

Village Head 1301

Chapter 1301 1112th External Base Division of the Celestial Spirit Court

This was a serious matter that needed to be approached cautiously. So, he understood that this was the Celestial Spirit Court's best approach to handling their current dilemma.

"While we wait for the envoy. I hope that you can all continue to provide your assistance to the best of your abilities as we go through these challenging times," Veyrahl said, focusing on Layrin.

"I will do my best to continue to provide my full support to the Celestial Spirit Court, regardless of the situation we face," Layrin said, standing up from his seat and bowing toward her before returning to his seat.

Thri'el nodded in agreement.

Veyrahl nodded. Suddenly, she turned her head to the side, and just as she was about to speak, her eyes widened in shock and disbelief.

Viscounts Layrin and Thri'el also sensed the disturbance in the air and snapped their heads in that direction. Their expressions were filled with disbelief.

The surrounding structures shook.

"How?" Veyrahl muttered, sensing several defensive barriers and their base falling apart. Instantly, she grabbed her helmet and vanished from her position, turning into a stream of light that pierced through the wall like a phantom. Viscounts Layrin and Thri'el swiftly vanished, also following after her.

They reappeared above the towering spire.

It wasn't just them who had sensed it. Countless Baron-ranked and Aristocrat-ranked Spirit Beasts around them had as well. Knight-ranked Spirit Beasts and those below remained on the ground, fearing to ascend into the sky.

"Wait... the barrier has collapsed?! Someone has broken it apart!"

"Sound the full-scale alert! We are under attack!"

"I thought this place was impenetrable! How did they find us?!"

"My communication stone isn't connecting!"

"No way... this shouldn't be possible!"

Their faces filled with the same expressions of fear and disbelief as they looked at the black sphere that now surrounded the entire island. They were unable to sense anything beyond it. However, just below the barrier stood numerous individuals, each exuding an imposing aura unlike any other.

As soon as they were spotted, within an instant, every single one of them transformed into their true Spirit Form.

The skies were now filled with countless formidable Spirit Beasts, ranging in size from 50 meters to more than 500 meters. Spiritual energy saturated the air, causing the surroundings to tremble.

"Why are only the Supreme Base Leader and Viscount Thri'el present? Where are the other Six Cores?"

"I don't sense the Grand Commander! Where is he?"

"Supreme Base Leader, we need your orders!"

Veyrahl had transformed into her true Spirit Form — a colossal six-winged lion with pink and midnight-black fur. Under her wings were six radiant light constructs resembling feathers, and her wingspan reached 560 meters.

Beside her was Viscount Layrin, who had transformed into a magnificent falcon with platinum and gold feathers and a wingspan of 400 meters. His eyes glowed with rotating concentric rings of light.

On the other side was Viscount Thri'el, a towering tortoise with an oceanic blue-black shell reinforced with bone-like plating. Two massive bone horns, each the size of a hill, jutted from his head. His body stretched over 510 meters in length.

Listening to the voices of the Spirit Beasts around her, Veyrahl turned and said, "You two should handle the base and prevent anyone from acting without orders. I will go and speak with the intruders to see who they are."

She refocused her gaze upward and immediately soared toward them.

Above, Orion and his wives, along with Zera, J'garin, Zymera, and the others, watched as the massive feathered-winged lion flew in their direction.

Veyrahl swiftly arrived before them and stared, noticing that they possessed unique auras that only emanated from beings of the Material Realm.

She frowned inwardly, immediately discerning that they were divine beings. She was unsure about their strength, but to effortlessly breach their defensive barrier in an instant without breaking a sweat meant that they weren't ordinary divines. "Who are you, and what have we done to warrant your intrusion into our territory?" Veyrahl asked, her tone solemn.

"Does this territory belong to the Celestial Spirit Court?" Orion asked.

Veyrahl frowned at the fact that her question had been ignored and that she had been posed one instead. After a brief hesitation, she nodded. "Yes. We are the 1112th External Base Division of the Celestial Spirit Court," she responded. "You still haven't answered my question. What are your identities, and why have you attacked our base?"

"We are travellers. We were just passing by and noticed the unjust suffering of the Spirit Beasts in this territory. After listening to their pleas, we decided to lend them our aid," Orion responded, absorbing the information he had just grasped.

They had already learned that this base wasn't the main base of the Celestial Spirit Court, which was one of the reasons they had dared to launch a direct confrontation.

Nonetheless, they remained cautious of the Celestial Spirit Court. If even one of its external bases possessed such a formidable force, then the strength of the headquarters could only be more formidable. So, they chose not to reveal their identities.

They were also still curious about the kind of force that could create such a formidable organization within the Spirit Realm.

'Travellers,' Veyrahl thought, frowning. She suspected they had emerged from one of the many Spiritual Link Points that had recently appeared within their territory. While they had witnessed the formation of several Spiritual Link Points before, they had never had this many appear at once, leaving them unsure of how to handle the situation, so they reported the matter to the headquarters.

"This territory has been claimed by the Celestial Spirit Court, which decides the fate of everyone living within it. As travellers from the Material Realm, you have no right to interfere in the affairs of the Spirit Realm," Veyrahl responded. "I admire your compassion and courage, so I advise you to leave this territory, and I will pretend none of this ever happened. If you don't, you will face the full retaliation of the Celestial Spirit Court," she warned.

Orion shook his head in response, causing Veyrahl to panic inwardly. Without hesitation, she launched a surprise attack. However, her Spiritual Energy was instantly neutralized, cancelling her assault. When she tried to move, she realized she couldn't. Her heart trembled. Doubt began to creep into her mind about the true strength of their enemy.

Below, sensing their Supreme Base Leader's predicament, Viscount Thri'el immediately roared, "ATTACK!"

As countless Spirit Beasts channelled their skills in preparation to strike, the Spiritual Energy in the air grew even denser, intensifying the pressure in the surroundings.

Viscounts Thri'el and Layrin immediately advanced toward the intruders.

Suddenly, a black sphere, resembling a miniature version of the one surrounding the island, materialized out of thin air around the Celestial Spirit Court's forces below. Only Veyrahl, Orion, and the others remained outside the barrier.

"I want two Viscount-ranked Spirit Beasts captured. Eliminate the rest," Orion commanded.

Maeve and the other pixie goddesses nodded and soared forward. They waved their hands, and several boxes flew from their palms, enlarging in midair before shooting down into the black sphere below, easily passing through it.

Veyrahl's eyes widened in shock and horror as she sensed everything and heard Orion's orders.

Above her was the black sphere, blocking perception from the outside world. Below her was another barrier isolating their floating island. It was as if they were the only ones who existed in this space.

"Please stop! We can discuss this diplomatically!" Veyrahl swiftly sent a telepathic thought. However, she soon realized she couldn't send another; it was as though she was facing interference like a brick wall blocking her out. Her mind quivered as she realized she had gravely underestimated the enemy's strength. Meanwhile, at the centre of the group, Gina clicked her tongue in annoyance as she saw the barrier emerge. With her gift, she could also create something like this. In fact, it was only after Derry had assimilated the essence of her gift with hers that she was able to create such a powerful barrier that completely cut off those inside from the outside world. If it weren't for the fact that her brother and mother didn't want her on the front lines, fearing her death even though she was just a clone, she would have been the one single-handedly handling the 1112th External Base Division of the Celestial Spirit Court.

Nonetheless, even though Derry could assimilate the essence of her gift, it wasn't as powerful as when Gina used it herself. So, she secretly hoped they would encounter a powerful opponent, one that would force her to step in and protect the entire group.

On the other side, as J'garin and Zymera observed the last box vanish into the black sphere holding back the Celestial Spirit Court forces below, they couldn't help but glance at each other and sigh. Though they weren't surprised, they remembered how this base had once given them a hard time forcing them into hiding. And yet, it had now been subdued with a single command.

Chapter 1302 1123rd External Base Division of the Celestial Spirit Court (2)

They couldn't help but find Orion's cautious approach to dealing with the Celestial Spirit Court External 1123rd Base Division, despite the group's overwhelming power, deeply unsettling. A scheming and formidable enemy was the bane of every opponent.

Within the barrier below, the Celestial Spirit Court External 1123rd Base Division continuously launched attacks against the barrier surrounding them. No matter how powerful their skills were, the moment they touched the barrier, they sank into it and dissipated.

"What kind of barrier is this?! None of our attacks are working!"

"I just tried phase-walking through the barrier, but I bounced right off! We're sealed in!"

"We're trapped... all of us!"

"Is this how it ends? Without even knowing who our enemies are?"

"No... the Supreme Base Leader will save us. She has to!"

"Everyone, don't panic! They haven't attacked us yet because they might be trying to break our morale! Hold fast and wait for the Supreme Base Leader's command!"

"Where is the Grand Commander?! Why hasn't he arrived yet?!"

They soon realized they were trapped, and fear began to creep into their hearts. Many lost their composure and continuously attacked the barrier, hoping to break through it, but all of their efforts were useless. Others, more experienced, did their best to maintain order, trusting in the strength of their Supreme Base Leader, the Grand Commander, and the six cores. They remained steadfast in their belief, knowing the strength of their Celestial Spirit Court External Division Base and understanding that the enemy would have to pay a heavy price to defeat them.

Among the Spirit Beasts was one resembling a giant porcupine with spikes made of steel and mist. He anxiously looked around at his surroundings. He was the Spirit Beast who had disguised himself as an owl to spy on the rebels.

Several minutes after he had returned to the base, they were suddenly under attack, making him believe the enemy had trailed behind him to uncover the base's location. He knew that even if he survived, Viscount Layrin would surely never forgive him for putting the entire base in danger and would hand him over to the Supreme Base Leader to be punished. So, rather than being determined to break the barrier and face the enemy, he was more focused on escaping.

