

Village Head 1341

Chapter 1341: Soul Genesis Crafting (4)

“But don’t worry; even if you get ahead of yourself, I’ll protect you from those vixens.”

She wrapped her arms tightly around him and kissed him fervently along the sides of his neck until it left a mark. Of course, Orion allowed it; otherwise, there was no way her attacks could have even scratched him.

Then, she let go and returned to her previous position.

“I’ll see you again when I reincarnate, husband,” Margona said.

A flash of light enveloped her body as it began to transform.

Reynold and Oberon, who had been observing the entire scene from behind, couldn’t help but ponder whether they should also enter into a relationship.

If they had a partner, they wouldn’t have faced the burdens that led them to this point alone. They could have shared the weight, making the entire ordeal much easier.

Such thoughts had never crossed their minds before, but now that one had regained his true body and the other was about to, the possibility lingered, awaiting their decision.

Of course, there was one thing they would have to be cautious about: not to overdo it like the Supreme Leader, who was shouldering the emotions and weight of all his partners simultaneously.

Simply put, they weren't as capable as he was. His accomplishments were irrefutable and etched into reality itself, so their admiration wasn't baseless.

Ilse observed without expression. She sighed inwardly in relief.

The light quickly faded, revealing Avarielle, who had now taken control of the body.

"It seems I've interrupted your little moment," Avarielle said, her tone cold and her face expressionless.

Orion shook his head. "I was comforting her. She needed it. And I meant every word I said," he replied, catching the inquisitiveness behind her gaze.

"I heard about what happened when you were cleansed by the Vylkr energy," Orion said. "Even if I can understand how you feel, I didn't go through your experience, so I might never truly know how much of a weight you had to carry all that time."

"But you're the reason why I, Anara, Selene, and several others were able to reunite with our races. I want you to know that your achievements aren't just tied to the Vylkr energy. You're one of the reasons why Paradise still stands today."

"You should already know all of this by now," he added, staring at her with a gentle gaze. "My guess is that you wanted to make Naka experience the same pain and suffering you went through.

And now that you can no longer freely use the Vylkr energy, that chance is gone. That's the source of your anger."

"But there's something you need to always remember from now on: this isn't just your battle to fight. It's ours... it's Paradise's. Trying to face him alone only shows that you don't trust the rest of us to handle him properly. We're in this together, aren't we?"

Orion watched as tears streamed down Avarielle's cheeks.

Her lips parted as if to speak, but no sound came out.

Suddenly, her voice broke free.

"HICCC... HICC... It won't be the same. I wanted to put him through exactly what I endured before I learned to tame this curse," Avarielle said between sobs.

Orion gently suspended the seeds in the air and pulled her into a firm embrace.

"Do you think that even after I ascend to a true god, I wouldn't be able to shoulder the burden you carry?" He said.

Avarielle shook her head. She tried to respond, but no words came to mind. Instead, she simply wept.

“We’ll carry this burden together. Don’t let it weigh down a goddess as incredible as you,” Orion reassured her.

He held her quietly. They remained like that for five minutes until her tears gradually slowed.

Wiping away the remaining streaks on her cheeks, Avarielle raised her head to look at him.

“I never expected that, at some point in my countless lives, I’d be comforted by someone whose entire existence doesn’t even match mine,” she said, locking eyes with him.

Orion rolled his eyes. “Why do you all keep bringing that up? If you’d like, I can reincarnate again just so I can discuss my former life. And how exactly do you even measure eternity?”

Avarielle chuckled and shook her head. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean it like that. I meant... you’re amazing. I’m not just saying that to praise you. You... are... amazing.”

Orion nodded, slightly awkward. He genuinely didn’t know how to receive such a compliment.

Watching this exchange, Reynold and Oberon quietly made a decision, they, too, would choose partners to rise and fall with, just as the women in Orion’s life had.

Ilse smiled faintly as she watched the scene unfold before her.

As much as she had once disliked the two ancient goddesses, they would now be seeing eye to eye often. They would need to get used to each other.

Their pasts may have been cruel, but it was best to leave behind everything that could hamper their future or the futures of those around them.

As for Naka, they had already unanimously decided that his fate would be crueller than everything they had faced put together.

“I am ready,” Avarielle said.

Orion nodded and extended his left hand, retrieving the seed.

He then positioned the second seed in front of Avarielle.

Avarielle reached out, placing half of her essence into it, tearing a portion of her soul in the process.

Orion took the seeds and placed both of them on a branch at the top of the White Flame Cosmic tree.

An hour later, the seeds fell down to the roots once more. Silver-white cosmic sap emerged from the roots and flowed into the seeds.

A similar process as before transpired.

Suddenly, Avarielle felt her body was dissipating. It was as if the world itself was rejecting her, taking action to erase her.

The vessel she inhabited could do nothing to protect her.

She gave Orion one final look and nodded. She scattered into particles of light like a fragile shell peeled off from the body and flowed into one of the nurtured seeds.

Chapter 1342: Zera's Freedom

At the same time, her body shone with brilliant light before transforming into Margona.

Margona winked at him, then scattered just like Avarielle and flowed into one of the nurtured seeds.

Her body transformed once more, this time assuming the form of Zera.

She was unconscious.

Orion swiftly caught her and suspended her gently in the air beside him.

He checked her condition and discovered the cause: the pain of separation from both Avarielle and Margona, coupled with their complete absence.

It was a presence she had known all her life. Its sudden loss had left a traumatic scar that would take time to heal.

Orion turned his focus back to the seeds as the same process began once more.

Seven hours later,

Zera awakened from her deep slumber.

She was startled and inward. She realised that with her consciousness restored, she was the only one present.

It took her a while to recall everything that had transpired.

From now on, there would be no one observing her every movement.

No one instructing her on how she should behave, on what she could have done better, or predicting her future actions.

No one!

Zera began weeping profusely. They were tears of joy.

She realised that she was free. A hand gently touched her shoulder.

“Are you alright?”

Zera turned her head toward the voice.

It was Orion.

She nodded, though tears still streamed down her cheeks.

Orion wrapped his arms around her to comfort her. He understood what she was feeling and remained quiet, allowing her to release all of her emotions.

After three minutes, Orion sensed that she wanted to say something but was hesitating.

“I’m listening,” Orion said gently.

Reynold, Oberon, and Ilse had gone elsewhere to observe Reynold testing the newfound power within his body. With the strength granted by the Iyria energy, Reynold could now be considered as powerful, if not even more powerful, than his former self.

It wouldn’t be long before he fully adapted to this power and prepared for his ascension to true godhood.

Zera looked around but didn't see Reynold, Oberon, or Ilse. She sighed inwardly and whispered, "You promised me a kiss." She locked her gaze with Orion's shyly.

Orion nodded. "Before we begin, let's take care of something first." He reached out and gently removed her eye patch.

He saw her scarred eye; its damaged appearance was a stark contrast to the deep silver iris of her other eye and the harsh markings that spread on its edges. He placed his hand over it.

Seconds later, he withdrew his hand.

The scar was gone. Her left eye was now as flawless as the right.

Orion created a mirror out of thin air and held it in front of her.

"Now the view looks even better," he said with a warm smile. "Don't you agree?"

He never cared whether his women possessed flawless beauty or not. What mattered was that they felt comfortable in their own skin. Whisperwing, Celia, Ayla, Ingrid. and all his other older partners, even those from races whose ideals of beauty were vastly different, were perfect examples of that.

But in Zera's case, it was different.

Her scar had been inflicted by the Will of the Divine Mysteries; perhaps it was 'its' way of instilling fear in her, forcing her to sever all ties with Avarielle and Margona so it could take her to a dimension where those who had fled the curse, the Vylkr energy—resided.

Even the golden pool had only been able to stabilise the wound, leaving it as a permanent scar. Complete healing had been impossible.

Until now.

Now, as a true god with power far beyond what he once wielded, Orion had healed her effectively.

Zera looked at her flawless reflection in the mirror. She raised her trembling hand to her once-scarred eye. Feeling smooth, unmarred skin beneath her touch, her emotions surged.

Her newly healed eye began to glisten. Tears welled up, then spilt freely down both sides of her face.

Before she could start weeping again, Orion leaned in and sealed her lips with his.

Zera was taken aback and instinctively tried to resist, but only for a moment. She melted under his touch, her arms wrapping around his back.

Their tongues collided, rolling against each other as they each tried to assert dominance in the kiss.

Their movements were neither slow nor fast but perfectly synchronised with one another.

After some time, they withdrew their heads.

They stared at each other, breathing heavily.

A string of saliva still connected their lips until it suddenly evaporated.

Zera collapsed onto Orion's chest, her happiness soaring to new heights.

Is this what it means to be swept off your feet by love? Zera wondered.

The love blooming in her heart had surged like a mountain, steady against the wild winds and lifting her to heights she had never believed were possible.

At that moment, she felt more like a woman than a goddess. And the feeling was nothing short of incredible.

Orion wrapped his arms around her.

They remained silent, their focus fixed on the two seeds undergoing the Soul Genesis Crafting Reincarnation process.

Two days later,

The reincarnation was complete.

