

## Village Head 841

### Chapter 841 Aegis of the Arctic Deity's Sealed Memories (3)

"As of now, we are not aware of any other complications. It's not every day we get to do this, after all," the man responded, his smile tinged with a hint of mystery. Seeing Oberon's focus shifting entirely to regaining his composure, the man turned towards the door and called, "Ilse!"

Above them, Orion froze in place upon hearing the man's words.

"It can't be," Orion thought, shaking his head in disbelief.

Of course, it can't! It's impossible!

Orion turned sharply towards Aegis of the Arctic Deity, his eyes narrowing as he noted the solemnity in Aegis's expression. Sensing that Aegis was just as new to this information as he was, Orion refrained from speaking out immediately. Instead, he shifted his focus to Aerialia.

Aerialia, catching Orion's gaze, shook her head in response. "I'm not sure either. We'll have to keep watching to see if our assumptions are correct," she replied, glancing sideways at Orion before fixing her intense gaze on the imposing door.

She could barely contain her anticipation of uncovering the man's true identity if this was the person they had speculated about.

Orion nodded and refocused on the unfolding scene before him. A very tall, beautiful, dark-skinned woman with long golden wavy hair stood before him, dressed in a deep golden gown adorned with numerous gems and crystals, too many to count. Various golden jewellery and others made from special stones adorned her neck, arms, waist, and ankles, and she wore golden shoes filled with many gems.

Orion froze in his position. He had seen a painting of goddess Ilse from the Prismarions' Ancient Codex, so he instantly recognised her.

Also, despite seeing her for the first time in person, Orion was certain that the woman before him was none other than the goddess Ilse, the goddess of treasures.

Orion gulped in anticipation, keen to unravel the secrets hidden within Aegis of the Arctic Deity's memories.

"It's truly her," Aerialia said, her mouth wide open.

Meanwhile,

As Ilse stepped forward, she looked around the room before shifting her attention to the barely conscious Oberon, who appeared to be the source of the mess. Then, she focused on the man. "You succeeded," she asked, narrowing her eyes at him, "but I can't yet understand how you accomplished something like this on the first try."

"Well, when you possess knowledge far beyond mortal comprehension and the ability to predict the future," the man responded confidently, "you'll be able to arrange your steps forward and accomplish the impossible perfectly."

"I know many gods who can also predict the future and possess knowledge beyond mortal understanding, yet none of them can pull off what you've just done. You are a strange man," Ilse responded, her tone intrigued yet sceptical.

The man nodded. "As I said before, they are not me and are not qualified to be me. Also, you don't need to tell me I am strange; I know it. Now, can you help me clean this mess and take Oberon to a safer location where he won't be able to cause any further damage that might potentially destroy the world as we know it?" he responded.

Ilse wanted to speak, but she exhaled deeply and shook her head, deeming it not worth the effort. She waved her hand forward, and ripples of divine energy swept over the room, restoring it to pristine condition. Before further damage occurred, she refocused on Oberon and muttered, "Mirror realm."

As the name suggests, the Mirror realm is a mirrored version of an existing universe. It's a technique known to all gods that mimics the real world's landscapes, environments, and cosmic laws, where the gods can unleash their full powers without fear of destroying their worlds. The chaos released within the Mirror realm is safely contained, thereby preserving the safety of the real universe.

The air around them suddenly shattered like glass, reshaping the room into a strange sandy landscape under a vast, starry night sky.

"The moon," the man remarked, nodding in approval. He glanced down and observed a dense pressure emanating from Oberon, enveloping the entire planet. Meanwhile, the ground behind Oberon cracked and sank into the planet's surface. It was clear that Oberon had sensed he was somewhere where he could stop trying to regain composure, and he did—

Within seconds, a loud scream pierced through every corner of the planet, creating an indescribable wave of soundwaves that seemed impossible to travel through the surrounding space.

Ilse and the man felt as though a wild gust of wind had attempted to ripple their bodies.

BOOOOMM!!

A resounding shockwave rippled through space as a hole was torn through the moon's core to its other side, scattering space debris of earth and soil that spread throughout the cosmos.

This continued for several more instances as Oberon unleashed his power until he began to calm down, becoming more attuned to his new self. What remained in the moon's position was now just a small piece of rock hardly recognizable as a planet.

As everything settled, Ilse quietly murmured, "Collapsed."

The Mirror realm collapsed like shards of glass, reshaping their surroundings until they were back in the room.

The man stood beside Ilse, observing Oberon hovering in the air before them. "How do you feel now?" the man asked, a broad grin on his face.

"I feel much better than before," Oberon responded calmly.

"Good. Since we are done here, before you help with what you promised, you should return to check on your race first. They will need your help to survive their current dilemma," the man responded.

Hearing his words, Oberon's expression morphed from confusion to intense anger and hatred before he vanished from the room.

The scene before them soon began to change.

Aegis of the Arctic Deity observed, the memories rapidly surging back into his mind as he followed the scene with a solemn expression.

Orion and Aerialia also continued to observe, and as the following scene stabilized, they couldn't help but widen their eyes in shock and dumbfounded at the sight before them.

#### Chapter 842 Aegis of the Arctic Deity's Sealed Memories (4)

Before them lay a burning, scorched, and flooded expanse of garden, teeming with diverse plants and towering trees. Surrounding this garden was a vast, desolate, snowy region.

However, what shocked Orion and Aerialia wasn't the bizarre scenery, which didn't seem natural together, but instead, it was the corpses of numerous Pixies and bloody craters that painted the gruesome landscape on both sides. The extent of the carnage was so vast that it couldn't even be concealed by the once beautiful garden now turned upside down.

It was evident from the scene that the Pixies were under attack and losing badly, as their fallen outnumbered any other casualties strewn across the ground.

Orion and Aerialia then directed their attention towards the perpetrators of this gruesome scene: dragons. Nonetheless, these dragons were unusual; their entire bodies were covered in a weird ashen grey bone-like structure, resembling a complete armour set. These creatures were massive, ranging from 26 to 30 meters in length from nose to tail, with 14 to 25 meters wingspan that could easily overshadow vast land areas.

However, they were not just a single dragon but a multitude of them, too many to count. Their presence darkened the sky, plunging the land below into total darkness. It was illuminated only by the downpour of flames, air, and water that erupted from the dragons' mouths, assaulting the Pixies below.

"Bone dragons, a special species with extra hides that grant them a frightening level of defence, nearly impermeable to those of similar power. This is all possible due to the dragon's obsession with integrating other races to enhance their strength, resulting in numerous subspecies with varying traits from the dragonic lineage. Despite this, they remain fiercely proud of their pure bloodline, especially when they can effortlessly dominate powerful subspecies by themselves," Aerialia explained, noting Orion's bewildered expression before returning her focus to the scene.