Suddenly, he noticed something strange. "What's that?" He asked, observing as a box emerged from the barrier they had failed to break through. Several voices echoed as more individuals noted the boxes descending from the barrier one by one.

Sensing the magical fluctuations emerging from the boxes, one of them said, "Not good." He shouted, "ATTACK—!" But before he could finish his words, an invisible ripple spread out from the boxes, causing all of them to fall into a daze.

An eerie silence enveloped the entire area. Suddenly, their bodies began to disintegrate slowly into countless particles of light that dissipated into the large boxes.

It took several minutes for all the Spirit Beasts residing on the floating island to be absorbed into the boxes.

Afterwards, the boxes flew out of the barrier one by one, and the barrier fizzled out of existence.

Unaware of what had transpired inside the other barrier, Viscounts Thri'el and Layrin looked around in fear. They had tried everything they could to escape, but all their efforts were futile. They understood that for the enemy to use a tactic like this to separate them, it meant they weren't confident in fighting all of them at the same time. As such, they didn't give up and continued putting effort into breaking the barrier.

Suddenly, a flower appeared in their midst and bloomed, releasing red pollen into the air. Strangely, Thri'el and Layrin failed to notice this bizarre sight. As the pollen hit them, they began to feel dizzy. At that moment, they realized something was wrong, but it was too late. They immediately lost consciousness and fell.

Saria emerged out of thin air and caught them with a thought, suspending their enormous bodies in mid-air.

At that instant, the barrier that had enveloped them also fizzled out of existence.

Above the barrier,

Veyrahl fell silent as she observed the unknown women shrink the boxes and retrieve them after they reemerged from the barrier. As the barrier disappeared, the countless Spirit Beasts of the 1123rd External Division of the Celestial Spirit Court had vanished.

Meanwhile, the second black barrier also disappeared, revealing the unconscious figures of Viscount Layrin and Thri'el, with one unfamiliar woman standing beside them. Observing how easily they had been defeated, Veyrahl's mind collapsed, unable to recover from the impact. She could only stare dazedly at Orion and the group, wondering how the Celestial Spirit Court had managed to earn the ire of such terrifying individuals.

Orion saw Veyrahl's dazed look and telepathically messaged Saria to put her to sleep.

A flower bloomed before Veyrahl, causing her body to tense up. As red pollen emerged from the flower and enveloped her, she grew dizzy. No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't resist its effects. After a few seconds, she lost consciousness.

Veyrahl's body was suspended in mid-air.

"Spread out and take a look around. Inform me if you uncover any valuable information," Orion said, looking at Greta.

In an instant, copies of Greta began emerging from her body one after another until they numbered so many they rivalled the population of the 1123rd base that had just been slaughtered. They all soared downward, spreading out across the island below.

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It took an hour to search the floating island thoroughly. Among the important findings were prisons filled with more than a billion Spirit Beasts captured from various regions to be consumed by the Celestial Spirit Court forces. They also found members of the White Winged Gryphon tribe and others from the Floating Frost Valley region, who had been captured during the rebellion and are not yet consumed. This discovery filled Iy'yra with immense joy. For the first time, Orion and the others watched as she cried, finally reunited with her people.

Other findings included Treasures, communication stones linked to the rest of the forces outside the base, and maps detailing the base's territory to the north, south, east, and west. Some regions were still unconquered, while others were marked for future conquest or avoidance due to being inhabited by Spirit Beasts too formidable to challenge.

The rest were miscellaneous items—some valuable, others nearly worthless.

The only information they managed to recover about the Celestial Spirit Court's main base came from the imprisoned Spirit Beasts, who were about to be sent there as reinforcements for the Court's forces engaged in a war. Orion suspected the lack of intel was intentional. After all, if a small base possessed such formidable defences and could remain hidden so well, then the main base would be even harder to locate.

Still, he was curious: What kind of war was the Celestial Spirit Court fighting, and who was the enemy? Was it an internal conflict or a battle against an external force? Either way, it didn't matter. This could serve as an opportunity for Paradise, as long as they played their cards right. Fortunately, he had taken precautions not to eliminate the base leader and the two other Viscount-ranked Spirit Beasts, allowing them the opportunity to extract the necessary information once they awakened.

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Veyrahl slowly stirred awake, her eyes landing on the familiar figure hovering in the air before her. The memories of what had transpired rushed back, causing her body to tense and her mind to fall into a daze once more. After a moment, she exhaled deeply, her massive winged lion form loosening as though accepting the reality before her. She rose to her feet and looked around. Behind her were the familiar figures of Viscounts Layrin and Thri'el, also in their true Spirit forms, slowly regaining consciousness. Above and surrounding them were several unfamiliar figures, clones, it seemed, positioned at various corners to block any chance of escape.

Though she couldn't gauge the full extent of their power, she suspected that if these clones shared the same strength as the original members who had brought them down, then they never stood a chance. They had been wholly outmatched and toyed with. While they had been overconfident, their opponents had remained cautious, even with overwhelming strength.

Even the main base would have to make significant sacrifices to defeat beings like these. That realization shattered the last remnants of resistance in Veyrahl's heart. She shifted into her humanoid form, knelt down, and removed her helmet, placing it on the ground beside her in surrender.

Viscount Layrin and Thri'el, now fully awake, witnessed this and followed suit. They transformed into their humanoid forms and knelt as well.

Observing the scene, Orion nodded in approval.

"I'm going to ask you a few questions, and I expect truthful answers. If I catch you lying, your deaths will be swift," Orion said.

"Introduce yourselves," he commanded.

Veyrahl nodded. "I am Viscount Veyrahl, the Supreme Base Leader of the 1123rd External Base Division of the Celestial Spirit Court."

Chapter 1303 Spirit Beast Coalition, Blessed Order of Divine Apostles!

"I am Viscount Thri'el, the last core member of the 1112th External Base Division of the Celestial Spirit Court," Thri'el added.

"I am Viscount Layrin, the Watcher..." Layrin said quietly.

Orion's eyes lingered on Layrin.

Layrin shivered under the weight of that gaze, gulping, unsure if he was next to be eliminated. Fortunately, Orion withdrew his gaze a moment later.

"I want every information regarding this base and the Celestial Spirit Court?" Orion asked, focusing on Veyrahl. Veyrahl nodded. "If you don't mind, I can send you the information telepathically," she said.

Orion nodded in response.

Veyrahl compiled the information and transmitted it directly into Orion's mind.

Orion slowly assimilated the influx of knowledge. The Celestial Spirit Court was one of several formidable organizations formed through the joint efforts of numerous powerful Spirit Beasts. Its creation was a direct response to the Divine Corps' invasion of the Spirit Realm, which was marked by the unauthorized seizure of countless Spiritual Link Points and territories.

These organizations gave the weaker Spirit Beasts, who had long been pressured into surrendering their homes, an opportunity to fight back.

Powerful Spirit Beasts that once warred against one another united to repel the Divine Corps' overwhelming force. As they pushed back their mutual enemy, they used the opportunity to expand

the forces they had established, increasing their power and territory. However, not all Spirit Beasts agreed with their cause. Those who refused to join were treated as resources, gathered to bolster their strength and serve as motivation in the battle ahead. The organizations were ranked from strongest to weakest: The Ancient Fang Alliance, Titanic Beast Legion, Thousand Wild Pacts, Celestial Spirit Court, and Eternal Beast Dominion.

Together, they formed the Spirit Beast Coalition.

The Celestial Spirit Court ranked fourth among them. It was led by a known figure within the Marquis rank, though several other mysterious individuals were behind the scenes, figures even Veyrahl knew nothing about. These unknown entities were considered the foundation of the Court.

Though Orion was curious about their strength and how it compared to the top three organizations, he decided to focus on the Celestial Spirit Court for now and deal with the others later.

The Celestial Spirit Court's territory was divided into four major regions: North, South, West, and East. The 1112th External Base Division was one of the many branches located in its Eastern region. In total, there were 1,120 External Base Divisions, making the 1112th one of the latest established.

The Spirit Beasts under the 1112th External Base Division control numbered in several tens of billions, with several thousand to a hundred million sent to the headquarters, depending on the required quota.

Most residents of the regions remained unaware of the ongoing war, deliberately kept in the dark to avoid widespread chaos. Despite the secrecy, the power structure of each base remained consistent: each was led by a Spirit Beast of Viscount rank. The Spirit Beast reinforcements Orion's group had killed were merely forces gathered from the regions the Court had conquered. However, the more important losses were the six high-ranking individuals who held significant authority within the base.

Orion didn't dwell too much on their deaths. After all, they had proven invaluable in helping strengthen the Divine Apostles.

He learned about the Watchers, who served as the eyes and ears of each base, helping monitor their territories and ensure internal stability. Usually, a single base possessed multiple Watchers, but since this base was newly established, it had only one. The Watchers' ability came from a secret technique taught to them by the headquarters.

Since Spirit Beasts possessed Spiritual Energy, they were also capable of using techniques and various arts. If a Spirit Beast lived long enough, it could even create techniques tailored to its unique skills.

The only difference was that such knowledge was scarce and tightly guarded in the Spirit Realm. Unless a Spirit Beast was fortunate enough to reside in an environment where such teachings existed or had lived long enough to acquire the knowledge, it was nearly impossible to come across these techniques.

Nonetheless, Orion was glad they had taken proper precautions to conceal their presence. Without such measures, they wouldn't have made it this far.