The figures of Margona and Avarielle emerged from their respective seeds.

Orion swiftly clothed their bare bodies in garments resembling their usual attire.

For Margona, it was an open-chested, fitted blue shirt that flared slightly below her hips, tucked into thick black leggings. The shirt had long, tight sleeves, while the outer halves of her arms were covered with sheer netting that extended to her wrists, revealing her fair skin beneath.

Over the shirt, she wore a black leather waistpiece resembling a corset decorated with mysterious blue embroidery. A beautiful blue gem secured it at the top centre. And a fur-lined cape nearly the same length as her attire was on her shoulders.

And Avarielle – a knee-length black gown as dark as night with rough edges at the hem.

The seeds began to heal, shrinking back down to their original size.

Margona examined her body, front and back, her eyes wide in disbelief.

Avarielle did the same.

They realised the reincarnation had worked; they now possessed bodies of their own. Yet they found it difficult to digest this realisation.

It took several minutes before they finally snapped out of their daze.

Margona raised her head and saw Orion standing before the torn space, Zera resting slightly against his arm. Nearby stood Reynold, Oberon, and Ilse.

In an instant, Margona vanished and reappeared in front of Orion, wrapping her arms around his neck. Her towering form had adjusted to match his height.

Without hesitation, she pressed her lips against his, kissing him passionately.

Orion didn't resist. He responded to her affection.

After a minute, they broke the kiss.

"I couldn't wait any longer," Margona said, breathing heavily, her eyes hazy with desire.

Orion turned slightly and saw Avarielle beside him. Without a word, she sealed his lips with her own, kissing him fiercely. Her arms wrapped around his waist as their kiss deepened.

A minute later, they parted.

Avarielle looked at Orion, her breath unsteady. “I won’t blame you for letting her take the second kiss,” she said. “But I can’t stand the thought of her monopolising your lips. They look better when they’re connected to mine, don’t you agree?” she added, her legs brushing against his thighs as the heat in her body steadily rose.

Orion didn’t respond. He knew that saying anything would only stir up another problem, which he didn’t want to deal with at the moment. Instead, he said, “You should all take some time to settle into your new bodies.”

Unlike Reynold, who had the foundation of his gift to quickly regain his former strength, Margona and Avarielle’s powers were built upon their understanding of the laws of the universe.

While they might have retained some innate special abilities, their current strength was far weaker than when they existed in their previous combined form.

In the future, they could integrate some of their laws and possess them after their reincarnation, similar to the nurturing of a Divine Embryonic Seed. But for now, they needed to gradually recover their strength before they could even consider ascending to true godhood.

“It can wait,” Margona replied. “There’s something more important right now, and it’s between us and you.” She glanced at Zera and Avarielle with a playful smirk.

Zera shivered, tightening her grip around Orion’s hand.

Avarielle responded with a sharp, narrowed gaze.

“What?” Margona asked, her glistening teeth visible. “Don’t you want to enjoy a proper meal together?”

Zera lowered her head, flustered.

“You’re getting ahead of yourself. Keep pushing, and I might just decide on the next body to seal you in,” Avarielle retorted coldly.

“I was handicapped back then,” Margona replied. “Of course, I couldn’t resist whatever conniving schemes you pulled. But don’t forget, I didn’t become one of the nine greed gods by luck. Are you really sure you want to see if you can go toe-to-toe with me in your current state?”

Chapter 1343: Oberon’s Reincarnation

Her fur-lined cape fluttered behind her as she held Avarielle’s gaze.

“I’ve decided,” Avarielle snapped. “You’re clearly not responsible enough to have your body. So I’m stripping you of it right now.”

The Iyria energy within her surged. Her divine energy was subdued by the Iyria energy and even intermingled with it.

Margona’s power burst forth as well, preparing to retaliate.

But just before either could act, the space behind them split open, revealing a golden light. From within, countless golden chains shot out, wrapping around both of them and binding them tightly in place.

Margona struggled against the chains but soon realised she couldn't break free.

The only one who didn't resist was Avarielle. She simply turned her head to the side and shot Ilse a hateful glare.

"You both need to calm down," Ilse said, stepping forward. "From the looks of it, your relationship isn't entirely broken, so I'll give you the time you need to settle things. We still have one more reincarnation to handle, and we need to do it quickly."

"Yes, goddess Ilse is right," Zera added. "You both need to stop lashing out at each other like children... and resolve your differences... together." But her voice grew quieter with each word, trailing off entirely by the time she finished.

Feeling the weight of the two goddesses' glares on her, Zera immediately ducked behind Orion, using his back like a shield.

Orion paid little attention to their banter. His gaze shifted to the top of the Mysteries of the White Flame Cosmic Tree, which had started showing signs of awakening a day ago. Sylvalis had yet to show any movement, but he was certain that once the Mysteries fully awakened, it wouldn't take long for her to awaken as well.

"Oberon, you're next," Orion said, cutting through the tension as he turned toward Oberon.

Oberon's reincarnation was a particularly complex case. Before his death, he had fused entirely with the corpse of an Omnithriallian, drastically altering both his physical and spiritual nature.

A large part of his heritage—a Pixie—and a lesser aspect of the Omnithriallian were now interwoven into him.

Even his metaphysical body bore more resemblance to an Omnithriallian, save for the Pixie wings on his back.

Orion wasn't sure how Oberon's reincarnation would turn out, whether his Pixie side or his Omnithriallian side would dominate or if the process would even succeed at all. It was something that had to be handled with extra care, or it could end in tragedy.

Hearing Orion's words, the women fell silent.

Oberon nodded to them and stepped forward.

Orion plucked another branch from the White Flame Cosmic Tree and moulded it into a seed.

After a brief hesitation, Oberon said, "Whether it works or not... You don't have to worry. I'm already grateful to have lived through all this, to have taken part in everything. If it succeeds, then so be it. But, if it fails, then it means my time has truly come to an end."

Oberon fully understood the risks involved. Unlike Reynold and the others, Oberon required a body powerful enough to contain his divine essence and soul—one that had been mutated by the Omnithriallian body he had fused with.

The only vessel capable of withstanding them was another Omnithriallian.

Anything else would disintegrate or explode under the sheer pressure of his spiritual force.

Although the chances of the White Flame Cosmic Tree crafting such a perfect body were higher than with any other method, given its miraculous success so far, it was still close to impossible.

That's why he made sure Orion wouldn't blame himself if it failed.

The fact that the Soul Genesis Crafting Reincarnation method had already worked on its first attempt and had done so at a level far beyond the Divine Embryonic Seed or any other known reincarnation method was impressive enough.

More importantly, Orion was still in his early twenties by human standards. This was also his first divine ascension. To burden himself with guilt over a failure like this would be a waste and a loss not just for them but for all of Paradise.

"Going in with that mindset might limit your chances," Orion replied, his voice steady and determined. "Your reincarnation will be successful. I'll make sure of it."

"Yes, I believe the Supreme Leader was right. The reincarnations of Margona, Avarielle, and myself could all be considered tricky and nearly impossible," Reynold said.

"And yet, not only were they successful, but I've also recovered my strength and even grown stronger than I was before. That was a surprise I never expected. Perhaps your reincarnation might also bring an unexpected surprise."

After everything they had been through, Reynold considered Oberon a close companion, just like the former seven great gods. In fact, Oberon had been the first, both then and now, to challenge his views on the Great Migration—the event that had led to the destruction of the dimension humanity had once called home.

That's why Reynold was genuinely looking forward to working with him more in the future. And to see what changes his reincarnated body might bring.

And he wasn't the only one looking forward to it.

"You've earned your place among us, Pixie man," Ilse chimed in, nodding. "I'm certain your creator would be proud if he were still alive. After your reincarnation, you might even give rise to a new race, an Omnithriallian-Pixie hybrid the world has never seen. Don't keep us waiting. We're all looking forward to your successful return."

Orion nodded inwardly. There was indeed a chance that Oberon's reincarnation could result in a new sub-race.

But there was also the possibility that his Omnithriallian traits might vanish completely, leaving behind only a powerful divine soul and essence. Alternatively, his Omnithriallian side could overwhelm his Pixie traits entirely, making him a full Omnithriallian, albeit weaker than the originals.

Either result would be a win for Paradise. The only true failure would be his death.

Margona and Avarielle remained silent. Despite their shared past and brief interactions, they barely knew the current Oberon. Still recognising his undeniable value to Paradise, they each gave a silent nod of agreement with Ilse's words.

Zera also gave a slight nod, a quiet gesture of encouragement.

Sometimes, silence spoke more than empty words.

“It’s a privilege to hear such kind words from you, General Reynold,” Oberon said with a warm smile.

“Just Reynold,” Reynold replied, returning the smile. “I’ve started a new life now.”

Oberon nodded. “I’d never considered that my reincarnation could give birth to a new hybrid race of both Omnithrialian and Pixie descent. Thank you for bringing it to my attention, Ilse. I’m truly looking forward to seeing what comes of it.” He turned and gave Ilse a grateful look.

Then, with one last nod to the trio, Oberon shifted his focus back to Orion. “I’m ready.”

