

Village Head 1331

Chapter 1331: Transcendent Spirit Beasts (2), The Bizarre Will Of The Divine Mysteries' Secrets

"My plan is to introduce you to several divines, including some true gods who will aid in stirring the nests of the opposing forces, forcing them to reveal themselves."

"They'll handle the conflict, and you can choose to step back and enjoy the rest of your eternity in the Paradise Realm, far away from the chaos," the bizarre Will of the Divine Mysteries replied.

"I thought I would have to wait several thousand years for you to reach this level—that was already taking your accelerated pace into consideration. But who would have thought you'd accomplish it all in just three years? Anyone would find that inconceivable. But I expected no less from an Anomaly."

"I made the right investment, did I not?"

'It' hadn't been too direct because 'it' understood that if 'it' were perceived as a threat, it could be expelled from this realm.

'It' sighed inwardly, thinking about how powerful this realm had become in just a few short months.

General Reynold and the others frowned. They knew the bizarre Will had hidden intentions, but they hadn't expected them to be so grand—to involve true gods, the Vylkr spawns, and the Divine Corps.

"Why don't we bring out the spirit beasts gradually?" General Reynold suggested.

"If you noticed portions of Paradise's residents disappearing gradually into the Spirit Realm, wouldn't you become curious once their numbers became significant? Wouldn't you investigate?" the bizarre Will replied.

"I've significantly invested in all of you to show my sincerity. There's no reason for me to plot harm against Paradise, especially knowing its potential."

General Reynold was silent.

Orion didn't respond immediately.

He sent a telepathic message to Ilse and Margona to confirm the bizarre Will's claims.

'I've heard of the Transcendent Spirit Beasts, too, but I've never seen one. There was no way to verify their existence,' Ilse replied telepathically.

'You were always off collecting treasures, so of course you wouldn't have seen them,' Margona responded, her tone amused. 'I actually did encounter one before I knew what it was. I tried to find it again so I could sign a contract and bring it into the Material Realm, but they were too well-hidden.'

'That might be one of the reasons they're so hard to uncover. Still, it would've been a waste of a lifetime if I died facing one, so I gave up after failing to find it again.'

"There was no need to mention this before, as we had only just encountered a King-ranked Spirit Beast. Telling you then would have been too much of a burden. Who would've thought that our first challenge after gaining our own true god would be 'them'?"

Orion was surprised that Ilse had never seen one in her long life, while Margona had only encountered one by chance. He realised it was likely they had remained hidden precisely to avoid drawing attention to themselves.

Just imagining a large number of true gods entering the Spirit Realm to hunt these beasts and forge contracts was enough to make one's skin crawl.

The entire exchange had taken place in an instant.

"Are the true gods you want to introduce me to from other cosmic structures?" Orion asked, his tone curious.

Though Oberon had sensed several divines before his death, who fled once they realised he was facing a Vylkr spawn, he had only encountered a single injured, estranged demigod.

"No. Do you think just anyone can create a cosmic tree like you did?" the Will replied, sighing. "They all reside in secure, layered dimensions within the Material Realm. Though those dimensions come close to being considered cosmic structures, they're not quite there. And I am the Will of the Divine Mysteries overseeing them," 'it' said, 'its' tone proud.

"Comparing layered dimensions to a cosmic structure is boastful talk," General Reynold said, his gaze narrowing at the bizarre Will. "We would need to see it for ourselves to believe you."

"With enough strength—and support from 'me'—it is possible," the bizarre Will replied. "And if you want to see for yourself, you'll need to decide. I won't risk putting them in danger by sharing their location with just anyone."

General Reynold frowned. No matter how much help the Will had given them, he still couldn't trust it.

In his view, Paradise didn't need to act so quickly. They had just reached a new level of strength, enough to ensure their protection and self-sufficiency. In time, Paradise would surely produce more true gods who could display its might to the outside world.

Besides, Spirit Beasts lived long lives. They could protect them within the Spirit Realm until they were fully prepared to bring them over.

Still, this decision wasn't his to make; it depended on Orion.

"I thought you descended because of Avarielle and Margona's actions. How are you involved in all of this?" Orion asked, curious.

No matter how he looked at it, it didn't make sense that the bizarre Will, tasked with eliminating Avarielle and Margona, was simultaneously orchestrating such elaborate schemes. Could that also be one of the reasons they had survived this long?

Margona narrowed her eyes at the bizarre Will. She understood Orion's question perfectly and knew where he was going with it.

"You've likely guessed it already, but I'll give you a proper answer," the bizarre Will said. "While I was handling those conniving brats, I realised that something had interfered with 'my will' in the task I was assigned. It wanted me to test the goddesses' strength, not eliminate them outright. That contradicted my intention."

"It took me some time to notice, but once I did, I broke free of it."

"Though I didn't know why or how I had been tempered in the first place, I decided to continue carrying out the task and simply observe what would happen. That was when I became lenient with my attacks, allowing them to escape under strict conditions."

"Later, when I saw that their powers had waned, I used the Vylkr vines as a cover and took the opportunity to wander through the Material Realm. That's when I found them—the divines who had fled this dimension to another dimension, seeking refuge from the horrors of the Vylkr vines, the Vylkr spawns, and the Divine Corps."

"I decided to support them, in order to uncover what had tampered with 'my Will'. I've made some progress... but I'm still uncertain."

'It' shook 'its' head.

"However, even after thousands of years, there had been no meaningful improvement. Instead, those goddesses faked their deaths and branded their anomalous status onto the young demigoddess. I wanted to take her to the dimension I had discovered, but only after she chose to cleanse herself of that status."

"After all, I wasn't sure if the being those conniving brats had attracted would come looking for her once I moved her to the layered dimension. So, I decided to play it safe. I scattered a few Vylkr spawns here and there to keep her busy and force her to make a decision."

"But she was too devoted. Fortunately, you broke into the Pocket Dimensions. You were also an anomaly. When you arrived, I believed things would finally change, that those hiding behind the scenes would reveal themselves. And sure enough, they did."

"The Divine Corps broke in, and the faked deaths of those goddesses were exposed, leading to everything that happened today."

Margona snorted loudly. "If you could've handled us, you would've sorted it out quickly and gone off on your so-called exploration. The fact that you didn't proves you weren't capable."

Despite her words, her mind—and the minds of the others within hers—was spinning with deeper thoughts.

They had never imagined that such monumental events had unfolded while they were simply trying to survive. At the same time, they all wondered: who could possibly bear such a grudge against them, and be powerful enough to tamper with the original 'Will' of the Divine Mysteries, the same Will that had descended to judge them?

From the bizarre Will's words, the culprits pointed at the beings behind the Divine Corps, but they dismissed the thought.

How could such a young force harbour entities so terrifying?

Even true gods didn't dare attempt something so reckless. Doing so was a feat in itself. There was a reason the Divine Mysteries could oversee the main cosmic structure and keep the divines in check —'it' wasn't weak.

If they genuinely believed this, then they'd also have to consider the terrifying possibility that the Vylkr spawns could tamper with the original 'Will' of the Divine Mysteries.

After all, they could slay gods and Spirit Beasts with ease.

They shook their heads inwardly at the sheer weight of that revelation.

General Reynold, Oberon, and the women listening in all scrunched their faces in disbelief.

They finally understood why the bizarre Will of the Divine Mysteries had behaved so strangely. It truly had a few screws loose.

However, the revelation involving the Divine Corps unveiled a hidden layer of the enemy they thought they already knew.

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A few of them even sighed in relief that they hadn't antagonised the Divine Corps outright, without proper preparation.

Orion was also stunned.

As a true god, few things could truly surprise him. But now, facing the bizarre Will and everything it had secretly done, he was bewildered.

Countless questions flooded his mind.

How had the Divine Corps managed to tamper with the original 'Will' of the Divine Mysteries?

It was ludicrous.

Even he couldn't attempt such a thing—and doing so would require him to pay a heavy price.

So, he had no idea how the Divine Corps had accomplished such a terrifying feat.

Still, he was sure of one thing: the mastermind behind the Divine Corps had to be one of the Seven Great Gods.

He had believed he could handle the Divine Corps with little difficulty, regardless of their strength.

Yet now, it seemed he still needed to proceed with caution.

"One last question," Orion said.

"Go ahead," the bizarre Will responded.

"Are there also humans within those dimensions?"

"Yes, there are. However, they aren't as powerful as the humans within Paradise. So don't bother trying to acquire more allies. You're bound to be disappointed," the bizarre Will replied with a tired sigh.

