

Village Head 1291

Chapter 1291 Slaughtering The Celestial Spirit Court Reinforcements(2), An Awkward Conversation

She couldn't even correctly assimilate the essence of the Spirit Beasts before her mind was in disarray. It was only when she received the order to regroup with J'garin that she finally snapped out of her thoughts and began searching for him. Fortunately, he was already on her trail, and they caught up with each other shortly afterwards.

"Did you...?" J'garin asked, his voice trailing off. But his gaze alone conveyed his intent.

Zymera nodded. "Let's discuss this later," she said.

J'garin nodded in agreement. At that moment, they noticed a black veil rising from the ground into the sky, surrounding the area where the remaining Celestial Spirit Court reinforcements were located. As it reached a particular height, the veil converged, forming a barrier that completely sealed off the area, cutting off everything within from the outside world.

All of this happened in an instant—even the reinforcements could not fully react before the barrier was fully formed.

J'garin and Zymera were frightened as they realized that they were also trapped within the sphere.

"Is this also part of their plan?" J'garin muttered, scanning his surroundings in search of anyone else who might be inside with them.

"It must be them," Zymera said with a confident nod. Why was she so sure?

Because they had already confirmed that the Celestial Spirit Court reinforcements consisted of one Baron-ranked and five Aristocrat-ranked Spirit Beasts—all of whom had been killed with the aid of Orion's formidable group. There was no other force hidden within thousands of miles except for their own, so it was a reasonable conclusion that whoever had created this sphere was on their side.

"Look..." Zymera said, her eyes widening as a familiar woman dressed in an azure flower-patterned thigh-high-slit dress appeared out of thin air above the remaining Celestial Spirit Court reinforcements. Around her, multiple boxes materialized out of nowhere. More continued to appear, forming an inner and outer ring until the entire Celestial Spirit Court reinforcements within the black sphere were surrounded entirely from above. The number of floating boxes high in the sky was eighty-two.

The Knight-ranked Spirit Beasts had already noticed the woman in the azure dress and the growing number of boxes above them. They immediately tried to flee, having sensed that something was wrong the moment the black sphere emerged, severing their connection to the outside world. However, they soon realized that they couldn't move or even speak.

Those in the air were frozen in place. From the moment their surroundings had been sealed off, an eerie silence had descended.

'What's going on?' Zymera's mind raced. Neither she nor J'garin made a sound, afraid that any movement might provoke whoever was responsible for this.

A heavy magical fluctuation surged from each box, their energies synchronizing in perfect harmony and affecting the entire area. Soon, from below, the immobilized Knight-ranked Spirit Beasts began rising into the air one by one, their bodies dissolving into countless light particles before vanishing into the boxes.

Zymera and J'garin could only stare in stunned silence. They could sense the magical fluctuation, but they were unable to feel its effects. As a result, they had no idea how so many Knight-ranked Spirit Beasts could be killed so effortlessly, nor how their essences were being absorbed into the boxes.

Suddenly, a buried memory surfaced from the far corners of their minds. Having lived for so long, they both recalled the Calamity that had descended upon this region of the Spirit Realm thousands of years ago. The realization struck them like a bolt of lightning, connecting the dots between these mysterious beings and the ones who had once emerged from the Material Realm, wielding the power to absorb Spirit Beasts.

'It can't be the same. It has to be something else,' J'garin thought, shaking off the absurd notion. If these beings were genuinely similar to those from the past, they would have already begun causing chaos, absorbing Spirit Beasts across multiple regions without fear of retaliation from the Celestial Spirit Court. After all, they clearly possessed the power to stand against them.

Zymera's thoughts were just as chaotic as his.

As if sensing their thoughts, a voice resonated through the space surrounding them.

"As long as you are under my protection, you will not be harmed. Once this battle is over, you should return and celebrate with the tribes and the other secluded Spirit Beasts of the six regions. Don't be shy about taking the glory of the battle for yourselves, or else my husband won't be happy with you both."

"When this is over, you will be given the privilege of asking us any question you desire, and we will do our best to answer it to the best of our ability." The voice ended with a light chuckle before fading into silence.

Zymera and J'garin gulped, their hearts skipping a beat at her words. They were shocked to learn that they had been under protection all along. If not, they could have been caught in the intense magical fluctuations and possibly killed.

For one of the group members to go so far as to shield them—an Aristocrat-ranked and a Baron-ranked Spirit Beast, both powerful enough to dominate a small region effortlessly—only confirmed how deadly that magic was.

But what truly surprised them was the fact that such a method hadn't been used against them. They pondered whether this had been a test of their abilities.

After all, why wait until they had been pushed to the brink of defeat before stepping in? And why would they have been allowed to consume the Baron-ranked and Aristocrat-ranked Spirit Beasts when their group could have absorbed them instead?

They both inwardly agreed that this was the most logical answer. What made their hearts tremble even more was the command to take credit for the battle themselves. Even they wouldn't believe their future selves if, a decade from now, they were told they had managed to kill a formidable Baron-ranked Spirit Beast—especially Zymera, who had fought against five Aristocrat-ranked opponents.

It wasn't that they didn't want to claim the glory of their victories. But once such information spread, it would announce to the Spirit Realm that they possessed frightening potential. Other formidable Spirit Beasts would seek them out, not just to challenge them but to consume them, hoping to acquire that same astounding potential for themselves. The only problem was that J'garin

and Zymera didn't actually possess such potential. It was like revealing a great treasure without being strong enough to protect it.

Yet, despite this, they knew they had no other choice. Annoying the leader of this mysterious group would be a fate far worse than anything they could imagine.

Nonetheless, the promise that they would be allowed to ask questions after everything was over was enough to temporarily calm their minds.