Orion sifted through the information, hoping to uncover anything related to the Divine Apostles responsible for the calamity that struck the Floating Frost Valley and its surrounding regions or about Naka. However, he found nothing. The only details present were about the internal structure of the Celestial Spirit Court and their ongoing conflict with the Divine Corps.

There was no information whatsoever on the Vylkr Spawns or Naka.

"Do you have any information about the calamity that descended upon the Floating Frost Valley and its surrounding region?" Orion asked, focusing his gaze on Veyrahl.

Veyrahl furrowed her brows in thought. After giving him comprehensive information on the Celestial Spirit Court, she noticed that he merely skimmed through it, showing neither fear nor interest. Instead, he had immediately asked about an unrelated topic.

'As expected, he truly comes from a terrifying force. No wonder we stood no chance against them. Hopefully, the Celestial Spirit Court will be able to retaliate and punish them in our stead,' she thought.

Despite her surrender, resentment still lingered in her heart toward Orion and his companions. Even if the Celestial Spirit Court managed to reclaim this base, she would no longer be its Supreme Base Leader. Instead, she'd be sent to the battlefield against the Divine Corps or used as a resource, a fate far worse than death. With that in mind, she no longer cared what happened to her as long as they were captured or eliminated.

"We did hear rumours," Veyrahl said. "There are others who can also absorb Spirit Beasts, known as the Blessed Order of Divine Apostles. However, based on our gathered reports, they aren't the ones responsible for the calamity. It was an act committed by certain Spirit Beasts who didn't want their identities exposed."

"Out of fear of being found and judged for what they'd done, they simply called themselves Divine Apostles. It's not of much importance, just one of the many conflicts that happen within the Spirit Realm."

Orion nodded, but inwardly, he frowned.

Blessed Order of Divine Apostles! The fact that they could absorb Spirit Beasts to grow stronger rather than depend on a divine being placed them far above ordinary Divine Apostles. Each path possessed its own advantages and drawbacks, and thus, individuals chose whichever aligned with their goals.

However, Orion remained sceptical about the claim that the calamity had been initiated by Spirit Beasts masquerading as the Blessed Order of Divine Apostles. Given their current lack of information, he could only hold onto his suspicions until further evidence confirmed them.

"Do you know the location of the other bases?" Orion asked.

"Yes, I do. Every Supreme Base Leader can communicate with one another," Veyrahl replied, slightly puzzled by the question.

"Do you have a way to contact the Celestial Spirit Court?" he followed up.

"Yes. I can do so through my communication stone. To maintain the security of headquarters in case a base falls or is compromised, only the Supreme Base Leader possesses that capability," Veyrahl responded.

Though bases falling wasn't unheard of within the Spirit Beast Coalition since they were surrounded by countless enemies, the idea of someone taking over a base and then choosing to send a message to the headquarters was practically unheard of. It left them speechless. They were also deeply curious about what kind of message Orion intended to send.

"Tell them that the 1112th Base Division has been destroyed, and the only survivors are you and the others. They have one week to retaliate, or else we will move on to another base and destroy it as well," Orion declared.

Veyrahl froze, stunned once again. Her expression quickly shifted to disbelief.

Was he... threatening the Celestial Spirit Court in such a manner?

Even Layrin and Thri'el couldn't help but share the same shock.

Though it was hard to believe, they were certain they had heard him clearly.

Left with no choice but to comply, Veyrahl reluctantly nodded and summoned her communication stone from a spatial pocket into her hand. She quickly established a link and delivered the message. Before the other side could respond with questions, she cut off the connection.

"I've sent the message. Is there anything else you want me to do?" Veyrahl asked.

"Yes," Orion nodded. "Take my companions to the other bases."

Veyrahl nodded stiffly, still trying to process how the Celestial Spirit Court had provoked such a terrifying individual. She glanced at his companions around her and shuddered. Even if the Celestial Spirit Court didn't fall, it would surely take a long time to recover from this.

Orion turned to Greta and sent her a telepathic message.

Chapter 1304 Zymera's Decision*

Since the Celestial Spirit Court had received their warning, it was best to remain cautious. Rather than go personally, he instructed her to dispatch her clones to handle the task.

Greta nodded in understanding.

A clone descended from the sky and landed beside Veyrahl.

"Prepare to leave at once. The more bases you help us uncover, the more I'll consider sparing your life," Orion said.

Veyrahl nodded. Rising to her feet, she ascended into the sky, the clone following close behind. She looked behind her, fists slightly clenched, before they vanished into the distance.

After Veyrahl left with Greta, Orion instructed Layrin to demonstrate how his watcher technique worked.

Layrin agreed and led Orion and the others to a quiet space within the tower to showcase his abilities.

Orion and the others watched curiously as mirror-like screens materialized around them, each displaying scenes in real-time. They observed Celestial Spirit Court forces battling against the Divine Corps. Countless mechanical constructs from the Divine Corps were scattered across the battlefield. Other screens showed the remaining forces of the 1112th External Base Division, who were still within the territory.

Layrin unfurled a wide scroll, its glowing pages spreading outward. On the parchment, thin, luminous threads shimmered—these were life brands, but they were much scantier than previously, each representing a Spirit Beast still outside the base.

Layrin sighed inwardly. The number of active life brands had dropped below ten million.

"Head to those locations and eliminate every single Spirit Beast with a life brand," Orion commanded.

Greta nodded in acknowledgement. She silently dispatched the order to her clones, who were already monitoring the floating island. She sent a dozen clones, enough to execute the task swiftly and efficiently without drawing too much attention.

Upon hearing Orion's command, Layrin trembled. 'He's not sparing a single soul,' he thought. For an ordinary being, eradicating Spirit Beasts would have been nearly impossible, as they could regenerate even from the most minor remnants of their bodies. But with divine beings hunting them, escape was no longer an option; only death awaited.

"Do you have any information regarding the other Spirit Beast Coalitions?" Orion asked, curious.

Layrin shook his head and replied, "No, I don't. Although we collaborate in the war against the Divine Corps, we know very little about each other's internal structures. The secrecy is intentional. It is to prevent sensitive information from falling into the wrong hands, in case the coalition is ever compromised."

Orion nodded in understanding. He turned his focus back to the mirror-like screens, which displayed the remaining Celestial Spirit Court forces within the region. One by one, the scenes began to freeze, and the life brands on the scroll vanished, evidence that Greta had already begun dispatching them.

After several minutes, only a few screens remained active, showing the ongoing war between the Spirit Beasts Coalition and the Divine Corps.

"Continue watching the war and inform me of any major developments," Orion said.

"Understood," Layrin replied with a nod.

As Orion and the others exited the room, one of Greta's clones remained behind to keep an eye on Layrin.

'I don't know what they're planning... but hopefully, the headquarters will respond to their message and make them regret their actions,' Layrin thought, feeling a small weight lift from his shoulders now lessened. However, the presence of the woman only replaced one pressure with another.

At that moment, Viscount Thri'el was also under surveillance in a separate room, so Layrin wasn't the only one facing this dilemma. He could only steel himself and continue his duties.

Outside, Orion made his way to one of the luxurious rooms on the floating island. The room was way larger than it looked from the outside, built to accommodate Spirit Beasts in their true form with a large cushion and a pool, and with a table and chairs on the other side. He had already begun mastering the Vylkr techniques and intended to use all his time to comprehend them completely. Fortunately, with guidance from Zera and the others, his progress was fast. Meanwhile, Greta's other clones were surveying the entire floating island for anything of interest.

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Knock! Knock!!

A resounding knock echoed from the door, drawing a slight surprise from Orion as he sensed who was waiting on the other side.

"Come in," Orion said, his voice carrying through the door.

The door opened, and Zymera stepped inside. She quietly shut it behind her and walked forward. When she reached him, she bowed respectfully.

"What do you want?" Orion asked, raising an eyebrow.

"I've thought things through and made a decision. I want to serve the Supreme Leader for the rest of my life and do my best to expand your household," Zymera replied. She had taken her time to think deeply about the offer, and now she was convinced this was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity she couldn't afford to miss. If she let it slip by, she knew she might regret it forever. For a Spirit Beast like her—one destined to live for countless years—that regret would last a very long time.

"Are you certain?" Orion asked, his tone curious.

Zymera nodded. Instead of answering verbally, she slowly slipped off her robe, revealing her bare, emerald-toned, and iridescent scaled body, which shimmered beneath the light from the crystalized lighting hanging down from the ceiling and on the wall. Though smaller than some of the other women in the household, her breasts were firm and perfectly shaped, defying gravity. But her waist and hips genuinely stood out. Her waist was narrow and smooth, while her hips were wide and pear-shaped, drawing an alluring curve. A small patch of emerald hair, tracing her clit showcased itself.

It seemed her robe had concealed more than even his eyes could pierce.

Zymera instinctively crossed one arm over her chest, covering her breasts and the other across her lower lips.

Seeing that she had genuinely thought this through, Orion didn't press her with any more questions. He was also curious to see if he could impregnate a Spirit Beast and what the effects would be if he succeeded.

With a simple thought, Orion's robes dissolved into particles of light, leaving him seated nude on a cushion. He raised one hand and channelled divine energy, manifesting a bed from the surrounding essence.

Rising to his feet, he reached out and gently took Zymera's hand.

She accepted his grasp without hesitation, her fingers lightly tightening around his.

Orion observed her quietly, feeling blood rushing towards his engorged penis. He led her toward the bed and sat on its edge, gesturing for her to climb on. She did, positioning herself with her knees resting on either side over his legs. Orion placed one hand on her waist and guided her arms gently over his shoulders.