“That’s good,” Orion replied. “There’s one more thing I want to tell you, if there’s any place in existence where miracles can happen, it’s here... in Paradise. Now that everything is settled, let’s begin.”

He opened his hand, letting the seed float into the air before Oberon.

Oberon nodded and extended his hand.

After four minutes, Orion said, “That’s enough.”

Oberon immediately stopped and withdrew his hand. He looked down to see his metaphysical body already beginning to phase out of existence.

Without a word, Orion took the seed and gently placed it on one of the branches.

An hour later, the seed dropped toward the roots. The roots cracked open, and a silver-white cosmic sap emerged from within and flowed into it. The seed began to expand as the sap moulded itself according to the genetic template within.

Suddenly, the process paused.

Oberon gave one last nod, a faint smile on his face, before his metaphysical body scattered completely and merged into the seed.

Then, the reincarnation resumed.

As before, the process was completed two days later.

The seed cracked open like a blossom.

Oberon stepped out from within. He crafted a leafy shirt and trousers that enveloped his body, clothing him instantly. He looked down at himself and froze.

Outside the torn space, Orion, Reynold, Ilse, Avarielle, Zera, and Margona all stood in stunned silence, their eyes fixed on Oberon.

His lightly tanned body resembled that of a Pixie, yet intricate spiralling patterns adorned his forehead, neck, arms, and legs, constantly shifting from one form to another. Threads of golden light formed a grand pair of Pixie-like wings, with colourful cosmic dust trailing behind with every flutter.

Oberon flexed them and realised he could control each individual thread independently. Though his appearance had changed completely and no longer resembled how he once looked, one thing was clear to everyone present.

This was not the physical form of a Pixie nor an Omnithrialian.

Oberon's reincarnation had truly given birth to something new: an Omnithrialian-Pixie hybrid race.

Orion stared wide-eyed. His mind spun at a sudden realisation. Did this mean Oberon was now a distant relative of humanity?

Chapter 1344: An Omnithrialian-Pixie Hybrid Race

In the short time since ascending to true godhood, Orion had encountered many surprises, but this one ranked above all.

Behind Oberon, the seed quietly healed and shrank back to its original size.

Oberon stepped out of the torn space.

“My reincarnation was successful,” Oberon said, bowing his head toward Orion. “Thank you for the privilege, Supreme Leader. I will never forget this day.”

Orion nodded and gently lifted his head.

He sensed the power coursing through Oberon’s new body. It was comparable to Reynold’s, who was on the cusp of ascending to true godhood.

He could sense the others slowly arriving at the same conclusion.

“Hey, that’s not fair,” Margona said with a frown. “How can you be this powerful right after reincarnating?”

“She’s right,” Ilse said, surprisingly siding with Margona. “Is it because...” Her words trailed off as her eyes scanned Oberon’s new form. Though she didn’t finish her sentence, everyone understood what she meant.

Their gazes shifted toward Orion as he was the only one who might be able to explain what was happening.

Orion paused to think. “I’m not entirely certain,” he said. “But I believe it has something to do with your powerful divine soul and essence. Do you feel any different?”

Oberon nodded. “I do. It’s like my strength has taken another leap. Not only do I feel physically stronger, but I can also sense the depth and complexity of the surrounding laws more clearly than before.”

“Try punching this,” Orion said.

He created a humanoid dummy out of thin air and placed it in front of Oberon.

Margona and Avarielle quickly moved to stand behind Orion. They weren’t sure how powerful Oberon had become, and they didn’t want to risk getting caught in the aftermath.

Oberon nodded and stepped forward. Raising his clenched right fist, he focused briefly, then punched forward.

BOOMM!!!

His fist struck the dummy’s chest. It exploded instantly, sending dust and rock fragments scattering across the area.

However, none of the debris came close to Orion or the others. Orion’s passive spatial field had deflected everything.

Oberon lowered his fist and turned to Orion. He knew Orion wouldn’t have created a weak construct for the test. Still, he wasn’t sure how strong it had been, so he waited silently for Orion’s analysis.

“The dummy you just destroyed had the same level of durability as Reynold. Your understanding of the laws is still limited, but your strength alone is terrifying, enough to go toe-to-toe with a divine on the verge of ascending to true godhood,” Orion said.

However, he silently acknowledged that victory wouldn’t be guaranteed if Reynold chose to use his gift.

From the moment Orion spoke until he finished, everyone, including Oberon, stared at him wide-eyed. The one most shocked was Reynold himself upon hearing the revelation.

They all remembered how frightening Oberon’s strength had been before his death.

An Omnithriallian-Pixie hybrid race with the raw power to stand against a divine on the brink of ascension, even without a firm grasp of the laws?

Did this mean that sheer strength had become a defining trait of this new race?

What kind of logic was that?

“The surprise you’ve brought us is far greater than we expected,” Reynold said with a tired sigh.

He saw it as a positive development. It meant they now had another powerful force capable of protecting Paradise. And when Oberon eventually ascends, he might become a powerhouse beyond the level of an average true god.

Ilse, Margona, and the others remained silent, each processing the implications.

Orion turned his gaze to the four seeds resting on the roots of the White Flame Cosmic Tree. Then, he sealed the spatial tear.

He looked up, eyes narrowing as he sensed the spiritual fluctuations in the surroundings.

“The Mysteries of the White Flame Cosmic Tree are about to awaken,” he said. “We must be there when it happens.”

They, along with the platform they had been standing on, vanished and reappeared a distance from the branch.

The Mysteries Seed had grown to an incredible size, rivalling that of a medium-sized planet.

Reynold, Oberon, Ilse, Margona, Avarielle, and Zera widened their eyes in astonishment at its sheer scale and the overwhelming pressure radiating from it.

This was their first time witnessing the birth of a Mysteries in such a grand and unprecedented way. They couldn't help but marvel at the magnificent sight.

“Where are the others? Shouldn't they be here to witness an event that only happens once in eternity?” Ilse asked, turning to Orion.

The others nodded in agreement. An event of this magnitude that would surely be enshrined as a core knowledge in Paradise's history should be witnessed by all high-ranking figures and divines.

"They'll be here soon," Orion replied calmly.

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Five days ago,

On an isolated planet comprised entirely of water,

Orion took a whole day to narrate everything that had transpired in Paradise to Aerialia and Aurora. Though it would have been easier to compile the information and transmit it instantly, this method felt much more intimate.

After he finished speaking, Aerialia's expression shifted to one of disbelief.

Aurora's reaction was more composed, as she had already been informed beforehand. Still, there were parts she hadn't known—especially the revelation that Orion had spoken with an Omnithrialian and that she had been the one to structure the White Flame Cosmic Tree and aid in his ascension to true godhood.

That left her stunned.

“All of this happened within the eight months we were gone?” Aerialia asked, astounded.

Orion nodded. “Right now, I’m searching for a way to reincarnate Reynold, Oberon, Margona, and Avarielle by separating them from Zera’s body through a better method than the Divine Embryonic Seed,” he said. “I’ll share the results with you when the time comes.”

Aerialia and Aurora were taken aback once again. They had always known they would regain their bodies eventually, but not this soon.

Aerialia couldn’t help but think that, had she known, she might not have gone through the ordeal of reincarnating via the Divine Embryonic Seed. Perhaps then, she would have witnessed everything for herself.

“So, are we leaving now to join them?” Aurora asked.

Orion shook his head. “We’ll catch up with them later. For now, let’s enjoy our time together,” he said.

Aurora raised her brow in surprise as a tinge of understanding appeared on her face.

“You have grown quite a lot since your ascension. It seems the tri-omni traits gave you the ego boost you needed,” Aerialia said, grinning widely.

Her fingers trailed along his chest.

“I thought you wouldn’t mind the boost in confidence,” Orion responded with a smile.

Aerialia shook her head. “I don’t mind. But I would have loved to take the lead the first time. It could work, right?” she asked.

Orion nodded. If he were to translate her words, it meant, ‘I want you to go easy on me.’

He then shifted his focus to Aurora. She and his other wives were still pregnant with their unborn children from their last session. Despite that, there was no visible bulge on their bellies. Carrying a child with divine heritage had altered the usual gestation period.

He couldn’t use Aurora as a reference since her situation was unique—not that of an ordinary divine – because the circumstances of his wives were also unique.

Though he could hasten the process, there was no need to. He had looked into it and understood that they would be delivering soon.

Until they gave birth, he wouldn’t try his extraordinary fertility on them to see if they could ascend to true godhood, just as they had ascended to divinity, because he wasn’t sure if it would affect their child or both of them.

Although Orion could potentially handle any uncertainties it might encounter, it was always best to avoid unnecessary risks.

The only one who had given birth during this period was Isadora. She was also the only one who hadn’t yet ascended to divinity. Now, she might be one of the first to ascend to true godhood.

If Aerialia, Avarielle, Ilse, Margona, and Zera could ascend to true godhood, then Paradise would become a force to be reckoned with as they waited for the others to ascend as well.

“I don’t mind either way. As long as mother enjoys herself,” Aurora responded.

She wouldn’t be joining in either and decided to see if she could learn from their intimate session.

