

Village Head 1321

Chapter 1321: Purge (3), The Foundation Of The Realm

That alone might have given them an edge against the divines and brought stability to their realm.

Unfortunately, for whatever reason, Iyriath Zi'ria chose not to provide any further explanation.

"Let us begin," Iyriath Zi'ria said.

Orion signified he was ready with a nod.

Boom!!

Suddenly, the White Flame ignited on the Morphic Puppet.

It burned fiercely.

The Vylkr Armour no longer resisted the scorching flames. Its sleek, inky-black, scaled surface was soon engulfed in blazing fire.

After a few seconds, Orion felt a warm sensation spread across his body and saw that he, too, was now burning with the White Flame.

Yet, it did not harm him. Instead, a soothing coolness spread through every fibre of his being.

After eight years, Orion felt a shift in his consciousness. He realised he had regained the ability to sense the outside world from within the cocoon.

He sighed in relief, sensing that everything outside was still intact.

Suddenly, bluish lightning emerged from within his body. It crackled around him, intertwining with the White Flame that bathed his form.

A miniature version of the Vylkr Armour appeared before him. Parts of its inky black surface had turned white, now covered in glowing wisps of ever-burning White Flame.

Orion could sense the Vylkr energy within the armour being purged. What remained was a shell infused with a White Flame.

He also felt the Vylkr containers within his body melting away, their corrupted essence being expelled. At first, he tried to resist. He had worked too hard to gather them, and couldn't bear to watch them disappear.

But when he realised there was no way to halt the process, he reluctantly ceased his resistance.

Outside,

A cocoon bathed in White Flame hovered beside the Spiritual Link Point.

Despite the flame's intensity, the grassy plain beneath it remained untouched.

General Reynold, Oberon, the Will of the Divine Mysteries, Ilse, Zera, Sylvalis, Zymera, and her sisters floated above the area in solemn silence.

Suddenly, they sensed a familiar presence sweep through them from within the blazing cocoon.

"It seems that he's fine," General Reynold said, exhaling deeply in relief.

"That child is something else," Oberon said. He was also relieved by this revelation.

It had been eight months since Orion began his ascension.

At first, they hadn't been worried.

Orion was treading a path no one had ever walked before, so obstacles were expected.

But as time dragged on without the slightest sign of progress, worry began to settle in.

Even the Will of the Divine Mysteries had somehow entered the realm once more, sensing the strangeness within Orion.

They had considered intervening.

However, they held back. They chose to wait, no matter how long it took, rather than risk inflicting irreparable harm to Orion with their actions.

Suddenly, the spiritual pressure around him surged.

General Reynold, Oberon, the Will of the Divine Mysteries, Ilse, Zera and the others narrowed their eyes as Orion's aura began to rise through the Demigod ranks.

Sixth Order!

Fifth Order!

Fourth Order!

Third Order!

By the time he reached the Second Order, Orion's spiritual pressure was already affecting distant planets across the nearby galaxies.

By the First Order, the Mysteries of the Twelve-Step Stairs sprang into action, containing the overwhelming pressure.

Given the Spiritual Link Point on the planet's connection to Floating Frost Valley and other regions, they were already prepared to protect the planet.

Aside from a varying degree of atmospheric intensity, there wasn't much damage.

"He's managed to cross through all the Demigod Orders in one step," Oberon muttered, his heart brimming with a complex storm of emotions.

"AMAAZZING!! THAT'S MY BOYY!! You see, isn't he worth something pouring my resources into?" exclaimed the Will of the Divine Mysteries.

He clapped his hands joyfully as he focused on Orion.

Many had boasted of breaking through the Demigod Order in a single step. But who could claim to have done so on their very first ascension, while burdened by a curse, branded as an anomaly, and forging a unique path with the aid of a mysterious entity like the White Flame?

None could.

General Reynold and the others stood in silence, their hearts flooded with conflicting emotions.

'As expected of the Supreme Leader,' Zymera smiled faintly.

Just when she believed herself stronger than the Supreme Leader, confident she could protect him with all her strength, he had once again grown stronger, matching her current power.

She glanced at her other sisters.

She had spent time forming bonds with the true bodies of Orion's other wives and had come to realise this was a common experience with him.

It was now up to her to continue growing, or risk being left behind as the gap widened.

All of them watched intently as the cocoon began to peel away.

Within the cocoon

The cocoon unravelled like wisps of White Flame, slowly wrapping itself around Orion's form. It seared into him, branding itself deep into his very essence.

Suddenly, the miniature Morphic Puppet, now cloaked in blazing White Flame, expanded and enveloped him, wrapping snugly around his body.

Orion felt both his body and the Vylkr Armour being wholly baptised in the White Flame.

He couldn't feel even a trace of Vylkr energy anymore.

His Vylkr containers merged, transforming into a single glowing sphere of white flame, tinged with a unique, unfamiliar energy. He wasn't sure what it was, but he sensed it was the gift Iyriath Zi'ria had given him.

From his seated position, Orion stood and looked toward the sky, where a radiant Twelve-Step Staircase descended from the clouds and extended between the heavens and the earth.

"All I need to do is step onto the Twelve-Step Stairs to complete my ascension," Orion muttered.

Just as he was about to take a step forward, a voice echoed from within the armour.

"Don't take another step. You do not need to bind yourself to a Mystery to ascend to divinity. I am still here, and I will help you complete your ascension," said Iyriath.

Orion nodded.

"Head towards the direction I have shown you," Iyriath Zi'ria added.

Orion nodded again. He transformed into a blazing comet covered in countless flickers of fierce blue lightning as he soared into the air, emerging from the clouds, and vanished into the cosmic sea above.

General Reynold and the others exchanged confused glances.

They couldn't understand why Orion hadn't ascended by stepping onto the Twelve-Step Stairs.