'I've heard that beings from the Material Realm consider Spirit Beasts who gain the ability to shift between forms as exotic and are even drawn to them,' Zymera sent her thoughts telepathically to J'garin. 'Some even choose to stay in our realm rather than return to the Material Realm. The leader of this group has many wives, each possessing a unique charm that makes them stand out among others. So... if I put in a little effort, do you think there's a chance he might be attracted to me?'

J'garin frowned inwardly. He was about to berate Zymera for having such an awkward conversation at a moment like this, but he swiftly sealed his lips, sensing the logic in her words.

They had already become enemies of the Celestial Spirit Court, who would surely hunt them down across the Spirit Realm as far as their reach extended. Their best chance of survival was to stick close to Orion and his group.

Even he understood the concept of taking shelter under the biggest tree when the weather turned rough. And what better way to secure one's position than by staying close to the trunk?

Instantly, J'garin began to agree with Zymera's line of thought.

'I'm not certain,' he responded telepathically, 'but judging by his wives, he doesn't seem to be the type to hold prejudice against other races. So even if you're a Spirit Beast, you might stand a chance of attracting his attention. First, though, you'll have to test the waters and see if his wives are the jealous type. Otherwise, you'd just be digging your own grave.'

He hesitated before adding, 'Ahem, do you think I stand a chance of attracting anyone in the group?'

Only Spirit Beasts who had reached the Aristocrat Rank could awaken abilities such as telepathy, along with various others like flight. They hadn't used this ability earlier because they didn't want to arouse suspicion from the group.

'Since you haven't transformed from your true form since you returned, it's difficult to tell. And if you suddenly choose to do so now, they'll definitely suspect something is up. So wait until I've tested the waters and gotten some results before making your move,' Zymera responded telepathically, casting a subtle glance at J'garin.

Chapter 1292 Slaughtering The Celestial Spirit Court Reinforcements(3), Celestial Spirit Court Base

Even after becoming a Baron-ranked Spirit Beast, he had been cautious, choosing to remain in his true Spirit Beast form and keeping to himself in a secluded corner of the White Winged Gryphons' territorial home. He only had himself to blame for the difficulties he would now face.

Though this was her first time attempting something like this, since she had never been pushed into a situation that required such means, she had sufficient knowledge on the matter. Much of it had come from various Spirit Beasts she had encountered, who were more familiar with the ways of the beings from the Material Realm.

Beings from the Material Realm, even the divines, were unable to impregnate Spirit Beasts. While divine beings also possessed immortality, it was well known that many of them perished in conflicts against each other or, due to various other factors, were unable to fully live out their eternal lifespans.

Spirit Beasts, on the other hand, only needed to secure a safe hiding spot and remain there for several millennia, naturally growing stronger over time.

So, as long as Orion and his group didn't plan to stay in the Spirit Realm for long, then in a few tens of a thousand years, she wouldn't have to worry about him anymore.

The only problem was if he was one of those divine beings who would always come back, no matter how many times he died. If such a situation arose, and given the opportunity, she would flee deep into the Spirit Realm, where he would be unable to find her. It was the perfect plan!

Meanwhile, J'garin couldn't help but feel defeated. He didn't blame himself for being too cautious about the group, but if he had known that his hesitation would cost him such an opportunity, he would have done his best to interact with them from the start.

'It's too late. I'll just have to figure out my next move,' J'garin thought to himself.

Soon, the last particle of light flowed into the final box.

The three hundred thousand Knight-ranked Spirit Beasts that had once littered the battlefield had all been consumed. The Celestial Spirit Court reinforcements were eliminated.

No—it would be more accurate to describe it as a slaughter.

After the slaughter was over, the woman dressed in an azure flower-patterned, thigh-high slit dress flicked her hand forward. Immediately, all eighty-two boxes came together, stacking up in two neat piles. She cast a brief glance at them before vanishing into thin air along with the boxes.

"I will continue to keep watch over the surroundings and alert you if I sense anything amiss. Now, get going," the familiar voice resonated from the space around them once more.

This time, J'garin and Zymera didn't hesitate. They nodded in understanding and expressed their gratitude.

"Thank you for your help. Without you, this battle would have ended in our defeat," J'garin said.

"If there's anything you need in the future, please let me know. I will do my best to aid you as long as it's within my power," Zymera added.

J'garin's lips twitched at how swiftly Zymera was making her move.

In response, they only received an amused chuckle, one that sounded even more mischievous than before, before the voice faded into nothingness.

Instantly, the black sphere that had cut them off from the outside world fizzled out of existence.

Wasting no time, J'garin and Zymera soared toward the forces of the six regions, already formulating the speech they would use to address them.

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Far away from the six regions,

A man with long platinum hair, his eyes glowing as though they were forged from fire, dressed in a white robe, stood surrounded by mirror-like screens that showcased myriads of scenes across the Spirit Realm. The images shifted rapidly from one scene to another as he moved through them, his actions forming mirages that made it difficult to pinpoint his exact position.

Suddenly, the man stopped. He furrowed his brows and waved his hand in front of one of the mirror-like screens. Instantly, the scene shifted, revealing three hundred thousand Knight-ranked Spirit Beasts marching forward with five Aristocrat-ranked Spirit Beasts and a Baron-ranked Spirit Beast following behind them.

If Orion and the others were present, they would recognize that these were the Celestial Spirit Court Reinforcements that had been slaughtered earlier. The scene shifted again, this time showing the Baron-ranked Spirit Beast fighting a four-winged ice panther while the other five battled against a Hydra. The scene shifted once more, this time displaying a strange occurrence: all six Spirit Beasts froze in the air and were killed by their opponents. The man was sure of this because he could no longer sense the life brands implanted in them as members of the Celestial Spirit Court to ensure their loyalty.