"It appears they have brought a powerful subspecies to deal with the Pixies. They seem capable enough to emerge victorious. However, they have unknowingly provoked a force they cannot handle," she added, glancing up at the gigantic dragon observing them from above.

Aerialia observed keenly, realizing that Aegis of the Arctic Deity had intentionally disregarded its presence for the time being.

Orion nodded gravely at Aerialia's insights, absorbing her words before shifting his gaze to the left to meet Aegis of the Arctic Deity's intense glare. He could sense that if this scene were not just a memory, he would have charged in to confront the bone dragons without hesitation.

Meanwhile, on the devastated, ashen-flooded terrain below, numerous humanoid dragons, standing at heights of 8 to 9 feet with wingspans of approximately 2 to 3 meters, battled fiercely against the Pixies on the ground. The Pixies struggled to defend themselves against the onslaught from above and below.

The entire scene unfolded in a tumultuous frenzy, prompting Orion to realize the staggering chaos that had gripped the world during the emergence of the stellar gates on Earth. It was no wonder the planet had transformed into a desolate wasteland overrun by Vylkr vines at every turn. However, he would deem his efforts worthwhile if he could uncover the secrets behind the Vylkr vines' emergence from Aegis of the Arctic Deity memories.

Meanwhile, Oberon's expression twisted with furious rage as he surveyed the chaotic battleground before him. Without hesitation, he vanished from his spot and materialized before an armoured humanoid dragon, poised to strike a fatal blow against a Pixie warrior. In a swift motion, Oberon crushed the dragon's head, causing its entire body to explode and vanish into thin air, leaving no trace of blood or flesh.

He repeated this brutal act, disappearing and reappearing in multiple positions simultaneously, wreaking havoc on the enemy forces and reducing them to mere vapour.

In the blink of an eye, up to a thousand humanoid armoured dragons exploded and perished, leaving neither flesh nor blood behind.

Far from Oberon's position, the god of the dragon race had already sensed Oberon's arrival when he first appeared. However, he was unbelievably slow to react and could only watch as Oberon effortlessly tore through his children, completely altering the dynamics of the battlefield.

In response, the dragon god let out a deafening roar that reverberated through the air. The shockwaves rippled through the clouds, parting them several hundred meters apart and revealing a clear, cloudless sky.

Also, upon hearing the fury of their god, the bone dragons that once shrouded the battlefield dispersed, allowing sunlight to illuminate the once devastated land below and unveiling the colossal presence looming in the sky above.

Oberon halted his actions and gazed at the gigantic dragon, whose hides shimmered like a rainbow. It was adorned with large ebony horns curved around its head like a sharp, thorny crown. At the tip of its tail, wisps of fire, Earth, water, air, lightning, and wood—six elements—revolved around it.

"Dragon god," Oberon muttered, recognizing the name of the god before him.

He never expected his first battle after successfully completing his procedures would be against the 'Dragon god.' Regardless of whether he faced a dragon god or any other god, Oberon saw this as an opportunity to test his strength against a powerful god and make them pay for what had been done to the Pixie race.

Above them, seeing that a path had been cleared, the Dragon god opened its jaws wide, forming a ball of molten fire that engulfed its jaws, seeming to set the very air ablaze as fiery liquid dripped into the atmosphere. The Dragon god then aimed it toward Oberon's direction before launching it downwards.

"ROOOAAARRRRRR!!!" The Dragon god's roar echoed like a thousand thunderclaps of lightning resounding through the sky. A massive ball of fire, resembling a comet moulded with the heat of the sun, shot with astonishing speed toward Oberon.

Oberon narrowed his eyes at the incoming attack. He propelled his body skyward without hesitation, meeting the fiery molten attack head-on.

BOOOOOMMM!!!

An immense explosion reverberated through the surroundings, spreading outward and causing the sky to crack open. The bone dragons in the air around them felt the suffocating pressure and quickly fled the area.

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Nonetheless, as they all watched the explosion, they noticed that the fiery molten beam had hit its target spot-on. Upon closer inspection, they witnessed Oberon with the cracked atmosphere around him, directly absorbing the immense attack with his body as he continued to fly toward the Dragon god.

His body remained steady as he pushed back against the force until he arrived before the Dragon god.

The Dragon god instantly ceased its attack and stared at Oberon in shock, realizing that his attack had no effect on him despite being tanked directly by his body.

"I barely felt a thing. Is this all you can do, Dragon god?" Oberon taunted, floating toward the Dragon god until he stood before its gaze, observing its large iris and rainbow-coloured vertical pupils.

The Dragon god's expression twisted again after hearing the obvious taunt. "You are obviously not god Aerendir, as he is already dead. So, who are you? And why does a powerful god like yourself care about such a pitiful race like the Pixie race? Aren't you afraid of my retaliation?" the Dragon god roared, his voice trembling as he glared straight at Oberon.

Oberon was about to introduce himself as the Divine Apostle of god Aerendir, but he decided against it. Since their battle might have drawn the attention of other gods or individuals secretly observing, looking for an opportunity to profit, Oberon chose not to reveal anything about his new identity.

He wasn't sure if he could defend against multiple gods at once, and he also considered the safety of the Pixies, knowing they would be targeted just like him.

Oberon decided to speak up. "I am the one whom god Aerendir entrusted with ensuring the safety and protection of the Pixie race before his death. As for whether I fear retaliation from the Dragon race, it depends on whether they are ready to face the consequences of attacking the Pixie race."

The Dragon god grew even more vexed after hearing Oberon's defiant words. "Very well, if you're so confident in your strength, then I'll unleash a series of attacks to test your resolve," he responded. His expression conveyed doubt, as he believed there was no way Oberon could block several of his attacks simultaneously without sustaining injuries.

Law of Fire: Infernal Roar! Law of Water: Dragonic Flood! Law of Air: Aerial Cyclone! Law of Lightning: Stormcaller's Wrath!

Instantly, the sky erupted in a blaze of fire, soaring through the heavens before being abruptly followed by water surging upward, entangling it to form a massive cyclone that swept the clouds towards it. Then, as if the heavens themselves were alive, storms of thunderbolts shot through the sky, transforming it from dazzling brilliance to steep darkness before stabilizing once again into a bluish-wide expanse.

Almost instantly, a series of attacks were launched again, triggering the same sequence of events.

Orion watched as thunderclouds summoned overhead unleashed bolts of lightning with pinpoint accuracy at 'Oberon' and couldn't help but gulp.

After a few minutes, the Dragon god's attacks began to diminish. However, contrary to everyone's expectations, they observed Oberon standing unblemished from the barrages of attacks unleashed by the Dragon god himself.