If that were true, perhaps he could meet her virginity even in her true Spirit Beast form. Of course, there was another issue where he might find her humanoid more attractive than her true Spirit Beast form, and so doing it in that form might be next to impossible.

Her lips parted slightly, unsure whether to speak her thoughts aloud.

Orion noticed her hesitation. "What is it?" he asked gently.

After a moment of silence, Zymera responded, "I was wondering if... we could do this in my true Spirit Beast form. But I understand this isn't the right place."

A knowing look spread across Orion's face. He nodded. "I don't mind. When we're in a safer location, I'll honour your wish and make all seven of your heads cry out in pleasure."

As he spoke, his hand trailed down to her pearly hips, lightly caressing the curve of her body.

Zymera blinked in surprise at his response. She hadn't expected him to consider the request seriously, let alone agree to it without hesitation. She'd thought he might dismiss it or tell her to wait for another time.

No matter his answer, she had intended to use it to judge what kind of man she had entrusted herself to, but now, she felt her heart stir with an unfamiliar emotion. Before coming here, Ilse, Derry, Lyra, and Reena approached her. As they explained, Reena was Orion's sister and had come to verify their claims. They informed her about everything she needed to know about Orion. They believed she was afraid of him and uncertain about how she would be treated and what her future with the household would look like if she surrendered herself to him. The greatest source of that hesitation, however, was the thought of being impregnated by Orion and the potential changes such a union might bring. She wasn't naïve enough to believe it would be like any ordinary Spirit Beast pregnancy.

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Chapter 1305 Zymera's Decision (2)**

She wasn't naïve enough to believe it would be like any ordinary Spirit Beast pregnancy. After all, she was a Spirit Beast, and he was a Divine Being. Not only did they exist on opposing ends of the cosmic scale, but they were also from two entirely different realms.

And yet... he had agreed without resistance. More than that, he had even made a vulgar comment about making all seven of her heads scream out in pleasure.

Didn't this mean that the Supreme Leader was more depraved than she had expected?

But beneath that bold remark, she saw something else, a man willing to treat her with the same respect as the rest of his wives.

Just as the others had told her.

It was perfect.

Feeling his hands kneading her scaled buttocks, Zymera lowered herself onto his thighs, slowly grinding her hips back and forth. She leaned in close, her lips brushing his ear as she whispered, "I don't think you can make all seven of my heads scream out in pleasure, Supreme Leader. As a Spirit

Beast, in our true Spirit Beast forms, we embody the pinnacle of perfection, and as we continue to evolve, that perfection only grows."

"For most of us, unless it's tied to a core aspect of our being or a specific racial trait, we don't experience physical pleasure through intimacy the way you do."

She pulled back slightly, her gaze meeting his. "Though I've heard of your exploits, I suggest you not measure me by the same standards as the others."

Orion smiled at her confidence. He lowered his other hand, trailing a single finger down to her busy emerald patch, circling her sensitive clit, slowly teasing her.

Zymera gasped softly, a shiver running down her spine as her body instinctively responded to his touch.

Orion extended his tongue and slowly licked the top of her gravity-defying, plump breast, coating it with a thin layer of saliva. When he reached her nipples, a portion of them were pressed inside. She possessed inverted nipples. Orion pressed his lips around them and sucked gently, coaxing them to harden and puff outward in response. He teased it with soft pinches between his lips. After a moment, he moved to her other breast, repeating the same tender treatment.

Zymera's emotions surged and dipped with each movement, her breath ragged as Orion simultaneously stimulated her breasts and clit. The sensation of his stiff, throbbing penis pressing against her lower abdomen sent waves of pleasure through her.

It felt incredible.

Soon, Orion felt his fingers become wet from teasing her clit. He grabbed both of her scaled butt cheeks, which possessed an unnatural softness, spread apart and aligned his throbbing penis between the drooling clit surrounded by an emerald bush.

He whispered into her ear, "Are you ready?"

Zymera trembled at his actions and proceeded to squat on her own two feet, her toned thighs showcasing their grip strength as she clenched Orion's sides. Her partly scaled arms wrapped around his shoulders, holding onto them tightly,

"Yes," she responded firmly.

Zymera slowly brought her downward upon his engorged scorching penis. Plop!!

"Hee-" Zymera yelped as she descended onto Orion's veiny scorching penis, fully plunged into her parted clit. It filled her to the brim.

She tightened her grip around Orion's shoulders.

Orion felt a wave of spiritual energy surge into his being, along with a strange sensation surrounding his shaft as it plunged deeper into the tight, wet pussy. It was as if he were experiencing a less harmful but far more pleasurable manifestation of Zymera's abilities enveloping his engorged penis.

The sensation was strange yet intriguing, making him wonder if he would encounter similar responses from other Spirit Beasts. Though it might take some getting used to, he certainly wouldn't turn down such experiences.

After allowing her some time to adjust, Orion began guiding her waist up and down, slowly thrusting in and out. PAHHH!! PAAHHH!!! All the while, his hands roamed across her body as if she were an instrument, and he was searching for the right tune to play.

Soon, he found it along her scaled spine and the nape of her neck. He extended his tongue and licked her neck while his hands continued to fondle her scaly, pearl-shaped, plump buttocks. At first, there was no distinct reaction, only the soft, wet echoes from her stretched pussy being gently pounded. But gradually, Zymera began to let out short gasps, her breath growing heavier.

Then, the gasps shifted into moans.

"AHHHH!" PAHH!! PAHHH!! "AUUHHH~~ AHH~~~"

PAAH!! PAHH!!! The echoes of moans and flesh smacking against firm-scaled buttocks resonated across the room.

"WAITT!! NOT THERE!!" "W-Wait!" Before she could finish her sentence, her back arched violently, knees buckling atop the bed. Her face tilted upward as a moanful scream tore from her throat.

"AUHH~~UUAHHH~~" Her orgasm, tinged with various elements and flickers of white lightning, erupted onto Orion's throbbing shaft, staining both his thighs and the sheets beneath them.

Orion felt a faint tingling sensation along his shaft and thigh before it quickly faded. A strange wave of spiritual energy surged into him again, unlike the first wave he had absorbed from her earlier. He acknowledged it, then pushed the sensation aside and gently turned Zymera over onto the bed in a missionary pose. Without pause, he continued thrusting, his pace quickening as he used her sensual fluids as lubrication.

PAHH!! PAHHHH!!

Zymera clung to Orion with one hand while the other gripped the sheets tightly. Her moans grew louder, echoing beyond the room, for the ears of those who had secretly been observing everything that unfolded within.

As pleasure coursed through her, overwhelming her senses, Zymera couldn't help but form a grudge against Ilse, Derry, and Lyra. They had told her this would be the best decision of her life, that surrendering herself to Orion would be the most fulfilling experience she would ever have.

They said she wouldn't regret it.

Only that last part was genuine. The rest had been a massive understatement.

At that moment, Zymera discovered a side of the Supreme Leader that none of them had fully described.

Suddenly, Orion felt a powerful build-up within him. His body tensed.

"I'm cumming," he warned as he pushed his waist forward, pressing into Zymera.

She felt it the moment it happened, a rush of warmth that surged into her, igniting her insides. Her legs instinctively tightened around his waist, locking him in place.

It was hot.

Too hot.

"UAAHHHHHH~~!" A wave of indescribable pleasure crashed over her, forcing a moan to escape her lips. Her body trembled as she lost control. Her strength gave out, and her arms fell limp to her sides, but her legs continued to cling tightly to Orion.

She could feel Orion's divine seed flooding into her, surging deep and settling into her immortal womb.

Outside the room, Ilse, Derry, Lyra, Reena, Celeste, and Gina, who had hidden their presence and secretly observed everything that had transpired without Orion or Zymera's knowledge, finally exhaled in relief.

It was done.

Now, all that remained was to wait and see if Orion could truly impregnate a Spirit Beast and what effects such a union would bring.

Fortunately, they didn't have to wait long. They sensed something unusual and began to stir within Zymera.

Their expressions turned solemn, tinged with anticipation, and their fists clenched with tension as they focused their senses within the room.

Inside the room,

Zymera lay on the bed, her legs slightly parted, divine semen trailing down her emerald bush and onto her thighs, pooling beneath her.

Orion sat beside her, watching her quietly, allowing her time to recover.

"Haa... I can feel it. Something strange is happening inside me. Is this supposed to happen?" Zymera asked between breaths, her voice trembling. She felt a burst of unfamiliar energy spreading outward from her womb, touching every cell in her body. It was as if a foreign essence was integrating with her being.

She looked toward Orion for reassurance. Was this something he understood, something within his expectations? If it was, she could trust he had an explanation and a way to handle it. But if it was something entirely unknown, she feared it might be beyond even his power to control. "It means it worked," Orion said calmly. He reached out and placed his hand gently over her belly, closing his eyes to sense what was occurring deep within her.

"What do you mean, 'it worked'?" Zymera asked with a frown. "I don't understand how your fertility works, but I can assure you, Spirit Beasts don't get pregnant within moments."

She didn't doubt Orion's power. She could feel the changes happening inside her, indicating the power of his divine seed was real and undeniable. But the idea that she was already pregnant mere seconds after their union... was absurd.

Chapter 1306: Zymera's Evolution Begins

Orion nodded.

Zymera's thoughts stalled for a moment. Her lips twitched.

How could the rumours about the Supreme Leader's fertility have been so severely underestimated?

The stronger a Spirit Beast like her became, the more limited her choices for reproduction grew. Only those of equal rank, one rank higher or one rank lower, could impregnate her with relative ease. Spirit Beasts significantly weaker than her could still impregnate stronger Spirit Beasts; most struggle, but the fertilization process often took an extended period, sometimes years, before a pregnancy could even be confirmed.