At the same time, they sensed that Orion was heading toward the edge of Paradise's cosmic roots.

They couldn't help but frown deeply.

Was there something they had missed?

Unable to grasp the situation fully, they could only trust in his judgment.

General Reynold glanced at the Twelve-Step Stairs, which were still connecting the earth to the filament. Then, he refocused his gaze on the others present.

He nodded at them, "Let's see what he's up to."

He wasn't afraid to bring them along with the Will of the Divine Mysteries to witness what was about to happen. After all, if they weren't safe within the Paradise Realm, they wouldn't be safe anywhere.

With a wave of his hand, they vanished into thin air.

They reappeared at the edge of the cosmic tree roots—the domain of the gods.

They observed as Orion halted upon the crystallised roots, which glowed with a spectrum of vibrant colours. Fortunately, he remained within the roots, avoiding the void where countless unforeseen dangers lurked.

Meanwhile, Orion looked at the roots of the cosmic tree, the foundation of the realm they had built. Each root radiated different arrays of light at varying intervals and was now so unfathomably large that, with his current divine senses, he couldn't even grasp a fraction of its scale.

Portable dimensions and realms were protected by layers of space, each differing in degree. These layers posed a challenge for those with little understanding of spatial laws.

But they did nothing to halt the dominance of the Material Realm within them. Thus, even the Divine Mysteries could exert their power within.

Meanwhile, the Paradise Realm was safeguarded by the Mysteries of the Twelve-Step Stairs, with a structure resembling the tree that was influenced by the spiritual tree bearing fruits containing primordial energy, fruits typically used in human awakening ceremonies.

Neither the Material Realm nor the Divine Mysteries could penetrate it, and even doing so from within would be a challenge. It was an isolated realm that existed alone.

With the aid of the Mysteries of the Twelve-Step Stairs, General Reynold and Oberon, the realm would continue to expand unobstructed through the void.

This was what set it apart from other portable realms and dimensions.

Orion wondered why Iyriath Zi'ria had led him here.

"You will not understand what I am doing until I am finished. Do not fight it," Iyriath Zi'ria's voice echoed within him.

Orion nodded in understanding. He had already come this far and wasn't about to second-guess his decisions now.

The White Flame flared around him, burning even more vigorously.

Chapter 1322: White Flame Cosmic Tree, A Blessing

Orion observed as it expanded, spreading across the vast cosmic tree roots with him at the centre.

The flames flickered across the roots at an inconceivable rate.

Within minutes, the entire cosmic tree root system was ablaze. The roots neither burned nor reacted violently to the vigorous White Flames. Instead, the fire began to seep into the roots, merging with them.

The crystallised, radiant roots now shone even more vibrantly, their intensity matched only by the burning White Flame.

It was a magnificent and beautiful sight to behold.

Then, a strange occurrence unfolded.

The White Flames began to gather, forming roots of their own upon the crystallised cosmic tree roots.

The new roots took shape, surpassing the original in intensity.

Then, Orion felt a tug, urging him to step amidst the blazing white tree roots. He entered without hesitation.

The moment the blazing roots touched his own blazing form, it was as though a spark ignited within a wooden house. The roots became even more potent, and bark began to form, stretching outward into the void.

Witnessing this scene, Orion was stunned. He realised that it was forming another cosmic tree construct.

But he still had no idea what Iyraith was trying to do.

Unable to contain his curiosity any longer, he asked, "What's going on?"

"I have chosen to also cleanse those who have been affected by the curse. It is a blessing to every inhabitant of Paradise. They will all be filled with a new energy that will enable them to withstand the curse," Iyriath Zi'ria declared.

"Even if they reencounter the curse, as long as this realm exists, they will be purified and reborn anew. It will serve as another true path to godhood. This will make Paradise far more self-sufficient, separate from the other realms."

"I have also seen the structure of your realm—to keep mortals on one side and divines on the other—and it is commendable. However, the divine domain you have built is still vastly lacking. In the next million years, it may fall apart despite your efforts."

"This new cosmic tree will not only serve as a natural habitat for the gods of the Paradise Realm but as a Paradise in itself. While the cosmic tree of that Mysteries births universes and strange worlds for the development of mortals, this divine cosmic tree will birth divine realms and divine phenomena for the growth of the divine; realms within realms, Mysteries beyond Mysteries. Let the divine domain where the two roots intersect serve as a bridge between the two cosmic trees."

"Spirit Beasts will also be able to reside within this Cosmic Tree. As long as they can harness this new energy, they will be able to exhibit their full strength. This way, you may bring those who have pledged their loyalty into the Paradise Realm."

"Due to your connection with the White Flame, only you possess authority over this new cosmic tree. Regardless of the path those within Paradise take to godhood, I have ensured that with this tree, your standing will never fall beneath the Mysteries."

"As long as it grows, you will grow. As long as you grow, it will also grow. But as a cosmic tree born of my strength, it will always remain several steps higher—a bridge that cannot be crossed."

"This is the gift I, Iyriath Zi'ria, offer you on behalf of the Omnithriallian race."

"My child, do you like it?" she asked.

There had been many times when Orion had found himself at a loss for words. But at this moment, countless emotions welled up within him, and though many words filled his lips, none could encapsulate the depth of what he felt.

"Yes... I love it. Thank you, ancestor," Orion responded, his voice cracking with emotion.

He knew the sacrifices that would have to be made to accomplish a feat of this magnitude.

He wasn't even sure he could achieve it in a single lifetime.

After all, just the construction of the Mysteries of the Twelve Step Stairs had required a resurrected General Reynold, Oberon, and many irreplaceable elements.

Furthermore, it had drawn the attention of the Will of the Divine Mysteries, which sought to break into Paradise and destroy it.