Aerialia had been boasting about how she would devour Orion whole and that he wouldn’t even be able to last a minute under her. But she, who had experienced Orion’s ever-growing intimate skills, knew better, especially now that he had ascended to true godhood.

Along with wondering whether Aerialia would ascend to true godhood after this, she was eager to see what would happen next.

“I thought she was your sister now,” Orion said with a raised brow.

“Depends. She’s still my mother,” Aurora responded.

Chapter 1345: Aerialia’s Moment**

Aerialia turned to the side and straddled Orion. Her wings spread wide behind her, casting a shadow over both Orion and Aurora. Folding her hands, she gave an approving nod at Aurora’s words.

Aerialia leaned forward and sealed his lips with a kiss.

Their lips intertwined, exchanging saliva with one another.

Aerialia pressed one hand against Orion's chest, pushing him down onto the bed. Meanwhile, her other hand aligned Orion's throbbing shaft.

"No foreplay," Orion moaned softly as Aerialia continued to stroke his engorged, veiny shaft before he felt the tip graze her wet, narrow, fleshy entrance.

"We'll do that later... Mhh... I want to feel you and want you to release inside me right now," Aerialia responded, moaning softly in between.

Orion nodded. He lowered his hands and grabbed her fat, curvaceous ass cheeks before pulling them apart.

Then he pressed her downwards, plunging his veiny penis deep into her wet narrow pussy.

"AUuHhh~~~ I can feel it. It's inside me~~~" Aerialia gasped with

a moan.

They remained like that for a few seconds before moving.

Aerialia placed both hands on his chest for support, then slowly began to grind her hips against his. Her movements were slow and deliberate, carrying a rhythm so mesmerising it could leave anyone watching in entranced silence.

She took Orion's right hand, which was massaging her plump buttocks, and placed them on one of her voluptuous breasts.

"I still remember how much you loved breastmilk. So here you go," Aerialia said with a smirk as she pressed her hand over Orion's.

Instantly, her hardened nipple twitched, and a crystal clear white breastmilk streamed out, soaking their hands and trickling onto Orion's chest and neck.

It trickled onto the cushion below them.

Aerialia's upper body and smooth, toned stomach were also drenched with her breastmilk. Yet she didn't stop moving. Instead, her movements quickened.

Orion grinned. He moved his hand gently, folding her breasts into various shapes, causing more breastmilk to rush out. He brought this other hand forward and latched onto Aerialia's other voluptuous breasts.

In order not to let them go to waste, Orion leaned forward and latched both hardened nipples into his mouth, gulping down the milk into his bottomless stomach. Still, he allowed some to leak, drenching their body and the cushion.

Aurora has already distanced herself from the other side to watch the duo. Seeing her mother's lewd acts, she took notes, planning to outdo her in the future.

Pahh~~ Pahhh~~

The sounds of their flesh slapping against each other resonate across the room.

“AUHH~~AHH~~” Their moans resonated through the air unrestrained, stirring up waves and travelling around the planet.

After several minutes, Aerialia stood with both legs folded and stretched out on the bed as she rose and plunged upon Orion's engorged throbbing penis.

Orion sensed Aerialia's wet vagina tightening around him, sucking him like a black hole, as if forcing him to climax – clearly showing she had total control over her body.

Even the way her hands moved around him, searching for his sensitive spots and activating them, made him understand that if he hadn't ascended to true godhood, then perhaps Aerialia might have won.

“If that's the case,” Orion said, increasing the size of his engorged veiny penis. It expanded and grew in length until it gripped the walls of her wet, narrow pussy, stretching until it kissed her womb.

“AAHH~~” Aerialia gasped loudly in shock, feeling the resistance in her movements.

“YOU—” she glared at Orion fiercely. She snorted, and instantly, her stature grew until she stood over 14 feet (4.27m) tall, returning to her true goddess form. Her wings spread wide behind her before folding onto her back.

Orion was now comparatively small, and his throbbing penis appeared smaller than before.

Before Aerialia could celebrate her brief victory, Orion increased its size once more. Though he could grow to match hers, he saw no reason to unless they planned to bring down the entire building and collapse the planet.

This time, the bulge of his penis was clearly outlined against his stomach.

Despite this, Orion felt he hadn't reached the limit of how much more he could stretch. But he didn't push further. This was already enough to send the message he wanted her to understand.

Aerialia gasped once more. Her thick thighs clenched tightly against Orion's as she fought to steady herself.

She glared at him even more fiercely, but deep down, she was frightened by the enlarged shaft imprinted against her belly. She understood the message he had sent.

She had tried everything she knew, but nothing seemed to work. She realised that if he were still a demigod, maybe she could have made him ejaculate prematurely. But now, having ascended to true godhood, he could control even his unique fertility unless he chose to climax himself.

The only way out of her current situation was to return to her former state. But that would be the same as accepting defeat. And that was something she refused to do.

Still, she couldn't deny that being filled by Orion's throbbing veiny penis in her in her true goddess form was thrilling.

Because of the repeated motion, the amount of juices flowing down her fleshy narrow walls was several times more than what thoroughly soaked Orion's enlarged veiny penis.

Her teeth clenched as she saw the smile on his face.

"Humph! We'll see who surrenders first," Aerialia muttered.

She placed her hands on both sides of the cushion for support and began moving up and down slowly.

Pahh~~

"Huahh~~ AHhh~~"

PAHH~~~

"AUHH~~~ AUhh~~"

At the same time, Aurora watched the comical side of the other with tears leaking from her eyes as she tried her best to hold back her laughter.

Things were certainly not going the way Aerialia had planned.

...

A day later

Orion has only cummed once.

He now rode behind Aerialia, who had returned to her previous stature and surrendered. Her legs were folded against the bed and spread apart, her body pressed into the cushion, and her hands clenched the sheets as though holding on for support.

Her lips were slightly parted as she gasped continuously, strings of saliva trailing down her chin and soaking the cushion below. Her eyes were wide open, her expression dazed, lost in disbelief that mirrored the chaos of her thoughts.

Orion had reduced the size of his enlarged shaft to its normal length. He gently trailed his fingers along her wings, each touch sending a shiver down her spine that rippled through her entire body like a surge of electricity.

He had experience from Aurora and the pixies, and with his current grasp of omniscience, all it took was a single glance to uncover every one of her most sensitive, arousing spots.

Nevertheless, he chose to hold back; if he hadn't, it would have ended on the very first day. They had waited far too long for this moment. He intended to savour every second of it.

Besides them, lying back first on the bed, staring blankly at them, was Aurora. Her gaping wet pussy leaked his semen, sliding down her thick thighs. Her curvy buttocks and back were also covered with his semen, and on the cushion below was a pool of his semen.

During their session, Aurora joined in. So Orion had used a significant portion of his skills on her, usually flipping her arousal switch and knocking her unconscious.

He could control the fertility of his semen, so he wasn't worried about triggering her ascension. As such, anytime Aurora awakened, she would be overtaken by a wave of pleasure that knocked her unconscious again.

This was their sixth session.

After a while, Orion became worried that she was getting addicted to the pleasure she was receiving, and as such, he decided to reduce the intensity. That was why she currently appeared this way.

His other wives were also in a slightly similar condition.

Suddenly, Aerialia groggily spoke up, "I'm not giving up!! I'll conquer you!! I'll make you pay!!" She turned to Orion, her eyes filled with wrath.

“You still don’t want to give up,” Orion responded, clicking his tongue in surprise.

For Aerialia to have lasted this long was nothing short of sheer will. It was impressive, precisely what he had expected from an ancient goddess.

“Very well. It would’ve been disappointing if you had given up so easily,” he said.

Orion grabbed both sides of her wings. They were so firm that it was difficult for an ordinary divine being to tear them apart without exerting significant effort.

He tugged them backwards, then began to thrust his waist forward and back in a steady rhythm.

PAAHH~~~ PAHH~~

.....

Within the domain of the gods,

Golden Castle,

Orion played with a baby girl wrapped snugly in a swaddle and cradled in his arms. She bore the resemblance of both Orion and Isadora, with two pointed ears on each side of her head. Her skin was tanned. She appeared to be only a few months old.

Her name was Isori.

Chapter 1346: All Their Ecstasy**

She was Orion and Isadora's first child—a human and four-eared elf hybrid. She was a mortal.

Orion had impregnated Isadora while he was still a mortal, so he had already expected this outcome. Nonetheless, it didn't lessen the love he felt for her.

Before Orion, Isadora sat within a transparent barrier engulfed in white flames. The aura she emitted no longer belonged to a mortal but to a divine. After their intimate union, Isadora—who had been the only one among his wives still human—had ascended into a divine and was slowly continuing her rise toward true godhood.

She was the first in his household, after him, to reach this level of power.

Orion had shielded her ascension from outside detection to avoid any interruption of the event that was currently unfolding. He didn't know how long her ascension would take to complete, but he would remain by her side until then.

"I hope you don't mind because very soon, you'll be having a brother," Orion whispered softly.

Isori shifted slightly and giggled. Though he could communicate with babies, they didn't yet have the self-awareness to truly comprehend what he was saying. Still, the connection between parent and child was strong enough to bridge that emotional gap.