He had realised something about humans: they always seemed to excel at whatever they did.

When they were weak, they were truly weak. But when they were powerful, there was no denying their strength.

Orion was silent.

After a brief moment of thought, he finally spoke.

"Your plan is reasonable. However, I need to discuss it with my companions before giving you a final answer. The matter of migrating the Spirit Beasts into Paradise will be put on hold until then."

He had just ascended to the level of a true god and needed to familiarise himself with this new realm of power before involving himself in complex schemes.

"Alright. I'll be waiting for your response. In the meantime, may I rest here for a while? Since the other Will no longer seems to be trying to break in, it should be safe," the bizarre Will said.

Ilse, Margona, and the others visibly showed their surprise.

They hadn't known that the other Will of the Divine Mysteries, once trying to invade their realm, had been warded off.

When they glanced at Orion, General Reynold, and Oberon—and saw none of them refuted the claim—they knew it must be true.

They couldn't help but exhale in quiet relief.

With one threat gone, they could now turn their attention to the others.

"You will remain in the domain of the gods and go nowhere else until we've made our decision. If you leave, we won't hesitate to expel you from this realm," Orion stated firmly.

He summoned the Divine Medallion of Sovereign Accord and handed it to the bizarre Will.

As the Divine Mandate flew toward him, the bizarre Will waved it away, sending it right back to Orion.

"I've already given it to you. Keep it. I don't care what you do with it. Now that you've become a true god, you can study its laws and refine it properly. Leaving it idle would be a waste," the bizarre Will replied.

Initially, the Divine Mandate might seem so overpowered that it could only be restrained by another Mysteries or a separate cosmic structure.

But that wasn't entirely true.

One of their weaknesses was that their power depended on the complexity of the laws they had been nurtured with. These nurtured laws varied widely, from as little as 5 per cent to as much as 80 per cent completion.

Since the Divine Mysteries had already struggled to deal with true gods and anomalies, they would never grant a Divine Mandate nurtured with laws at 100 per cent completion.

Because of this, although Divine Mandates were generally weaker than true gods, they could still serve as practical tools, a means to an end.

Alternatively, one could study the laws imbued within a Divine Mandate and nurture them to full completion, thereby elevating the Divine Mandate to the level of a true god's weapon.

Orion grasped all this in an instant, just by examining the Divine Mandates.

He had only returned it because he had no immediate use for it.

He already possessed the Throne of Infinite Edicts, an upgraded version of the Divine Medallion of Sovereign Accord, and it would take him a considerable amount of time to study and refine it to 100 per cent completion.

To do the same with the Medallion seemed like a complete waste of effort for now.

'Forget it. I already have eternity ahead of me. I'll find the time to study it later' Orion thought.

He nodded and unsummoned the Divine Medallion of Sovereign Accord.

"This domain seems like an interesting place. I'll be wandering around for a while. Summon me when you've made your decision," the bizarre Will said before vanishing into thin air without a trace.

Nonetheless, Orion, the Mysteries of the Twelve-Step Stairs, General Reynold, and Oberon could still track 'its' movement.

Orion locked his perception onto 'it', then shifted his focus to everyone else present.

He took Grace from Anara's arms.

Anara was worried as she didn't know how Grace's direct ascension into true godhood would affect her.

"She'll be okay. I'll make sure of it," Orion said, seeing Anara's worry.

He gently kissed Anara's lips to calm her, then vanished into thin air with Grace in his arms.

They reappeared atop the vast branches of the White Flame Cosmic Tree.

Anara gazed toward the top of the White Flame Cosmic Tree with a calm, trusting expression.

Since Orion had assured her of Grace's safety, she believed him and now watched as her daughter ascended into true godhood.

The others, who had briefly forgotten about the unique connection between Orion and Grace, quickly remembered and realised what was about to happen.

After all, when Orion had ascended to demigod, Grace had followed suit.

Now that Orion had ascended to true godhood, Grace would naturally ascend to the apex of divinity.

"I never thought I'd witness the ascension of two true gods at the same time, and in such a way," General Reynold said, sighing wearily.

"It's something that could inspire envy in any being," Oberon replied.

Several members of Orion's divine household had already ascended to divinity thanks to him. And now, they also had the potential to ascend to true godhood.

Although they doubted the idea that Orion's fertility alone could forcibly elevate his partners to that level, they didn't immediately conclude.

They decided to wait and see.

If it truly turned out that all of them could ascend to the apex of divinity, then Paradise was going to remain busy for a long time.

At one point, they were even tempted to send every unmarried woman straight to Orion's door—just to see the results. But they quickly dismissed the thought, realising that the disaster such a decision would cause would far outweigh the benefits.

A flood of divines who didn't understand their powers, or didn't value them, would only threaten the realm.

It was best to let nature take its course.

Those who were worthy would ascend. And those who weren't wouldn't.

They finally understood again how Ilse must have felt, having her understanding of the world shattered again and again.

They let out a silent sigh and glanced toward the women of Orion's divine household.

"You've come to the same conclusion, haven't you?" Ilse said, grinning widely. "If Orion's semen is as potent as it was before, then I should be able to ascend to true godhood once I carry our first child."

She had clearly noticed their stares and, given the current situation, quickly pieced together what they were thinking.

"Don't worry. When I ascend to true godhood, I won't treat you two badly. I've got a few treasures I think you'll like. I'll reward you for all your hard work."

The women swiftly understood what was being said. Some pretended they hadn't heard anything. Others blushed and lowered their gazes, suddenly shy.

Margona narrowed her eyes at General Reynold and Oberon. "We'll make sure you get treated just like we were treated by you two. Hiding won't save you, so it's best if you accept it gracefully when the time comes."

General Reynold and Oberon ignored them.

They had already received Orion's promise that he would retrieve their true bodies soon. Besides, there was no way Orion would allow his wives to bully them, so they treated her words as an empty threat.

Ilse exploded into laughter, earning a sharp glare from Margona.

Seeing Ilse continue laughing, Margona furrowed her brows with a frown.

She couldn't reconcile the goddess before her with the cold, pragmatic version of the same goddess inside her—they were worlds apart and possessed distinct personalities, making it hard to believe they had once been the same being.

Regardless, Margona realised she was more irritated by the laughing goddess before her than by the sensible one within.

Chapter 1333: Grace's Ascension To The Apex of Divinity (2)

She snorted, folded her arms across her chest, and focused on the top of the White Flame Cosmic Structure, no longer paying attention to anyone else.

Ilse soon stopped laughing and also directed her gaze upward.

The others, who had been distracted, followed suit.

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Orion cradled Grace in his arms, enveloping her in his divine power. Wisps of his White Flame emerged and coiled gently around her body, bathing her in warmth.

Grace's body glowed brightly. She couldn't help but ask, "Will it hurt?"

Orion replied, "Did it hurt before?"

Grace shook her head.

"You'll be fine. Leave everything to Daddy," Orion said reassuringly.

The wisps of White Flame formed a cocoon around her, then ignited, raging vigorously. The strands of Vylkr energy within her began transforming into Iyria energy, stimulating every fibre of her being with immense power.

Gradually, Grace's aura began to rise.

Orion focused intently on her, using the opportunity to unravel more about their unique connection.

He looked into her fate and was surprised.

Grace's fate also carried his fate signature. They were irrevocably linked.

He realised that it was because of this connection and his divine seed, which had granted her far more than the common divine heritage, that Grace, a miracle born from a tree nymph and a human, was capable of matching his pace.

Her ascension was rooted in his. She didn't need to start from scratch; she only had to unlock what was already within her—her gift.

Though it was slightly suppressed.

Had he failed, she might not have ascended as quickly. But because he had reached the apex of divinity, her own rise to that level of power was as natural as breathing or eating.

This reminded him of the Omnithrialians. They hadn't just created humanity—they had given birth to them. Unlike the gods, who fashioned their children merely as vessels to enter the Material Realm, the Omnithrialians had passed on true lineage.

Thus, by relying on their Omnithrialian heritage, humans could unlock the dormant power within and ascend to divinity, even without fully mastering the laws of the universe.

Furthermore, the fate bond between him and Grace reminded Orion of the one between gods and their children. That bond was so strong that even if a god died—be it as a mortal, god, or true god—they could endlessly reincarnate, so long as even one of their children remained alive.

Eliminating their entire race would sever their chance of rebirth, which was a crippling blow to any divine.

Reincarnation would then depend solely on their personal preparations.

However, his fate bond with Grace was even stronger than that.

Did this mean that even if he died without making any preparations, he could still reincarnate one day through Grace's race?