So, he dared not say that he could ever fulfil even a portion of what was required to birth a cosmic tree meant to house gods.

Yet, it had all been given to him as a gift from an ancestor who wished to atone for past crimes and ensure her descendants could survive for countless epochs.

He had witnessed the immensity of the divine in that moment, for there was no greater gift than this.

"That is good. I am pleased that you like it," Iyriath Zi'ria said softly.

"Will you cease to exist after this?" Orion asked, his voice trembling with concern.

He could sense the weakness in her voice.

Having been granted so much, he naturally felt worried for her well-being.

He could not bear to stand by and do nothing.

"I will," Iyriath Zi'ria replied. "I have used up the last of my power—I also didn't hesitate to draw from my consciousness scattered across within the Vylkr Armours."

"Although this will slightly diminish Naka's power, with the resources currently at his disposal, I trust he will recover quickly. But this means he may notice what has transpired and try to use his ability to uncover the reason behind my actions."

"But do not be afraid. This realm alone is enough to block his ability. And with my help, he will not realise what has occurred. However, he will still harbour a hint of suspicion, so remain vigilant."

Orion nodded.

"Now, don't worry about my demise. Among all my children whom we have encountered, you are one of the few who have chosen to lay down their lives for others' lives that had been stripped away or deprived."

"As a parent, I have only done what I believed was best for my children, so they could rise above the problems I once had to face, and follow the principles they've chosen for themselves," Iyriath Zi'ria replied.

"Orion, do you have a dream?" she asked gently.

Perhaps she wanted him to be completely honest with her, because her voice had grown softer, warmer.

Orion knew she could easily read his mind, and he wouldn't even be aware of it. But she chose not to.

It was like a parent waiting patiently for their child to share a hidden desire, even if they already knew the answer.

Despite that, Orion found it challenging to speak.

He cleared his throat a few times.

"I have a dream to wake up every day knowing I have nothing to fear. To feast upon the beauties of all realms, to sow my seed, and watch my bloodline expand," Orion finally said.

"That is the most obscene, vulgar, depraved, wanton, licentious, and salacious ambition I've ever heard. I would have mistaken you for an ancient god if I hadn't confirmed that you are, indeed, one of my children," Iyriath Zi'ria responded, her tone tinged with disbelief.

Orion trembled slightly. He smiled wryly, trying his best to maintain his composure. He knew how his words might have sounded to a being who had lived through untold epochs, but he wasn't about to lie.

"But everyone has their own dream. I won't intervene. With your unique condition, you'll be able to accomplish such a feat on your own," she continued.

"You know about my special condition? Can you tell me how to manage it?" Orion asked.

"Yes, I do. And you don't need to worry about not being able to control it. In fact, you already possess full control of it at this moment. If you wish to learn more, you'll need to search for the other members of the human race," Iyriath Zi'ria replied.

"They hold the answers to why you possess such a special condition. Just as I've ensured that everything between us remains unknown to others—except to other Omnithriallians—the same secrecy applies to the information regarding them."

"I'm sorry."

Orion shook his head. "I understand."

He understood her situation, so he didn't press further.

"I want to ask another question."

"Go ahead."

"Did your people create the Spirit Beast race?" Orion asked.

He had asked her before, but she had dodged the question.

This time, he asked directly, hoping for a clear answer.

"No. The Omnithriallians didn't partake in the creation of the Spirit Beasts. The Spirit Realm was already brimming with life when we discovered it."

Orion's mind raced at her answer.

The Omnithriallians hadn't created the Spirit Realm.

They had 'found' it.

Those were two powerful truths that changed everything.

He thought back to her earlier words—how in the beginning, there were only the heavens and the material realm.

If that were true, then where did this third realm—the Spirit Realm—come from? A realm filled with Spirit Beasts resembling both magical and ordinary beasts of the material realm.

Chapter 1323: White Flame Cosmic Tree (2), Cosmic Structure

Was it a backup realm?

A failsafe crafted in anticipation of a catastrophe like the current age, an age where even rebirth could no longer solve the crisis? And in order to prevent an escalating collapse, had the Spirit Realm come into being, just as the Divine Mysteries emerged from the heavens?

'Does that mean the Spirit Realm was destined to replace the Material Realm?' Orion thought in disbelief.

With the power of the Spirit Beasts, even the races protected by their creators would think twice before taking reckless actions that could lead to unnecessary destruction.

In that way, the Spirit Realm might serve as a safeguard.

It was a far-fetched idea, but based on the information he had, it was the most plausible explanation.

"Why are the Omnithriallians buried within the Spirit Realm? Why were only a few entombed in our dimension?" Orion asked, his tone brimming with curiosity.

"That is a question I am unable to answer," Iyraith Zi'ria replied.

"There is a Will of the Divine Mysteries within this realm. Something in your possession has allowed it to freely enter and act as it pleases. Do you want me to help you take care of it?" she asked.

Orion sighed, realising she had dodged his earlier question.

From her words, he deduced she was referring to the strange Will of the Divine Mysteries, and the Divine Medallion of Sovereign Accord, which it had given him, allowing him to summon it whenever he needed to meet it.

Still, Orion didn't summon the item. He was cautious.

The blazing White Flame surrounding them might harm it.

Even though he wasn't sure it would be destroyed, he decided not to risk it.

"Can you eliminate it?" Orion asked.

"The strength of the Will of the Divine Mysteries is limited to its assigned task. Though always connected to the Divine Mysteries, if a Will fails its task, it will naturally dissipate, and another will replace it. This one, however, is strange. It doesn't seem fully connected. It's acting as if it has chosen to exist on its own terms," Iyraith Zi'ria replied.

"Unfortunately, I cannot eliminate it in my current form. I would need to recover my physical body to do so. At best, I can expel it and, through the cosmic trees' connection with the Mysteries of the Twelve-Step Stairs, limit its omnipresence within this realm, restricting its entry."