Meanwhile, in another room within the Golden Palace,

Saria lay on her belly on a large, queen-sized bed. Her breathing was ragged and hurried, her chest rising and falling heavily. Her expression was one of exhaustion. Her body glistened with sweat and other lingering, sensual fluids.

“Again... Again...” Saria said, her lips curving into a naughty smile. She had always wanted to greedily keep Orion all to herself, but she had also been willing to share him with the rest of her sisters.

However, she had never expected that the feeling of having Orion entirely to herself would be even more intoxicating than she had imagined.

In just two days, she had been showered with more love than she could possibly contain and without a single interruption from any of her sisters.

She was starting to fear that if things continued like this, she might not be able to share Orion with the rest of the family ever again.

Orion stretched his hand downward and inserted it in her flower-shaped labia, which was dripping with his semen. He twitched his fingers within, playing with her fleshy walls.

Saria jerked under his touch. Her body spasmed as she clutched the bedsheets tightly.

They had already spoken intimately before this; most of their conversation centred around the fact that she would give birth to a variant Tree Nymph race—another sister race, just like Grace and his

other unborn children with Dariya and Malaia—due to the changes she had undergone ever since his recovery in Aurora’s garden.

He had managed to uncover this with his abilities.

Saria had also begun unlocking more of her mutated Tree Nymph abilities that had awakened when she ascended to divinity.

They were both eager for the birth of their unborn children, and they looked forward to creating more in the future. After all, who wouldn’t want to be the Ancestors of a new variant race?

Orion trailed his fingers along the precious stones embedded in Saria’s back, savouring their subtle glow, before placing his hands on her waist. He aligned his throbbing shaft behind her and gently laid himself over her back.

“AUHH~~~ That’s it~~ Fill me up, husband~~ Let’s create a new race together~~!” Saria moaned softly before a sharp breath escaped her lips.

Suddenly, as Orion plunged in deeply, filling her narrow, fleshy walls, she cried out loudly, “AHUUHH~~~!”

In another room,

Orion held onto Dariya’s shapely ass, licking the womanly fluids that dripped from her flowered labia while Dariya sucked on his engorged shaft. For Dariya, foreplay was the main course, so they took their time pleasuring each other—each trying to outdo the other before finally moving into penetration.

“Gucckk!! Gucckk!!”

The sheets around them were covered with nectar and semen. The air was filled with a thick, sensual scent capable of causing even the most debauch individuals to gulp after observing the scene before them.

Somewhere within the domain of the gods,

“Don’t look at me~~ No~~” Malaia moaned, her tongue sticking out of her mouth. Her eyes were hazy, and her body hunched forward. Her legs spread apart and bent while her arms were pulled backwards by Orion as he plunged in and out of her flowery pussy.

They were currently in the middle of a bustling forest filled with wooden buildings, caves, and various large pools in the distance. Nymphs of all shapes and sizes walked past them. Yet, despite their obscene actions right in the centre of a busy street, the crowds remained oblivious.

Orion had used his divine power to conceal their presence from the outside world. Even a true god passing by would find it challenging to sense them if they weren’t paying attention.

After their previous session, he discovered that Malaia loved being watched by others during their intimate moments.

At first, it wasn’t obvious, but after Ayla squirted for an extended period in one session, Malaia suddenly became energised and, with a mischievous smile, wanted to go for another round. This made her one of the few women with such bold, obscene tendencies.

Still, Orion didn't mind. That was precisely why he had brought her out here, to uncover just how high her limits were.

The feedback he received showed hers was far beyond the others.

He was eager to discover what other tendencies she might possess.

"Even if you shout, none of them can hear you. Only a few catch a glimpse before their memories are wiped clean," Orion whispered, watching as a few tree and water nymphs froze, their eyes wide with shock and bewilderment.

Then suddenly, the expression vanished, replaced by confusion before they turned and went on with their day. That was the trick he left behind to make this moment all the more exhilarating.

"AUHH~~ No, don't look at me~~~ It's not what you think!" Dariya moaned loudly.

Her flower flooded with even more nectar.

Moans tore from her throat in rapid succession as Orion plunged his scorching, veiny shaft in and out of her.

In a wooden building nestled beside an enormous towering tree that seemed to pierce the clouds, faint moans echoed softly through the walls.

Orion and Anara ground their hips together.

Orion lay beneath her, one hand gripping her waist to guide her movements, the other massaging her perky breasts. Anara rode on top, taking her time to savour the burning heat of Orion's scorching, veiny penis plunging deep into her narrow, flowery walls, sending ripples of pleasurable sensation that spread through every inch of her body.

Her movements were calm and slow, their breaths mingling as they sealed their lips in a kiss and then parted, only to meet again at varying intervals.

PAHH~~ PENCHH~~

PAAHH~~ PEENCHH~~

“Mhm~~ Mmh~~”

The sound of their bodies slapping against each other was the only thing that filled the room.

Inside a room of the Golden Palace,

“Finally, I have you all to myself!! It's only you and me... Auhh~~” Merida moaned, her words trailing off in pleasure.

She wore an extremely short, colourful maid uniform that glittered beneath the chandelier above. The flared skirt barely covered her perky buttocks and white lace underwear.

Her hands pressed against the wall, her expression one of ecstasy as Orion plunged into her slick, narrow vagina without hesitation, stirring her womb before withdrawing and plunging deep once more.

Despite Orion's efforts to spend time with her and her sister, they always felt lost within the family. Sometimes, she felt out of place. She knew from the very beginning what she was getting into when their relationship started.

Yet, she often felt she was too greedy and needed to calm down for her own sake and that of her family.

Pahh~~ Pahhh~~

Now, after having Orion to herself without any disturbance from her sisters, she realised that this greediness wasn't something she could suppress.

It was a natural reaction born from the love between a woman and her partner.

It felt as though only the two of them existed in the entire world. And the most remarkable part was that this wasn't an illusion. Orion was here, plunging his hardened, veiny penis into her for hours after their intimate conversation.

If he wished, he could create an entire planet or even restructure a universe, without any negative consequences, using his complete tri-omni traits, just for the two of them to inhabit.

His ascension to true godhood had truly solved all their problems.

Merida realised that if she could also ascend to true godhood, she could spend the rest of her life with Orion while handling other various matters without any issues.

Now, she couldn't help but anticipate the birth of their unborn child and looked forward to Orion fertilising her womb once more.

In another room,

Maya wore a maid uniform of a similar colour that glittered softly under the room's light.

Chapter 1347: All Their Ecstasy(2)**

Her skirt was much longer and, reaching her ankles, was raised to reveal her round, perky buttocks and glistening white panties that shimmered like a colourful star.

She leaned against the corner of the bed, her face pressed into the bed, arms wrapped around it as she gripped the bed sheets tightly while Orion thrust his veiny shaft in and out, gently pulling at her colourful panties.

Maya felt the same emotions as her sister. Her feelings rose and fell like a tsunami, her mind drifting along as Orion guided her through different levels of unseen pleasures.

Her toes suddenly curled and flexed against the floor before she let out a loud moan.
“AUHHH~~~UAHH~~” She squirted for several seconds before collapsing onto the bed.

Orion swiftly caught her before she went unconscious.

In another room,

Elysia was dressed in a similar, colourful maid's attire. Her long skirt and stockings were torn from behind, and her panties had been shifted to the side as Orion plunged his throbbing veiny penis deep into her from behind.

She had been the one to suggest the matching maid outfits for Merida and Maya to enhance their intimate session. Besides, wearing costumes during their private moments was a common occurrence in Orion's household, so much so that they even held official themed events around it.

PAAHH~~ PAHHH~~

Elysia felt the same way as Merida and Maya. However, her perspective was uniquely shaped by her upbringing. She was trained from birth as a servant in the former Prismerion royal castle and had been devoted to serving the Queen and her family.

Even after becoming engaged to Orion and bearing his children, her deep-rooted instincts and discipline never faded. Though being a maid in the traditional sense was new to her, taking care of Crystalia remained a high priority, of course, only second to Orion and their children.

She carried this steadfast temperament into Orion's household. Alongside several others who shared a similar sense of duty, she helped maintain and manage the vast estate, even though, with their powers, such tasks could be completed in an instant.

In terms of beauty, there were several women from her own race who surpassed her—ranging from mature, queenly figures to the most delicate and enchanting, such as Selene, Seraphina, Crystalia, Merida, and Maya. Even beyond them, she couldn't compare to her sisters from other races, whose exotic features and divine lineage included ancient goddesses whose beauty had been perfected without a single blemish.

As for strength, though Orion's Divine Family appeared ethereal and awe-inspiring from the outside, the truth within was more complex. Every woman in the household was a divine being, and many of the children they had birthed were born with immense divine potential. In such a place, it was inevitable that some would be considered mediocre in strength or even fall further below that line.

Even her Divine Mandates, which should have easily bridged the gap in strength, couldn't provide the edge she hoped for, as the others possessed equally powerful artefacts and blessings to enhance their own power. Even if she ascended to true godhood, the difference would remain unless she experienced something extraordinary.