At this point, Orion, Aerialia, and Aegis of the Arctic Deity were high up in the sky, directly witnessing the ongoing battle.

Aerialia's eyes widened as she observed the scene, "None of the Dragon god's attacks have even left a scar on him," she said, taking a deep gulp.

Orion nodded in agreement, "He's even stronger than we initially imagined," he responded, watching Oberon as he waited for the Dragon god to realize that none of his attacks had been effective.



Orion then glanced at Aegis of the Arctic Deity, who remained silent and observant throughout the scene. They could also sense 'Oberon's' emotions, giving them a clearer understanding of the battle's dynamics.

Aerialia shook her head in amazement, "Not just strong, but exceedingly powerful. To hold your own against the Dragon god's laws using only your body, even if he's only using a fraction of his strength not to harm the world around him, you'd have to possess a much deeper understanding of the laws yourself."

"Despite some of his laws already reaching a comprehension level of 60 per cent, we know that Aegis of the Arctic Deity is limited to understanding the law past five per cent. So, it's safe to say that thanks to the physique of an Omnithrallian, Aegis of the Arctic Deity can truly go toe to toe against a god with just his body. No matter what his limit is, achieving such a feat is truly abnormal even among the gods," she explained, following Orion's glance toward Aegis of the Arctic Deity.

Even though she had seen a fraction of Aegis of the Arctic Deity's strength and heard the man confirm it, experiencing it firsthand was a mind-boggling scene that she would need time to fully digest.

Orion nodded in understanding at Aerialia's explanation, gaining further insight into the immense power of Aegis of the Arctic Deity. He couldn't help but feel proud of himself for always seeing Aegis as a friend rather than an enemy, offering him the respect befitting a god.

The mere thought of having such a formidable figure as an enemy sent a chill down his spine.

Fortunately, Aegis of the Arctic Deity hadn't always seen himself as a god, facilitating their initial conversation when they first met.

Meanwhile, Oberon floated closer to the Dragon god and perched atop his scaly, draconic snout. "Dragon god, I'll ask you again, is this all you have to give?" he asked, staring down at the Dragon god's trembling gaze.

"You!" the Dragon god stammered, searching for the right word to utter. However, after a moment, he violently shook his head, dislodging Oberon, and glared fiercely at him. "Unknown god, you have proven your strength by withstanding my attacks. However, since you already know my identity, you should have understood that this is merely a fraction of my strength."

Oberon nodded.

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Without hesitation, the Dragon god commanded, "Mirror Realm."

Instantly, the world around them shattered like glass falling downward, revealing a slightly less vibrant world with the blue sky still shining above them.

Orion looked around and noticed that the world before him was split into two sides. The first side was the ruined battleground, where 'Oberon' was healing the remaining Pixies who had survived the battle and evacuating them to a much safer location, ensuring their safety.

Meanwhile, his presence deterred the Bone Dragons from coming any closer, prompting them to focus on the illusionary, hazy, impermeable barrier in the sky that confined the Dragon god and Oberon, preventing the effects of their battle from leaking into the real universe.

They waited with solemn expressions to see who would emerge victorious.

On the other side, the empty snowy expanse stretched below them, devoid of dragons and Pixies. Even the once vibrant Garden, resembling a forest, had vanished from the first side. Neither Pixies, Bone Dragons, nor Oberon were present.

The only two beings remaining were the Dragon god and Oberon, now distanced from each other.

"He's not taking this battle seriously. Although he's strong, the Dragon god is not easily defeated. I wonder if this will be a lesson for him," Aerialia remarked, narrowing her eyes at the split scenes unfolding before her.

Meanwhile, Oberon recognized the place on the opposite side and focused on the Dragon god. "Go ahead, Dragon god, show me the full power of a god," he declared loudly.

The Dragon god gazed at Oberon with caution and fierce emotion. Suddenly, his body began to shrink smaller and smaller, transforming until he became an 8-meter humanoid dragon with a wing span large enough to cover his entire body. His ebony horns still curved around his head like a crown, but this time, his body was covered in rainbow-coloured full-body armour without a headpiece.

Clearly, the Dragon god had assessed Oberon's strength and decided to shrink himself down to avoid being an easier target.

"Brace yourself, unknown god," the Dragon god declared.

Law of Earth: Dragonic Earthen Rampart! Law of lightning: Stormcaller's Wrath! Law of Air: Aerial Cyclone! Law of Fire: Inferno Breath!

Orion watched in amazement as a large chunk of the earth, as though it had been split in half, transformed into an enormous earth dragon that soared through space, staring down at Oberon. And just when he thought it was over, the other part of the split earth also transformed into an enormous earth-armoured dragon that soared over space, fixating its gaze on Oberon.

Almost instantly, Orion witnessed a cosmic storm of lightning raging over them, mostly bathing the earthen dragons themselves as though they embodied the very essence of the storm. Some of the lightning bolts struck down against Oberon, but his body remained unscathed. And just as the cyclone reappeared, a brilliant flash of light shone brightly as a tide of fire swept through space, destroying everything in its path.

As the Dragon god launched his attack forward, a bright flash of light heralded the destruction of the space around them. Orion quietly squinted his eyes, not wanting to miss such a monumental battle he had never imagined possible. He heard the Dragon god speak again, "Divine Apex: Dragonic Cataclysm!"

Orion didn't know what the Dragon god had just unleashed, but he witnessed the space around him wrinkle and tremble. Flames resembling a divine inferno wrapped around him, with air that seemed to be alive controlling the movement of the inferno, transforming into raw energy that vibrated with impending cataclysm.

Soon, water of catastrophic volume, large enough to drown several planets and crush them into fragmented rocks, broke down everything in its path until it melded with this chaos. Lightning crackled from the depths of the cosmic storm that shrank around the Dragon god before exploding outward.

It engulfed everything in its path, consuming and annihilating everything from planets to stars, including Oberon.

At that moment, Orion beheld it—the raw, overwhelming power of a god.

"The 'Divine Apex' is a technique that manifests a god's authority and command over the 'Divine Mysteries,' and an accumulation of their knowledge and strength. It's only used when a god feels cornered, with nothing else to give, believing it will turn the tide of battle. As such, this attack can be the decisive factor, determining their victory or defeat," Aerialia explained, noticing Orion's puzzled expression before redirecting his focus to Oberon, who was at the epicentre of the attack.

Orion's eyes widened in realization, and he nodded, understanding the gravity of the situation. Finally, he understood why Aerialia had urged him to flee when facing a god. He saw the foolishness in believing he could challenge them with his current strength.

Aerialia couldn't help but smile faintly, observing Oberon's current condition. 'Seems even you have limits,' she mused to herself.