Her lineage would expand, and eventually, the bond would spread across all of her descendants.

Orion hoped that her partner would be extraordinary so that he could witness the potential of the descendants born from his own progeny.

Although Orion had no issue with the nymph race, he wasn't too keen on the idea of reincarnating as one, especially considering they were entirely female.

The more plausible option was through his child with Zymera. Their child was destined to be a hybrid of human, divine, and spirit beast.

After learning about the perks that spirit beasts offered, Orion didn't mind being reborn as one if all his contingencies failed, and it was his only remaining path.

Still, he cherished being human—after all, humans were the most beloved creation of their ancient ancestors. That belief had only grown stronger after his experiences with Iyriath Zi'ria.

But for now, only Grace exhibited such a tightly knit fate bond with him.

He would have to wait for the births of Saria, Dariya, Malaia, and Zymera's child to see whether this phenomenon was exclusive to Grace or if it was a trait that emerged solely from his divine seed.

Fortunately, at this moment, he had complete control over his fertility. He didn't need to master any laws related to the weakening or obliteration of life in order to suppress it.

Still, if he wanted to understand why he possessed such potent fertility, he would need to consult other members of the human race. Exactly who that might be was something he still needed to investigate.

Then, Orion caught a glimpse of something unique.

He had sensed it before but still wasn't certain, even as the secrets of the cosmic structure continued to unfold before him.

He put it aside to speak with the Mysteries of the Twelve-Step Stairs, General Reynold, Oberon, Ilse and the others.

Soon, Grace's aura reached the threshold of true godhood and began to surge forward with terrifying momentum.

The cocoon of White Flame burned so brightly that it illuminated the endless reality around it. Then, her aura broke through, and she ascended to the realm of true god.

The cocoon of White Flame transformed into wisps once more and vanished into Grace's body.

Orion swiftly secured her aura, preventing it from spilling outward.

Though the White Flame Cosmic Tree was far more durable and capable of withstanding the unrestrained aura of a newly ascended true god, it had just been created. He didn't want to put it to the test yet.

Besides, the Mysteries of the White Flame Cosmic Tree had yet to be born.

Orion looked at Grace curiously.

Her golden skin now shimmered even more brilliantly. She wore a golden dress embroidered with a lifelike image of a giant golden tree, its white fiery edges burning along the hem. The embroidery radiated a lifelike presence, exuding an oppressive divine aura.

Her arms, legs, and neck were adorned with patches of golden leaves layered delicately across her skin. Her hair resembled golden shooting stars streaking through the cosmos.

Within her eyes, golden pupils reflected a celestial starfield—so complex and luminous that one couldn't help but stare, fearing they'd lose sight of something so wondrous if they blinked or looked away.

She was beautiful.

If before she had resembled a being that shouldn't exist, now she appeared as if reality itself had showcased her—a living masterpiece unveiled by the cosmic structure, like a painter revealing their finest, most collaborative work of art.

Grace's eyes fluttered open.

"How do you feel?" Orion asked.

"I... I feel strange," Grace responded.

Suddenly, she clutched her head and winced in pain.

Orion swiftly cut off her connection to the outer reality.

"Ah... it's better now," Grace said, sighing in relief. "Thank you, Daddy."

"You don't need to thank me. I should've done it sooner," Orion replied, shaking his head.

"Wow, I look so gorgeous! I look like a real princess!" she exclaimed.

She was self-aware of her appearance even without directly looking at it.

Orion sighed, then said, "How about we make a deal?"

"What kind of deal?" Grace responded, looking at him curiously.

"I'll place a seal on your powers. As you grow older, the seal will gradually release. Of course, if you reach a point of maturity, regardless of your age, it will unseal faster, allowing you to access more of your power. So, what do you think?" Orion said with a smile.

After ascending to true godhood, the knowledge of one's cosmic structure would naturally begin to unfold. However, for a toddler like Grace, it was far too much information to process.

It was best for her to ease into her powers slowly as she matured. Otherwise, she could grow into an immature divine, one who might cause chaos in Paradise if not properly guided.

"Will it stop the voices?" Grace asked, her expression serious as she looked up at Orion.

"Yes. It will," Orion nodded affirmatively.

"I feel like I won't be able to play with my brothers and sisters if I say no. So, alright. Do it," Grace said.

Orion nodded.

He gently placed his right index finger on her chest and engraved the seal.

Instantly, Grace's unrestrained aura receded back into her body, and her appearance reverted to how it had been before her ascension.

Grace now looked as though she had never reached true godhood.

The seal manifested as an image of three lightning bolts crossed beneath an ember.

"It feels much better now," Grace said, gazing at the seal on her chest.

"Do you feel anything strange? Like your gift?" Orion asked, his voice tinged with anticipation.

Unfortunately, Grace shook her head. "I can only feel that my powers have improved a lot. I'm not sure if I've awakened a gift."

Orion nodded in understanding. He wasn't disappointed.

There was no need to rush her. She had just ascended to true godhood and needed time to familiarise herself with this level of power. Only then could they determine whether a gift had awakened.

How was he so sure she would awaken one?

Because Grace carried his lineage, which also held the recessive genes of the Omnithriallians, she would awaken a gift sooner or later.

Grace tilted her head and looked up at Orion curiously.

"What is it?" Orion asked, sensing she had something on her mind.

Chapter 1334: Grace's Gift

"When I ascended, I transformed into a more gorgeous form. Did Daddy also transform when he ascended?" Grace asked, her tone inquisitive.

Orion nodded. "I did."

"Can I see it?"

"Sure," Orion replied.

He transformed into his true god form for her to see.

"Wow... Your hair and eyes are like mine but different," Grace said in awe.

"I will learn to master my powers quickly so we can defeat anyone who threatens the Paradise realm together," Grace said, pumping her small fists into the air.

"Sure. Then I'll be waiting for you to get stronger," Orion said with a smile.

He reverted back to his normal human form.

Grace's ascension was completed.

After glancing at the Mysteries seed hanging from a branch of the White Flame Cosmic Tree, he vanished and reappeared before Anara and the others who were awaiting them.

"Grace!" Anara rushed forward and pulled her into her arms.

She looked at her with a loving, motherly gaze, scrutinising every part of her body. Finding nothing wrong, she refocused on Orion.

"How did it go?" she asked.

Although they had already concluded Grace's ascension was successful based on what they had witnessed and sensed within Grace, something she couldn't quite pinpoint, she wanted to hear it from Orion himself.

The others listened attentively.

The bizarre Will of the Divine Mysteries had also reappeared, observing them.

"Grace is now officially Paradise's second true god," Orion responded with a smile. "For everyone's safety, I sealed her powers so she can gradually get used to them as she grows older."

"That's good," Anara sighed. She didn't want to be erased from existence by mistake if Grace suddenly had a fit. So, she had no disagreement with sealing her abilities.

Suddenly, Anara noticed that Grace was twitching.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"I feel strange," Grace responded, her tone filled with uncertainty. She turned her head toward Orion and said, "Daddy, I think my gift is manifesting?"

In an instant, Grace vanished from Anara's arms and appeared in Orion's.

"Breathe slowly. Don't force it. It will manifest on its own," Orion said calmly, holding down his excitement.

Grace nodded and followed his instructions.

Suddenly, the space around her began to distort and undulate.

Orion created a barrier, sealing them off from the outside.

To those outside, Orion and Grace appeared like distant reflections in the vast cosmic sky, visible but completely undetectable through any divine sense or sound.

Then, a wave of golden sand materialised around Grace.

Sand?

Orion stared in surprise. He hadn't expected Grace's gift to be golden sand. Still, he didn't overthink it. Every gift was unique.

He was now able to perceive the properties of an individual's gift without waiting for it to fully manifest.

And what he saw stunned him.

These golden sands possessed nurturing capabilities. If Grace were still a mortal, and they still resided in the main Material Realm, the tree nymphs wouldn't need to overexert themselves anymore. With her gift alone, they could reap bountiful harvests every season.

At a divine level, the sands could nurture both living and non-living things. In simpler terms, anything touched by the golden sand would experience a boost in its potential.

Mortals exposed to it could quickly rise to the strength of a three- or four-star warrior. Ordinary items could evolve into artefacts, and existing artefacts could rank up. Like planting trees, one could even grow multiple artefacts from a single item or create clones from a single being.

The golden sands could also be layered with other abilities, enriching techniques and attacks for extended periods. With enough of them, even barren ground could transform into sacred land, depending on the environment.

And now that Grace was a true god, capable of shaping reality itself...