Because of this, she never saw the need to compete. And truthfully, there was no reason to. The household welcomed her wholeheartedly and treated her no differently than the others, regardless of strength or prestige.

In truth, despite all of this, she was satisfied.

Yet, there was nothing else she wanted even more than to have Orion crave her than he craved others in the households despite her inability to compete with them.

"AUhh~~" Elysia moaned loudly as Orion massaged the sensitive areas of her small, perky breasts while continuously plunging his scorching, engorged shaft into her womb.

PAHH~~ PAAHH~~

It was only at this moment that she could see her dream unravelling and becoming a reality.

She didn't want it to end.

At least not until she was satisfied.

In a room beside it,

Crystalia lay calmly on Orion's chest on the wide queen-sized bed, sensual fluids scattered across the rough sheets.

After a day-long intimate session, they shared various conversations as Orion demonstrated his abilities and the various items he had obtained from the Spirit Realm, diving deeper into his new perceptions of the world after ascending to true godhood.

Despite her mischievous behaviour, Crystalia had once been groomed to serve as queen of the former Prismerion Kingdom. This had earned her a fierce demeanour.

So when confronted with a level of power far beyond mortal imagination, and even considered mythical by divine beings, achieved by someone close to her, she was eager to unravel its secrets, even though she knew she would soon attain that level of power herself.

As her mother always said, learning and preparing for the future was far better than going blind.

In another room,

Selene lay in Orion's embrace on the bed, dressed in sensual black lace underwear that emphasised her mature, shapely figure. Faint traces of breastmilk lingered on her voluptuous breasts, displaying evident signs of their recent intimate session.

After their intimate session, they had spent hours in deep discussion about Orion's newfound abilities as a true god and his plans for the Spirit Beasts' migration into Paradise.

They even mischievously spied on some of the intimate moments shared by the women in the household, including Crystalia, her daughter, before willingly surrendering themselves to sleep.

Yet divines didn't need to sleep, and this was even truer for a true god like Orion.

Selene had suggested this: the simple, mundane act of falling asleep like a mortal couple after a long day so she could wake up cradled in Orion's arms.

To her, it was a way of internalising that she and Orion could now spend unlimited time together, free from any interference from her sisters. Orion had no objections and happily went along with it.

Currently, his partner's happiness and satisfaction are his top priorities.

In another room,

The room was awash with a cascade of crimson hair, floating and swirling gently as it moved from one corner to another. All of it was connected to a single source—Lyra.

“No, Ursa, don’t look at me~~” Lyra called out, her voice teasing.

However, her tone and expression betrayed her words; a sly smile curved her lips, and her eyes burned with alluring fervent desire.

Suspended by her own crimson locks, her limbs were bound and stretched wide, her legs spread apart, her arms pulled sideways, held captive by the silky strands that entwined her completely.

Orion used his divine power to grip the crimson restraints binding Lyra’s limbs as he stood before her, thrusting his hips forward and back with a steady rhythm.

Behind him, Ursa clung tightly to his body, her eyes narrowing into a sharp, twitching glare aimed at Lyra, struggling to suppress her irritation. All three were naked, enveloped by the swirling torrent of suspended crimson hair.

“I want you to make sure she doesn’t wake up for the next three hours,” Ursa said firmly, fully aware that her mother’s words were meant to taunt her.

Coming from someone as mischievous and lecherous as her, such a statement was as shameless as a starving man loudly declaring he wasn’t hungry while piling his plate high.

She had no shame at all.

Unfortunately, Ursa hadn't inherited her mother's shamelessness; instead, she fought back to defend her own dignity.

"I plan on doing exactly that," Orion replied, nodding approvingly at Ursa's words. Then, turning to Lyra, he smirked, "You really are naughty," meeting her lecherous, fervent gaze without hesitation.

He pulled out without hesitation and swiftly turned her around, her face pressed against the ground and her back exposed to them. Gripping the crimson hair tighter, he pulled it further, causing Lyra's legs to spread wider.

The outline of her flooded pussy, and her glistening blackhole became clearly visible, making his throbbing shaft twitch and grow even harder than before.

But he didn't stop there. Using his divine power, he manipulated the hair, binding it snugly around Lyra's enormous breasts, which had grown fuller from her continuous childbirth.

"HAH! You both are ganging up on me. Don't you have no shame doing this to the older person in the room?!" Lyra screamed, her voice tinged with amusement

Orion's hand came down gently on her large, voluptuous buttocks, the flesh rippling like waves beneath his palm.

"You truly need to be punished," he said with a teasing tone.

He then handed the strands of crimson hair tied around her breasts to Ursa, who took control with a sly smile.

Without hesitation, Orion stepped forward once more, thrusting his hardened, throbbing shaft deep into Lyra's wet, narrow pussy.

"AHHH~~" Lyra moaned loudly, her voice raw with abandon as she felt the fierce intensity of Orion's thrusts.

Her pussy juices spilt freely, outlining her glistening labia and serving as a slick coating for his hardened, veiny shaft, dripping down to stain the floor beneath them.

Though the scene might elicit confusion or shock in any unsuspecting onlooker, these hours were some of the most exhilarating moments in the lives of Lyra, Orion, and Ursa.

Chapter 1348: All Their Ecstasy(3)**

In another room,

"Haven't I told you all before? No matter what form you choose, as long as it makes you happy, I am happy too. I want to see you reach your full potential and surpass it. That's why I've put myself through all these trials and tribulations. You hold an unshakable place in my heart," Orion said.

"Of course, that doesn't mean you can pick a form so unfamiliar that I wouldn't recognise you." He finished with a chuckle as he glanced at Celia, who had chosen to return to her elderly form.

Her ears had transformed into orange, fur-covered appendages resembling those of a magical beast.

After her ascension, Celia had fully unlocked her shapeshifting transformation gift. She could now shift not only into a ten-tailed fox but also into a giant hawk-like bird of prey bearing the same number of tails and even a mole-like beast with ten powerful limbs and tails.

As a divine being, Celia could freely utilise the abilities of each form as divine skills without needing to fully transform. Moreover, she had gained the ability to merge traits from all three forms, creating entirely new magical beast transformations that embodied her evolving power.

Due to her shapeshifting transformation abilities, Celia surprisingly became one of the goddesses with immense potential, as her various abilities could transform into special true god skills, potentially rivalling even those of the transcendent Spirit Beasts.

Celia lay in a sheer white one-piece nightwear, its fabric stretched thin over the contours of her body.

The holes around her chest revealed two large, sagging breasts that spilt gently to the sides of the bed. Her skin was smooth, with only faint wrinkles tracing the edges of her face and limbs.

Another opening in the nightwear exposed her swollen pussy lips, framed by patches of white pubic hair.

Orion's semen dripped slowly from her narrow slit lips, pooling in a slick puddle beneath her.

Despite reverting to her older form, her body radiated a glow that surpassed mortal beauty. She carried an undeniable aura of maturity and ethereal beauty that could make even lesser divines, limited by narrower worldviews, pause and bow their heads in reverence.

“I knew you would say something like that, and you did not disappoint,” Celia responded with a light chuckle. “I must have inherited all the good luck of the women in my family to have you as my husband. If I had known I would end up with you, I would have worried less and lived happily until the day we met.”

Back then, she had come together with Ingrid and the others so they could afford to rent a place to stay and not starve to death.

Because of this, they had plenty to eat and shared freely with Celeste and several other neighbours who were also living poorly.

At that time, she had sighted Orion a few times, especially whenever she returned from work. He was a shy and timid young man who couldn't speak to her without lowering his head to the ground.

She hadn't seen it as a flaw but, in fact, enjoyed it because of the Village's tradition. She would rather speak with someone shy than with others who made no effort to hide their disgust when discussing matters with her.

After he lost his memories, she worried that he would change. However, her fears were for nought, as what she feared did not transpire. Rather than being timid and shy, Orion instead looked at her boldly and spoke to her freely, with a fiery gaze that could only be seen when a young man stared at a beautiful young woman or someone his own age.

But she dismissed it at the time, thinking he was just trying to remember who she was.

She was also eager to help him recover his memories, knowing that not remembering would mean he might assimilate the habits of his peers, which would force her to reduce or outright stop communication with him.

This was why she had allowed him to penetrate her during that meeting. His aggressiveness had taken her by surprise, and at that time, she saw it through the lens of Orion being more accepting of her despite losing his memories.

She didn't want to be disappointed and gave him her all. After all, she couldn't even afford kushi with this wrinkled, aged body of hers.

It was only soon after that she uncovered his determined care for her through her pregnancy. To this day, that moment still feels like a dream to her.

Perhaps that was why she couldn't think the way Crystalia, Meave, and the others did about Orion being a lecherous and possessive man.

If he weren't, would she have gotten a chance to have his heart like the rest of her sisters?

Would she even have had a chance to catch a glimpse of his shadow if he didn't possess those traits, the way he took her by the waist, penetrated her with his throbbing, veiny shaft, caressed her body, and showed her what it meant to be a woman?

Celia knew the truth—it was because of those very things that Orion had seen her as every other woman, and she had managed to secure a place in his heart.