Before them, Oberon's lips were bleeding, emitting a black-sky-

blue liquid that sprayed from his mouth. It was evident that Oberon was injured, yet despite his wounds, he stood unwavering, observing the Dragon god, who was now breathing heavily.

In an instant, Oberon vanished and materialized before the Dragon god, gripping his neck firmly with his right hand, wrapping his left hand around it, and twisting to the side as if attempting to tear it from his body.

The Dragon god screamed, "Let go!" Although he wasn't afraid of his body being torn apart or fragmented, as he would likely regenerate given time, Oberon's immense strength meant he could also attack his very soul, making this a risk he couldn't allow.

Oberon delivered a powerful headbutt, sending shockwaves rippling through the space around them. He repeated the action, headbutting the Dragon god until cracks formed on his skull, blood oozing out.

With one final, decisive move, Oberon ripped the Dragon god's head from his body. Before the Dragon god could utter a word, Oberon's wings glowed, releasing Pixie dust that covered the Dragon god's now shrunken, bloody body, reducing him to the size of a fingernail in Oberon's grasp.

The Dragon god's eyes widened in shock as he realized that only the Pixie race possessed such a unique ability, as only they could utilize them so effortlessly. Looking up at Oberon's towering figure from his tiny perspective, the Dragon god's eyes sparkled with memories flooding back into his mind.

"You... you are an Omnithriallian," the Dragon god uttered instantly, his eyes widening in disbelief as he deciphered the identity of the being he had just fought.

He understood that even his soul would not escape an Omnithriallian's grasp after his body was destroyed. However, sensing something amiss, he shook his head and said, "No, you are not an Omnithriallian. What are you..."

Just as he was about to complete his sentence, Oberon clapped his hands together, creating a thick shockwave that stretched for hundreds of kilometres, obliterating both the Dragon god's body and soul.

#### Chapter 845 Aegis of the Arctic Deity's Sealed Memories (7)

Instantly, the Mirror realm shattered, revealing the real world.

"He won," Orion uttered in disbelief at the scene he had just witnessed. He saw how Oberon had torn the Dragon god apart, downsized him, and squished him like a bug, killing him and his soul even before he could escape.

It was an almost mesmerizing sight, from a god to a bug.

"He did," Aerialia said, feeling her heartthrob again after seeing how Oberon had killed the Dragon god.

It reminded her of the terror of the Omnithraillians and why they had to hunt down every single one of them after they had attacked heaven.

Meanwhile, noticing that their god had lost the battle and was likely dead, the Bone Dragons decided to flee, and Oberon instantly chased them. However, before he could attack and kill the

remaining Bone Dragons, a loud bell resounded across the area, along with a resonating voice, "Stop!"

Oberon halted his actions and narrowed his gaze toward the direction of the bell and the resounding voice.

Even the Bone Dragons halted in their positions, not daring to flee, as though they all understood that attempting to escape from someone capable of killing their god was impossible.

Suddenly, a tall man standing about 244 cm (8ft) tall, dressed in a long, simple white robe and a black veil headpiece that covered his head and face, materialized out of thin air and slowly descended towards the injured Bone Dragons, who were too wounded to flee and could only wait for their deaths.

The injured Bone Dragons felt their bodies stiffen in fear as the man with a divine, oppressive aura landed on the ground before them.

Some decided to plead for their lives, while others chose to run away with everything they could muster, regardless of the consequences. However, before they could do so, they watched in shock as, rather than being killed, they were being healed. Their limbs regrew, and their bodies' scars were sealed closed as though they had never been injured in the first place.

Almost instantly, they fell to their knees and bowed their heads in gratitude toward the mysterious god.

Oberon soon arrived before the mysterious god. "Why are you here?" he asked, narrowing his gaze at the man.

Of course, Oberon knew who the individual before him was, as he was the person who had rescued him and his race from extinction and offered him a chance to be a god, transforming him into the person he is today.

However, after testing his strength against the Dragon god, he understood how powerful he currently was. Thus, he was surprised that in his present form, he couldn't sense when the man had entered his senses, only becoming aware after he had revealed himself.

Also, he couldn't see through the man's headpiece, which indicated that it was probably a powerful artefact, which might explain why he couldn't see through it.

Above them, Orion's and Aerialia's eyes widened at the unfolding scene.

"That's the man Oberon was talking to before he arrived here! But how did he suddenly transform into that mysteriousgod?" Aerialia exclaimed, her eyes fixed on the man as he shifted his attention towards Oberon.

Orion, however, remained silent as he observed the unfolding scene before him. His heart beat rapidly as doubts about the man's identity grewstronger. Nevertheless, he calmed down and continued watching until the truth unfolded.

Aegis of the Arctic Deity glanced at the two beside him and couldn't help but shake his head. He did not confirm the man's identity before them, knowing it would be revealed soon enough. He hoped they would be able to handle the truth when it emerged.

Below, the mysteriousgod looked at Oberon and responded, "You've already killed their god. Don't tell me you plan to wipe out an entire species. What will you gain from something so devastating?"

Oberon narrowed his eyes at the god. "They threatened my people and destroyed our home. If I hadn't arrived in time, there would be nothing left. My people would be extinct," he spat, his voice tinged with anger.

"I know vengeance burns within you, and I assure you, if killing the Dragon god hasn't quenched that thirst, then these defenceless creatures won't either," the mysterious god said, eyeing the Bone Dragons before turning back to Oberon. "If you don't confront this vengeance now, you'll become no better than those you fight, leading the Pixie race into a cycle of conflict for territory because you currently have the strength to do so."

don't confront this vengeance now, you'll become no better than those you fight, leading the Pixie race into a cycle of The Bone Dragons' ears perked up at the unknown god's words. Hope flickered within them, and while some remained subdued, others dared to lift their heads and study the mysteriousgod who had appeared in their hour of need.

Hearing his words, Oberon felt a surge of anger rising within him. As he prepared to respond, he sealed his lips, taking a deep breath and exhaling slowly to calm himself.

As his rage subsided, he narrowed his gaze at the mysteriousgod before him, acknowledging the truth in his words. He had indeed contemplated leading the Pixies to conquer lands for themselves, even if it meant clashing with other races or enslaving them.

At that moment, one of the Bone Dragons finally recognized the mysteriousgod, especially after listening to his words. "It's you!" he blurted out, breaking the tense silence before quickly covering his mouth with his hand.

"Oh! You know who I am?" the mysteriousgod asked, turning his attention to the Bone Dragon who spoke.

The Bone Dragon nodded.

"Hmm! It seems I'm more popular than I realized, but considering all my good works, it's not surprising," the mysteriousgod responded with a nod.