This divine gift could be used to nurture another cosmic structure. Once Grace learns how to cultivate her abilities properly, a new Cosmic Tree Structure with Paradise as the main structure could be grown.

This...

Orion dared to imagine the true extent of her potential.

Suddenly, Orion's expression shifted to one of disbelief.

Even he couldn't help but be astounded by how quickly they were progressing.

Not long ago, they had just finished creating a new cosmic structure layered over the Material Cosmic Tree, one inspired by the heavens themselves. That structure could now exist independently.

And now, in rapid succession, two new true gods had been born. Already, he was entertaining the idea of expanding even further, with Paradise serving as the main Cosmic Structure.

How long would it take the average true god to acquire the resources and contemplate taking such actions?

Probably an unknown number of epochs.

Yet, they had accomplished all of this in such a short period.

Orion was self-aware that every grand step he took seemed to defy the known cosmic rules. But it wasn't as though he planned them in advance. They simply happened.

Was this one of the perks of being an anomaly?

Still, he didn't base his entire existence on being one. His choices, regardless of the unpredictable variables they encountered, had led them to this very moment.

Though being an anomaly came with its dangers, he couldn't deny that the experience had been fascinating.

The golden sands, too, were just as versatile as other gifts.

However, he didn't share everything with Grace. He only told her what was necessary for her current level of strength, which was at the divine stage. The rest would be hers to discover on her own.

After a few minutes, Grace nodded.

She instinctively deactivated her gift as if she had known how to do it all along.

The golden sand lingering in the air dissolved, fizzling out of existence.

Orion dispelled the barrier. He handed Grace back to Anara, calming her down and explaining the situation to everyone.

Their expressions shifted, ranging from shock to disbelief to outright stupefaction.

"I don't think I can handle any more of this," Reena said with a weary sigh.

Gina and a few others nodded in agreement.

General Reynold and Oberon shared a quiet understanding, though they kept their expressions neutral. They had wanted to speak, but seeing Ilse's growing pettiness in response to every new development, they chose silence.

They wouldn't give her anything more to fuel it.

"Wow... I'm starting to think I won the lottery," said the bizarre Will of the Divine Mysteries, its tone stunned.

'It' shifted its gaze between Orion and Grace, scrutinising every detail of their beings. 'It' wanted to see if there was anything else special that Orion had chosen to keep hidden.

Unfortunately, whatever secrets remained were too well concealed for it to detect.

No one paid any attention to it.

"I'll take her back to rest," Anara said.

"I'll come with you," Orion replied.

Before Anara could respond, an exact replica of Orion emerged from his body.

This wasn't a clone; it was Orion himself.

As a true god with the Tri-Omni trait, Orion could manifest multiple copies of himself simultaneously. Each one mirrored his true form, carrying identical strength, knowledge, and will.

There was only one unifying consciousness governing them all. If any manifestation were destroyed, its memories and experiences would return instantly to the source. It wouldn't weaken him in the slightest.

They were a multiplication of his being.

This was the essence of his divine omnipresence.

Most divine beings wouldn't even notice the difference. Only other true gods could tell, and even then, some could only under particular conditions.

For instance, if two manifestations occupied the same space simultaneously and their auras overlapped, like during a coordinated attack, a true god would immediately recognise the dual presence.

Or, if a manifestation and the original attempted to form a fate bond with the same individual, a glitch in their fate signature would occur. A true god would instantly perceive the original fate signature and detect which one was genuine, as the duplicate would carry subtle lags or distortions.

However, Orion doubted that this method would work on him due to his status as an anomaly. His fate couldn't be seen, and anyone who chose to follow him would also be affected by his anomalous nature.

The stronger one's fate, the slower they were affected by his anomaly. He had already confirmed this when checking on Ilse and the others.

Now, he realised they must have used that as inspiration to hide their fate from his perception. As for how they managed it, he still had no idea.

Anara stared wide-eyed at the two Orions. She couldn't tell which was the original and which was a manifestation.

"Let's go," Orion said.

Anara swiftly calmed herself and nodded. A wide, bright smile spread across her face as she ignored her sisters' jealous gazes, and then they vanished together.

The others turned their attention to Orion, who remained.

They didn't need to speak, utter a word, or even send a telepathic message. Their eyes conveyed everything they wanted to say.

Chapter 1335: Aerialia's Reborn

Naturally, Orion understood.

In the past, he would have needed to choose between one duty and another before finding time for his wives.

The only way he'd been able to spend time with his children was by creating numerous divine clones using his wives' gifts—clones that could share feedback about the day's experiences.

But now, he could manifest himself in many places at once. He wouldn't hesitate to spend personal time with each of his wives while still handling the critical matters of their cosmic structure.

In that instant, numerous manifestations stepped out from Orion, each one halting before a member of the household.

They vanished one by one, each lost in their own worlds.

Until none remained.

Another Orion stepped out and vanished from all senses, heading in a specific direction.

“Let’s return so we can begin the meeting,” Orion said, glancing at General Reynold, Oberon, Ilse and Margona.

It was time to commence their meeting.

They nodded.

Instantly, they vanished.

The bizarre Will of the Divine Mysteries gazed into the cosmic space, briefly pondering.

“I don’t have the processing capabilities for this... I’ll just have to be patient and hope for the best,” it muttered before disappearing.

Silence returned to the vast cosmic expanse.

...

Orion appeared inside a building on an island in a world filled entirely with water.

Aurora was seated before a golden pool, where a divine embryonic seed floated on the surface.

She was slightly surprised by a familiar presence now standing beside her. She rose to her feet and threw herself into his arms.

Orion caught her.

They briefly exchanged a wet kiss before pulling back.

“Are you...” Aurora began, hesitating mid-sentence.

Orion nodded. “I’ve ascended.”

Aurora’s smile widened with joy.

“I came here to help her complete this,” Orion said, shifting his attention to the divine embryonic seed.

He had been wondering why Aerialia’s revival had taken so long; by all accounts, it should have been completed within five months.

After his ascension, he realised what had happened. He hadn’t expected Aerialia to go as far as fusing with the Vylkr energy to harness its power. Fortunately, all of it had been transformed into Iyria energy, which was far more potent.

How could a curse be more potent than a blessing?

He had come to hasten the process. From what he could sense, Aerialia's rebirth was complete—she had been merely delayed by the remnants of Vylkr energy.

“Will it cause any issues?” Aurora asked, concerned whether this would affect Orion or her mother.

Orion shook his head. “It won't.” His gaze lingered on the golden pool.

He hadn't known what it was before, but now he understood it was a complex formula with potent healing properties, both physical and spiritual, effective even on divine beings.

It also served as a cloaking mechanism, completely sealing off a divine signature from the outside world. Additionally, it could act as a valuable alchemical ingredient and tool across many fields.

Aurora sighed in relief. She nodded and stepped down from Orion, then walked behind him.

Orion attempted to peer into Aerialia's fate within the divine embryonic seed, but it was just as distorted as Ilse's and the others'.

He couldn't see a thing.

He wondered if the ancient gods had truly discovered a method to block their fates from perception. Or was their obscured fate simply a result of their origin?

It was highly unlikely that other divine beings would encounter experiences similar to General Reynold or Oberon unless they had lived long enough.

After all, the current threats were the Naka, the hidden figures pulling strings behind the scenes, and the transcendent Spirit Beasts, whose fates he wasn't sure could be seen at all.

His mind processed these conclusions in an instant. Yet, he hadn't fully delved into the depths of their cosmic structure, starting with the Material Cosmic Tree.

Still, it wasn't something that surprised him.

If the Cosmic Tree required a Mysteries to govern its vast framework, then understanding its full scope in a single moment was simply impossible.

His anomalous nature was still suppressed, and he remained unsure how drastic the difference would be if he fully released it. For now, he decided to listen to Iyriath Zi'ria's advice and keep it restrained, at least until the discomfort faded.

Suddenly, the White Flame ignited, blazing more fiercely than ever.

The divine embryonic seed morphed, becoming clearer within the heart of the blazing White Flame.

Orion didn't know how powerful the Law of Creation or Rebirth might be in the hands of a true god who had fully mastered it. But even with his current capabilities, he could achieve the results he desired.

With his ascension, the nature of his Divine Archetype had transformed. It was no longer a corrupted remnant of General Reynold's essence, the Divine Mysteries, and a failed ascension tainted by the Vylkr energy.

Now, it had become a flame that cleansed all impurities and reforged existence into something greater. It had become a miracle that forged paths where none existed.

With his Divine Archetype, he could finally help Brane, Zara, and the others ascend into divinity and perhaps even true godhood.