The scene then fast-forwarded to show a black sphere enveloping the entire reinforcements, blocking even his perception from seeing what was happening within. The scene then froze. The man frowned as he observed. He waved his hand to the side, rewinding the scene and watching it again.

Unfortunately, he was unable to observe those who weren't part of the Celestial Spirit Court's forces, and the area where he could observe without such limitations was limited. So, he couldn't see what happened after that. After watching the scene eight times, he reached into his robe and pulled out a green stone adorned with various magical runes and inscriptions.

The stone trembled slightly, and a voice emerged from it.

"What is it?" The tone was filled with curiosity.

"The reinforcements sent to suppress the six regions have failed," the man responded, his voice grim.

There was silence on the other end. "What is their current condition?" the voice asked again.

"They're all dead," the man answered. "They were killed by a Baron-ranked Spirit Beast and an Aristocrat-ranked Spirit Beast. The way they died is bizarre. I suspect they have a treasure capable of locking space within an area. We must approach them with caution."

"Okay. They're not a main part of our forces, so it's no surprise they couldn't complete the job and were defeated," the voice responded, its tone nonchalant. "I'll send a 10,000-year-old Baron-ranked Spirit Beasts with unique space abilities."

"That should be enough to dominate even a medium-sized region, so it should be sufficient for dealing with small regions like theirs. If they think they can topple the Celestial Spirit Court's foundation with their insignificant numbers, we will crush them and set an example for others who also wish to rebel."

The man sighed softly. "You're right. It's enough to handle such an insignificant force. But even if the forces that were killed aren't core to the Celestial Spirit Court, they were still individuals who pledged their loyalty to the Court and chose to serve it. This loss will still impact us indirectly. What we need is certain victory, just in case they have any other secrets that could turn the tide of the war," he said, focusing on the mirror-like screens replaying the battle against the six regions before him.

"What are you suggesting?" the voice asked, its tone serious.

"I suggest we send a Viscount-ranked Spirit Beast, aged between 12,000 and 13,000 years," the man replied, his tone equally serious.

There was silence on the other end for several minutes before the voice spoke again. "A Viscount-ranked Spirit Beast possesses a far deeper understanding of the lesser Spirit Laws than a Baron-ranked Spirit Beast and can utilize them at will. Each of them is a foundation that our Celestial Spirit Court base cannot afford to lose."

"Sending one of them would be like sending an Aristocrat-ranked Spirit Beast to handle an infant. Any of them would be displeased with such a mission and might even choose to move to another base if they feel insulted. Are you sure this is a good idea?" The voice paused, waiting for a response.

The man hesitated before nodding. "Yes, I'm certain. It's better to play it safe than regret it later."

"Alright. You are our Celestial Spirit Court Base's eyes and ears, so I trust your judgment. I will deliver this message to the Supreme Base Leader and hear what she says," the voice responded.

"Okay. I'll continue my watch," the man replied. He disconnected the communication and placed the stone back into his robe.

"I don't need to worry about them. They're as good as dead. I hope they can obtain the treasure they used to lock the space during their battle. But it will most likely fall into the hands of those individuals, so it's best to forget about this matter." He gazed at the screen for a moment before waving his hand, shifting to another scene of a large multitude of Spirit Beasts at war with several beings bearing bizarre halos behind them.

If it were before, he would have dealt with the matter nonchalantly, but they were currently at a time where every single detail had to be double-checked and handled with the utmost care, so he couldn't afford to be negligent.

Chapter 1293 Lyra Vs Aurthorn, The Spiral Crossing Monarch

The man turned toward another screen, his form slowly gaining momentum as his movements began producing mirages, as though he was observing the entire screen at once and constantly switching scenes.

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One week later

Above a vast forest with enormous trees, their branches and leaves emitting wisps of light orange flames, a severe, thin man with arms and a field covered in brown hide stood in the air. On the left side of his head was a thorn-like horn, and he was dressed in dark, full-plated armour without a helmet, lined with runic chains. He gazed silently into the distance.

"Strange. I thought they said only six regions had revolted. How could it increase so quickly in such a short time?" Despite his youthful expression, the man's voice was aged and crackled as he spoke. "...An unexpected occurrence... It doesn't make sense for a Baron-ranked and Aristocrat-ranked Spirit Beast to be capable of doing this, even if they possess frightening potential... Perhaps this is why they sent me."

The man summoned a green rock inscribed with various runes and symbols from thin air and then activated it.

The green stone trembled slightly. After several seconds, it stopped responding.

The man furrowed his brows, a frown forming on his face. "I can't even connect with the commander stationed here," he muttered.

"I should report this back to the base immediately. Something is wrong with the northern regions," he added.

Cardinal directions weren't used in the Spirit Realm because the Spirit Realm was constantly expanding and reshaping its terrain based on its own set of rules and systems, which made it challenging to determine directions with precision. However, the cardinal directions from the Material Realm were still valuable—they allowed one to navigate and categorize territories more easily. With the Celestial Spirit Court Base as the central point, all conquered territories were divided into four primary zones: North, South, East, and West. These directions were only valid within the jurisdiction of a given base.

Once a region exceeded the base's capacity to manage it, a new base would be established, and the area would be remapped accordingly. This system allowed for fluidity even if a territory expanded or changed over time.

Just as the man was about to contact the Celestial Spirit Court Base, he froze. Looking around, he noticed a black sphere enclosing a vast area around him. He realized that he had been unknowingly sealed off from the outside world.

He couldn't sense any other Spirit Beasts in the vicinity either, meaning they had either evacuated or vanished from his perception in an instant.