"Benevolent god, god Naka, please save us!" the Bone Dragon exclaimed loudly, bowingdeeplyand causing a stir among those present as they learned the mysteriousgod's identity.

Immediately, all the Bone Dragons followed suit, bowing down and pleading, "Benevolent god, god Naka, please save us!" Their voices echoed in unison, reaching the ears of the divine.

"Under Naka's watch, serenity reigns, troubles cease, and harmony gains. In Naka's grace, find life's embrace! With Naka's blessing, life's path unfolds, and all creation's beauty beholds. When Naka descends, all strife ends. Blessings be, Naka's decree! Oh, poor creatures, I will grant you help. However, for your transgressions, I ask for something suitable in exchange," Naka declared, his words accompanied by the subtle chime of a bell, enveloping everyone in an emotional trance.

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Naka!

That god is Naka!



Orion's eyes widened as he stared at the god before him. He couldn't help but watch with rapt attention, his lips slightly parted. Even though he had already guessed the god's identity, witnessing the revelation himself was a whole other experience.

Under Naka's watch, serenity reigns, troubles cease, and harmony prevails. In Naka's grace, life finds embrace! With Naka's blessing, paths unfold, and creation's beauty is told. When Naka descends, strife ends. Blessings be, Naka's decree! Orion thought deeply.

From all his assumptions about Naka, he had never imagined that he would utter such profound words. It completely changed his perception of Naka, especially when he tried to match this god with the man they had met.

Aerialia wore the same expression of awe as she gazed at the god before her. She couldn't help but feel slightly unsettled as she realized that her guess about Naka's true identity was correct.

Below, the Bone Dragons were stunned as they heard Naka's words. "Please... forgive us, god Naka. We have nothing of value to offer you; we can only give our servitude. The other Dragonkins will surely do everything in their power to eradicate us if they find out that god Aroth was killed under our watch. Please, help us," one of them pleaded.

"Your servitude? Are you sure about offering your servitude to me? By doing so, you will no longer shed blood mindlessly for selfish reasons. Instead, your weapons will be aimed at those who cause chaos and destruction against helpless individuals, just as you once did," Naka responded, waiting for their reply.

The Bone Dragons, whether in their humanoid or complete dragon form, exchanged glances before unanimously nodding in agreement. They refocused their attention on Naka and bowed deeply once more.

"If god Naka accepts our servitude, from this day forward, we will no longer shed blood for selfish reasons or engage in meaningless wars. Instead, we pledge to follow your every command and wield our weapons to support your noble deeds. I speak on behalf of everyone here, and we swear never to break the promises we make today!" declared one of the Bone Dragons loudly.

Naka observed each of them intently before turning his attention back to Oberon. "If you spare them, they will renounce their past and aid other races in need. The real question is, are you willing to release the vengeance in your heart? Will you allow it to consume you, leading you to harm those

who have the potential to do more good than the wrongs they have committed? Before you answer, consider what god Arendir would do if he discovered you chose such a path despite your newfound immense strength," Naka asked.

Oberon clenched his fists tightly before slowly releasing them. "Fine! I'll spare them for now. But if they repeat their actions, I'll not reconsider their fates," he replied, turning away and soaring towards the Pixies.

"With great power comes great responsibility; remember that, or you'll be no different from the gods and those you fight against," Naka announced loudly, observing as Oberon paused mid-air before continuing forward, his gaze shifting to the Bone Dragons.

"I, Naka, have heard your words and decree that they shall be binding. Any violation will be met with severe consequences." As he spoke, shimmering golden chains materialized in the air, wrapping around the neck of every Bone Dragon present.

"A contract," one of the Bone Dragons muttered. Despite the heavy weight of consequences for rebellion, they found no reason to be resentful. After all, it was this or certain death, and without a god of their own, escaping would only lead to endless pursuit and eventual capture by other races.

Therefore, even if they were bound by a contract to their very souls, they saw no reason to reject it or view it in a negative light.

As the golden chains disappeared, leaving imprints on their necks, they each began to remove their attire one by one, casting them to the floor. With a wave of Naka's hand, new garments adorned with precious gems appeared before them, shimmering with enchantment, which they could sense.

"Put these on. The Bone Dragon species now serves under god Naka and enjoys his protection," Naka instructed, watching as they all nodded reverently and donned the new attire.

Meanwhile, Oberon observed the scene and decided to speak with Naka afterwards. While he wasn't surprised by the god's action to save the Bone Dragon species, he couldn't fathom why it was done now.

His gaze shifted upward slightly, catching sight of the goddess who always accompanied him. Her expression was nonchalant as she observed the unfolding events.

Suddenly, a resounding beat echoed from the heavens like someone or something was trying to break through, bludgeoning the sky with a heavy, powerful weapon. Gradually, the sky darkened as though night had descended prematurely, and a thousand bright, fiery, reddish dots began to appear, dotting the darkening canvas.

"The Divine Mysteries," Oberon muttered, realizing a calamity was imminent following the Dragongod's demise.

He shot toward the sky, where the fiery dots descended like giant balls of fire. Creating a barrier at a safe distance, he watched the massive fireballs explode upon impact, sending shockwaves rippling through the sky. These shockwaves pushed away the gathering clouds, alerting distant onlookers to the chaos unfolding above.

At this moment, several divine presences surged into the open, creating more barriers to halt the advances of the massive fireballs from descending on the earth.

Meanwhile, Orion could only stare wide-eyed at the various gods emerging into the open. Some resembled humans like him but had one or two distinct features that made it clear they weren't humans; others were mere humanoids with different shapes, sizes, and temperaments, while still, others possessed half-beastly features on the lower side of their waist or full beastly features like the Dragon god in his massive dragon form.

From Oberon's senses, he already knew they were being watched by other gods, but witnessing them in their numbers was a scene he believed he would never forget.

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These events continued for two hours until the massive fireballs stopped emerging, and the sky began to brighten up again.

Oberon dispelled his barrier and erected another one to protect the remaining Pixies as he observed the gods who had emerged into the open.

"What are you?!" a resounding voice resonated through the air.

Oberon was about to dismiss their questions and take the Pixies to a safer location, but he realized they might have already deduced his identity.

If everything Naka had explained to him was true, then they would no doubt relentlessly pursue him. Sensing Naka's presence was still around, Oberon understood that he was still watching, waiting to see what would unfold.

The Bone Dragons from his side had all disappeared to a much safer location.

Oberon took a deep breath and introduced himself loudly, "Listen carefully, gods, demigods, divine apostles, and warriors. I am the Aegis of the Arctic Deity, the new divine protector of the Pixies race. So, if you dare lay your hands or wage war against them again, just like I've done to the Dragon god, I'll end your entire existence and wipe your children from the face of the world. And if you don't believe me, you can step forward if you dare to call my words and find out," he placed his hands behind his back and calmly flew higher in the sky, stopping only when he had reached a certain position.

