

Village Head 1351

Chapter 1351: All Their Ecstasy(6)**, Orion's Paradise!

Her body twitched with pleasure. However, because Orion had erased his fertility from his semen, it was pretty ordinary and brought no changes.

Her toes curled upwards. She squirted fiercely, drenching the bed.

Ayla was the top squirter within the household.

She collapsed on the bed tiredly. Her lips broke into a wide smile as she placed her hand over her forehead, withdrew her legs and turned to the side of the bed.

Orion turned around, grabbed Greta, and gently pushed her onto the bed.

Knowing that her time had come, Greta clenched the sheets and spread her legs apart, wrapping them around Orion's waist.

Orion leaned in and kissed her lips, his hand caressing her arms, down to her armpits and toned belly, before gripping her waist firmly.

Within seconds, he adjusted his position and thrust forward.

Pahh~~

“Mmmh~~” Greta moaned uncontrollably as she felt Orion thrust deep, his length reaching the entrance of her womb.

Across Paradise, Orion and his wives were engaged in various acts of debauchery, some so intense that onlookers could only gape in disbelief.

Others would quickly avert their eyes, blushing as they hurried away, desperate not to imprint such carnal scenes into their memory.

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The morning light shone through the open windows of an enormous mansion, illuminating a room filled with children who appeared to be around two to two and a half years old.

Orion stood at the centre, barefoot, with an apron tied around his waist and a squirming Fiora strapped to his arm.

He cradled her twin brother, Ivan, who was gnawing on a glowing chunk of cloud as if it were candy.

As a true god, creation was literally at his fingertips, so conjuring a cotton candy-like cloud on a whim wasn't even a challenge.

He had terminated all of his clones and now used his manifestations to watch over the children, as they were no different from him and far more efficient.

“Grace!” Orion called, narrowing his eyes at his firstborn, who was currently flying through one of the open windows with Astraëa clinging to her back.

Liora flew beside her, wings fully spread. Her wings were milky white and pulsed with Iyria energy.

“Sorry, Daddy,” Grace said meekly, flipping mid-air to gently lower Astraëa onto the wide, fluffy mat.

Beneath the shade of a floating tree on their veranda, Luna was reading to Maeve and Aneira. However, it was unclear who was teaching whom, as Luna’s book had transformed into a sentient book spirit and was now tiredly scolding them for mispronouncing the runes incorrectly.

A short distance away, Alden and Nash were in the midst of a sparring match with wooden blades coated in Iyria energy. Behind them, Ragnar was mimicking their every move. He tripped over his own feet but was too determined to stop.

“Don’t destroy the veranda again!” Orion shouted at them.

“We won’t!” they responded loudly at the same time.

Just then, Nash slipped, accidentally driving his wooden sword into the stony wall at the edge of the veranda.

Lysander, Keira, and Jasmire were choreographing a dance on a raised wooden platform within the room.

Nearby, Remy and Milo sat cross-legged, building miniature sculptures of themselves out of enchanted clay that Celeste had left for the children to play with. Milo kept shyly glancing toward his sisters, then quickly looking away every time they giggled at him.

Not far off, Thalia and Oriana were seated on the fluffy mat, creating bracelets for themselves. Suddenly, Oriana paused and turned toward Orion.

“Daddy, we need more pink!” she announced loudly.

“Pink, what?” Orion asked, raising a brow.

“Pink everything!”

“Got it,” Orion nodded in understanding.

With a thought, he conjured a bowl filled with glowing pink precious stones and gently dropped it in the centre of their little gathering.

“Thank you,” they said simultaneously.

Behind the floating tree, Jasper was attempting to fly using handcrafted clay wings. Yara and Astrid stood beside him, acting as both cheerleaders and occasional saboteurs by channelling small gusts of wind in his direction.

“You’ll never be able to fly like Grace and Liora unless Daddy gives you a flying technique,” Yara said sharply.

Orion was keeping an eye on them as well, but his attention was soon drawn toward the kitchen.

“Orion Junior!” Orion shouted, catching his ninth son sneaking cookies from the cupboard. Beneath him were Bara and Kimaya, holding him up.

“That’s your third raid this morning.”

Orion Junior grumbled, “I’m growing.”

Bara rolled her eyes. “You can’t think of a better excuse?”

Kimaya let go of his leg and stepped aside. They knew their father was watching now, so there was no point in trying to be sneaky anymore.

With a thought, Orion gently caught Orion Junior in mid-air before he could fall and placed him softly on the tiled floor.

BOOM!!

A minor explosion rippled out from the main room.