Like him, they wouldn't need to master a law to completion and undergo transformation.

Instead, they would build their ascension on the foundation of their gifts.

He was especially eager to see Zara's gift develop. She possessed the ability to see into the future, a power closely related to perceiving fate. This ability had the potential to challenge Naka's gift, which could read the probabilities of anything and adjust them at will.

But he didn't have much hope; 7,000 years was more than enough time for Naka to become even more terrifying than he had been in the past.

He could only hope that they could endure the cleansing of the White Flames. After all, he had only survived it with Iyriath Zi'ria's help.

Nonetheless, he still possessed the Morphic Puppet, which could no longer be called a Vylkr Armour but rather an Iyria Armour—an armour forged from pure Iyria energy.

When he activated the Ninth Maw, he realised he was also assimilating many of the laws that Nyzzorrak had grasped before his death. Some of them were corrupted laws that survived the armour's reforging and were now cleansed and stored within it, thanks to Iyriath Zi'ria's aid during his ascension.

Yes, he could still utilise the traits of the Vylkr energy, but rather than its destructive, immediate devouring of targets, he could now absorb and assimilate it.

Since the evolving nature of Vylkr energy was tied to what it devoured, not much had changed. Moreover, the Iyria energy now blended with his primordial energy, empowering him to even greater power.

Orion's current abilities could only be described as unfathomable.

Soon, the protective membrane of the divine embryonic seed began to solidify, making it difficult for anyone except Orion to perceive what was transpiring.

Gradually, the blazing White Flames began to die down.

At that moment, the embryonic seed glowed a crimson hue as deep as blood, shrouded with a creamy white light.

Then, cracks slowly began to form on the shell.

Orion sensed Aurora reacting intensely to Aerialia's power.

Though Aurora was forging her own path, her essence still resonated deeply with Aerialia's essence.

The reason only Ilse could use the vault was due to an oath sworn upon her identity after a mysterious divine clone war, where gods attempted to recreate themselves to bolster their forces, known only to a few.

Because of this, she was bound to the identity of 'Ilse' unless she chose to forge a new one like Avareille had.

Orion knew other gods had taken similar precautions to prevent such catastrophes. But Aerialia, who had always embraced change, adapting her identity to suit her present self, might forge a new path forward.

However, he would only know once she emerged.

The cracks on the divine embryonic seed deepened and began to fall apart.

With Aurora's resonance intensifying the power within, the energy surged as one, amplifying the transformation.

Katchah!!

The seed plunged into the golden pool and shattered.

Aerialia emerged, her wings unfurling wide—both were deep crimson and shrouded in a bright, creamy white light—as she sank into the glowing pool.

At that moment, Orion halted his action.

The rest was up to her; she only needed to awaken.

Ten minutes later...

WOOSHH!!

Aerialia burst through the golden pool's thick surface and hovered above it. Her eyes widened in surprise as she looked at her transformed body and wings.

Her gaze turned toward Aurora, but just as she opened her mouth to speak, her eyes landed on Orion.

She froze.

She tried to speak again, but her voice was caught in her throat. Her eyes widened outrageously as though they might tear from their sockets.

Finally, she gasped, "True god." Instantly, her aura surged.

A crimson blade emerged from the crimson radiance that surrounded her. She clenched it and flew forward.

"YOU VERMIN! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MY HUSBAND?" She screamed, appearing before Orion in an instant and swinging her sword down downward.

Chapter 1336: Aerialia's Reborn (2)

Orion caught the blade and sighed. "I know that you love fighting. But I hadn't expected you to want to fight as soon as you were revived."

"It's best we put the previous agreement about raising children together on hold for now. Your temperament isn't the proper for raising children."

"...Or...ion!" Aerialia exclaimed slowly, her voice cracking with each syllable.

She couldn't believe her eyes. She couldn't understand what was happening.

When she awakened, she immediately felt something was wrong; she couldn't sense the Vylkr energy she had once tried to harness.

Instead, there was a strange, unfamiliar energy.

It was calmer... and far more potent. This energy was unlike anything she had ever encountered before.

Just as she tried to speak to her daughter, she realized there was another figure in the room.

Orion.

The contract that had once allowed her to reside within him had already been severed because she had recovered her body and reclaimed her sword. However, some traces of her essence should have still lingered within him, enough for her to sense his exact location.

Yet... she couldn't sense him at all.

The moment she tried, she was struck by an overwhelming presence that crushed against both her physical and metaphysical form.

A true god!

The being standing before her was a true god!

But how could that be? How could Orion be a true god?

Hadn't he just stepped into the realm of demigods when she began her revival with the Divine Embryonic Seed?

Could such a short period truly allow him, an anomaly, to rise from a demigod to a true god? Absolutely not.

She immediately assumed that Orion had been overtaken by a powerful entity or that someone was masquerading as him.

The moment Aerialia arrived at this conclusion, her anger surged.

General Reynold? Oberon? Avarielle? Ilse? Margona?

Whoever it was, she would find out. She would defeat the imposter and rescue Orion.

But the moment her attack failed, realization struck her.

The man before her was Orion.

Orion nodded, confirming her thoughts.

Aerialia's eyes widened in shock. The crimson blade in her hands vanished. She slowly descended to the ground, her height shifting to match his. She pressed her palms to his cheeks.

"How...?" She asked, her voice trembling with disbelief.

She could see him. She could touch him. She could hear him. Yet she still couldn't believe it.

"It's a long story," Orion said gently, "but I have time. I'll tell you everything."

With a thought, he cleaned the room.

The golden liquid splashed across the floor and retreated back into the pool. The traces that had clung to Aerialia's body, especially around her most intimate areas, vanished without a trace.

A large, fluffy cushion appeared beside them.

"Hee—!" Aerialia yelped as Orion effortlessly scooped her up in a princess carry before she could react. Her wide eyes continued to stare at him in stunned disbelief.

Orion lay down on the cushion with Aerialia nestled beside him.

The cushion was vast, wide enough to comfortably hold five people, with space for any movement or shift in position.

A golden tray filled with Kalna and other divine fruits floated into the air before them.

Aurora watched the scene unfold with a chuckle at her mother's dazed expression. She stepped onto the cushion and lay down beside them. 7

Though she already knew what had happened, the details remained a mystery. She wanted to hear the whole story directly from Orion.

As Orion began his account, Aurora picked up a fruit and began nibbling on it.

She couldn't refuse anything from her husband.

The three of them remained on an island within an unknown world, floating in an isolated universe, utterly undisturbed.

.....

Within the Golden Palace,

Orion, General Reynold, Ilse, and Margona sat in their designated chairs within the grand meeting hall.

Orion had already explained the events of his ascension from his own experience, leaving the others stunned.

He patiently waited as they tried to process the shock.

Ilse and Margona shivered in fear, realizing that the dread of the Omnithriallians still loomed over them, even in death. Yet, they were grateful.

Thanks to Orion, they were no longer burdened by a curse but instead blessed.

They couldn't even imagine what the state of Paradise might have been if events had unfolded differently.

Meanwhile, General Reynold and Oberon could hardly contain their excitement.

General Reynold, also a descendant of the Omnithriallians, and Oberon - despite having brought the curse that devastated the Material Realm - had both been aided by the Omnithriallians to ensure their races would not go extinct.

Now, learning that an Omnithriallian had once again intervened on their behalf, they were relieved.

They had been worried about the implications of Orion's incredible feat—his hidden truth, the unfathomable secret behind his direct ascension to true godhood, and the creation of a formidable Cosmic Tree.

Fortunately, it wasn't a threat.

All they needed to do was ensure that the agreed-upon conditions were met and nothing was violated.

"Iyria energy," General Reynold said. "It's truly an incredible way to honour our progenitors."

Oberon nodded in agreement.

Both men inwardly admitted that if they had a descendant like Orion, they would not hesitate to support him, protect him, and help him achieve his dreams.

"So this means we'll soon have more residents sharing this realm with us," General Reynold said thoughtfully.

Though he disliked the idea of Orion sharing the Paradise Realm with outsiders, he withheld his objections. He wasn't the one with the authority to make the final decision.

If he had been capable of making the best decisions for everyone, he would have defeated Naka and the gods in his time and wouldn't have died before reaching true godhood.

Since Orion had achieved this level through his own choices, it meant he was the most qualified to make such decisions.

Nonetheless, upon learning the nature of the White Flame Cosmic Tree, General Reynold found himself genuinely looking forward to exploring it once he regained his body.