Even if a deity was another variation of the name for a god, he didn't dare call himself a god, as he didn't believe he could ever be in the same position as his god Aerendir. However, he also understood that in his current form, he couldn't deny that he was a god, leading him to settle for the name 'Aegis of the Arctic Deity.'

Contrary to his expectations, a resonant voice resonated, "And the mysterious god Naka, is he just like you, an Omnithriallian, or simply someone working as your accomplice?"

The voice didn't come from any of the gods in the area but instead rang out in every direction, making Oberon understand that other gods were observing this scene from a safe distance and weren't currently present. The gods, gradually disappearing from the area, halted their actions when they heard the voice and waited for Oberon's response while focusing on Naka.

Oberon narrowed his eyes at the sky and shook his head, "I don't know who or what he is. As for whether he is an accomplice or if we have some kind of relationship, that shouldn't be any of your concerns. I believe I am free to talk to or forge relationships with anyone I wish. Or do you have a problem with that?" he responded fiercely.

The resounding voice snorted loudly, "You'll regret letting your emergence be known to the entire world, Aegis of the Arctic Deity."

Oberon heard the voice clearly this time and was sure it was feminine before it abruptly disappeared. One by one, not wanting to linger here any longer, every divine being began to leave as quickly as they had come.

After they were gone, Oberon created a divine barrier over the entire snowy expanse, solidifying the notion that this place was now his territory and sending a clear message to whoever possessed ill intent towards them.

Meanwhile, Orion and Aerialia observed all of this, understanding that this was how Oberon had earned his name, 'Aegis of the Arctic Deity.'

"All he's been doing is protecting since the very beginning," Orion said, glancing at the Aegis of the Arctic Deity standing beside him.

Aerialia nodded, "Though I dislike the way he became a god, I'll give him credit for continuing to protect the Pixies till the end; it's something only a god would do for their children," she said, following Orion's lead as they cast a glance at Aegis of the Deity standing beside them.

As they delved deeper into their memories, they better understood how Aegis of the Arctic Deity became the way he was now and who Nakatrulywas.

As Oberon descended to the ground, his head started to feel dizzy. Suddenly, strange memories that weren't his own began slowly emerging in his mind, overpowering him and causing him to collapse from the sky onto the snowy expanse.

'Fight it. Those aren't your memories but the ones belonging to this body. Do not let them overwhelm you or gain control over you,' Naka's voice resounded in his mind.

As more and more memories flooded his mind, Oberon struggled to restrain them as best he could, fighting against their influence. "AHHHH!!!"he screamed in agony, his voice manifesting as visible sound waves that rippled through the air in all directions.

Fortunately, Naka reacted swiftly, enclosing Oberon within a barrier that redirected the waves downward, causing the ground to collapse a few meters around him.

Orion, Aerialia, and Aegis of the Arctic Deity watched as the area darkened, signalling that Oberon had fallen unconscious. Gradually, the scene brightened again, revealing Oberon standing in a garden with another being resembling his current form—an Omnithrillian!

Orion and Aerialia gazed wide-eyed at the scene before them before focusing on Aegis of the Arctic Deity. "You met an Omnithrillian?!" they both exclaimed simultaneously.

Aegis of the Arctic Deity nodded thoughtfully. "Although Naka and I shared a strong bond, driven by his mission to aid helpless races, I often pondered my motivations for joining his cause and confronting gods merely for the challenge. It seems this revelation sheds light on that aspect," he explained, watching as the final remnants of the Omnithrillian's soul scrutinized him, mainly focusing on the wings adorning his back.

Upon hearing Aegis of the Arctic Deity's words, Orion and Aerialia refocused on the unfolding scene.

"I see. Oberon, I'll entrust my body to your care and let you be unless you are willing to make a solemn vow for my sake," the mysterious Omnithrillian stated, demonstrating his ability to delve into Oberon's memories by directly addressing him by name.

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Oberon gazed at the Omnithrillian with deep consideration. "And if I refuse to make this vow?" he asked cautiously, aware that dealing with this being required careful handling.

"If you refuse, I'll expel you from this body and ensure you live out your days tormented by the consequences of your heretical actions," the mysterious Omnithrillian responded ominously.

After moments of contemplation, Oberon turned his attention back to the Omnithrillian. "What exactly is this vow you wish me to make?" he responded.

Orion and Aerialia stood by, nodding in agreement with Oberon's approach. They recognized the wisdom in avoiding conflict with a being that had likely existed for countless millennia in its own existence.

"I want you to make a vow to exterminate all the gods. I can sense their presence all around me, permeating the very fabric of the world my brethren and I have crafted far from their reach. So, I trust you to eradicate every last one from this realm in exchange for my cooperation. Should you manage to banish them from this world instead, I'll consider it a fulfilment of your vow. However, given our knowledge of who they are, we both understand that attempting such a feat is nigh impossible," the mysterious Omnithriallian responded.

Upon hearing these words, Oberon's expression registered surprise. "I'm sorry, but that's a daunting task I doubt I can achieve," he replied, refusing.

"I understand the immense challenge of slaying the gods. After all, we attempted it ourselves and failed. But our failure stemmed from confronting them in their own realm - in heaven. Now that they're here, I'm confident you'll find it much more feasible, especially considering your victory over the Dragon god. So, Oberon, what's your decision? Will you make the vow?" the mysterious Omnithriallian replied, sharing some of its memories with Oberon, who widened his eyes in surprise and shock at the revelations.

Oberon remained silent momentarily, contemplating the offer before returning to the mysterious Omnithriallian and nodding. "Very well. If this is what must be done, then I accept. I vow from this day forth to kill as many gods as possible or expel them from this world," he declared.

The mysterious Omnithriallian unexpectedly smiled at Oberon and nodded in gratitude. "Thank you," it said before its soul dispersed into dust, disappearing in thin air.

As the scene unfolded, darkness crept in.

Aegis of the Arctic Deity's memories surged, flooding Orion and Aerialia's minds. They observed as Oberon stirred in Naka's laboratory.

"How are you feeling?" asked Naka, now appearing in his human form.

"Terrible," Oberon grumbled.

"Good. It means you'll get better," the man remarked. His attention was drawn to Oberon's peculiar expression. "What is it?" he asked.

"You knew that I'll encounter 'it,' didn't you?" Oberon asked.

Naka briefly met his gaze before exhaling deeply and nodding silently.

"Then why didn't you inform me about this in the beginning?" Oberon asked, his voice laced with a growl.