This was one of the main reasons Spirit Beasts, after reaching a certain level of strength, would often migrate to other regions: to expand their potential mating pool.

Even though she had been briefed on Orion's exceptional fertility capabilities, she had expected the process to take at least a few months, perhaps years at most, which would've already been considered astonishing.

But mere minutes?

Zymera was speechless.

If word of this got out, Spirit Beasts with the rank of Countess/Earl or Marchioness/Marquis, those who had lived for 25,000 to even 100,000 years, would do anything to get their hands on the Supreme Leader. For them, it meant an unprecedented opportunity to propagate their lineage and create tribes of their race.

Or worse... some would view him as a limitless resource, an eternal breeding fountain that could provide them with Spirit Beast offspring to use, nurture, or consume as they grew stronger.

The Supreme Leader wasn't just powerful.

He was more valuable than the rarest Spirit Treasure.

The unique energy flowing within Zymera intensified, causing her to feel uncomfortable.

"Are you okay?" Orion asked, his tone filled with concern as he looked at her.

"No, I feel something strange happening within my body," Zymera responded, her voice filled with distress as she quickly shook her head.

Her spiritual energy surged, saturating the air around her. Suddenly, her body began to expand; scales resembling molten crimson and black, like embers buried under ash, emerged across her skin, and long, sinuous heads began forming on her shoulders.

Zymera found herself forcefully reverting to her true Spirit Beast form.

Orion stepped back, putting distance between himself and the transforming Zymera.

Within seconds, her transformation was completed. She now stood as a seven-headed hydra, towering over a hundred meters tall.

"ROOAARRR!!" All seven heads released a fearsome cry, unleashing a wave of overwhelming pressure that crashed across the area, stiffening the atmosphere even further.

Orion's body trembled under the intense pressure, his expression stunned.

This sudden surge of power far surpassed what Zymera had previously displayed.

'Is she...?' Orion thought, eyes widening in disbelief. He wasn't sure, but if his instincts were correct, then Zymera was evolving far beyond the limits of her current age.

The effect of his divine seed was already tremendous, even for a goddess, as seen with Aurora. But with ordinary women or even demi-goddesses, the result was even more significant, forcibly elevating them to the realm of goddesses just to bear his child.

However, an Aristocrat-ranked Spirit Beast at 5,000 years old was equivalent to a mid-level 7th-order Demigod. A Baron-ranked Spirit Beast at 8,000 years was equal to a peak 7th order and, at 11,000 years, matched a 6th-order Demigod.

A Viscount-ranked Spirit Beast at 14,000, 17,000, 20,000, and 23,000 years equalled the 5th, 4th, 3rd, and 2nd-order Demigods respectively.

An Earl-ranked Spirit Beast at 25,000 years was comparable to a 1st-order Demigod.

After reaching 28,000 years of age, they would be equivalent to a newly ascended Divine.

From that point onward, their strength continued to grow, not just through age but through increased mastery of Spirit Laws. Their physical forms also grew more powerful, far surpassing most Divines. Since a Divine being's strength at that stage was rooted in mastery over the laws of the universe, Spirit Beasts and Divine Beings could no longer be measured by the same standards.

At that level, Spirit Beasts no longer feared Divine Beings; they were considered threats to them. The only existence they truly feared was the true gods. However, the whereabouts of the true gods had always been unknown, allowing Spirit Beasts to dominate within the Spirit Realm without equality.

These were all things Orion had learned from Ilse, who, as an Ancient goddess, could handle Spirit Beasts of such rank on the same level.

As the pressure intensified, Orion confirmed his suspicion.

Zymera was evolving to the earl rank long before reaching the natural age required.

Suddenly, thirty-three figures appeared before him, surrounding him in a protective circle.

"Did you manage to impregnate her?" Greta was the first to speak, her eyes flickering from the transforming Zymera to Orion.

"I did," Orion replied with a nod. "I think she's evolving to the Earl rank."

"That's a problem," Greta said with a frown, her gaze sharpening as she turned back to Zymera. "We have no idea what the consequences of such a rapid, unnatural evolution might be."

The rest of the women mirrored her concern. Now that Zymera had become one of their sisters, none of them wanted to see her harmed. But none of them knew how to handle such a situation either, leaving them all at a complete loss.

"Let's head out of here first. It doesn't seem like it'll hold her much longer," Ilse said.

The others nodded. Cracks had already started forming at all four corners of the room under the terrifying pressure Zymera was exuding, signalling that the structure wouldn't withstand it much longer. The collapse was imminent as her evolution progressed.

In an instant, they vanished from their positions and reappeared outside the spire tower.

They looked back at the tower they had just exited, their gazes solemn as it slowly crumbled to the ground. From within the collapsing rubble, a massive seven-headed hydra emerged.

Sensing the sudden emergence, Iy'yra and the other rescued Spirit Beasts appeared from the forest they had been staying in, staring into the distance in astonishment.

Isn't that Zymera?

How is she exuding such terrifying pressure?

Iy'yra found the scene almost impossible to comprehend. She tried to make sense of what she was seeing, but nothing she thought of added up.

J'garin, who had known Zymera for a long time, was especially stunned. The reason they had remained in the same region wasn't just for protection but also because they were potential mates. He knew her strength well, and what he was seeing now far exceeded it.

It even surpassed his own current level.

The Supreme Leader!

That was the only explanation he could think of for what was happening. J'garin turned to the side and saw Iy'yra already staring at him, her expression mirroring his, searching for answers.

At that moment, they both realized they were thinking the same thing.

Suddenly, their expressions shifted as they noticed the Spiritual Energy in the air growing more saturated and beginning to surge toward Zymera's direction.

The overwhelming tide of spiritual energy froze them in place, its sheer intensity almost suffocating them.

Then, as if hearing their silent pleas, the pressure abruptly vanished into thin air.

Iy'yra let out a breath of relief. Glancing around, she realized they were now protected by a transparent barrier that blocked the overwhelming Spiritual Energy, which was continuing to intensify by the second.

She caught guessed that Gina had taken action to protect them.

"Thank you," she muttered softly.

Elsewhere, Brane and the others observed the unfolding scene from within their own barrier, watching with quiet curiosity. They were already aware of what had transpired between Orion and Zymera.

Unlike the others, they had complete confidence that Zymera would carry the Supreme Leader's child, and with that, a unique phenomenon was bound to occur.

As some of the few who had witnessed Orion's rise from the very beginning, where even his seeds had the power to make the world shift, they now felt an overwhelming pride swell within their chests.

Most of all, former Village Chief Brane.

On the other side of the island, Viscount Thri'el gazed out the window at the unfolding scene with a complex expression. He had no idea what was happening, and he had least expected to witness something so extraordinary so soon after their base was captured.

Through the life brand linked to Viscount Thri'el, Viscount Layrin observed the same scene via a mirror-like screen floating before him.

Fortunately, the clones behind them didn't seem to mind.

In the distance, the Spiritual Energy converged around Zymera like thick, misty tendrils, completely enveloping her colossal form. Her body had already reached over two hundred meters in height, and it continued to grow.

Three hundred meters.

Four hundred meters.

Five hundred meters!

Outside the floating island, the volcanic wasteland below began to boil furiously, becoming more active as the Spiritual Energy intensified above it. The unique phenomenon created a chain reaction that spread to the surrounding regions, alerting various Spirit Beasts nearby.

On the floating island,

"At this rate, there might really be Spirit Wells forming here," Ilse said, her eyes fixed on the tendrils of Spiritual Energy spiralling into the air.

Chapter 1307: Zymera's Evolution Begins (2), A King-Ranked Spirit Beast!

The surrounding energy continued to be drawn toward Zymera in torrents.

Orion nodded, fully understanding what that implied.

Zymera had now grown to a towering 800 meters and was still expanding.

Her form appeared even more terrifying than before.

The elemental power radiating from each of her seven heads had intensified to the point of influencing the world itself, evolving into Spirit Law-adjacent abilities.

And yet, the space around her held firm, neither twisting nor collapsing.

The Spiritual energy she was exuding was equivalent to that of a newly ascended goddess.

Still, the group's atmosphere grew tense.

Aside from Ilse, the rest of Orion's household realised they now needed protection or risked being harmed by Zymera's immense power.

Fortunately, with Ilse's presence, there was no need to panic.

Ilse swiftly cast a barrier that enveloped the entire island. The barrier was like undulating space, isolating them from Zymera's overwhelming aura.

Moments later, the bright, misty sky began to darken.

Twilight settled over the island despite it being midday.

It was the second time the group had seen the misty skies darken unnaturally. Unlike the first time, when thunderous clouds erupted with booming force and an unsettling, ominous aura that had even made Sylvalis tremble, this one arrived silently, exuding a pressure far more oppressive than the condensed Spiritual Energy gathering around Zymera.

As Orion and the others narrowed their eyes at the sky, sensing the presence of a living entity, their expressions changed—

Above the layers of clouds and mist, an enormous eye opened. Its iris shimmered with a gradient like the moon, gazing down upon the island.

Ilse moved instantly. She conjured a new barrier around the entire island, layering it within an undulating space. The floating island vanished from view, no longer visible to the outside world. Likewise, those within it could no longer see what was happening beyond.

"That was close," Ilse exhaled in relief, placing a hand on her chest to calm her rising emotions. She glanced to the side, noticing Avarielle had instinctively taken over Zera's body.

"What was that?" Orion asked, voicing the question on everyone's mind.

"I have a guess," Ilse replied thoughtfully, "but I'm not certain. It looked like a Spirit Beast."