Oberon, for his part, had no objections to the conditions and was equally eager to see what lay ahead.

Orion nodded. "Yes. But we'll need to verify their backgrounds. We can't just let anyone in here," he said.

General Reynold and Oberon nodded in understanding.

Ilse and Margona gradually calmed themselves, settling their emotions.

"Now that that's settled," Orion said, glancing around, "what are your thoughts on the proposal from that bizarre Will?"

"I suggest we refrain from acting immediately," General Reynold replied. "This is a newly formed Cosmic Structure, and in just a few months, we already have two of our own true gods. Even with the limitations of the second true god, if we can maintain this pace, Paradise could overflow with true gods by the next century. There's no reason to rush."

A voice of disagreement rang out beside him.

"The Divine Corps is already a force to be reckoned with, especially with the secret they possess that allows them to alter the original 'Will' of the Divine Mysteries to suit their bidding," Oberon said.

"Naka has already begun using the corpses of true Omnithriallians to forge Vylkr spawns and armours, creating a massive force capable of overwhelming any opponent he encounters. The Spirit

Realm is a danger zone about which we know very little, especially regarding why the corpses of the Omnithrialians are buried there."

"For a force that managed to survive on its own throughout all this time, even before the descent of the bizarre 'Will'—and for 'it' to go so far as to nurture them against such terrifying powers... it means they are competent and formidable in their own right. Waiting to build up our forces also means giving our enemies time to grow theirs."

"So what we need to do first is establish a relationship with them. Perhaps many among them will come to recognize the advantages of joining Paradise, the safety, the prosperity, and pledge their allegiance to the Supreme Leader."

"That way, we not only begin absorbing their power base, but we also increase the number of potential true gods under our banner."

"As much as I hate to agree with the pixie," Margona added, her tone sharp, "he's right. With the creation of the White Flame Cosmic Tree, Paradise is an untapped realm that needs a larger population to fulfil its potential."

"It will take time for those who once relied on Vylkr energy, which is nearly 90 per cent of Paradise's residents, to grow accustomed to Iyria energy."

"They'll need to learn how to channel it and integrate it into their ascension paths to ascend to divinity. The more beings we bring in to tap into these resources, the better. And the stronger they are, the greater the benefit."

"Besides," she continued, her voice suddenly quieter, "I need to find my children. They're out there somewhere without their goddess. Even if they're not part of these rising forces, it's still worthwhile to search for them ourselves."

Her left hand clenched tightly against her thigh, fingers digging into her palm.

Orion nodded in understanding.

"What does Avarielle say?" he asked.

Chapter 1337: Paradise's Decision

"Nothing," Margona replied coldly. "She says she's not in the mood to speak."

Orion raised a brow but said nothing. He cast a subtle glance toward General Reynold and Oberon, who simply shook their heads and sighed tiredly.

He realised he had missed an important incident and silently decided to look into it later.

He turned his attention to Ilse.

"I don't trust the bizarre 'Will,'" Ilse said firmly. "Even if it helped us, we can't blindly put our faith in a being that managed to remain here after separating from its tempered will, only to continue acting under its former principles, thereby breaking the original will."

"If you were the Divine Mysteries, who have governed the Material Realm for countless ages, would you allow a realm with terrifying potential, built by the descendants of those who were one of the many, to trigger the collapse of the Material Realm to continue growing unchecked, simply because your focus lies on confronting a shared enemy? Absolutely not!"

“Who’s to say the bizarre Will wouldn’t have tried to forge an alliance with the Divine Corps if its original ‘Will’ hadn’t been tempered by them?”

Ilse’s voice calmed as she continued, “Nevertheless, I don’t think we should let that cloud our judgment from making the most suitable decision for Paradise. Forming an alliance with this rising force is our best course of action.”

“Instead of waiting for the perfect moment to migrate the Spirit Beasts into Paradise, we should use this opportunity to pull everyone into a five-way conflict. If the alliance betrays us, we can withdraw our support, turning it into a four-way war.”

“However, it’s best to wait until the Mysteries of the White Flame Cosmic Tree have awakened. Because it’s only then we can be confident in the security of our realm?”

Orion nodded. He found both the objections and endorsements to be valid and compelling.

It was clear they could only make one decision that would decide the future of Paradise.

Orion fell into quiet contemplation.

The others waited patiently for his response.

Finally, Orion spoke. “We’ll form a temporary alliance with the bizarre Will. I’ll lead a small team to evaluate the true nature of their forces. Although cooperation is necessary, that doesn’t mean we need to bring them into Paradise immediately.”

“We’ll begin searching for potential devotees only after our plans commence. We wait until the Mysteries of the White Flame Cosmic Tree and Sylvalis, the Boundary Will awakens.”

This was the only reasonable course of action.

Beyond Margona’s children, Orion also needed to investigate the truth behind his fertility through the other human race and consider bringing them into Paradise as well.

Finding more members of the nymphs’ sister race would also be ideal.

The group nodded one by one, including General Reynold.

Turning to General Reynold, Oberon, and Ilse, Orion continued, “You three will assess the state of the residents and observe how they’re responding to the sudden changes within their universes. If we plan to welcome more outsiders into Paradise, we need to prepare in advance. I’ll accompany you.”

The trio nodded in acknowledgement.

“The meeting is dismissed,” Orion announced. “I’ll personally deliver our decision to the bizarre Will.”

...

Orion appeared atop a mountain range within the domain of the gods.

He stared at the blazing white figure of the bizarre Will, looking down on the land.

But Orion knew this light wasn't its true form; it was a radiant veil meant to conceal its real identity from lesser beings.

Even if someone dared to look directly at it, the surrounding halos would project the image of a vaguely humanoid shape made of pure white light.

Yet, behind that illusion lay its true form, an ever-shifting, symmetrical being that defied comprehension.

A glimpse of the very structure of a cosmic structure itself.

Yes, as Orion stared at the bizarre Will, he was also gazing into the intricacies of the Main Cosmic Structure. And yet, its representation was limited, as only the bizarre Will embodied that structure.

Gazing at it for long-held no benefit unless one sought to comprehend the very nature of the Will itself, in which case, a brief glance would never suffice.

“Have you made your decision?” the bizarre Will asked, turning to face him.

“We have,” Orion replied. “We’ve agreed to form a temporary alliance with you. However, we’ll only begin after the Mysteries of the White Flame Cosmic Structure and Sylvalis have awakened. Should you renege on our agreement or attempt to betray us, we won’t hesitate to withdraw and sever all ties.”

“Before anything else, we want to observe these forces you’ve mentioned and evaluate how we want to proceed with them.”

Surprisingly, the bizarre Will let out a sigh. “That’s good. I was concerned you might refuse,” ‘it’ said. “If you had, I wouldn’t have been able to change your mind, and I would have had to revise my plans. Fortunately, you’re willing to uphold our agreement.”

“You don’t need to worry about anything else, including being betrayed. If the plan succeeds, I’ll see if I can coerce the true gods there into pledging their allegiance to Paradise.”

Its following words caught Orion off guard.

He hadn’t expected the bizarre Will to actively support Paradise in recruiting true gods. Still, his expression remained calm.

“There’s no need to coerce them,” Orion said, shaking his head. “When the time is right, we’ll extend our hand. Those willing to join Paradise will be welcomed.”

It was better that they came feeling honoured and grateful to be accepted into Paradise. That way, the seeds of future conflict wouldn’t be planted by resentment or forced submission.

It should feel like an opportunity, not a request.

“Very well. I’ll go inform the forces before your arrival,” the bizarre Will said.

“Don’t they already know about us?” Orion asked.

The bizarre Will shook its head. “No, they don’t. I needed to be certain the alliance would happen before informing them of your existence. Now, I can speak freely. There may be some friction at first, but I can guarantee everything will proceed smoothly.”

Orion was surprised once more, but he kept his composure.

He nodded in acknowledgement.

“I’ll take my leave now. When you’re ready, summon me using the Divine Medallion of Sovereign Accord,” the bizarre Will said. ‘Its’ body then warped into the fabric of reality and vanished into thin air.

Orion turned his attention toward a particular destination and disappeared.

.....

Within the White Flame Cosmic Tree

Orion stood with General Reynold, Oberon, Ilse, and Zera as he recounted his conversation with the bizarre Will.

Though each of them had questions, they knew there was little point in speculation. They would only understand the truth once they met the forces the bizarre Will had spoken of.

Instead, they turned their focus on the task that had brought them here.

He had brought them to the White Flame Cosmic Tree for one purpose: to create a true body for General Reynold, Oberon, Margona and Avarielle.