"What did you expect me to say? Would you have preferred to hear that after the process was completed, the very soul of the body you've merged with would emerge to compel you to make a vow, likely related to killing the gods or protecting their world? If I had told you that, you might have hesitated with the strength you were about to acquire, and the entire Pixie race wouldn't have had an official divine protector of their own. However, since you're awake now, does that mean you've decided to make the vow?" the man responded.

Oberon clenched his fists as he studied the man before him. After a moment, he sighed, "I'll let this matter slide if you tell me who you are," he said, his gaze unwavering. "Are you like me, a man-made god, as you've called it, or something else entirely?"

The man's lips curled into a grin. 'I never knew that playing with a secret identity would create such suspense. Nonetheless, since we'll be working together from now on, as we currently possess the same goal, you'll have all the time and clues to figure out what I am,' he responded.

"Come on, I've prepared a place for the Pixie race and the other races that will be saved from their extinction from now on while we work,' he added, turning around and walking towards the door.

Oberon looked at the man before him and understood that if he genuinely wanted to find out who he was, he would have to seek the answers himself. Nonetheless, he had already received some clues from the man's words.

"And that goddess, will she be joining us as well?" Oberon asked as he gradually floated upwards into the air.

"Yes, she will. Also, I forgot to mention that Ilse is quite the ally. She's got a knack for generosity, but cross her pride, and you might end up under a mountain of treasures," the man chuckled, his tone light yet cautionary as they exited the room.

Before Orion, Aerialia, and Aegis of the Arctic Deity, a vivid scene unfolded, revealing Naka and Oberon as they created the resettlement of various races—nymphs, centaurs, Pixies, Bone Dragons,



and others. The land had been transformed into sprawling hills, each race with its own resource-rich territory. It was a sanctuary amidst the turmoil of a world growing ever more dangerous for those lacking divine protection or formidable strength—an earthly paradise in troubled times.

The scenes shifted once more, revealing Oberon and Naka working in tandem to rescue endangered races, with Naka providing refuge and care. At the same time, Oberon focused on fulfilling his vow by eliminating the gods. Their efforts had decimated nearly fifty gods, leaving only a handful who had surrendered alive.

Since Oberon defeated and killed the Dragon god, his name had spread far and wide as the Aegis of the Arctic Deity, and his identity as an Omnithriallian was well-known. Collaborating with Naka, renowned for his miraculous methods of intervening whenever a race was at its most dire, they left battlefields littered with enemies, even adopting orphaned children of their foes.

The Nine Greed Gods took note of these developments but chose not to intervene, prioritizing their territories and avoiding confrontation with such formidable beings.

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They understood that challenging an Omnithriallian like Oberon meant risking severe injury or death, akin to the fate of the Dragon god. These scenarios would only invite other gods eager to seize their positions. Therefore, while they monitored the situation closely, they refrained from taking action.

Of course, there were likely other reasons why they chose not to intervene, even as Oberon and Naka's reputation grew, but Oberon's perspective only offered a partial understanding.

They might uncover more about their motives, but they still lacked a comprehensive explanation for everything that unfolded.

Meanwhile, Ilse remained hidden, observing the Prismerions from the shadows. She revealed to Orion the secrets behind the Prismerions' survival without their goddess until they encountered Naka. And it was only a matter of time before they uncovered the arrangement between Naka and Ilse.

Naka had rescued Ilse from certain death after she had pledged her loyalty to him indefinitely so she could continue protecting the Prismerions and ensuring their survival.

Ilse, the goddess of treasures, was also the source of Naka's immense wealth, which explains why she was always at his side. Her collection of rare items and valuable artefacts enriched the paradise and attracted the attention of other gods, who desired alliances with them.

And just like that, the scenes shifted once more.

"We've identified ten candidates we believe are suitable for this test. First up is General Reynord Matins, age forty-nine years old. He's a seasoned military commander known for strategic brilliance and leadership, leading several special units against mythical creatures from the gates. His gift allows him to project highly realistic illusions into the physical world, affecting multiple senses simultaneously.

If he passes this experiment, we believe he could make these illusions tangible and real, effectively shaping reality itself. Also, despite losing his team, he continues to fight on the field alone against the race emerging from the gates.

Next is Marcus Chen, thirty-five years old. He's a combat engineer with extensive experience in explosives and demolitions, having served in various counter-terrorism units before the gates opened. His gift allows him to break down and reconstruct matter at a molecular level, creating and controlling explosive energy. Our researchers believe that if he passes this experiment, he'll be capable of controlling matter on a cosmic scale.

"Next on the list is Leina Petrov, twenty-seven years old, who specializes in emergency trauma surgery and has experience in disaster relief and war zones even before the gates opened. Her gift is capable of rapid tissue regeneration and healing through physical contact. This gift is crucial to her current work with the special units, as it helps them heal any life-threatening injuries and maintain their health as they stop new races from emerging through the gates.

Following Leina is Amara Singh, twenty-eight years old, a former hacker and cyber warfare specialist renowned for infiltrating high-security systems and disrupting enemy communications. Her gift is one of the most special and unique, as it allows her to control and manipulate electronic systems and devices, remotely accessing and altering digital information. Despite potential difficulties reaching her due to the gate's technological disruptions, she willingly agreed to test the limits of her abilities through this procedure.

Fifth on our list is Darius Johnson. Although his father is a retired naval officer and submarine commander with extensive experience in underwater operations, Darius is only nineteen years old and was just an ordinary civilian gaining entrance to university before the gates appeared.

His gift lies in his extraordinary perception and analytical skills, allowing him to accurately predict movements and outcomes. If he successfully completes the procedure, we envision him able to perceive future events with unprecedented clarity.

Moving on to the sixth candidate, we have David Richards, a thirty-four-year-old former firefighter renowned for his bravery and quick thinking in challenging situations. His gift grants him control over fire, enabling him to generate flames and heat at will.

Seventh is Lieutenant Nathan Thompson, thirty-nine years old, who leads several special units defending against creatures emerging from the gates. His gift gives him superhuman strength and durability, capable of withstanding extreme physical force and delivering devastating attacks. He also seems to grasp the invaders' hierarchy of power, making him a strategic choice for this experiment. Next on our list is..."

Orion, Aerialia, and Aegis of the Arctic Deity observed intently as a series of faces appeared one by one on a wide holographic strategic choice for this experiment. Next on our list is..."

Orion, Aerialia, and Aegis of the Arctic Deity observed intently screen, accompanied by their backgrounds and unique gifts. A middle-aged man in military attire stood before them, explaining each individual's profile from the holographic display to the assembled group of men and women.

Some wore military gear, while others wore professional attire and suits, hinting at diverse backgrounds and expertise.