"However, once this cosmic tree is complete, the Mysteries of the Twelve-Step Stairs will gain another boost in strength, and eliminating any future Will that tries to enter its cosmic structure won't be difficult."

Orion frowned. He wasn't surprised by her inability to handle the Will, after all, even the Divine Beings had struggled against it. But for her to casually talk about limiting its omnipresence was astonishing.

"The Will of the Divine Mysteries—though omnipresent, omniscient, and omnipotent—is still bound to its cosmic structure," Iyraith Zi'ria said.

"It's only due to its connection to the Material Realm that it can manifest its Will there, not in the Spirit Realm. It's only manifesting here because this Mysteries of the Twelve-Step Stairs is relatively young."

"The true gods also embody the tri-omni qualities within their cosmic structure. But when stepping into another, their power is limited, and over time, diminished. This happens because the rules of a foreign cosmic structure are influenced by a different Mysteries. That's why Mysteries can overstep their boundaries."

"If we had understood this back then, our battle with the ancient gods in the heavens would have played out very differently. That's why I'm telling you this. Now that you've become a divine being, and even when you ascend to the level of a true god, do not attempt to cross into another cosmic structure recklessly."

"Even wandering into the Spirit Realm is reckless. Learn from your companions who did so only through their clones."

"However, because of your unique connection with the Will of the Divine Mysteries, the Mysteries of the Twelve-Step Stairs tolerate its presence. It seems to favour you greatly. If it attempts to do anything to this realm or its residents, it would remove it."

As Iyraith Zi'ria spoke, Orion's mind raced. As he absorbed her words, many pieces began to fall into place.

"Does that mean the Spirit Realm—the Lower, Middle, and Upper Layers—is a single cosmic structure?" Orion asked, his heart thumping as he grasped the magnitude of the revelation.

"Yes."

"Then... does that mean there is a third Mysteries?"

"I'm sorry, child. I cannot answer that."

"Answer only if you can; otherwise, remain silent. But if you think the question itself is foolish, then convince me not to ask further," Orion said calmly.

If she chose the first option, it would mean that yes, there was a third Mysteries. If she chose the second, then there likely wasn't.

Iyraith remained silent.

Orion's heart paused.

He believed they were the first to create a Mysteries that could rival the Divine Mysteries; that they had accomplished an incomprehensible feat.

But unknown to them, something else had already done so, long before the emergence of the Omnithriallians and the creation of the races in the Material Realm.

Now it all made sense why other Divine Mandates didn't work within the Spirit Realm. He had believed the Spirit Realm was a distorted byproduct of destruction in the Material Realm, a backup realm born from chaos.

But he now realised how wrong he was.

It wasn't even connected to the Material Realm.

It was an entirely different cosmic structure.

Was that why the laws of the Spirit Realm had stabilised and solidified into its own structure -Spirit Laws - even though they bore some resemblance to the other cosmic structures?

Yet, what baffled Orion most was how interconnected the Spirit Realm remained with other cosmic structures.

Even the Paradise Realm had Spiritual Link Points tied to theirs, and the only way to block them was for the Mysteries of the Twelve Step Stairs to act on suppressing them.

"Are there any other Mysteries?" Orion asked, steadying his breathing as he stared at the blazing white bark of the forming cosmic tree before him.

Iyraith remained silent.

Orion closed his eyes.

Though his expression was calm, his heart pounded and his thoughts surged like a tempest.

The mere possibility of a second Mysteries had already shaken his worldview, a rare feat, since as a complete divine being, few things could. But now, there was the implication of another... he was disconcerted.

And the most terrifying truth of all: their growing numbers did not lessen their power.

Mysteries beyond Mysteries.

Those words carried new and terrifying weight now.

Though Orion longed to ask more, he held back. Iyraith Zi'ria was unwilling to give direct answers, and pressing further would only deepen his anxiety with half-truths and silence.

He also didn't want to put his ancestor, who had given him all of this, in a difficult situation. So he changed the subject.

"I realised something: was it only from the cosmic tree we created that you drew inspiration to form this one?" He asked

Iyraith finally spoke. "No. I drew inspiration from both heaven and the Material Realm—one serves as the home of mortals, the other as the domain of divines," she replied with certainty.

"Does... that mean this cosmic tree will share similarities with heaven?"

"I caught a glimpse," she said slowly, "from the memories shared by others of my race, before we lost the war at heaven's gates. So, in a way, yes. However, it will bear no further resemblance to it."

"I would not risk recreating the home where our race fell, not for our children. And I doubt the rest of my kin would overlook such impiety. Even I would not forgive myself."

"Why are you asking such questions, child? Isn't that cosmic structure where you also drew inspiration for this cosmic tree?" she asked, her voice tinged with curiosity.

"It was," Orion responded with a nod.

He didn't say anything more. Those were the only words he could manage in that moment. He steadied his emotions and shifted the conversation once again.

"The Paradise Realm is connected to a location within the Material Realm, which served as its foundation. From that gateway, another Will of the Divine Mysteries is trying to break in and destroy the Paradise Realm. So far, the Mysteries of the Twelve Step Stairs has managed to halt its progress and protect us," Orion said.

"Will it be able to continue holding it back?" he asked.

A Will of the Divine Mysteries sent to destroy an entire realm and a newly-formed Mysteries would surely be far more powerful than one sent to eliminate an ancient god, utilising a powerful curse. He needed to calculate their odds before making any further moves.

"There is no need to act. Once the cosmic tree is complete, the Mysteries of the Twelve Step Stairs will no longer cling to the Material Realm. It will become a complete cosmic structure of its own. This will make it extremely difficult for anyone outside of Paradise to enter."