She might become jealous at times, but that was perfectly natural and only served to solidify their growing love for each other.

If Orion wanted to build a household filled with any woman he set his eyes on, she would gladly support him. Instead, he took his time to select future companions in a way that didn't inconvenience the household, making them part of the major decisions on who was welcomed or not.

Even went as far as to directly refuse relationships with ancient goddesses for their sake and for his children.

If certain individuals had heard her thoughts, they might have told her she had an inferiority complex.

After all, she was one of the most anticipated goddesses; others were waiting to see her ascend to true godhood. But she didn't see it that way. She was simply stating facts.

This was why she reverted to her aged form, just to see his reaction.

And Orion wasn't disappointed.

Celia could still see the burning desire in his eyes, a fire that hadn't been there when she was in her much younger form.

He claimed he looked at her the same way, but as his wife, she could clearly see the difference.

Her husband was far naughtier than she had ever imagined. No woman, young or old, was spared from his hands.

And this was why she desired to remain in this form. After all, as a divine being, outward appearance didn't matter—only their divine soul and essence did.

A few of her sisters who had gone through similar experiences held very different thoughts.

Celia was beyond satisfied with her current life. Now that Orion had ascended to the level of true god, she could have him entirely to herself without interruption from her sisters.

It felt more like a dream that she knew she would need time to grow accustomed to.

Celia wrapped her plump legs around Orion's waist and whispered, "Let's go for another round."

Orion nodded, a bright smile spreading across his face. He hadn't unleashed his overwhelming skills repeatedly as he had with many others with his aged wives. Instead, he took his time to satisfy their hunger slowly, deeply, and with care.

He grabbed her waist and turned her to the side. Then, he lifted her left leg, resting it freely over his right shoulder. At the centre of her lower back, ten furred tails were trapped within the sheer white fabric of her one-piece nightwear.

Orion reached behind and gripped the panty section of her nightwear, tearing it off to free the ten tails, allowing them to flow freely in the air. He stroked them gently, eliciting a soft moan from Celia's parted lips.

Then, he raised his hand and gently brought it down against her voluptuous, wrinkled buttocks, which rippled upon impact like waves. He then aligned his scorching, throbbing shaft with her narrow pussy.

“aUHH~~” Celia moaned loudly and unrestrained, her tongue dangling outside her mouth. Her eyes rolled back and forth, her expression filled with ecstasy as she felt Orion’s veiny shaft deep within her hairy dripping wet pussy.

Her body trembled with each movement as Orion began thrusting in and out.

Pahh~~ Pahh~~~

Orion leaned in, sealing her lips with a kiss. His other hand grasped her sagging breasts, massaging them gently and igniting the sensitive areas around them.

Pahh~~ Pahh~~

“Auhh~~ AUHH~~” Celia moaned continuously with each thrust, her mind and body writhing in a blend of peace and pleasure under Orion’s relentless assault.

She wished this moment could last forever.

The craziest part was— it would.

In another room,

Unlike the others, the space here was sealed off, enclosed within an ocean stretching for hundreds of millions of kilometres with no land in sight.

At the centre of this incomprehensible vastness sat a gigantic Orion, naked, using the endless ocean as his seat.

Chapter 1349: All Their Ecstasy(4)**, Characteristics Of The Iyria Energy

His legs plunged deep into the water, stirring waves that rippled endlessly into the distance.

Amidst the waves, an equally gigantic form of a woman rose from the water. Her body was as blue and transparent as the vast ocean itself, as though she were made entirely of water.

She was unclothed, with only torrents of water sliding down her form like a waterfall, highlighting the contours of her voluptuous body and transforming them into an awe-inspiring structure seemingly embedded into nature itself.

This entity was none other than Vivian; her gift allowed her to transform into a water humanoid impervious to most physical and elemental attacks.

Yet, after reaching a certain level of power and ascending into divinity, her gift now encompassed the entire domain of water itself, much like Fifi and Ayla, who also shared similar water-based gifts but manifested them in different forms.

“Are you done resting?” Orion asked with a smile.

Vivian stood upright and looked at him.

“Yes. I will definitely last longer this time around,” she replied with a confident smile, then stepped forward.

She arrived before Orion. Her watery form shifted, transforming into a familiar physical shape that revealed her aged features as she settled over his legs. Only the lower parts of her legs, below the knees, remained in their fluid form, melding seamlessly with the water.

Her perky, round breasts didn’t sag but pressed firmly against Orion’s muscular chest. Her buttocks were smooth, with little to no wrinkles. Her appearance resembled that of a beautiful older woman, carrying the voluptuous figure of youth in all the right places.

She wrapped her arms around Orion’s shoulders, pressing her chest firmly against his. Her erect nipples lightly tickled his skin. She asked curiously, “How are the others?”

“Some are as proactive as you. Others want to rest or do other things after the first round,” Orion replied, sharing what the rest of her sisters were up to. He slid his hand around her waist, then stretched it downward to grab a handful of her smooth, firm buttocks.

Unlike Celia and a few others, Vivian had chosen the best of both worlds.

Orion wasn’t a man with a single taste; he was attracted to whichever form they chose to take, as long as they still remained themselves.

Vivian nodded in understanding.

“I think the baby will be here soon. We should finish this quickly so we can prepare.” Despite her words, she began to gyrate her waist, sensing the tension between Orion’s legs.

“You’re growing much naughtier than I imagined,” Orion said, raising a hand to gently slap her ass cheeks.

The ripples it created were mesmerizing.

“It’s your fault for knowing how to take care of me. How could I say no to another round? If I could obtain a divine archetype like you and Aurora, then perhaps I could be of more help to you once I ascend to true godhood,” Vivian responded, tilting her head back and locking her gaze with Orion’s.

Her breath hitched as she felt Orion’s hardened, throbbing shaft graze her pulsing pussy.

“You might not awaken a divine archetype, but with the Iyria heart, you and the others already possess a unique physique. It simply needs time to develop,” Orion said, easing her worries.

Though all of his wives had extremely emotional sides when they chose to reveal them, Vivian was among the few who possessed a deeper emotional nature than the others.

If it weren’t for her close to a century of experience, he guessed she would be the kind of younger woman who took any little occurrence around her to heart.

When they were purged of the Vylkr energy, their Vylkr hearts transformed into Iyria's heart, allowing them to generate this energy independently.

Even without any effort, the Iyria heart constantly nourished their bodies, cleansing them of all impurities and enhancing their physiques. In time, their bodies alone would become a nemesis to the Vylkr energy or any other opposing forces, such as a divine being controlling curses or other malevolent powers.

This was simply the characteristic nature of the Iyria energy.

Those who utilized Vylkr containers, which were combined into one Iyria core, could also experience it, but only on a slightly lesser scale, except himself.

Previously, he could activate the Vylkr warrior mode, directly enhancing his strength and breaking limits against stronger opponents. The more Vylkr containers he formed, the more potent the Vylkr energy became, extending its duration and directly increasing his strength, breaking his limits once more and propelling him to the next level.

However, he had been unable to put all of this to the test because he had shot from the 7th-order demigod directly to true godhood. He had now lost the ability to instinctively activate his ferocious Vylkr warrior mode.

However, the Iyria energy was several times more powerful, increasing on a logarithmic scale.

He understood that comparing his current strength to his past self was pointless, as the differences were vast. He was infinitely stronger than his former self.

He could estimate that his women were a hundred thousand times stronger than their former selves; they were far stronger than others on the same level.

The strength of a divine being was tied to the laws they had comprehended and their divine lineage, such as the offspring of an ancient divine being, or a second generation divine and others.

Though a divine being could naturally produce divine energy from their cells alone, as was also true for the Iyria energy, the Iyria heart could serve as its own independent generator.

Though the Village's unique power system would serve as Paradise's core system, just because it was no longer the Vylkr energy and didn't require star potential to practice, that didn't make it any easier.

It was also stronger than divine energy, designed to compete with primordial energy but still slightly behind since it could only serve as a boost for primordial energy.

Orion still needed to develop techniques to safely dilute Iyria energy for mortal use. It also required some restructuring to accommodate other races and energies, creating a system that led all the way to divinity so they could try either path and choose what suited them best.

Beyond that, there were still many other things he needed to do to ensure that the Paradise Realm could rival the main cosmic structure, the Spirit Realm, and other cosmic structures in existence.

In time, he would no longer need to act but leave it to them to adapt and see what wonders they would create.

In the distant future, the Paradise Realm may develop a unique power cap at each level, unlike anything in the outside world, as its power system evolves.

Orion was responsible for the wisps of White Flame within his wives' Iyria hearts. This link to his divine archetype allowed them to ascend through divinity more easily and without obstacles.

If they could harness it, they might awaken its cleansing and rebirth properties. This could be further amplified by the Iyria energy, creating a formidable power.

"I can't hold on any longer. Put it in!" Vivian said, her body twitching with pleasure.

A pool of her womanly juices spilt onto Orion's veiny shaft, rubbing the sensitive edges of her wet pussy lips before sliding down into the ocean.