“How will this work?” General Reynold asked.

The most convenient method for his resurrection would have been through the Divine Embryonic Seed. However, there was no known material capable of forming a seed that could withstand the White Flame’s intensity. He had only managed to suppress the flames using the Mysteries of the Twelve-Step Stairs.

Unless, of course, they could obtain the corpse of an Omnithriallian.

But as a descendant, General Reynold could neither bring himself to desecrate their resting grounds nor did he believe he could fulfil the sacred conditions laid down by the Omnithriallians before one could make use of their bodies.

That left only one option: to slowly nurture a new body using the Mysteries of the Twelve Step Stairs, in the same way a new divine artefact is forged by nature.

But such a process could take an unknown number of years.

So, naturally, he was curious about what method Orion intended to use.

Zera, who had reclaimed her body from Margona, looked at Orion with curiosity.

In her eyes, he was like a blossoming flower that kept growing taller and more brilliant, even in conditions that should have stifled it.

This only solidified the decision she had already made to make him the father of her children. After all, her children would surely strive to surpass the heights their father had already reached and likely achieve even more than she had ever dared to hope for.

That, to her, was something she could only dream of.

Now, she realised she could accompany her children on the journey toward those heights. And that thought filled her with anticipation.

As much as she loved her goddesses for their support, care, wisdom, and the strength they had nurtured within her, she could not ignore the truth; no matter how much their bond had matured over the years, she had always been a vessel for them.

A tool they used to express themselves in the world.

Now, she wanted complete ownership of herself.

Chapter 1338: Soul Genesis Crafting

She wanted to feel only herself.

And that dream was finally within reach.

Zera could sense a swell of joy within her from the two goddesses, though she was certain it was for an entirely different reason.

“I plan to use the knowledge I’ve just acquired to create new bodies for each of you,” Orion said, his gaze shifting toward the seed of the Mysteries of the White Flame Tree.

It pulsed with a radiant light, glowing softly as embers of divine flame danced around it.

“Since we’ve been drawing on unique principles from various realities beyond our own, it’s time we develop a more efficient reincarnation method than the Divine Embryonic Seed. One that’s flexible and sustainable.”

Orion stretched out his hand forward. Thick blue lightning mixed with white flame gathered at the centre of his palm.

Instantly, they shot out from his hand toward a branch of the White Flame Cosmic Tree.

Surprisingly, a piece of it broke off and was immediately drawn into Orion's hand by the lightning and White Flame.

The piece of the branch that had broken off quickly grew back.

Meanwhile, Orion grabbed the fragment and clenched it within his hand.

His clenched fist radiated a flame so intense that the others couldn't help but turn their heads away.

After a few minutes, the glow began to die down.

"The Divine Embryonic Seed relies heavily on external divine matter. In some cases, it is the best course of action," Orion said.

He thought about how Aerialia had chosen to harness the Vylkr energy.

"But it is flawed. Instead of trying to bind souls to matter, what if we do the opposite? Instead of rebuilding the body to contain the soul, we construct a hybrid soul-body framework that shapes its own vessel." Orion opened his hand, revealing a seed-like object forged from the broken piece of the White Flame Cosmic Tree.

“That’s... autonomous rebirth,” General Reynold muttered, stunned.

He had heard the term back when he was alive.

However, back then, autonomous rebirth was only possible under rare circumstances, such as using a divine artefact or performing a special ritual.

He had never heard of autonomous rebirth being operable at will like this.

A divine soul was powerful. And it was because of this that it needed an equally powerful container to contain it.

That was what made it such a delicate procedure.

Ilse, Oberon, Margona, and Avarielle, within Zera, were equally shocked. As divine beings who had gone through countless reincarnations, they understood the implications of the method Orion sought to create.

Orion nodded in affirmation. “The process will begin by compressing essence and divine soul into a soul embryo until your fate signature is inscribed into it. It will serve as a genetic template.”

“Unlike the Divine Embryonic Seed, which relies on pre-forged divine flesh, the soul embryo generates its own flesh based on the Will of the reborn. The body would naturally grow around the soul, perfectly tailored to its needs and strength.”

“The White Flame Cosmic Tree will provide the metaphysical body needed for reinforcement. And the White Flame itself will act as a purifying agent, ensuring only the true self crosses over.”

His idea was based on the premise of his divine archetype, utilising both his essence and that of Iyriath Zi’ria to create a Mysteries Seed, which was nurtured by the White Flame Cosmic Tree.

It was only due to his unique relation to the White Flame Cosmic Tree that he could manipulate it in such a way. If anyone else had attempted the same, they would have been long dead.

“Though I’ve given it much thought, it’s still something that hasn’t been attempted before. Therefore, there may be mistakes along the way. But if it works... then in the future, whenever one dies, they could be instantly reborn.”

“I call this method Soul Genesis Crafting.”

He looked at them all and asked, “Who wants to go first?”

“I will,” General Reynold said.

Orion nodded. The seed floated from his hand and came to a halt before General Reynold.

General Reynold stretched out his hand. He released a portion of his essence and a divine soul steadily into the seed.

They emitted a bright glow.

He didn't stop until Orion gestured for him to do so.

General Reynold halted immediately.

Orion retrieved the seed. It floated back to his palm.

He examined it and saw that it had been fully inscribed with General Reynold's essence and soul. Then, he directed the seed toward a branch of the White Flame Cosmic Tree, where it tethered itself.

Suddenly, a wave of White Flame surged from the branch into the seed, baptising it.

Orion glanced at General Reynold and noticed that his being had become so intangible they could see through him.

Asking him to infuse his essence into the seed had clearly taken a toll on him.

It showed just how much General Reynold believed in the method he was trying to create.

Though Orion had already run the simulation in his mind, calculating all the variables they would encounter and correcting for them, he knew there would still be unexpected factors. However, he still hoped they would achieve the desired result.

They waited for an hour as the flames fully baptised the seed, cleansing away all corrupted fragments, negative fates, and foreign influences.

Then, unlike the Mysteries Seed that had remained tethered to the branch, this seed fell, descending toward the roots of the cosmic tree.

“What’s happening now? Did it fail?” General Reynold asked, worried.

He wasn’t sure if something had gone wrong with the method.

“No, it didn’t fail. The seed can only be nurtured by the White Flame Cosmic Tree for a short time. If left too long, it would be absorbed by the tree,” Orion said. “The first phase is half-complete.”

He enveloped them all in divine power. Instantly, they vanished and reappeared in a vast grassy plain within the domain of the gods.

A tear opened in the fabric of space, revealing the metaphysical roots of the two Cosmic Trees.

Resting atop one of the roots of the White Flame Cosmic Tree was the same seed that had fallen from its branch.

Chapter 1339: Soul Genesis Crafting (2)

General Reynold and the others, who had been looking around in confusion, finally understood what was happening as they stared into the severed space.

As they peered in, they realized something else.

The seed was digging into the root, and as it did, a silver-white sap, imbued with Iyria energy and primordial energy, flowed into it. Then, slowly, it began to construct a corporeal structure from the ground up.

The sap wove itself into perfectly known contours, from rib structures to nerve pathways, bone lattice, tissue networks, and flesh formations. Though the surface remained silver-white, everyone was sure that the being within was being reanimated.

General Reynold, Ilse, Oberon, and Zera, along with Margona and Avareille, stared in awe at the scene unfolding before them, then turned their gazes toward Orion.

They saw that he was completely silent. His attention was focused on the seed.

As the seed grew larger and the silver-white cosmic sap began shifting into a spectrum of colours, from the soft pink of bone to the reddish hues of forming organs, General Reynold trembled.

Though he had held onto hope, it had been blind trust. If the trial failed, he had wanted to bear the consequences himself. But now, seeing that the reanimation was truly him, he realized he would indeed recover his real body.

Soon, General Reynold noticed his metaphysical form was slowly fading into nothingness.

“What’s happening?” he asked, alarmed.

Oberon and the others quickly surrounded him.

“Don’t be anxious,” Orion said, turning his head to look at him. “One of the rules I implemented into the method to prevent complications in the future is that a seed can only reincarnate one version of the same being. If the reincarnated body is still active, then the seed won’t function.”

He had already informed the Mysteries of the Twelve-Step Stairs about what was about to occur, so fortunately, there had been no interruptions.

General Reynold nodded in understanding. He felt relieved. Since it wasn’t a problem, he stood tall with his legs together and chest forward. He gave Orion one last nod before his metaphysical form scattered into the air.