Chapter 1324: The True Nature Of An Anomaly

"As a consequence, however, it will also become difficult for its residents to return to the Material Realm. Still, they will not face rejection. The Material Realm, as the first cosmic structure, does not discriminate," Iyraith Zi'ria replied.

Orion nodded in understanding.

"Are there any other questions you wish to ask?" she asked.

"Yes, I have one more question," Orion said.

Orion explained everything about Sylvalis's current condition to Iyraith Zi'ria.

"I see. She's indeed a unique case. She was influenced by the Primordial Tree construct used to awaken your gifts. This allowed her to resist death, and during the formation of the Mysteries of the Twelve-Step Stairs, she became intrinsically linked to it, causing the Mysteries to register her as a localised Will. Unlike other Wills, she's free to act and move as herself. I have a solution for her condition."

"Right now, the border between the two Cosmic Trees needs a guardian. Initially, I had other plans for it. But since the Mysteries of the Twelve-Step Stairs is still young, it will take time before it can manifest a proper Will."

"We can designate her as the localised Will within that boundary. She would ensure the roots remain forever intertwined and beings remain within their domains unless permitted otherwise."

"However, she can also act as a bridge, temporarily overstepping into another cosmic structure's boundary. Later, she can still take on the official role as the boundary's localised Will. I'll leave that choice to you," Iyraith Zi'ria said.

With all that had happened, who knew if there would be a better time for Sylvalis to assume that role without something catastrophic occurring?

Orion realised that if they faced a dire situation they couldn't escape from, Sylvalis, acting as the localised Will of Paradise Mysteries, could help them escape. But the problem was that she wasn't aware of this role.

That meant the situation would need to become more severe than they could handle before her instincts might trigger it. Thankfully, they were competent enough to avoid such a disaster.

"There's no reason to wait. Let's do it now," Orion said.

"Once the Divine Cosmic Tree is complete and its Mysteries have formed, I will finalise everything," Iyraith Zi'ria said.

Orion nodded. He looked forward to the birth of the Mysteries of the Divine Cosmic Tree.

Iyraith Zi'ria even claimed that the Cosmic Tree would contain countless realms—enough to house divine beings, Spirit Beasts, and generations to come.

This thrilled him, especially considering how the White Flame would influence them.

"There's one last thing I want to inform you about," Iyraith Zi'ria said.

Orion listened attentively.

"I wasn't sure whether I should tell you this.... but since I've already warned you of the dangers of crossing into another cosmic structure, I see no reason not to tell you this as well," she added.

"This is about your status as... an anomaly. An anomaly is an error in existence, unbonded by the laws of natural order. A weak anomaly cannot fully resist the influence of a foreign cosmic structure. But a powerful one can. I'm still uncertain whether this applies to the Spirit Realm, which is why I warned you earlier, to stop you from making any rash decisions."

"So even if I completely master a law and ascend as a true god, I still might not be able to resist the Spirit Realm's influence?" Orion asked.

"Yes. The Spirit Realm is too ancient. And because of your nature, there will be those who hunt you, fearing the threat you pose. However, if you become strong enough, you'll gain the ability to control your nature, switching it on or off at will," she explained.

"But if you ever plan to return to the Spirit Realm, or any foreign cosmic structure, do so with a clone. You may be unbound as an anomaly, but that freedom comes at a heavy cost."

Orion nodded. "I promise I won't act recklessly."

He had always wondered how the Omnithriallians, despite their strength and ability to break into the heavens, had lost the war so decisively.

Now, with Iyraith Zi'ria's explanation, he finally understood why. Even if the first race, the Celestiarchs, had been given the same level of freedom as the Omnithriallians, they would have lost just as easily if they had stepped into the domain of the ancient gods.

Fortunately, they were now within the Material Realm—the other side of the main cosmic structure—and their enemies were far weaker.

"There are other things I must share with you, things that cannot be explained properly with words. I'll impart them to you directly," Iyraith Zi'ria said.

As they spoke, Iyraith Zi'ria continuously transmitted information to Orion about the Divine Cosmic Tree as it was being created. One piece of knowledge was about how his divine nature would be influenced by the Mysteries of the Divine Cosmic Tree.

Even without his anomaly status, he would still be able to cross boundaries using it. However, that was even more dangerous; it would place him at the top of any cosmic structure's elimination list.

Thankfully, his connection to it was something he could disguise at will, since he wasn't the Mysteries themselves.

Other insights included various authorities similar to those of the Divine Mysteries and the Mysteries of the Twelve-Step Stairs, customised by Iyraith Zi'ria herself.

This opened a new gateway of thought for Orion, making him wonder:

Was a true god really the apex of a cosmic structure?

Or was it the Mysteries?

Firstly, the Cosmic Structure was a completely self-contained reality with its own fundamental laws, spiritual framework, and governing Mysteries.

Secondly, Mysteries referred to a conceptual framework that governed a cosmic structure—in simpler terms, the beating heart of a cosmic structure. Due to its nature, it possessed its own Will, consciousness, and purpose, all of which benefited the cosmic structure itself.

This was what made the Paradise Realm unique compared to other cosmic structures. Unlike the main cosmic structure, where the Divine Mysteries manifested from the heavens, the Paradise Realm possessed two: one for its Material Cosmic Tree and the other for its Divine Tree.

This ensured that no matter how powerful the gods became, it would be nearly impossible for them to act freely within the Material Cosmic Tree.

Knowing divine beings' resilience and cunning, Orion also approved the formation of sub-mysteries intricately linked to the Divine Cosmic Tree's Mystery. If goddesses like Avarielle and Margona could deceive the Divine Mysteries, then clearly one was not enough to govern a domain filled with beings like them.

Lastly, a true god was a divine being who had fully ascended beyond the lesser divine state by anchoring their existence to a cosmic structure and being recognised by its Mysteries.