He had been warned that there might be a treasure capable of sealing space, so the emergence of this phenomenon didn't catch him completely off guard. However, he was now sure that this was far more advanced than any typical space-locking treasure. The amount of spiritual energy and mastery over Spirit Laws required to maintain such a formation was beyond what most ordinary Spirit Beasts could wield.

That could only mean one thing, he was facing an enemy far stronger than he had been led to believe. His earlier suspicions were confirmed: the Celestial Spirit Court had severely

underestimated the strength of the six regions and the Spirit Beasts supporting them. And now, they had likely conquered several more regions within the Court's control.

Fortunately, he had come prepared after receiving a warning from the regional commander. While he hadn't initially taken it seriously, he was now thankful he had at least paid some attention.

That cautious mindset was one of the strengths he had cultivated over his long years of life as a Spirit Beast.

It was always better to be over-prepared for battle than to be under-prepared and win with a shattered sense of pride.

That could be one of the reasons why the base had approached him first to handle this situation.

"I am Aurthorn, also known as the Spiral Crossing Monarch. A Viscount-ranked Spirit Beast and one of the six cores of the Celestial Spirit Court's External Base Division," Aurthorn introduced himself calmly.

"Since you've intruded upon our territory and sealed off this area from the prying eyes of the Spirit World, why don't you reveal yourself? I'd like to see the mastermind behind all of this," he added, his tone carrying both curiosity and authority.

The space before him rippled, and then an unknown figure emerged.

It was a breathtaking woman with long, flowing crimson hair, dressed in a short, crimson flower-patterned outfit. Her hair was so voluminous that she sat cross-legged upon it, some strands serving as her throne. Her legs were adorned with jewel-encrusted heeled sandals, and the rest of her hair spread out around her like a vast, floating ocean.

Yet, despite her bewitching appearance, Aurthorn sensed something peculiar, a familiar yet distinct aura emanating from her.

His body tensed instinctively.

'She's from the Material Realm,' Aurthorn thought.

He sighed inwardly. He had prepared to face another Viscount-ranked Spirit Beast like himself. But now that he realized his opponent was from the Material Realm, a trace of relief passed through him, though he remained on high alert.

"Although I would love to exchange introductions and compare titles," the woman said with a wistful sigh, "there's really no point... You won't be alive long enough anyway."

She was disappointed. She had prepared a grand entrance and elaborate introduction, but due to time constraints, she had to abandon it. This only deepened her desire to master the Law of Time so she could make the most of moments like this.

Upon hearing her words, Aurthorn narrowed his eyes at her. "You speak with confidence. If you have allies lying in wait, now would be the time to call them out. You alone aren't enough to accomplish the feat of killing me."

Even as he spoke, his mind was racing, trying to figure out a way to inform the base of what was happening. Unfortunately, the green communication stone was still unable to establish a link.

"Nah. I'm more than enough to handle you alone," she replied flatly. "Now, enough talk... die."

In that instant, her hair surged forward, appearing before him and striking him.

Aurthorn stepped forward calmly, and his body phased into thin air, reappearing nearly a hundred miles away in the blink of an eye. But the ocean of hair followed relentlessly, appearing before him again within seconds. It moved with unnatural preciseness, locking onto him and preventing him from even transforming into his true Spirit Beast form.

"Fortunately, I came prepared," Aurthorn muttered.

A floating wooden prism appeared in his palm, its nine shifting facets glowing with a soft indigo hue. Rings of light rotated around it rapidly, forming a protective field.

Without hesitation, he activated it.

The wooden prism trembled. A soft resonance, like the chiming echoes of a distant bell, spread outward, distorting the space around it. Suddenly, the strands of hair mere inches away from striking him down froze in place, suspended mid-air.

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Aurthorn exhaled in relief. For a moment, he had truly believed he was going to die. Fortunately, he had been two steps ahead.

Aurthorn's expression darkened upon realizing she could still move and speak. "How?" he asked, eyes narrowing as he watched her lounging casually atop her own hair. She reclined on her side, propping her head up with one arm, looking at him with playful curiosity.

This was a Tier Six Divine-ranked Spirit Treasure, nurtured by the Spirit Space Law and imbued with spatial attributes. For someone to resist or bypass its effects, they would need to be stronger than the treasure itself.

"You seem to carry quite a few nice things," Lyra said with a light chuckle. "So, I'll give you the chance to show me the extent of your capabilities."

She was delighted by the myriad expressions crossing the Spirit Beast's face as he realized neither his strength nor his artefact was effective against her. Still, she hadn't forgotten one of her main objectives: to test Aurthorn's capabilities. The results would help them gauge the strength of other Viscount-ranked Spirit Beasts within the Celestial Spirit Court. Even if it wasn't perfectly accurate, it would serve as a reasonable benchmark unless, of course, the Celestial Spirit Court recruited without regard for strength.

Without replying, Aurthorn transformed into his true Spirit Beast form.

He became a towering stag, his radiant brown fur gleaming with an otherworldly glow. He stood at a colossal height of over 280 meters. His antlers were like blackened metal, immense and branching high into the sky like tree branches, each one half his height and radiating a vibrant violet light. His hooves stepped through the space, leaving behind faint ripples. His entire being exuded an ancient aura unlike any ordinary Spirit Beast.

In the presence of such overwhelming majesty, it was clear why Aurthorn had preferred to remain in a lesser form, which was to avoid attracting too much attention.

Suddenly, his antlers came to life, twisting before launching toward the strands of crimson hair still frozen in space.

Chapter 1294 Lyra Vs Aurthorn, The Spiral Crossing Monarch (2), The Death Of A Viscount-Ranked Spirit Beast

But Lyra's hair broke free from their restraints and surged to meet the attack head-on. Then, unexpectedly, the antlers tore open a rupture in space and vanished, reappearing around the lounging Lyra, encircling her from every direction. She didn't move from her position; her hair swiftly wrapped around her body, forming a protective barrier.