Orion turned to see Fiora and Ivan, who had been playing with an alchemy pot, accidentally mix explosive ingredients.

A burst of glowing bubbles erupted, spreading across the room.

The bubbles almost reached the rest of the children before Orion blocked them with a thought.

“I’ll get it!” Niamh said, rushing forward with a protective bubble-like shield wrapped around her body.

Orion sighed.

Another Orion stepped out from him and gently picked up Remy and Milo, who had started crying from the loud noise. “Shh... Daddy will keep you safe,” he whispered softly.

Orion pondered if he had been too rash by using his powers to facilitate his children’s growth.

Suddenly, a chorus of loud wails echoed from upstairs, signalling that the rest of his younger children were now awake.

Despite the noise and chaos, his expression softened.

“Alright, everyone, who wants to hear Daddy’s next story?” He asked.

While he took care of the others upstairs, he figured he might as well calm those already awake.

More than a dozen hands shot into the air.

“MEEE!!” the children screamed in unison.

Orion sat down on the fluffy mat in the centre of the room.

The other walked away to calm down Remy and Milo.

The children walked, crawled, flew, and ran toward him, each trying to reach him first. Within moments, they had all gathered around.

Orion smiled warmly. At that moment, he knew he hadn’t made the wrong choice in life.

This was his eternity. They were his Paradise.

“I’ll tell you the story,” he began, “of the day I went to rescue a princess and her entire race from a big, bad villain... and how he almost won.”

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Three days later,

Isadora had ascended to true godhood.

“How do you feel?” Orion asked, walking toward her with Isori in his arms.

Isadora had undergone a stunning transformation during her ascension, much like he had.

Her black hair had grown to twice her height, hovering weightlessly around her and shimmering like the dark cosmic night. Her irises had transformed into gleaming, leaf-shaped patterns. Her four ears had doubled in size, and her skin now radiated with a brilliant sheen.

Her attire had changed into a majestic green armour embedded with glowing stars and intertwining roots and clouds arranged in a unique formation. Draped over it was a matching cloak bearing a similar design.

Floating above her head was a crown-like structure formed from green stars and roots, while a radiant halo hovered behind her, radiating an intense light capable of disorienting even an average divine being.

Orion noted that every true god naturally manifested a halo upon their ascension.

He also understood that Isadora couldn't have consciously designed such detailed divine garb immediately after ascending. Most likely, her current form was a near-perfect reflection of what their original creator might have once resembled.

However, Orion could sense that her abilities as a true god were still developing since her foundation for ascension had been built through his fertility and their unborn child. Additionally, the racial abilities of the four-eared elves were inherently passive rather than offensive.

Until she mastered a Law, which would be much easier now, given her current level of power, she could only remain within Paradise, serving as a deterrent against any true god attempting to breach its boundaries.

If taken outside of Paradise, she would be vulnerable against other true gods.

Isori was now awake, staring at Isadora with wide, curious eyes.

"I feel better. I can also see and sense things much more clearly," Isadora said, looking at her transformed body before turning to Orion with a smile.

Orion nodded. "Can you return to your previous form?" he asked.

Isadora nodded. If it weren't for Orion's aid, the divine pressure she radiated would have alerted every being residing within the cosmic trees.

A veil of radiant light briefly enveloped her before fading away.

Isadora had reverted to her previous form, dressed once again in her leaf-crafted dress.

The overwhelming divine aura was now hidden as she no longer radiated the presence of a true god but that of a mortal.

“Mummy is now a true god,” Isadora said gently, smiling as she took Isori from Orion’s hands.

Chapter 1352: Paradise’s Divine Forces

Isori chuckled in her mother’s arms, muttering babyish words in response.

“I can understand her... slightly,” Isadora said, her brows lifting in surprise as she looked up at Orion.

“It’ll make more sense once you’ve gotten used to it,” Orion replied.

Since everything within creation was laid bare before the eyes of a true god, and with Isadora’s full awakening of her heritage after ascending, it wouldn’t be long before she could clearly hear the voices of the trees and nature itself speaking directly to her.

Isadora nodded. “Should we head out now?” she asked, narrowing her gaze toward the distant horizon where Orion, Ilse, and the others undergoing their resurrection were located.

Orion shook his head. “Let’s wait for the rest of the family. They’ll be giving birth soon and ascending to true godhood also. In the meantime, I can help you better grasp control over your abilities,” he replied.

Isadora nodded in understanding.

Since Orion was there with them, there was no need for her to worry. If something arose that Orion couldn’t handle, then she likely wouldn’t be able to either.

Orion walked to the edge of the door and gestured for her to follow.

A soft, fluffy mat materialized on the grass just outside the door.