A true god from one cosmic structure would be weakened or outright rejected by another unless they were disguised correctly. Ascending within a new Mysteries would gradually sever ties to one's native realm.

This was why the Divine Mysteries reacted so aggressively after Aerialia severed her bond with it and forged a new one with the Paradise Mysteries and others who had followed her path.

The manifestation of a true god was dependent on their complete mastery of a law and the transformation that followed. However, their strength would falter when faced with the influence of a foreign cosmic structure.

Although both divine beings and anomalies utilised Primordial energy and each had their own strengths and limitations, it was apparent which stood higher.

Orion realised that true strength came from being an anomaly, as a being who rebelled against preexisting systems to ascend by their own means.

He was certain that if he had not been a forerunner of the Mysteries of the Twelve Step Stairs, the realm itself could have sensed him as a threat and eliminated him.

In other words, had he continued ascending rapidly within another cosmic structure, not only would he have been targeted by more powerful Divine Corps, but he would also have drawn the attention of even more dangerous entities.

Orion concluded that, as an anomaly and a Mystery-level being, his capabilities would surely far surpass those of ordinary true gods.

Though he appreciated that Iyraith Zi'ria had chosen to share this information with him, he now understood why she had kept it hidden until they reached this place.

"The Divine Cosmic Tree will soon be completed," Iyraith Zi'ria said.

Orion opened his eyes and focused on the tree. Its bark was now fully formed, and branches began extending sideways and outward into the Void.

As the branches continued to grow, Orion found himself at the edge of the far side of the bark. Fiery fruits emerged on each branch, protected by glowing leaves.

Suddenly, the fruits detached themselves and fell.

They exploded one after another, each eruption transforming into a separate realm.

Each realm contained endless skies, floating islands, and lush paradises. Some realms were tailored to specific laws, designed to remain hidden from mortal sight for eternity.

Chapter 1325: The Purification

Others were far less overwhelming, comparable to the universes within the Material Cosmic Tree, clearly intended to house Spirit Beasts or other beings of similar standing.

Each realm remained connected to the branch it had emerged from.

Orion felt a sharp discomfort in his chest as the realms continued to expand.

"Using the White Flame is beginning to place too much pressure on your body. I thought my current strength would be enough to sustain it, but I was wrong. I've been weakened far more than I initially expected," Iyraith Zi'ria said solemnly.

"In order to bear the burden, you will need to continue ascending."

"Is that possible?" Orion asked with a low growl.

"Yes. You are different from the other races created by the divines merely as vessels to house their entrance into the Material Realm. You are a direct descendant of an Omnithriallian, and as such, you carry traces of our potential, traces you awakened through the manifestation of your gift."

"You don't need to fully comprehend your gift for it to grow. It has already been tailored to your essence. As long as you continue to grow stronger, your gift will evolve naturally alongside you. Of course, grasping other Laws of the Universe will further enhance your capabilities."

Orion didn't doubt her words.

It was because of these gifts that manmade gods were able to exist. It was also the reason why General Reynold had managed to trigger his ascension into true godhood solely through an epiphany; his gift alone had carried him to such heights.

He had also experienced it firsthand.

"Let's do it," Orion said with a firm nod.

Suddenly, a surge of unique energy erupted within him. The flames grew hotter. Then...

BOOM!!

His body transformed into deep bluish lightning, intertwined with the White Flame. He took on a bizarre yet awe-inspiring form of living fire and lightning.

CRACKLE!!! CRACKLE!!!

Thick arcs of lightning exploded around him.

Above, dark black clouds began to gather over the Divine Cosmic Tree surrounding Orion. The self-contained reality itself seemed to bend, radiating an oppressive and omniscient force that merged with the vast cosmic tree.

It was as if lightning itself had manifested within the blueprint of reality.

And where there was lightning—

CRACKLE!!! BOOM!!!

There was thunder!

Orion stood amidst it all, wreathed in thunder and flame.

He could sense the flaming white orb undergoing a similar transformation within him. Sparks of lightning converged, fusing with the fire.

The two forces intertwined in perfect harmony.

He could no longer feel the heat of the flames. Instead, he felt the raw essence of ascension coursing through him, an overwhelming surge of Iyraith Zi'ria's power flowing deep within his being.

Orion focused his attention forward. The cosmic branches continued birthing new realms and divine phenomena, stretching outward into the Void under the tree's divine protection.

Though their roots intertwined, the Divine Cosmic Tree had grown several times larger than the Material Cosmic Tree below, and it was still expanding.

Orion realised that his ongoing transformation was intrinsically linked to the growth of the tree. With every step he ascended, the tree stretched farther into the void.

Aurora, Aerialia, Ilse, Avarielle, and the others had once described this sensation during their ascensions.

But his case was different.

While others had ascended through either the Divine Mysteries or the Mysteries of the Twelve-Step Stairs, he was rising through his own path, guided by Iyraith Zi'ria, his ancestor, and the birth of an entirely new cosmic tree.

He sensed it clearly: if this continued, his gift would evolve completely, and he would undergo a complete transformation into a true god.

.....

As the Divine Cosmic Tree neared completion, brilliant wisps of White Flame shot from its roots into the Material Cosmic Tree below.

"What's going on?" Ilse asked, curiosity in her voice.

Her gaze tracked the countless wisps of White Flame streaking through the starry skies of every inhabited planet within the first cosmic tree.

She turned toward General Reynold and Oberon, seeking an explanation.

But both men wore the same look of stunned confusion, as though they too were struggling to understand what they were witnessing.

It was clear that Orion's Divine Cosmic Tree was birthing not just universes but realms as well. They had no idea what lay within those realms, but the sheer scale and complexity of what had been created spoke volumes.

They couldn't fathom how Orion had accomplished it.