"That's—" Orion began but was interrupted.

"Hard to believe?" Avarielle said, stepping forward. "You shouldn't underestimate the potential of Spirit Beasts. If they could enter the Material Realm as freely as we travel to the Spirit Realm, they'd be the only force capable of waging war against the gods... and possibly winning—even against ancient gods like us."

Ilse nodded in agreement. "For a Spirit Beast to travel past us and through the misty skies undetected, it must be at least between 500,000 years to 1,000,000 years old, attaining the legendary rank: King or Queen." Her arms folded as she looked up at the barrier.

She made no effort to peer through it; doing so would likely draw the Spirit beast's attention. And that would be suicidal with her current strength. She needed more time to recover the power she had lost across her lifetimes.

"In truth," she continued, "this is the first time in all my timeless lifetimes that I've seen one. I had heard rumours they existed deeper within the Spirit Realm, so I once searched for one to contract. I found nothing. I assumed they were extinct or that the conditions of the Spirit Realm made it impossible to reach such a rank."

She lowered her gaze and sighed. "It seems I was wrong. But I'm certain I couldn't face such a creature unless I'm at my peak before I attain true godhood, of course."

"We aren't sure we'd emerge victorious either," Avarielle added on behalf of herself, Zera, and Margona, "unless we were to fully unleash the Vylkr energy."

Silence fell over the group.

Orion's expression darkened. A Spirit Beast... comparable to an ancient goddess peak form before ascension to true god?

They had expected an extraordinary phenomenon when Zymera began to evolve beyond her natural age limits, but this was beyond their imagination.

Was his semen truly so potent that it could attract the attention of a King-ranked Spirit Beast? If even one had appeared... didn't that mean there could be others out there?

He could only hope no more were drawn to this phenomenon.

"I placed several clones outside the island to monitor for any spies who might be attracted to the event. A few are currently focused on Zymera, and I can confirm she's alright," Greta said, noticing the concern in Orion's expression.

Orion nodded, exhaling in relief. But when he saw a look of surprise appear on Greta's face, his body tensed once more.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"It's looking directly at us," Greta said, beads of sweat forming on her forehead.

A stifling silence fell over the group.

Orion, Ilse, and the others furrowed their brows, their expressions twisting in contemplation.

Could it still see them even with Ilse's barrier, a law-adjacent technique derived from the Law of Space?

Didn't that mean its comprehension of the Law of Space far surpassed Ilse's current understanding?

With the existence of such a Spirit Beast... why does the Spirit Beast Coalition even need to clash with the Divine Corps? Orion thought.

Even if the Middle Realm was vast and unknowable, the Divine Corps' actions wouldn't go unnoticed forever. With the backing they possess, they wouldn't stop—they would continue expanding, seizing Spiritual Link Points and entire regions. Wouldn't it be better to cut them off early?

'There's something we're missing.'

Orion realised that he needed to make contact with the headquarters of the Spirit Beast Coalition directly to understand what was truly going on.

As for the Divine Corps? Not a chance. Once they discovered there were anomalies, they'd stop at nothing to eliminate them.

"The clones monitoring Zymera... are dead. But the creature has vanished," Greta said, clenching her fists.

Orion's expression froze briefly. Then, he let out a soft breath. "At least it didn't show any hostility. It must've only been curious." He forced a lighter tone to ease the tension that had thickened the atmosphere.

Ilse nodded, but her face remained cold. It was clear she wasn't pleased about needing to hide just to stay alive.

"Hopefully, we don't run into it again... at least not until we can kick its ass," Gina muttered, wiping sweat from her forehead with a tired sigh.

The women all nodded. This was the first time they had felt truly threatened since becoming goddesses, and none of them were eager to experience it again. Thankfully, their true bodies were still safe in the Paradise realm, where they were continuing their training.

At Orion's command, Ilse slightly released the barrier, allowing them to see through it once more.

In the sky hovered an enormous hydra with seven heads—each more fearsome than the last. Every head radiated a distinct elemental force. Her scales were sleeker and more polished than before as if she had been tempered in a refining furnace. She had grown to a staggering height of 1,200 meters.

The elemental energies surrounding each head solidified the very atmosphere around her, twisting the air with raw power.

Zymera's seven heads suddenly lifted in perfect unison. From each mouth, a different element surged forth—crimson flames, azure wind, green fire, white lightning, poison, shadow, and crystal. They spiralled upward, intertwining into a chaotic pillar that pierced the misty sky.

Then, without warning, the pillar collapsed inward.

BOOM!

A shockwave burst forth.

The protective barrier Ilse had conjured held strong under the impact.

The volcanic wasteland below, however, didn't fare as well. Tsunamis of lava surged outward, spilling into the surrounding regions. The heat in the atmosphere intensified, generating heatwaves that sizzled across the borders. The air thickened, choked with smoke and soot.

Before their stunned eyes, Zymera began to take on a humanoid form.

Her colossal body condensed, radiating divine light as it shrank. Her seven heads merged into one; her massive tail coiled into mist and vanished. What remained was a tall, mature woman with glistening emerald skin. Iridescent scales shimmered across her arms and legs.

Her slit pupils reflected the seven distinct colours of the element she once controlled. Her long, flowing hair mirrored the same hues, as did the robe she wore, elegantly clinging to her figure and adorned with iridescent crystal embellishments.

She glanced at her arms as if taking in her new form for the first time. Then her eyes shifted around, confusion flashing across her face.

Suddenly, the space beneath her was undulated, and a massive floating island appeared from thin air.

Orion and the others immediately took to the sky, flying out to meet her.

"Are you okay? How do you feel?" Orion asked, scanning her entire figure. His voice was filled with concern, and his expression was curious.

"I'm okay," Zymera replied, her gaze softening. "I can feel our child taking shape inside me." She placed her hand on her abdomen, sensing the presence of a divine hybrid, the child of a Spirit Beast and a god, growing within her.

Chapter 1308: A Disturbance In The Middle Layer

"We are returning to the Floating Frost Valley," Orion said.

The spectacle they had caused was too massive to ignore. Spirit Beasts, perhaps even those at the King or Queen level, might be drawn here out of curiosity.

And while many might not be hostile, the chances that even the weaker ones could overwhelm them in their current state were far too high. They couldn't afford to attract that kind of attention now.

The best course of action... was to relocate.

The group nodded, arriving at the same conclusion.

With the help of the pixies and Greta's clones, they swiftly gathered everyone and departed from the floating island.

...

Veyrahl halted mid-flight, her gaze shifting toward the direction of the 1112th Division Base of the Celestial Spirit Court. She was startled by the sudden surge of spiritual energy erupting in that area.

What was happening now?

She could hardly believe that something of such magnitude was unfolding so soon after their departure.

Unfortunately, she had no way of finding out.

Suddenly, a stern voice sounded beside her.

"Why did you stop?"

"Nothing. Forgive me for acting recklessly," Veyrahl replied quickly, bowing her head.

No matter how curious she was, she couldn't risk her life by questioning the unfathomable being beside her.

It was better not to know because, deep down, she feared the truth might be more than she could bear.

She refocused and soared forward once again.

...

"An anomaly possessed the capability to impregnate a Spirit Beast."

"A Spirit Beast broke through her natural limit with an enigma in her womb."

"A phenomenon emerged. Kings and Queens awoke from their slumber. A stir spread across the middle layer."

"The Spirit Realm bore witness to this abnormal event."

A voice spoke in the darkness.

...

Somewhere within the Middle Layer of the Spirit Realm

An 80-meter-tall equine sea horse, with a flowing mane on its tail and a body encased in metallic plating, raced into a colossal tower. It came to a halt before a door that was at least two hundred times its height.

Flanking the door stood two even larger sea horses, each over 100 meters tall. The pressure they exuded pressed heavily on its shoulders.

The smaller sea horse bowed in a rehearsed, formal manner toward the colossal door.

After several tense minutes, a deep voice echoed from within.

"Enter."

The massive door creaked open.

Without hesitation, the sea horse charged inside.

The interior of the room was vast—far larger than the tower's exterior suggested. The ceiling was lost in the shadows above, illuminated by hundreds of glowing crystal stones embedded in the walls.

Broken columns stood scattered across the space, many holding mysterious items atop them.

Some of these items were war spoils: Spirit Treasures, ancient relics, and even large cages containing barely conscious Spirit Beasts imprisoned within.

At the centre of the hall, a massive white curtain divided the room in half.

"Speak," came a sharp, commanding voice from beyond the curtain.

"I bring word from the Seventh Watcher. The 1112th Division Base has been compromised," the sea horse reported.

Then, hesitating, it added, "The perpetrators issued a threat; they will attack other nearby bases unless we send forces to retake the base. The Seventh Watcher attempted to observe them from afar, sensing a trap... but he sustained a mental backlash in the process."

"This suggests that the perpetrators are stronger than he is or have someone who is. Therefore, this matter has been brought before you for judgment."

"Is that all?" the voice asked.

"Yes," the sea horse replied swiftly.

"Inform the Grand Commander to handle this matter as he sees fit," the voice commanded.

"However, he must act quickly. We are currently at a critical stage in the war. We cannot afford distractions."

The sea horse nodded.

"Anything else?"

"No."

"Leave."

The sea horse bowed respectfully before turning and swiftly exiting the hall.

As the door closed behind him, the voice from behind the curtain echoed across the chamber.

"You seem interested in this matter. Perhaps you'd like to take a look at who these perpetrators are?"

A figure materialized out of thin air.

He stood three meters (10ft) tall, his skin a light crimson hue. With each movement, an ever-burning flame flickered atop his head. He wore full crimson metal armour adorned with intricate runic engravings. Wisps of fire emerged intermittently from the armour, dissipating into the air.