They both sat on it.

“Let’s begin,” Orion said as he started teaching Isadora how to wield her newfound power.

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Before the fifth day, every one of Orion’s wives delivered safely, one after another. Even Evaline, who had become pregnant much later than the others, was able to accelerate her delivery with Orion’s assistance.

At her request, Orion hastened the growth of the baby within her womb. He understood that she didn't want to be left behind by her sisters, especially since she had joined the family much later.

He impregnated her once more, tying the process to her ascent into true godhood.

The only one he hadn't interfered with was Zymera. As a Spirit Beast and a being birthed from an entirely different cosmic structure, her case was unique. This was Orion's first time handling a divine half-human, half-spirit beast pregnancy.

Even with his current level of power, he couldn't fully comprehend the necessary procedures for the child to develop safely. Not wanting to risk harming Zymera or their children, he decided to allow the pregnancy to proceed naturally.

Soon after, as his wives held their newborns, Orion realized something strange, he was no longer able to interfere with their pregnancies at all.

It was a strange phenomenon that even Aerialia couldn't explain.

She had told him that it was only natural that no one, not even a true god, could interfere with the pregnancy of another true god. To attempt to control with the unborn child of a true god, one would first need to fully master a Law of fertility.

But even then, that mastery would only allow interaction, not control. No one could forcibly induce the birth of a true god's unborn child.

Aerialia further explained that true gods often find it difficult to conceive due to the great Mystery surrounding their divine bodies.

The stronger the true god, the greater the Mystery they possessed, and the more difficult it became for them to become pregnant.

Even a true god who had fully mastered the Law of Fertility still had to rely on chance to impregnate another true god.

Moreover, because Orion's wives had become anomalies through his influence, their bodies now possessed an even greater Mystery than true gods.

She also added that if other true gods ever discovered that his unique physique not only allowed his wives to ascend to true godhood but also enabled him to impregnate them in that state, while his only concern was being unable to temper with the unborn child, they would likely demand his head or seize him as a breeder.

Because of this, this secret must never be revealed, not even within the Spirit Realm. If it were, his life could be in danger.

Orion kept her advice close to his heart. He wondered if he could control their pregnancies if he released his anomalous nature. He didn't attempt such during such a delicate moment but kept the matter at the back of his mind to look into later.

The fourth person to ascend to true godhood was Aerialia. In order not to make her feel left out after her mother's and 'sisters' ascension, Aurora ascended to true godhood as well.

The sixth person to ascend to true godhood was Reena. The seventh was Celeste. The eighth was Gina. The ninth was Greta. The tenth was Anara. The eleventh was Fifi. The twelfth was Sura. The thirteenth was Ursa. The fourteenth was Lyra. The fifteenth was Saria. The sixteenth was Celia.

The seventeenth was Vivian. The eighteenth was Crystalia. The nineteenth was Dariya. The twentieth was Malaia. The twenty-first was Merida. The twenty-second was Maya. The twenty-third was Serafina. The twenty-fourth was Fiona.

The twenty-fifth was Derry. The twenty-sixth was Willow. The twenty-seventh was Whisperwing. The twenty-eighth was Breezeflutter. The twenty-ninth was Meave. The thirtieth was Ingrid.

The thirty-first was Meldra. The thirty-second was Ayla. The thirty-third was Shani. The thirty-fourth was Selene. The thirty-fifth was Evaline.

In a mere five days, thirty-five goddesses within Paradise had ascended to true godhood.

Yet no one knew.

After ascending to divinity, though not yet having mastered a Law to completion, and the transformation stage, Aerialia, with her vast repertoire of divine skills as an ancient goddess, could battle against a true god who had mastered a Law and even competently defeat them in battle.

Once she mastered her Laws to completion, it was uncertain whether even two true gods could defeat her.

It wasn't boastful to say that an ancient god who had mastered a Law to completion was equal to two or more true gods.

However, with the boost from the Iyria energy of the Primordial energy, Aurora could potentially become even stronger, making her far more powerful than an ancient true god.

Aurora had also become powerful now that she could freely utilize the Primordial energy. Due to her potent and unique skills, she was capable of holding her own against a true god.

With the boost from the Iyria energy, she could defeat a true god.

The potent and fierce nature of the Vylkr energy was one of the many things that had made her divine skills so powerful and destructive. Now that it had been converted into Iyria energy, she would also need time to transform her divine skills into ones suited for the calm and healing nature of the Iyria energy in order for her unique skills to be used more efficiently and competently.

Despite their opposite purposes, the Iyria and Vylkr energies were still ranked among the various energies, albeit at the extreme opposite ends of the spectrum.