It had taken the combined effort of General Reynold, Oberon, and the aid of the Mysteries of the Twelve-Step Stairs to achieve a lesser version of what Orion now stood within.

Yet he, alone, while ascending toward godhood, had created something far more powerful. It didn't make sense.

Sensing General Reynold's and Oberon's confusion, Ilse grinned wildly.

"It doesn't make sense, right?" she said.

They both glanced at her and sighed, nodding their heads in response.

"Don't worry, you'll get used to it," Ilse said with a smile. She bobbed her head cheerfully from side to side, clearly pleased that she wasn't the only one expressing such feelings.

They ignored her, their minds lost in deep thought, until something strange occurred, stunning them both again.

Countless wisps of white flame emerged from the comet-sized White Flame, streaking within the first cosmic tree, descending upon every living being without exception.

Those who could utilise Vylkr energy, as well as those infected by the Mother Seed Cells, were cleansed by the White Flame.

They underwent complete transformation, and from within them, a strange, unfamiliar energy surfaced before dissipating entirely.

What amazed them was that this unfamiliar energy outclassed both Vylkr and divine energy. It wasn't just stronger, it completely overshadowed them.

Only then did they begin to understand what was happening.

"They're being cleansed by the White Flame... purified of the Vylkr energy," Oberon murmured.

This was something already confirmed by the Mysteries of the Twelve-Step Stairs, leaving no doubt in their minds.

The same phenomenon unfolded in the domains of the gods.

But there, the unfamiliar energy remained within the humans, forcefully awakening their gifts.

The Primordial energy no longer acted to suppress the Vylkr energy. Instead, it intertwined with the unfamiliar energy.

Then, the colossal comet of White Flame arrived before them in an instant, swiftly enveloping Ilse, Zera, and the others.

General Reynold, Oberon, and Zymera instinctively stepped back.

General Reynold guided a single wisp of the White Flame toward himself. He studied its nature, and its structure was vastly different from the flame he had possessed.

He never expected that what he once viewed as a curse- a remnant of failure that haunted him- could reach such unimaginable heights.

"A great future is built on a great past, no matter how bitter the results," General Reynold said with a soft smile, allowing the wisp to dissipate into the air.

Oberon also gained insights from the phenomenon.

A wide, knowing smile spread across his face.

"Will they be alright?" Zymera asked, glancing at them nervously.

She knew Orion would never harm his wives, but watching them bathed in such an overwhelming, oppressive flame left her uneasy.

"Don't worry," Oberon replied. "They're more than fine. Their bodies are being cleansed by the White Flames of Vylkr energy. After today, they'll no longer be cursed. They'll become true goddesses—goddesses of Paradise."

General Reynold nodded firmly in agreement.

Hearing their words and seeing the calm confidence in their expressions, Zymera steadied her emotions and focused again on the scene before her.

The one who seemed to resist the purification was Zera.

Her body kept shifting between Avarielle and Margona, as if the two beings within her were unwilling to release the Vylkr energy.

"We've suffered for thousands of years, fighting to suppress his vile energy and keep it under control. There's no way we'll sit back and watch it be taken from us now!" Avarielle said, her voice filled with resolution.

As if her most prized possession was about to be taken from her.

"I hate agreeing with her, but she's right. If everyone else chooses not to utilise Vylkr energy anymore, that's fine. But we're keeping ours. We're not going through that same suffering again!" Margona growled as she took control, gritting her teeth in anger.

Meanwhile, the other women nearby had completed their cleansing.

They felt confused upon sensing the absence of Vylkr energy within them and an unfamiliar, unique energy that had taken its place and was far stronger.

Their Vylkr Hearts had transformed into white jade-like hearts that emitted wisps of White Flame, allowing them to produce this unique energy independently.

Reena activated her gift. A glowing rose bloomed in the centre of her palm.

"Are these... the Laws of the Universe?" Reena whispered, glancing around in awe, her eyes wide with wonder.

When she had used Vylkr energy before, she could vaguely sense the Laws, but they had always felt just out of reach, as though an invisible barrier separated her from true comprehension.

Now, after the cleansing, she could faintly grasp them.

Even her gift felt more potent than it ever had with Vylkr energy.

Chapter 1326: The Purification (2)

The other women sensed similar changes stirring within them.

They soon realised that even their unborn children had undergone the same transformation.

After reaching the same conclusion as Reena, excitement rippled through them.

"The Vylkr energy is gone!"

"I no longer feel the barrier blocking my ascension to divinity!"

"I can sense it... But I still can't believe it!"

"Hah! Our husband really knows how to put on a show and share his blessings."

"That's my darling for you."

At last, they were no longer stagnant on the path to divinity.

They could now advance just like the rest of their sisters.

Soon, their attention shifted to Avarielle and the others, who were resisting the White Flame's cleansing.

Blazing strands of Vylkr energy coiled around her body, but the flame continued to consume them slowly.

They instinctively backed away, not wanting to risk re-infection from the Vylkr energy.

Meanwhile, Ilse, fully aware of the changes within her, realised that her instinctive fear of the Vylkr energy had vanished. Curious, she reached out and touched a stray strand of Vylkr energy radiating from Margona.

Her eyes widened as the strand transformed into the unfamiliar energy and dissolved into her, saturating her entire being.

"So this is what all the fuss was about," she murmured with a smile.

She had to admit, it truly was an incredible gift for any divine.

Ilse turned to General Reynold and Oberon and said, "Do something about this."

As much as she restrained her counterpart, she knew Orion would be devastated if anything happened to them.

General Reynold raised his hand. A crushing pressure slammed into Margona, binding her in place.

"You—!!" Margona tried to scream, but her voice faltered as consciousness began to slip away.

She felt the power of the Mysteries of the Twelve Step Stairs flowing through him, suppressing her completely.