The antlers struck her hair with immense force. However, not even a scratch appeared. Then, light gathered at the tips of the antlers and shot forward like a cannon, distorting the space around Lyra with powerful ripples. Yet it, too, was ineffective.

The wooden prism hidden within his antlers vibrated once more. In the blink of an eye, it vanished, taking Aurthorn with it.

Aurthorn reappeared in an empty space within a squared void. This was an isolated subspace created by his treasure—cut off entirely from the external world. It could be used to hide from terrifying enemies or temporarily seal them until one was prepared to face them. He knew he was unlikely to trap the unknown woman inside this space, especially since his spatial attacks had proven ineffective. So, instead, he chose to hide himself.

His massive body compressed tightly within the confined space, yet he felt no discomfort. Instead, his body trembled in fear. He couldn't believe that none of his attacks had worked. Even with the amplified effects of his treasure, the results were the same.

He wasn't foolish enough to keep testing the rest of his abilities when several had already failed, so he chose to retreat for the time being. Fortunately, the isolated subspace allowed him to observe the outside world as if he were still in his original position.

"How did the base miss the fact that such a formidable figure was residing here? Or am I just incredibly unlucky?" he muttered to himself.

Aurthorn had already guessed that the unknown woman was a divine being. She exuded the same overwhelming aura as the powerful divines he'd encountered in the past. However, he had no idea how powerful she indeed was, and he didn't intend to find out. His only goal now was to find a way to escape.

Outside the wooden prism, Lyra frowned as she realized she could no longer sense Aurthorn's presence. It was as though he had vanished into thin air.

"Do you need help?" Derry's voice echoed in her ears.

"No, I can handle it alone," Lyra replied, furrowing her brows in frustration. She was sure the Spirit Beast was still within the sealed area. If he had escaped, Derry would have informed her.

'This is a task my darling entrusted only to me. I can't mess it up,' Lyra thought.

"Alright, if you say so, dear," Derry's voice replied with a faint chuckle.

Lyra gritted her teeth and decided to wait. She didn't know what technique Aurthorn had used to vanish from her divine senses, but since he was still within the vicinity, he would eventually reappear. All she needed to do was be patient.

Two days later...

Within the isolated subspace, Aurthorn sensed a slight disturbance in the surrounding energy. He knew his time was up as the space would soon collapse, and the treasure would forcibly expel him. His only hope of escaping the unknown woman who had been patiently waiting for him to emerge was to find a way to delay for ten seconds before he could activate the treasure's abilities once more. In the next instant, his vision twisted, and he found himself back in his previous position.

Just as he was about to speak, countless strands of crimson hair bound his body. No matter how hard he tried to activate escape, he couldn't. The hair tightened around his body, crushing his horns and legs.

"No!" Aurthorn screamed, sensing that his treasure had been snatched away by the hair. His mouth was swiftly sealed, silencing him completely. His entire body was crushed, breaking apart into countless particles of light that vanished into the surroundings.

On the other side, Lyra couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief. For the past two days, she had to endure Derry's constant sarcastic remarks about seeking Ilse's help because she was one of the few beings in their camp with a deep understanding of the Space Law. But Lyra had wanted to handle this task alone, so she simply stayed silent and waited patiently. Now that Aurthorn had finally been killed, she felt at ease.

'What a tricky opponent,' Lyra thought. She realized that dealing with Spirit Beasts who had comprehended the Laws of the Spirit Realm—laws equivalent to those of the universe in the Material Realm—was far trickier to handle, even for a divine being.

She retrieved the wooden prism and examined it closely. "Hopefully, this will make up for the time wasted," she muttered. She could sense the unique Spirit Space Law imbued within the treasure and immediately understood its value. It was best to hand it over to Orion and let Ilse or one of the other two ancient goddesses take a look at it, as they likely possessed a more profound knowledge of such artefacts.

She tucked the treasure back into her hair, storing it away.

The black sphere fizzled out of existence, and Derry reappeared before her.

"Well, you took your time," Derry said. "If you need help explaining—" she began, only to be cut off.

"We have already wasted enough time. Let's get going. I have a gift for my darling," Lyra said before soaring swiftly into the distance.

Derry's lips twitched before she snorted. Since she had also played a significant role in the mission, the gift might as well be from both of them. The moment that thought crossed her mind, she smiled and vanished into the air.

A calm breeze stirred beside Lyra in the distance.

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Elsewhere, a man with long platinum hair and eyes that looked as though they were forged with fire was rapidly observing mirror-like screens, each showing myriad scenes across the Spirit Realm. Suddenly, he stopped. His brows furrowed before his expression turned to shock. He pulled a scroll from beside him and unfurled it wide.

The scroll floated into the air and expanded, its pages multiplying and coiling around him endlessly—so vast that they even reached the ceiling.

On the scroll were countless tiny luminous threads, each carrying its own unique aura.

These were the life brands of all beings who had pledged loyalty to the Celestial Spirit Court. Should one choose to betray the Court or attempt to flee, their life brand would be severed, an act tantamount to permanent death.

Creating and maintaining each life brand was a tremendous effort, and to avoid wasting resources, only Aristocrat-ranked Spirits and above were granted them.

Yes, the scroll held no life brands of Knight-ranked Spirit Beasts or lower. Though their strength wasn't insignificant, in the grand scheme of the Spirit Realm's hierarchy, their power was negligible. They were fit only for miscellaneous tasks or to serve as cannon fodder.

This method was one of the foundational pillars of the Celestial Spirit Court, guaranteeing their stability within the dangerous Middle Layer of the Spirit Realm. However, at this moment, the life brand of a respected Viscount-ranked Spirit Beast had been snuffed out. The man focused on the aura, and instantly, information about the Spirit Beast flowed into his mind.