She pushed her back, landing gently on the water's surface. Her arms stretched wide, gripping the waves as though they were a piece of cloth, with her waist resting atop Orion's thigh and her legs spread wide. His erect, veiny shaft throbbed just above her dripping wet pussy.

Orion leaned forward, sealing her lips with a kiss before trailing his tongue down to lick around her enormous, perky breasts. Then he descended further below, his tongue y twirling around her dripping wet pussy.

He wasn't going to penetrate her just yet.

In another room,

Orion lay bare on a spacious king-sized bed. Before him sat Ingrid, who had returned to her aged form; slight wrinkles edged her face and limbs, and her enormous breasts sagged.

Yet her skin still possessed a radiant glow. Unlike the others, she had chosen this form specifically for this occasion and planned to switch back to her much younger appearance whenever she wished. After all, who would want to remain in such an aged form permanently?

It was only useful activities during their intimate activities so they could playfully relive the moments when they had first met. And to look much wiser to the others – with age comes wisdom.

Ingrid's feet wrapped around Orion's hardened, veiny shaft, rubbing and pressing their textured skin against him.

Suddenly, Orion's veiny shaft throbbed.

"I'm cumming," he announced.

Instantly, a shot of semen burst from his shaft, staining her feet.

Ingrid brought her feet to her mouth, tasting the semen. She then scooped some with her hands and rubbed it against her wet pussy.

Her thighs were stained with semen, as was the sheet beneath them.

“Delicious. Let’s go again,” she commanded.

Chapter 1350: All Their Ecstasy(5)**, Orion’s Favourites

This time, her feet traced along the tip of his still hardened shaft and his balls.

“Don’t hold back, husband. Cum for me,” she added, her fingers still lingering within her pussy. Semen dripped from her parted lips, showing a vivid display of their debauchery.

In a distant location,

An island covered with a grassland floated in the midst of a cosmic sky.

There was a bed in the middle of the island.

A beautiful young woman lay upon it. She wore a black one-piece nightgown, its upper and lower regions torn, revealing her proud breasts, flat tummy, curvaceous waist, and full, round buttocks that pressed firmly into the bed beneath her. Her skin was flawless, without a single wrinkle.

Her youthful glow rivalled even Reena’s, yet it carried a subtle hint of maturity that gave her a unique aura.

This was none other than Derry.

Unlike the others, she had chosen to remain in her younger form. She didn't see the need to return to her older self. To her, the others had reverted to that form because it was one they had long grown comfortable with or for whatever personal reasons they chose.

Derry breathed heavily, her expression weary with a trace of defeat as she stared up at Orion lying over her. Her body glistened with sweat.

Derry gasped for breath and said, "I give up. You won."

Orion smiled mischievously.

"What's funny?" Derry asked, staring at him warily.

"You said you would only accept defeat when I could make your voice resonate across the cosmic sky of this universe and beyond, across other universes. That you would expect no less from me now that I've become a true god," Orion replied.

Derry swallowed hard. She had said those words, but only because she wanted Orion to unleash a portion of his improved techniques right then, unable to wait for her own ascension to true godhood.

She hadn't expected him to take her seriously.

Suddenly, fear gripped her.

Orion leaned in and sealed her lips with a kiss, snapping her out of her stunned silence.

“Wait! Let me tell you something! Let me tell you...” Derry began, sensing Orion’s pulsing, veiny shaft grazing against her lower pussy lips.

But before she could finish, a soft moan escaped her lips, “AUH~~.” Her lower body trembled under his touch, and her entire body shivered as he lowered his head, gently stroking her erect nipples with his wet tongue.

He massaged them tenderly before descending to activate the sensitive spots just below her breasts.

Orion grabbed both of her legs and hung them over his shoulders. After ensuring everything was perfectly positioned, he thrust his hips forward.

PAH~~ PAHH~~

Orion’s thighs slapped against her plump buttocks, sending ripples across her skin. His veiny shaft sank deep into her tight, slick pussy, sliding back slowly before plunging inward again with steady, powerful thrusts.

PAHH~~

“AUH~ I’ll get back at you when I ascend and become a true god! I’ll take you beyond creation and drain you until your fertility runs dry! You’ll be on your knees begging for mercy once I’m done with you~~ Uhhh~~” Derry moaned between her words.

Though she had no idea how she'd manage to drain Orion, given his tri-omni traits and boundless fertility, she believed it was possible if she mastered the right laws.

Deep down, she knew Orion wouldn't miss this chance to discipline her for the mischief she'd been causing around the household.

Nonetheless, the most important realization for her was that she now had Orion entirely to herself.

No one had come to interrupt them, and that would likely remain true from now on.

The rapid echoes of muffled words mixed with moans and of flesh slapping against flesh resonated across the cosmic expanse.

In another room,

Orion continued thrusting his rigid, veiny penis in and out of Meldra's narrow, fleshy depths.

Meldra had reverted to her older form. She wore an extremely short dress resembling maid attire, similar to Elysia's and the others'. She had overheard their earlier conversation and seized upon the idea, eager to try it in her own intimate session with Orion.

She was pleased that it had been a success.

Unlike the others, her dress didn't possess shoulder seams; its upper sides pulled taut against her flat tummy while her plump breasts sagged freely downward. The hem was so short that it rested just over the upper edges of her soft, rippling ass cheeks.

Her arms were pressed against the wall alongside Orion's as he plunged in and out of her from behind. Each collision sent waves of pleasure through her body, drawing moans from her lips.

"Uahh~~" She turned her head backwards, their lips meeting at irregular intervals as they explored each other intimately.

Two years! That was how long it had taken them to rise from poor, ordinary villagers at the bottom of society to the pinnacle of the cosmic scale among all of creation.

Even the divines would doubt such a story if they heard it.

Because even among divines, such a rise was nearly impossible; only on rare occasions, even among ancient divines with countless years of struggling through ascension and failure before reaching true godhood, could it happen. They often had to restart again and again.

Their relationship, which was once forbidden and scorned by all, had now grown into something envied by many, even among the ancient divines.

In another room,

Orion lay on the bed with two women seated atop him: Fifi and Tala.

Their bodies glistened with their mingled sweat.

Fifi clenched her muscular legs tightly around Orion's head, her wet hairy pussy pressed firmly against Orion's lips.

Orion licked and explored her pussy with his tongue, his face glistening with the remnants of her juices while the bed beneath was soaked.

Before her, Tala rode Orion's hardened, veiny penis, her lower body rising and falling with each deep thrust into her pussy, sending waves of pleasure rippling through her.

They hugged each other tightly for support.

Fifi's strong, voluptuous frame enveloped Tala's smaller form, their moans of pleasure mingling softly.

Tala had forged a strong bond with Fifi through her headstrong, fierce training and warrior spirit. Though she fit into the household, she preferred peace and solitude, mainly communicating with Fifi and a few others outside of the important household meetings.

Fifi, however, was one of the top-ranking women within the household due to her extensive experience accompanying Orion on his adventures and her strong position within his heart.

Orion had told them they all held equal standing within his heart, and they agreed this was true, but they knew these positions were divided into various positions, each with a few favourites.

Among the ancient goddesses, his favourites were Aurora and Aerialia. Among the Pixies, Whisperwing and Breezeflutter held that place. Among the women whose daughters were also his wives were Lyra and Selene.

Among their daughters, Crystalia and Ursa held their own ranks. Among the younger women were Sura, Ursa, and Tala. The mature women included Fifi, Greta, and Ayla. The aged women comprised Celia, Derry, and Vivian.

Among the concubines, Shani and Selene held their spots. And among the most peaceful were Fiona, Elysia, Shani, Anara, Saria, and Malaia.

Among the most respected are Celeste, Reena, Anara, Greta, Aurora and Aerialia. Among his blood family all were included.

The more positions one held, the higher their standing was among the other sisters within Orion's heart.

They didn't feel saddened for not being part of the favourites; instead, they took pride in claiming a special share of their husband's heart above all others.

Those without positions strived to claim one. Those who already held positions worked to maintain them and sought to acquire more to elevate their standing or risk being dethroned by others.

It had become the unspoken competition throughout the entire household.

Though they were all sisters and bore no ill will toward each other, they were eager to compete and see who was the best among them all.

However, these were only the positions they had uncovered so far from their husband. They were certain more would be revealed as time passed.

The trio continued to indulge in their pleasure, ignoring the outside world.

In another room,

Three individuals indulged once more in a passion of pleasure. They were Ayla, Greta, and Orion. They were all naked.

The floor beneath the bed had transformed into a vast expanse of water, and the ceiling above was a starry night sky filled with countless stars.

Orion continuously plunged into Ayla, who lay on the bed before him, while Greta was behind him, her arms roaming his body and activating the arousal points along his skin.

Due to Orion's physiology, now a mystery even she, with the help of her gift, couldn't fully uncover, she relied on her previous knowledge of Orion to stimulate him.

With so much stimulation coming from both before and behind, Orion climaxed.

"I'm cumming." Orion ejaculated deep within Ayla's wet pussy.

“AHHHH~~” Ayla screamed out in pleasure, her waist arching upwards, her eyes and head rolling back.