Among the attendees sat Naka, now in human form, alongside Oberon, who remained invisible but vigilant from a distance, ensuring the confidentiality of their discussions and preventing any leaks.

The man's voice resonated through the room as he introduced ten more individuals, each with unique abilities matching the sought-after potential for the upcoming procedures. "These are the qualified individuals we've identified, possessing the skills needed to combat the 'Nine Greed Gods' and reclaim our lands while defending against other threats," he announced. "Although there may be others with exceptional abilities, our resources are limited, and time is of the essence."

The man then turned to the side and focused his attention on the seated Naka. "Dr. Hikari Nakamura, given that this is your discovery and proposal, we trust your judgment in choosing among the first few candidates," he added.

Dr. Nakamura nodded thoughtfully, his eyes scanning the file containing the details of the individuals showcased on the screen.

After a moment of intense scrutiny, he looked up and spoke, "Let's begin with number one, General Reynold Matins. His gift piques my interest, and given his track record, he appears dependable enough to be our initial choice. It's always wise to have a solid starting point, especially considering the complexities of the other procedures," looking at the others around the wide oval table.

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"It's decided then. I'll arrange for someone to relay a message to General Reynold Martins, asking him to step out of the field and join us for the experimentation," one of the elder figures in military attire stated, nodding with a supportive smile towards Dr. Nakamura's decision.

"Agreed. This concludes our meeting. Let's get started."

Orion, Aerialia, and Aegis of the Arctic Deity watched as the scenes shifted again.

"It's an honour to finally meet you, General Reynold," Dr Nakamura greeted warmly, extending his hand for a handshake.

"Pleasure's all mine, Dr. Nakamura," General Reynold replied with a smile. He returned the handshake while adjusting his array of newly received medals. "How have you been?" he asked, initiating a friendly conversation.

"I'm alright. I just wanted to ensure you're mentally prepared for the procedure, as it won't be a walk in the park," Dr. Nakamura replied, pulling back his hand.

General Reynold nodded immediately, his expression serious. "My colleagues have briefed me on the challenges. However, I've also been informed about your amazing research and breakthroughs, so I understand the gravity of this experiment and am ready for whatever happens," he assured.

Dr Nakamura smiled in acknowledgement. "Excellent. Please make your preparations, so let's begin right away," he said, shaking General Reynold's hand again before heading off.

The scene shifted, plunging into darkness before transforming once more. This time, Orion recognized the setting, solidifying his belief that General Reynolds was White Flame.

General Reynold lay on a hospital bed, surrounded by a web of tubes carrying various concoctions, each inserted into different parts of his body—mouth, ears, nose, veins from head to toe.

They observed the entire procedure unfold. Unlike Oberon's Omnithrialian transplants, General Reynold, who was a human and, as such, a direct descendant, underwent a different process. The focus was on awakening the latent spark within him that activated his gift, enhancing his body's adaptability to the divine energy gradually infused into him.

He was compelled to utilize his gift instantly, weaving illusions in his surroundings and mind simultaneously until he seamlessly merged illusion with reality, flawlessly bridging the gap between the two.

Orion and Aerialia watched the entire procedure unfold, from its inception to completion. Despite its somewhat unsettling nature, they found it strangely captivating. The fusion of the supernatural with science was a spectacle they had never imagined witnessing firsthand.

Their closest experience to such a phenomenon had been observing Seraphina's unusual constructions and the rest of the Healers' Association. Still, they couldn't deny that Dr. Nakamura's expertise surpassed them all in this domain.

After the successful experiment, General Reynold's eyes fluttered open, and he rose from his hospital bed, floating effortlessly in the air. The tubes and needles connected to him were gently retracted, hovering momentarily before descending to the ground.

After a few minutes, General Reynold opened his mouth and said, "Let there be darkness." The entire world around them was instantly obscured by a mind-numbing darkness.

Orion and Aerialia watched in amazement as Dr. Nakamura lightly smiled and snapped his thumb and index finger together. Instantly, a ray of brilliance shone, completely dispelling the darkness.

Following that, General Reynold vanished from the laboratory, disappearing into thin air. Once he was gone, the doctors and scientists frantically restored order to the laboratory, shaking with excitement as they celebrated the success of such a significant and dangerous experiment on the first try. Despite their optimism, it was an unprecedented achievement that they had never expected to attain.

Oberon soon appeared beside Dr. Nakamura while still in his invisible form; both observed intently as General Reynold materialized out of thin air. He effortlessly dispatched the invaders surging from the stellar gate before stepping through it.

"Shouldn't you stop him? You know he might not make it back if he encounters a powerful god," Oberon asked.

Dr. Nakamura shook his head. "He seems eager to test the extent of his abilities. There's no use stopping him unless I want to reveal my secret identity. Besides, this way, we won't need to arrange a test for him anymore. If he returns alive, we've gained one of humanity's new protectors..." He responded with a light smile, sending a reply through his mind.

"And if he doesn't?" Oberon pressed.

"Then we'll correct our mistake and proceed with the next procedures," Dr. Nakamura responded confidently.

Oberon raised his brows and narrowed his eyes at Dr. Nakamura. "I'm quite curious why you're so determined to ensure the success of this experiment. I've never seen you this excited about anything except when you're welcoming new races under your care," he asked.

Dr. Nakamura shifted his attention to Oberon. "Because I want nothing more than to see the gods fall and make them regret why they didn't simply remain in heaven. Just like the Omnithrallians, I want to instill fear and make them realize their godly status is now worthless in the world we live in today," he responded passionately.

Oberon simply nodded, absorbing Dr. Nakamura's words, before focusing on the gate. General Reynold emerged from it, wielding a giant crimson greatsword in his grasp.

Hearing Dr. Nakamura's words, Orion, Aerialia, and Aegis of the Arctic Deity all wore solemn expressions as they observed the scenes shifting, revealing various details about the events of that day and the following ones rushing into their minds.

They witnessed Naka saving the Prismerions from their direst moments and accepting their immense gratitude and reverence, much to Ilse's annoyance.

Oberon followed General Reynold as he wreaked havoc among the gods, who were now anxious, especially the 'Nine Greed Gods', about what to do next with the emergence of another strange god. In an attempt to cover up their tracks, humanity's fallen governments began to rumour that humans had learned how to harness the powers of the Divine Mysteries.

Orion would have almost laughed at the deception they used to fool the gods so they could continue their experiments and usher in the emergence of the man-made gods. However, the chaos and solemn atmosphere were so surreal that he could only observe the unfolding scenes with a heavy heart.

Also, as more of Oberon's memories began to unfold, he could sense that he was getting closer to learning about the Princess of the Garden's past and the Vylkr vines.