As he processed the data, his eyes widened, and his expression twisted into extreme shock.

"No, this can't be..." he muttered. He pushed the scroll's pages away from his sight, and with a thought, a mirror-like surface appeared before him. The scenes on the screen shifted rapidly, changing countless times before settling on one. On the screen was Aurthorn, the Spiral Crossing Monarch. A revered 12,000-year-old Viscount-ranked Spirit Beast, gifted with unique space-related abilities. He had been dispatched to deal with the rebellion across the six regions. The footage showed him halting near one of the Celestial Spirit Court's regions.

The man furrowed his brows, confused as to why Aurthorn had suddenly stopped when he was still some distance away from the six regions. Still, he chose to observe closely. A being like Aurthorn, who had lived for so long, would never act without reason.

Suddenly, a familiar black sphere emerged out of nowhere, sealing him within it. Then, the screen froze—he could no longer see what transpired inside.

"This..." the man stuttered, unable to form a complete sentence as he stared at the screen for several moments. It was unbelievable. Had it not only been two days since Viscount Aurthorn was sent to annihilate the rebellion and suppress the threat? How could a Spirit Beast that had survived for 12,000 years suddenly die in just two days? Worst of all, they hadn't sensed anything.

It was well-known that Viscount Aurthorn possessed a Spirit Treasure nurtured by the Spirit Space Law called the 'Willow Fold Heart'—a Tier 6 Spirit treasure with unique space attributes, including a powerful life-saving ability that allowed its wielder to hide in an isolated realm for 48 hours before being forcefully ejected.

Chapter 1295 The Death Of A Viscount-Ranked Spirit Beast (2), Willow Fold Heart

Combined with his talents and strength, which surpassed even other Viscount-ranked Spirit Beasts of the same age, he was considered a formidable entity. At the very least, he should have been able to escape, even when facing other Viscount-ranked Spirit Beasts older and more terrifying than himself.

Even an Aristocrat-ranked Spirit Beast with such trump cards would, at the very least, cause some havoc before dying, leaving behind traces that could help uncover what had happened.

But in this case, there was nothing.

The man quickly rewound the scenes and observed them several times before pausing. He realised that the black sphere was the issue. He had no idea how it had appeared, but he was confident that it wasn't a treasure with space-locking abilities. If it were, the fluctuations in the Spirit Space Law around the area would have alerted Viscount Aurthorn to the incoming attack, allowing him to escape before the barrier was activated. Instead, he became more convinced that the barrier had been created by another being—one with an even more terrifying mastery over the Spirit Space Law.

"I need to contact the commander. This is a serious matter," the man muttered, quickly pulling out a green stone etched with numerous magical runes and inscriptions. He activated it.

A connection was swiftly established with the other side. Without waiting for the commander to speak, the man began to explain the situation.

After he finished speaking, there was silence on the other side.

"The death of Viscount Aurthorn is a tremendous blow to our base. This also means we severely underestimated our opponents," the voice finally said. "...I will report this to the Supreme Base Leader and inform you of the results once the meeting is concluded."

The man with platinum hair nodded in agreement, though inwardly, he disagreed with the last statement. They had sent a 12,000-year-old Viscount-ranked Spirit Beast to suppress a rebellion they believed was led by Baron- and Aristocrat-ranked Spirit Beasts—how was that underestimating the enemy?

Even the reinforcements previously dispatched to crush the rebellion, though ultimately unsuccessful, had been a logical decision. After living for tens of thousands of years, they weren't foolish enough to underestimate an enemy simply because it hadn't lived as long. This wasn't a matter of oversight; someone was deliberately toying with them and thinning out their forces. Unfortunately, it had worked. They hadn't expected such a significant threat to emerge from what seemed like a small rebellion. And now, they had no choice but to respond with equal force.

"Alright, I'll be waiting," the man with platinum hair said.

The connection was then swiftly disconnected.

Without wasting time, the man initiated another communication link.

"How may I be of service, Viscount?" a respectful voice answered from the other side.

"I need you to monitor several regions for me. Simply observe from afar and report any details. I'll send you the directions immediately," the man with platinum hair instructed.

"Understood."

After transmitting the locations and specific instructions, the man with platinum hair disconnected the link. Though he trusted the Celestial Spirit Court to handle the matter seriously, it didn't hurt to have his own eyes and ears monitoring those regions. Perhaps he'd uncover something valuable—something that could aid the Court.

With his preparations complete, he returned to his task.

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Back at the White Winged Gryphons' territorial home,

Orion received the wooden prism from Lyra.

"I managed to secure this treasure from the Spirit Beast," Lyra said. "Also, it seems the Celestial Spirit Court is more cautious than we assumed. If they can send a Viscount-ranked Spirit Beast to suppress a rebellion led by a Baron-ranked and Aristocrat-ranked Spirit Beast, then I'm certain the next force they send will be much stronger than the previous one... Perhaps multiple Viscount-ranked Spirit Beasts or even higher."

A Viscount-ranked Spirit Beast ranged in age from 12,000 to 24,999 years. Starting at 13,000 years, they were comparable to fifth-order demigods. After undergoing three major transformations every thousand years, they could reach strength equivalent to fourth, third, and even second-order demigods.

Above them were Earl- or Countess-ranked Spirit Beasts between the ages of 25,000 to 49,999 years. At 25,000 years, a Spirit Beast was already comparable to a first-order demigod, and its next transformation would elevate it to the level of a true divine being.

The group found Lyra's words reasonable. After witnessing the battle, which lasted over 48 hours, they had already drawn their own conclusions.