Thus, changing one's divine skill to accommodate the other would drastically alter the skill's nature as well, unless one chose to rely solely on the Primordial energy.

In that case, it could accommodate any type of divine skill or technique and even empower them to become vastly stronger than the original.

Aurora's Divine Archetype had also evolved.

While Orion's divine archetype was tied to ascension, purification, rebirth, and the White Flame Cosmic Tree, Aurora's divine archetype was tied to the duality of extremes.

In other words, as long as one extreme existed, she could reproduce its opposite counterpart.

For example, with her divine archetype, Aurora could recreate the Vylkr energy from the Iyria energy. This also meant she was capable of creating the extreme opposites of other ranked energies as well.

She could create the extreme end of the Primordial energy, Divine energy, and the other ranked energies. However, her ability wasn't limited to energies alone; it also applied to artefacts and items.

The actual limits of her power were still unknown, but with her Tri-Omni traits, Orion dared to say it was near limitless. However, it was far too dangerous to explore this now, as she had yet to gain complete control over her newfound powers.

Meanwhile, Crystalia, Anara, and the others from the Prismers and Tree Nymphs possessed racial traits that could serve as special divine skills, allowing them to stand against a true god for a brief period.

Once they mastered a Law and gained more experience, they would be able to easily dominate a true god.

The only ones capable of dominating a true god without needing to master a Law were his human wives. Some of them, such as Derry and Celia, possessed the potential to go toe-to-toe with two true gods even without mastering a Law.

Their presence alone was enough to stabilise the surrounding cosmic structure.

Orion dared to believe that with enough experience, even confronting an ancient true god would not be beyond their reach. They were the only ones he dared to say didn't need to master a Law.

Orion admitted that though his gift was sufficient to battle a true god, if he didn't possess his divine archetype or the White Flame, his overall strength would be ranked much lower than theirs.

Chapter 1353: The weight of a true god

So they were the only ones he could take with him out of Paradise.

Their presence alone would make his safety all the more assured.

Orion pitied the poor souls, who thought they needed his protection.

They also grew even more beautiful after their ascension. Each possessed a distinct appearance of their own. Though there were slight similarities among members of the same race, except for the humans, of course.

This only further cemented Orion's assumptions about the races and their creators.

Just as they had hoped, they also acquired a Divine Archetype forged independently from the Iyria Heart and Core, which granted them new divine skills.

Orion pondered why he hadn't acquired any divine skills but soon realized it was due to the complexity of his own Divine Archetype. He needed to create divine skills that best suited his Archetype.

The same applied to Aurora. Though hers was more direct, its complexity lay in its usage. It was still unknown what the extreme end of the Primordial energy was—the foundational energy that underpinned all other forms of energy.

One thing they did know was that it would be foolish to allow such a powerful force to roam freely. So Aurora would have to actively harness it, creating divine skills in the process.

Orion had taken his newborns back to the universe he had reserved for raising his children. Though he was unsure how his wives' true godhood would affect their pregnancies, he still planned on having more children in the future.

After his decision with Aerialia and the experiment he carried out with the rest of his wives, he had already begun to delve into the Law of Fertility.

He doubted that he would be able to control their pregnancies even after he had mastered the Law to completion.

During this, Orion came to a realisation: why couldn't he master every Law in existence at the same time? He possessed omnipotence, omniscience, and omnipresence.

And yet, Orion found that he couldn't.

The Laws of the universe are countless and layered. Some are cosmic fundamentals, while others are localised or emergent. Mastering a Law doesn't just require knowledge; it demands an intimate connection with its essence, requiring concentrated divine will and energy.

Multitasking alone couldn't allow one to learn all Laws perfectly because some Laws inherently conflict with one another.

This limitation applied primarily to gods. Yet even with their partial tri-omni traits, the limitations fell short. They could create clones that independently mastered various Laws of the Universe, but it still required effort and precision.

However, this logic collapsed entirely when applied to true gods.

The real reason was this: every true god is enveloped in their own Mystery. This Mystery is a dense metaphysical core that reflects the depth of their understanding and essence.

The deeper a true god's Mystery becomes around a particular Law, the harder it is to forcibly master an opposing Law.

For example, a true god who embodies the Law of Fire and possesses a deep Mystery may be naturally rejected by the Law of Ice. Think of the Mystery as a gravitational field. The more unique a true god becomes, the harder it is for them to embody unrelated Laws.

Orion realised that this was the true reason why the corpse of an Omnithrialian was an ideal ingredient for developing new Mysteries. As a race created by the ancient gods while they were still in heaven—to interact with the universes—they were also the first and only beings to break into there.

