The only way they would lose this right was if they committed an unforgivable or inconceivable crime, in which case they would be punished accordingly. As various Key Leaders stepped down in the future to make way for the next generation, the Domain of the gods would become increasingly complex and lively.

For now, their only issue was the absence of magical beasts across the Realm. Currently, every universe relies on vegetation and fresh fruits for sustenance. One of their tasks during the exploration would be to capture as many magical beasts as possible and release them into the Realm.

Had they known where Earth's animals came from, the humans' home universe would have been an even more beautiful place.

Each Spiritual Realm Point was directly guarded by the Mysteries of the Twelve Step Stairs—not to prevent the races from entering, but to stop intruders from breaking into their Realm. Orion didn't know the full extent of the power of the Mysteries of the Twelve Step Stairs, but he felt that the more divine beings emerged within the Realm, the more powerful it became. With this understanding, he realized that the Divine Mysteries, which had existed for an unknown number of years with countless divine beings tied to them, likely possessed unfathomable power. Given this, Orion's suspicions that the Will of the Divine Mysteries had a deeper reason for its existence deepened. However, the reasons behind it were beyond his current understanding. Nevertheless, this provided him with enough motivation to continue having more children in the future.