Nonetheless, they were satisfied with the outcome. They had dealt a significant blow to the Celestial Spirit Court, which had been their original goal.

"You're right," Orion agreed with Lyra's assessment. It was well known that 7,000 years was enough time for significant changes to occur in the Material Realm, yet within the Spirit Realm, they were encountering Spirit Beasts who had lived far longer.

Orion suspected that some of these beasts might possess knowledge about the Calamity that occurred thousands of years ago and perhaps even about Naka. He had planned to capture and interrogate them for that very reason.

However, given the capabilities Viscount Aurthorn had displayed, that was easier said than done. If they weren't careful, the Spirit Beasts could escape and reveal their presence. Therefore, they could only eliminate them swiftly. Moreover, for the Celestial Spirit Court to command such a terrifying force, Orion was convinced that the Court itself was aware of the ancient Calamity that had transpired.

Without delay, Orion handed the wooden prism to Ilse for further inspection.

Ilse activated the wooden prism, causing it to vibrate and float gently in her palms.

"This is a Tier 6 Spirit Treasure that has been nurtured by the Spirit Space Law. It's powerful enough to suppress even a fifth-order demigod—sixth- and seventh-order demigods with little understanding of the Space law would be vulnerable against it," Ilse explained.

A Treasure was the Spirit Realm's equivalent of an artefact in the Material Realm. Just as the name suggested, a Tier 6 Spirit Treasure was equivalent in power to a sixth-order demigod. However, a Spirit Treasure nurtured by a Spirit Law was far more powerful than an ordinary one without such a bond.

Ilse suspected that if the Spirit Treasure was nurtured by the Spirit Space Law for a while longer, it might elevate into a Tier 5 Spirit Treasure.

Orion nodded, realising that in his current state, he was no match for the Spirit Treasure. Even if he used everything at his disposal, including his Vykr Warrior Mode, he was unsure whether he could emerge victorious. He couldn't include the White Ember in his calculations, as he still didn't know how to activate it. He could only sense that its power might awaken when he was on the brink of death. But he hadn't yet encountered any drawbacks to utilising it. "You should keep it. Unlike artefacts, Spirit Treasures are soul-bound. In order to bond with it, cover it with your divine sense and think about forming a connection. You'll feel a peculiar link slowly form. After that, you'll be able to wield the Spirit Treasure freely, unlocking the rest of its special powers," Ilse said, handing the wooden prism back to Orion.

"Though the Spirit Space Law and the Space Law differ, they share many similarities. Getting familiar with it will aid you in understanding the Space Law of the Universe," Orion nodded in understanding and took the wooden prism. Following Ilse's instructions, he enveloped it with his

divine senses. Instantly, the prism vibrated and shone brightly, the space around it trembling before it vanished, merging into him. Information about the Spirit Treasure surged into his mind.

"Willow Fold Heart," Orion muttered the name of the treasure.

He looked inward and saw the wooden prism now residing within his metaphysical body—his soul.

Observing the scene, J'garin and Zymera couldn't help but glance at each other. After living in the Floating Frost Valley for hundreds of years with no rivals, they had accumulated a substantial amount of wealth, including several treasures. While none were as powerful as a Tier 6 Spirit Treasure, they were still enough to rank them among the wealthiest Spirit Beasts of their rank.

For J'garin, however, he found himself caught in a dilemma. He was unsure whether to hand over some of his treasures to Orion. He didn't yet understand Orion's true nature. Was he the type who would discard allies once he found more competent hands?

'I will just have to do it. I must secure this position, even if it means losing most of my treasures,' J'garin inwardly decided, shaking his head. Being among the first Spirit Beasts to pledge allegiance was obviously better than joining later. He was still a Baron-ranked Spirit Beast, and his strength was enough to dominate many regions.

As long as they didn't plan to remain in the Spirit Realm for long, he had a greater chance of being granted a suitable position in another region, one far superior to the Floating Frost Valley.

It was just that the group before him, composed of divine beings, was an anomaly few Baron-ranked Spirit Beasts would ever encounter in their lifetimes.

Chapter 1296 Can Orion Impregnate A Spirit Beast? Paradise's First Official Members Within The Spirit Realm

As for Zymera, she had already begun making her moves a week ago by getting close to the women. Fortunately, they weren't difficult to befriend, and they often came to her with questions about the Spirit Realm and its surrounding territories, questions she answered skillfully. What she hadn't expected, however, was that a few of the women would quickly see through her motives, sparking a conversation so shameless it left her stunned: They began openly debating whether the leader could impregnate a Spirit Beast.

Even the mortals in the group took the matter seriously.

Ilse and Zera, the two most unapproachable divines, took the discussion even further. Ilse even approached Orion directly, apparently to test the theory.

The seriousness with which they discussed the topic filled Zymera with fear. As the subject of the conversation, she realised her mistake. Not only was this group absurdly powerful, but they were also utterly insane.

While the Celestial Spirit Court dispatched its strongest forces to confront them, the people were discussing such a bizarre topic, treating the threat with casual disregard. It was as if they were on vacation and had only run into the Celestial Spirit Court by coincidence on their way.

J'garin was unaware of Zymera's thoughts. He understood the situation but didn't view it with the same gravity she did. In his eyes, the women were simply sharp enough to detect Zymera's intentions and were trying to intimidate her—perhaps even subtly dissuade her from continuing. After all, for billions of years, it had been an indisputable fact that beings from the Material Realm, including divine beings, were incapable of impregnating Spirit Beasts. If such a thing were possible, rumours would have spread across the Spirit Realm long ago. Yet they were only hearing such talk now.

This also meant that the group before them wasn't like the unreliable, self-centred divine beings he'd always heard of—those who cared for nothing but themselves and their own offspring.