"It's been a while since I last took part in battle. I can't act on the war front anymore, or I risk drawing the Divine Corps' attention. But if these perpetrators were strong enough to capture a base and issue such a threat, then they may have a few interesting tricks I'd like to see," he said nonchalantly, gazing at the curtain.

The voice behind the curtain was silent for a moment.

Then it spoke.

"Very well. You may accompany whoever is assigned to deal with the issue. Don't linger. Return the moment your task is complete."

The man smiled lightly. "I will."

He vanished like a flicker of flame.

"Vylkr entities. Divine Corps. What crimes have we committed to witness the emergence of such aberrations?" the voice whispered.

Once again, the hall fell silent.

.....

Four days later,

White-Winged Gryphon Territorial Home

Two days earlier, Orion received a message from Greta informing him that she and Veyrahl had arrived at the 1113th Division Base of the Celestial Spirit Court and were awaiting the Court's response.

He doubted they would ignore such a serious threat.

However, as if to confirm their worst fears, numerous terrifying Spirit Beasts descended upon the 1112th Division Base, investigating the strange event that had occurred there.

Though they failed to find another King-ranked Spirit Beast, they did witness several formidable entities, such as the Royal Princes and Princesses ranked Spirit Beasts aged between 250,000 and 499,999 years.

Like the King-ranked Spirit Beasts, they had sensed Greta's clones and slaughtered hundreds of them with terrifying accuracy, no matter where those clones tried to hide.

They also spotted multiple Duke—and Marquis-ranked Spirit Beasts. Some of them seemed to sense the presence of the clones, but none took action. They were most likely cautious because they could not discern the exact truth of what had occurred.

This confusion was primarily caused by the creation of several Spirit Wells in the area, masking the events in a haze of spiritual interference.

The various mysterious Spirit Beasts attracted by the strange phenomenon began investigating the incident.

No one knew the truth except those who had been on the island, and those who did were still under surveillance until the matter was entirely resolved.

Greta, however, didn't stop creating more clones, as it cost her very little.

Currently, Orion sat cross-legged on a cushion in meditation. Beside him, Zymera lay curled up, fast asleep. They were bare, without a shred of clothing upon their skin.

Orion focused inward, sensing the spiritual energy he had obtained from Zymera. After several rounds of experimentation, he realized he couldn't utilize it.

Still, he wasn't disappointed; the outcome aligned with what Ilse had already told him.

Spiritual energy could only be utilized by Spirit Beasts, and any attempt by others to harness it was futile.

Even true gods were incapable of accomplishing such a feat. His attempts were only to confirm whether this iron-clad rule also applied to him.

However, there was something else he had gained, something far more valuable.

White lightning crackled around his body.

It was one of Zymera's abilities. Due to his unique nature, Orion could manifest other, more destructive forms of lightning beyond his own. He had already witnessed this when casting the Divine Thunder Moon Tyrant Symbols.

Still, he never expected to gain a new form after an intimate session with Zymera.

He had assumed it would be harder to comprehend, especially since it was a law-adjacent ability, but he was proven wrong. He had been able to peer into the technique's fundamental structure and replicate it within himself.

For a moment, he felt like Derry—able to assimilate and instinctively replicate a technique.

This White Lightning didn't target the physical body; it assaulted the mind. Though the body would remain unscathed, the victim would suffer excruciating mental pain until they collapsed from exhaustion or had their consciousness torn apart.

However, it had a weakness: it was ineffective against clones.

Considering that divine beings often employed clones to avoid risking their true bodies, this was a trump card that couldn't be used lightly.

After receiving such an extraordinary betrothal gift, Orion embraced Zymera and brought her to climax several more times.

Suddenly, Orion received a message from Greta.

He gave Zymera a soft peck and then vanished from his position.

Zymera opened her weary eyes, smiled softly, and drifted back to sleep.

Orion reappeared above the island, where he encountered Greta and Ilse, both awaiting his arrival.

"How many are there?" Orion asked.

"Just two. They are currently roaming the region, threatening nearby Spirit Beasts to find out what happened," Greta replied.

Chapter 1309: A Disturbance In The Middle Layer (2), Sudden Retreat

This wasn't unexpected.

Many Spirit Beasts were bold enough to ignore the lingering aura of the King-ranked beast and linger near the floating island, hoping to uncover some clue. This, in turn, meant that the Celestial Spirit Court forces had to restrain themselves—or risk angering a powerful, unaffiliated Spirit Beast.

Their efforts would ultimately be fruitless.

Suddenly, Greta's expression changed. "One of them is dead."

Orion raised an eyebrow in surprise. "How did he die?" He wondered if Greta had been discovered again and forced to act.

"He accidentally wandered too close to one of the newly arrived mysterious Spirit Beasts and was instantly killed the moment he was noticed," Greta explained.

Orion exhaled in relief. "Keep watching the other one. It looks like we won't need to make a move this time."

Greta nodded and redirected her focus to her clones positioned outside Ilse's barrier, which protected the island.

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Within a dense forest, the leaves and bushes were layered with fragmented rocks that scraped together, producing a sound like stone grinding against stone, echoing throughout the forest.

A tall woman stood among the trees, dressed in a black robe adorned with grey embellishments. Two white furry ears protruded from either side of her head, and a tail extended from the centre behind her waist.

A trembling, two-headed, three-legged sheep lay weakly on the ground beside her.

The woman turned toward the sheep. "I'm not going to harm you. You're free to go," she said.

Then she added, "Leave this territory while you still can. Otherwise, you may not survive the coming days."

The sheep nodded repeatedly. "Thank you! Thank you!!" It quickly turned and fled into the thickets.

The woman paid no mind to the sheep's gratitude or its retreating figure. Instead, her expression turned contemplative.

"So, it's like this," she muttered.

She had devoured a member of the Celestial Spirit Court and, through her unique ability, absorbed his memories. Though she had access to many details of his life, she focused primarily on his objectives within this territory and the events that had transpired over the last few days.

As one of many Spirit Beasts drawn by the recent phenomenon—an event powerful enough to attract a King-ranked Spirit Beast—the information she had obtained was far more valuable than everything she'd uncovered in the past two days.

"The Celestial Spirit Court must have provoked a terrifying figure this time. Someone with a connection to a King-ranked Spirit Beast. But it seems they're unaware of the true scope of what happened, or else they wouldn't have made such a foolish move by sending only two 26,000-year-old Earl-ranked Spirit Beasts in response. Tsk, tsk. Serves them right," she said, her lips curling into a mocking smile.

She was curious about the entity responsible for all this. Now, she had a lead—the Floating Frost Valley, where a rebellion had broken out before escalating into a battle with the 1112th Base Division of the Celestial Spirit Court. Then came the mysterious destruction of the base.

She was sharp enough to see the connection between the events.

She needed to head to the Floating Frost Valley, but she couldn't do so recklessly. She would need to prove that she wasn't there to stir up trouble. And the best way to show that... was to eliminate the force the Celestial Spirit Court had sent.

The woman turned her head in a specific direction, sensing an approaching presence. In an instant, she vanished from her position and reappeared before a silver-armoured man with fish gills on both sides of his cheek.

The man was startled but reacted quickly, attempting to strike.

The woman lunged forward, grabbing him by the neck and completely incapacitating him.

The man froze, realizing he couldn't access the Spiritual Energy within his body. Fear flickered in his eyes. "I am a Commander of a Special Force within the Celestial Spirit Court! If you kill me, the Court will surely hunt you down!" he exclaimed, his frightened tone masked by a show of bravado.

"The last one said the exact same thing. Do you guys rehearse this line before every mission?" the woman asked mockingly.

The man's eyes widened in shock at her words. His expression quickly twisted into anger. "The Celestial Spirit Court has a treaty with the Spirit Beast Coalition! What happened here will be reported, and you'll be hunted to the ends of the Middle Layer. You'll have no choice but to flee or hide for the rest of your—" Before he could finish, the woman absorbed him.

Activating her innate ability, she sifted through his memories, extracting several detailed fragments. Unfortunately, nothing of further value was found.

She glanced around, aware of a persistent gaze silently watching her. Still, she ignored it. There were many mysterious Spirit Beasts currently roaming the territory, all searching for the same thing.

It would be unwise to provoke them and risk revealing the clue she had just uncovered.

The greater her chances of meeting them first, the more likely she could uncover the truth.

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Meanwhile, Greta swiftly relayed the events she had just witnessed.

"Did you catch any details of their conversation?" Orion asked, frowning.

She had just informed him about the deaths of the two Celestial Spirit Court members sent to investigate. Though he was relieved, they didn't have to get involved—avoiding exposure to the other mysterious Spirit Beasts—he was curious about why this particular Spirit Beast had attacked them and what had been said between them.

Had the Celestial Spirit Court truly provoked so many powerful Spirit Beasts?

Most likely.

"No, I couldn't hear anything," Greta replied, shaking her head in frustration.

Orion nodded in understanding.

"What's your take?" he asked, turning to Ilse.

"If my senses are correct, it won't be long before our location is discovered," Ilse replied calmly. "We should head toward the 1113th Base Division territory in the meantime."

Orion nodded in agreement. "We've already made preparations for this, so we can move immediately," he said.

Suddenly, the space around the floating island rippled. The illusion cast to mimic the surroundings began to fracture as if reality itself were splintering.

"So soon..." Orion muttered, narrowing his eyes at the sky above. He hadn't expected them to uncover the island's presence this quickly.

Ilse's expression twisted into one of fear.