Despite losing the war, they naturally embodied all the Laws, making them possess a profound Mystery that bordered on the edge of becoming a true Mystery itself.

Was this the reason why they had chosen to create a race that could not utilise any of the forms of energy?

Was this why their gifts could steadily increase without needing to master a specific Law, and even when they ascended to true godhood, they still possessed a more profound Mystery than an ordinary true god?

Because if it were, then it made sense! Some of their gifts were so complex that one could draw out numerous specific Laws just by observing them.

A single glance at Naka, Reynold, and a few others who had ascended to divinity was enough to see how the human race could dominate others of the same power level and strike fear into the hearts of the divines.

Any more of that would be enough to bring about the rise of another race rivalling the Omnithrialians, which was a development that would sooner or later lead to a similar war against the gods in heaven.

So, for the sake of safety and to prevent history from repeating itself, they had sealed off humanity's ancestral heritage. They ensured that their dimension remained mundane, preventing them from coming into contact with any form of energy or magic.

However, they had failed to account for one thing: the ancient gods would descend upon their own children in the future.

Even with all his current mental capabilities, Orion couldn't find a logical reason why the ancient gods had willingly let go of their undeniable strength and descended into the bodies of races they had constructed that barely met the standards of their former divine forms.

It was illogical.

That may have been a future the Omnithrialians couldn't foresee. Yet, they still had a countermeasure.

Once the barrier protecting their dimension was breached, their ancestral heritage awakened, and they regained the gifts to stand against the divines.

Orion pondered whether the birth of the Mysteries of the White Flame Cosmic Tree would increase the Mystery he embodied, since it was directly linked to him and under his control.

It should be.

Secondly, the universe—or an entire cosmic structure—is built upon a balancing mechanism.

It is otherwise known as the Defensive Law of the Universe, governed by the Mysteries. This mechanism acts as a metaphysical system of checks and balances, preventing any being from mastering every Law in existence simultaneously so as to avoid existential imbalance or outright destruction.

If a true god were to master all the Laws, they might transcend the cosmic structure, or even the Mysteries, entirely.

This would result in one of two outcomes: either they monopolise the entire cosmic structure, becoming a force of existence akin to the Mysteries themselves, or they are annihilated in the process.

Another possibility is that the true god would be forcibly expelled into the Endless Void. The Endless Void can best be described as the complete absence of existence. It is not simply a space. It is not chaotic like disorder.

It is a force of rejection—perfect absence. Silence without potential.

Every act of existence is, in itself, a declaration of defiance against the Endless Void. If a cosmic structure or Mysteries fails to uphold its order, it risks collapsing, creating a breach through which the Endless Void seeps in like a vacuum.

That is uncreation.

This is why the Wills of the Divine Mysteries are constantly working to enforce order and eliminate threats to prevent entropy from creating a passage for the Endless Void.

However, maintaining the stability of a cosmic structure is an arduous task for the Mysteries. ‘It’ cannot simultaneously hold back the Endless Void and ensure perfect internal stability.

This is why, despite the inherent risks they pose to a cosmic structure, true gods exist. They are among the only entities, besides the Mysteries and the primordial force of Existence itself, that can push back against the Endless Void.

Not only that, but the more Mysteries a cosmic structure possesses, the stronger and more resilient it becomes, making it harder for the Endless Void to penetrate. This is why true gods are so earnestly cultivated; they are vital for the continued existence and protection of a cosmic structure.

Because they are independent entities, they alone can survive both against and within the Endless Void.

Even gods can survive within the Endless Void to an extent, so they are not entirely useless. However, they are not as powerful.

If a god attempts to create a Law within the Endless Void as they would in a universe by imposing new rules onto an existing substrate, they will fail because there is no substrate at all.

They will find that there is nothing for the Law to latch onto.

True gods are powerful because, after completely mastering a Law and undergoing transformation, they must reimagine that Law as operating on the level of pure potential itself, transcending the notion that their perfected Law only functions within a field of ‘something.’

With omnipresence, they intentionally diffuse their presence into an undulating wave of divine intent that spreads through every pointless ‘point’ of nothingness. Like dropping a pebble into a pond, their presence ripples outward.

In a universe, this ripple travels across the structure.

In the Endless Void, the true god is the ripple. Their presence expands until there is no 'corner' that doesn't register as part of them.

With omniscience, they can perceive the Endless Void, enforcing existence or detecting even the faintest imprint of an aborted creation.

With omnipotence, they Will potential—creation itself—into manifestation. This is akin to birthing the rules of physics from pure Willpower alone.