The scattered essence flowed into the seed, which now resembled an embryo. Then, a wave of White Flame surged from the tree bark, engulfing it in blazing fire once more.

“Phase two commences now,” Orion said, narrowing his sharp gaze on the seed.

More streams of White Flame poured down from the bark of the White Flame Cosmic Tree, baptizing the seed and General Reynold as he aligned himself in perfect harmony with his reincarnation.

His original White Flame couldn’t withstand the intensity of the evolved White Flame and quickly surrendered, transforming to match its nature as it continued to cleanse the seed.

Phase two would take two days to complete.

So they waited.

Two days later,

Phase two was completed.

Reynold's figure could now be seen clearly within the seed.

With a sharp crack, like the blooming of a flower, the seed opened.

Reynold stretched out his hands, gripping the edges of the seed for support as he stepped out.

He looked down at his fair, corporeal hands and examined other parts of his new body, a tinge of excitement lighting up his face.

His gaze shifted to the silver-white cosmic sap spilling from the seed, which quickly melded back into the roots of the tree.

Orion and the others observed him from outside the torn space.

Orion swiftly clothed him in a simple set of black trousers and a shirt.

“Thank you,” Reynold said with genuine appreciation.

Orion nodded and turned his attention back to the seed. He noticed the split was healing, sealing shut, and the seed itself was shrinking, returning to its original size.

He had re-imprinted the seed, allowing it to serve as a womb for Reynold’s future reincarnation within the White Flame Cosmic Tree. If Reynold truly died next time, he would be reborn through this seed.

Reynold and the others noticed this phenomenon as well.

Seeing their curious expressions, Orion gave an explanation.

“What if I die outside of Paradise? Will I still be able to reincarnate?” Reynold asked as he emerged from the torn void.

He stood on a black circular platform floating beneath their feet.

“Naturally, you will,” Orion said with a nod, then explained everything to them.

Their reincarnation was now tethered to the White Flame Cosmic Structure as an intrinsic part of Paradise’s cosmic framework.

While they were within an area dominated by the Mysteries of the Twelve-Step Stairs, the Divine Mysteries had been able to sense when Aerialia had tied herself to the Mysteries of the Twelve-Step Stairs.

Therefore, it should be taken as a given that even if they were to die in another cosmic structure under any circumstance, as long as they had truly died, they would be able to instantly reincarnate.

This was under the premise that the Mysteries of the White Flame Cosmic Tree were fully functional.

He was unsure whether it would work without the presence of a fully functional Mysteries, but he didn't want to take any risks.

"However, there is a drawback," Orion said.

"This method cannot be used too frequently, or else the required essence and soul for the reincarnation would weaken and be overtaken by the White Flame Cosmic Tree. You would lose yourself, and your will would be shrouded by the tree."

"Another is that once you have chosen this method, should you decide to tie yourself with any foreign Mysteries outside of Paradise, your seed will be shattered and destroyed from the roots. That's all for now. We will have to wait and see if any problems arise in the future."

He was pleased with himself for having successfully implemented such a complex idea in a single trial.

Since there were three more to go, he hoped to identify any problems that might lead to future complications and solve them immediately.

“I don’t plan on dying anytime soon. And I don’t plan on pledging my alliance elsewhere or aligning with any other Mysteries—my heart dwells and will forever remain in Paradise,” Reynold said.

He sensed that not only had he been reincarnated, but he had also returned to his former divine strength before he ascended the stairs and fell.

Chapter 1340: Soul Genesis Crafting (3)

He knew it was because of Orion that he had been able to recover this strength. He wanted to test his abilities, but he knew that he had to wait until this was over.

Reynold knelt down on one knee on the platform and bowed his head toward Orion.

“Thank you, Supreme Leader. I will never forget the compassion you have shown me,” Reynold said solemnly.

“You don’t need to show your gratitude in such a way. Everyone within Paradise is my family, and I will naturally treat them as such. Get up,” Orion shook his head with a smile.

Reynold nodded and stood up. He finally shifted his attention away from Orion and nodded at Oberon, Ilse, and Margona, who had taken control of Zera’s body once more.

He smiled brightly as he stepped away to examine his body further.

“Who wants to go next?” Orion said, turning to look at Oberon and Margona.

“I will go,” Margona swiftly said.

Orion nodded. He knew she had been waiting for this moment, and nothing could make her wait any longer.

Utilizing his tri-omni traits, he broke a piece of the White Flame Cosmic Tree and grasped it in his left hand.

He moulded the piece within his grasp. When he opened his hands, two seeds were revealed within them. Then, he positioned one seed in front of Margona.

Margona looked at the seeds in confusion, then refocused her gaze on Orion, waiting for an explanation.

“It would be dangerous to perform the reincarnation one by one since you two share the same body with Zera. So I want to do this simultaneously; it will be easier to stabilize your condition should any critical problem arise,” Orion said.

This was his first time assisting a being who shared one body with two others, guiding them to separate and reincarnate into new vessels using a technique he was still becoming familiar with.

“I will help you, so don’t worry about making mistakes,” he added.

With his tri-omni traits, he was confident that he could perfectly separate the three of them. The only concern was what would come after.

“Are you certain?” Margona asked, her tone hesitant.

“I am,” Orion responded.

Margona took a deep breath and exhaled before nodding. “Alright. I will trust you,” she said, her tone and expression firm.

Inwardly, however, her heart trembled—with Avarielle. They both hoped nothing would go wrong and placed their worries on Orion, who had assured them and chosen to carry the burden.

“You can begin whenever you are ready,” Orion said.

Margona nodded and immediately channelled a portion of her essence and soul.

Avarielle and Zera winced in pain as they felt a piece of Margona’s soul being torn from their shared core. Fortunately, the pain was short-lived, as a wave of soothing calmness washed over them.

They sensed another presence within their being—

Orion.

Feeling Orion's presence so deeply within them, the two relaxed even more as Margona imprinted her genetic template into the seed.

As Orion sensed her distorted fate signature overflowing from the seed, he mentally commanded her to stop.

Margona halted her actions swiftly. She inhaled and exhaled heavily, trying to maintain her composure. She felt dizzy.

With her remaining energy, she looked down, and sure enough, her lower half had already transformed into Zera's legs and form.

"I will handle it from here. Let Avarielle take over," Orion said, his voice gentle, comforting her. He could feel her fear of vanishing entirely, so he offered steady reassurance.

Margona lunged forward and hugged Orion. "I'm placing all of my trust in you. If we succeed, I don't mind seeing what kind of children we can make together," she whispered in his ear.

She chuckled lightly as she finished her sentence, brightening the atmosphere.

If it had been before, Orion would've taken a step back and responded more cautiously. After all, he was dealing with an ancient goddess.

But he was no longer the same Orion. With everything laid bare before him, he could sense her turbulent emotions, fear, anxiety, excitement, and uncertainty swirling within her.

He was grateful she had chosen to trust him. He gently wrapped his right arm around her waist while his other hand safeguarded the seeds.

“I hope you can handle it because one wouldn’t be enough,” Orion whispered back into her ear.

“I can. Even if you don’t hold back,” Margona replied with a faint chuckle and a smile spreading across her lips.

“Does that mean I’m a candidate for your soon-to-be wife? And before you ask whether I doubt my choice, no, I don’t. I’ve lived through countless eternities. And I’m certain that having you in my life will make it all the more worthwhile.” She pulled back and stared at Orion, her unsteady breath brushing against his face.

“If anyone else were watching, they’d think you’re bullying me. How could an ancient goddess say such words?” Orion said with a small laugh.

“But the sincerity you’ve shown me is enough. If you truly mean them, then I will gladly be part of your eternity and welcome you into mine and my household.”

His voice held the weight of his vow. His dream of creating a family and giving them everything they needed to reach their full potential had never changed, no matter the hurdles they faced.

Now that he had the strength and the blessings of his ancestor, he would naturally fulfil that dream.

Orion raised his head and kissed her forehead before she could lean in to kiss his lips.

“If there’s anyone who deserves the first kiss among you three, it’s Zera. I won’t steal that privilege from her,” he said, watching her disgruntled expression.

“Does that mean Zera is also going to be welcomed into the household?” Margona asked, her tone firm and serious, with a hint of discontentment.

Orion nodded.

“And... Avarielle?” Margona asked, raising a brow.

Orion nodded again.

“You cheeky fellow! You want to eat us, ancient goddesses, all at once. You might feel confident in the strength you’ve earned, but don’t forget that you’re dealing with goddesses whose experience far outclasses yours,” Margona said, clicking her tongue in amusement as she gave a playful warning.