And it was because of that realisation that J'garin made his decision. He stepped forward, cleared his throat, and said, "I have some treasures that I would like to offer to the leader."

Everyone in the building turned to look at J'garin.

Standing beside him, Zymera glanced his way and sighed softly. As long as J'garin made the right move, he might be accepted as an official member of the group. She couldn't help but smile wryly, remembering how she once thought his situation was more difficult than her own.

Orion raised a brow and asked, "I doubt you'd offer these treasures for free. What is it that you want in return?"

J'garin hesitated under the weight of everyone's gaze. However, realising this was his only chance to speak or risk losing the opportunity forever, he bowed his head respectfully toward Orion.

"I want to follow you. The Celestial Spirit Court likely already has information about me. So, no matter where I run, my life will be in danger until I gain the strength to protect myself and move to another region. I don't know what your plans are after defeating the Celestial Spirit Court, but if you have any, I hope the leader can consider me in them," J'garin said, his tone sincere.

Neither he nor the other Spirit Beasts knew what Orion planned to do with the regions reclaimed the Celestial Spirit Court. They assumed Orion's group was simply aiding them in this rebellion and would return to the Material Realm afterwards. By making this request, J'garin hoped to understand their true intentions and secure his own path forward.

Orion remained silent for a moment before replying, "After defeating the Celestial Spirit Court, we have other plans that will benefit the regions we reclaim. Since you are one of the first Spirit Beasts to help make this rebellion a success, I naturally won't forget you in my plans. However, if you wish to follow me, I will only accept under one condition."

With a flick of his wrist, Orion summoned a golden coin into his palm.

It was the Coin of Eternal Providence, an inheritance reward from the two ancient goddesses—Avarielle and Margona—that he had received from Zera. One side of the coin bore the image of a radiant sun, while the other displayed a broken crescent moon. It possessed three powerful abilities. The first granted the wielder supernatural luck in battle, trade, and negotiation. Secondly, when flipped in battle, the coin would release a powerful wave of radiant light that burned enemies and restored allies' health if it landed on the sun's side. If it landed on the moon's side, an enveloping shadow would descend upon the battlefield, weakening foes and disrupting their magical abilities. Thirdly, the coin could seal unbreakable agreements between parties, with severe consequences for those who violated the contract.

Unlike Divine Mandates, Artefacts were born from the bizarre phenomena of the Material Realm. They were not direct extensions of Divine Will, and since every world bore a correlation to the Material Realm, Artefacts could function regardless of the realm one was in. Their only disadvantage was a slight weakening when used outside the Material Realm due to various mysterious effects.

Orion had kept the golden coin on him throughout their journey in the Spirit Realm. Although it had been weakened, like all Artefacts, it still displayed its remarkable effects.

"You must pledge your allegiance to me first."

Utilising the third ability of the Coin of Eternal Providence, Orion created a contract with J'garin. The terms of the contract stated that in exchange for J'garin's pledge of allegiance, Orion would protect and treat him as one of his own—an inhabitant of Paradise.

It would have been easier if the Throne of Infinite Edict worked in the Spirit Realm, but it didn't. So this was his best option.

The Coin of Eternal Providence vibrated, and a stream of light shot from it into J'garin, transmitting the terms of the contract.

As J'garin reviewed them, he was stunned.

Supreme Leader of Paradise!

It felt as though he had caught a glimpse of the divine identity of the being before him. After reading the contract, he was satisfied. According to its terms, he could choose to leave at any time without suffering consequences as long as he informed Orion beforehand. That level of freedom was more than he had dared hope for.

J'garin didn't hesitate. He dropped to one knee and declared, "I pledge my allegiance to the Supreme Leader."

The coin vibrated again, and two streams of light emerged, one shooting toward Orion, the other toward J'garin. A mysterious connection formed between them.

J'garin felt a subtle suppression ripple through his entire being, preventing him from harbouring any hostile thoughts toward Orion or the group. Yet, he instinctively understood that this suppression would vanish the moment he chose to end the contract. Having just entered the contract, J'garin had no intention of breaking it. He bowed once more in silence before rising to his feet, awaiting Orion's orders.

Meanwhile, Orion felt a new sense of control, as if he could now issue commands that J'garin would be unable to refuse. From this moment forward, J'garin became the first official member of Paradise within the Spirit Realm.

After observing J'garin successfully join the group, Zymera stepped forward and went down on one knee.

"I also want to pledge my allegiance to the Leader," she said.

From the other side, Iy'yra, who had been taking care of Sylvalis and observing the scene, didn't want to be outdone by the Aristocrat and Baron-ranked Spirit Beasts, especially since they were the first to encounter the group. She swiftly moved forward and pledged her allegiance as well.

"I also want to pledge my allegiance to the Leader."

Sylvalis, who was seated in her seat, blinked as she observed what was happening. She understood its significance and remained calm. It was beneficial for both of them to pledge their allegiance to the Supreme Leader of Paradise. By doing so, she could bring them back to the Paradise Realm and ride them freely with Grace.

Orion accepted their pledges without hesitation. He activated the Coin of Eternal Providence once more.

After accepting the contract, Zymera and Iy'yra learnt about Orion's hidden identity and felt a similar mysterious suppression upon their beings, just like J'garin. They realised they had hit the jackpot this time. Their faces bore no regrets on their faces, only a sigh of relief.

"If the Supreme Leader is willing, I am certain that all of the tribes within the Floating Frost Valley, as well as the leaders of the tribes outside the region, including the secluded Spirit Beasts, would also want to pledge their allegiance," Iy'yra said. She could have mentioned the Spirit Beasts outside the Valley, but gathering them all would mean bringing hundreds of millions of Spirit Beasts to pledge their allegiance to Orion.