"What is it?" Orion asked, his heart tightening as he noticed her gaze.

"It's a Vylkr spawn," Ilse replied, her voice trembling. If there was one thing she feared most in this world, it was the Vylkr energy.

And the Vylkr spawns—the bearers of that energy—were among her worst nightmares.

Orion was momentarily stunned. He had searched far and wide for any information about Vylkr spawns, yet never once had he encountered one. And now, one had appeared right at his doorstep.

Had it also been drawn here by the unnatural phenomenon?

He didn't have an answer. Without hesitation, he issued the command for an immediate retreat while Ilse's barrier was still holding.

Suddenly, several figures appeared before them—his wives, the four-eared slaves, his bond slaves, Brane, and the others. They quickly processed the information and grew tense.

"Do you have a plan?" Zera asked.

Orion nodded. "We need to lure it into the Paradise Realm. With the Will of the Twelve-Step Stairs, General Reynold and Oberon, we should be able to suppress it and extract information about Naka and the Vylkr entities," he said, steadying himself emotionally.

"Can you handle it?" he asked. Among them, only Zera was capable of confronting a Vylkr spawn head-on.

After this, he could finally find a way to strengthen himself, to stop lingering on the sidelines. As a leader, it was good to have a dependable force. But choosing not to act should be his decision, not a result of circumstance.

"We can," Zera said firmly, clenching her fist.

A surge of joy flickered in her heart.

Suddenly, her body morphed, transforming into Avarielle.

"You can count on us," she said solemnly.

She sensed Zera's emotions. After witnessing the entire group, especially Ilse, demonstrate their value, she felt the same determination rising within her.

Finally, they would have the chance to showcase their prowess before everyone.

"We will help as well. We've never faced a Vylkr spawn before, and we want to see how powerful they truly are. These are disposable clones we created for situations like this, so it shouldn't be a problem," Celeste said, crossing her arms.

Greta nodded.

In an instant, dozens of her clones stepped out from her hovering form.

Avarielle glanced at the women but didn't respond. Instead, she turned her gaze toward Orion as though awaiting his permission.

Orion nodded. "They will accompany you," he said. "Ilse is enough to guide the rest of us out of here."

Avarielle nodded in return.

By now, Ilse's barrier had reached its breaking point and was on the verge of collapse.

Orion quickly received Sylvalis from Iy'yra.

Chapter 1310: The Strength Behind The Supreme Leader

"Don't worry. We'll lead the Vylkr spawn away from here so that the aftermath of the battle harms none of you," he said, noticing the concern in Iy'yra's eyes.

The mysterious Spirit Beasts that had gathered might restrain themselves from causing harm, but the Vylkr spawn would show no such hesitation. That was why they had chosen to lure it away.

"If there's another Vylkr spawn in hiding, declare loudly that you know what attracted a King-ranked Spirit Beast to this region. They'll surely step in. I doubt they would sit back and watch their only clue be destroyed by a Vylkr spawn."

There could be more of them waiting, hidden. They needed to act while expecting the worst.

"Say nothing else until we return."

Under his orders, none of them would be able to utter a word about Paradise until he returned.

The Spirit Beasts they had rescued from the base were still in their miniature forms. They were all kept on the White Winged Gryphon's territorial island, awaiting the right moment to return to their homes.

"You don't need to worry about our safety, Supreme Leader. After everything you've done for us, it is our privilege to risk our lives for Paradise," Iy'ya said with conviction.

"I wish you a safe journey... and a safe return."

Orion nodded at J'garin. He had formed a Spirit Beast contract with Zymera so he could freely take her to the Material Realm. He hadn't yet done so for J'garin.

J'garin bowed respectfully in response.

Without hesitation, Ilse enveloped Orion, Sylvalis, and the others within her barrier. They vanished from sight and swiftly rushed into the distance.

At that moment, the island's barrier shattered.

The floating island, once hidden, was revealed to the world.

The crimson-skinned Vylkr spawn, clad in a fiery suit of armour, fixed its gaze on the exposed island. Then, it shifted its focus toward Avarielle and the others who had appeared before it.

"Goddesses. It seems my intuition was correct. You must be responsible for what happened to the 1112th Base," he said.

The Vylkr spawn turned its head toward the direction Ilse and the others had fled.

"Hmph! No matter how far they run, it will be a waste of effort. I'll deal with them after I'm finished with you."

Avarielle and the others' expressions darkened at the implication of his words.

Was the Celestial Spirit Court working hand in hand with a Vylkr spawn?

Though difficult to believe, it wasn't an impossible scenario.

They swiftly relayed the information they had just learned to Orion and the others.

Avarielle surged forward.

"I've heard a lot about the Vylkr spawns. Today, I'll see just how strong you are compared to the Will of the Divine Mysteries."

The Vylkr spawn frowned at Avarielle's words. However, just as he was about to question their meaning, she uttered,

"Mirror Realm."

In an instant, Avarielle, the others, and the Vylkr spawn were pulled into the mirror space.

Sensing what had transpired, the mysterious Spirit Beasts who had been searching for clues emerged from their hiding places.

They appeared above the floating island instantly.

The entire sky and surroundings filled with Spirit Beasts, all staring solemnly at the space where Avarielle and the others had vanished into the Mirror Realm. Others turned their attention to the floating island itself—some even approaching it cautiously.

At that moment, something unexpected occurred.

Avarielle and the women who had disappeared moments ago reappeared, blocking the path of the approaching Spirit Beasts.

Greta's figure split into clones, focusing on one of the mysterious Spirit Beasts present.

But that wasn't all—

Celeste touched a patch of clay that had emerged on her skin. Her hands were covered in divine light.

In an instant, countless small clay figurines materialized, each taking on the appearance of Celeste and the other women. They swiftly became lifelike, indistinguishable from Celeste in her short yellow flowery dress and the others.

Derry did the same. Countless clay figures emerged from her body and spread across the floating island, each transforming into a figure indistinguishable from the others.

"You really hid your abilities well," Avarielle said, glancing at the multitude of goddess look-alikes, a demonstration of the women's frightening gifts.

"It's not that we wanted to hide it. But we were tired of Orion always treating us as though we were so fragile that we needed to be cradled all the time. Although I can't compare it with the extraordinary experiences he's been through, I'm his mother. I dealt with many things long before he was born. We just wanted to show him that we're capable of handling things on our own," Celeste responded, clicking her tongue in annoyance.

"Right now, Orion is probably thinking he left us and the helpless Paradise's citizens to face the terror of the Vylkr spawn and the surrounding mysterious Spirit Beasts. He thought you alone were capable of making this plan work and that we were just here to play support."

"But that's far from the truth. By the time he returns, the Vylkr spawn will be captured, the White Winged Gryphon's territorial land will be safe, and the mysterious Spirit Beasts will be waiting to meet the Supreme Leader of Paradise."

"I'll be honest with you. I'm a little jealous that only Fifi gets to follow him on his adventures all the time.

"If his abilities could grow into such a cheat-like existence, ours can too. Some of us are descendants of the Omnithrialians, after all. Even if these are merely clones, and our strength is halved in this realm, how can we watch our sweetheart struggle while we are stronger and possess the power to protect him?" Derry spoke.

"How long do you think Orion will stay in his current position before we get another chance to pull something like this off?"

"I agree with both of them. After living for so long, I finally have the chance to give birth to children of my own. Something that was once an unattainable dream for a few of us," Ingrid commented.

"Now, thanks to Orion, it has come to pass. And now I crave something more — strength. I want to see my husband climb to the peak, and I want to be strong enough to protect him."

"We had to watch him risk his life to save our race. We're not some damsels in distress who would just watch our husband struggle against enemies who don't even possess the qualifications to meet him," Crystallia said sharply.

"For us, our encounter with him might have been by luck. But we watched him make a real effort to ensure that the Pixie Race remains in the highest standings within Paradise. He's the reason we were able to retrieve the divine artefacts left behind by our creator," Maeve said.

"We don't care who Naka is, or the Vylkr entities, or the Divine Corps.

If they want to see our husband, they'll have to pass through us first."

"What can I say? Our beloved gave us children we could call our own — something we never knew we needed. He expanded our sister race even more. He reunited our long-lost sisters with us," Anara said

"It was because of our support that the Village lasted for several millennia. We're one of the key reasons it was able to sustain itself and grow into Paradise. We may be a peaceful race... But it's time we show our hobby that we can also wage war.

She smiled softly. However, her smile at that moment exuded a chill that made everyone who gazed upon it shiver.

"I honestly think Orion doesn't listen to me the way he used to because of my new appearance. He never treated my words lightly when I looked like someone who could be his grandmother. Though I enjoy looking like my peak younger form, I'm considering returning to my older form. He loved

me like that regardless, so I don't see the need to remain like this if it's going to come with such huge disadvantages," Meldra said.

"I'm considering it too. He still takes my words to heart, but he doesn't treat them with as much seriousness as before. Maybe it has to do with the aged signs of wisdom," Celia admitted.

"Just admit that you've realized you can't compete in beauty against some of us. You want to pull out without admitting defeat. Tsk, tsk! Why hide it behind such flowery words?" Derry snarked sarcastically.

"As for me, I don't think I'm ready to change out of this look anytime soon." She combed her hair backwards elegantly, revealing her smooth skin in the process.

Listening to the women's conversation — as it devolved into who was prettier — Avarielle couldn't help but burst into a fit of laughter.

After a moment, she composed herself and said, "That child has truly outdone himself by gathering such remarkable women by his side. Never before have I witnessed a divine family with such numbers, unity, courage, and strength. Without a doubt, this household stands as the greatest divine family I have ever encountered."