"I WON'T FORGIVE YOU, HUMAN!" she roared one final time before her body collapsed backwards, unconscious.

The attacks from both sides had taken them by surprise, making it far easier to suppress them.

Within their shared consciousness, Avarielle and Zera were also rendered unconscious.

General Reynold snorted at Margona's final words.

If not for the fact that they were Orion's potential partners, he would have thrown them out of this realm long ago.

Still, he recognised that the future was taking a turn for the better. Now that they had a method to cleanse the Vylkr energy, they could face the Naka and the Vylkr entities without fear of being defeated.

He had once resolved to sacrifice his life for the growth of Paradise, but now, seeing the magnificent cosmic tree Orion had created, he wondered if there might be a way for him to regain a physical body someday.

It wasn't because he clung to life; he simply wanted to see with his own eyes how far Orion's foundation would grow in the future.

Oberon felt something similar. Except his desire was to train the younger generations, to guide and protect the future of Paradise.

Meanwhile, the White Flame completed its purification of Margona and the others within minutes.

The speed of the cleansing revealed just how deeply they had been infected by the Vylkr energy.

Afterwards, the White Flame dissipated entirely.

A familiar yet unique energy burst forth from their bodies, swirling around them before reabsorbing into their cores.

As the energy circulated within her, Margona's eyes snapped open.

Her gaze widened and reddened as she turned toward General Reynold and Ilse. Then, without a word, she vanished, disappearing entirely from their perception.

General Reynold and Oberon could still sense her presence.

She had retreated to a remote world in an isolated galaxy to recover.

"She's fine," General Reynold said, glancing at Ilse before turning his eyes back to the fiery, blazing white cosmic tree overhead.

Ilse sighed. She knew herself all too well and understood that if her other counterpart had emerged at a moment like that, it meant she was truly hurt.

"Forget it. I'll leave it for him to handle," Ilse muttered.

Her counterpart also took a liking to Orion. Since she was unharmed, it was best not to interfere and let Orion handle it when he returned. Nevertheless, she knew she'd have to keep a close eye on things; if not, together with that other ancient woman, they might just drain Orion dry.

She didn't even want to imagine what those two had already taught the other woman they'd taken under their care.

The other women, having observed the dramatic scene, each reacted in their own way.

However, upon hearing General Reynold's words, they put the matter aside for now and refocused on the blazing white cosmic tree.

...

Domain of the gods,

In a room deep on an isolated island surrounded by vast ocean, Aurora sat at the edge of a mysterious glowing inscription circle.

At its centre was a pool filled with shimmering golden liquid tinged with inky black strands of Vylkr energy. Floating above the pool was a familiar, naked figure, Aerialia. Her wings were folded behind her, her body encased in a transparent shell resembling an embryonic cocoon.

She radiated a soft, luminous light and released steady waves of divine pressure at regular intervals.

Golden liquid rose from the pool, rolling over the shell, soaking into it, and dripping down onto the pool.

"It should be over soon," Aurora muttered.

They had borrowed a rare divine treasure from Ilse to accelerate the formation of her mother's divine embryonic seed. The artefact also severed their connection from the outside world, making it difficult to sense what was happening within Paradise.

Initially, she could still receive faint telepathic messages. But now that her mother's resurrection had reached a critical stage after nearly two years, Aurora had devoted herself entirely to the process.

Aurora gazed at the inky-black wing on Aerialia's right, still filled with strands of Vylkr energy. It stood in stark contrast to the shimmering white left wing, which radiated faint wisps of divine energy.

She wondered how Orion would react if he saw her mother like this.

Though the Vylkr energy was a vile curse, its power couldn't be denied. And so, for her resurrection, Aerialia had decided to merge the Vylkr energy into her very essence in hopes of gaining the ability to wield it freely.

It was a dangerous and reckless decision, but she was determined. If Avarielle, Margona, and Zera could achieve such a feat, then she believed she could too.

If 'she', an exact copy of herself, had managed to do it, then her own chances of success were even higher.

Aurora had tried her best to dissuade her. There was a vast difference between spending thousands of years adapting to a curse or being granted a chance by the Divine Mysteries and attempting to achieve the same in less than two years.

Still, her mother persisted.

They had used the golden pool from Avarielle and the others to elevate her chances of success.

If it weren't for the interference of the Vylkr energy, she would have completed her resurrection in less than a year.

Unfortunately, her strong-willed mother had already made her decision.

This was the surprise she had prepared for Orion.

And as her daughter, Aurora could only support her choice.

Suddenly, Aurora sensed something strange. Her head snapped to the side.

"Who's there?" she called out. Her calm voice reverberated powerfully throughout the room. Her gaze narrowed toward the wall beside the sealed curtained windows.

Without warning, a ball of white flame seeped through the wall.

Aurora frowned.

Before she could react, wisps of white flame scattered throughout the room, enveloping both her and the embryonic cocoon.

Were they being betrayed by General Reynold?

Or perhaps by the Mysteries of the Twelve-Step Stairs?

Had something happened to Paradise?

Was Orion and the rest of the family safe?

Aurora didn't know, but she knew one thing for sure: she had to find out what was happening outside, and fast. If Paradise was in danger, they needed her help.

She tried to conjure a barrier to protect herself and the embryo from the White Flames, but she realised her powers were being suppressed.

"What's this...?" Aurora murmured, her frown deepening.

She recognised the White Flame, but the one enveloping her now was completely different. It wasn't destructive; it was purifying the Vylkr energy within her.

The corrupted power was being transformed into something new, a mysterious and unique energy.

She looked up at the Divine Embryonic Seed; her mother's right wing was now cloaked in blazing white flame.

Even the Vylkr energy within the golden pool was being cleansed, shifting into an unfamiliar new form.

Aurora immediately summoned her sceptre.

The wisps of White Flame curled around it, igniting it with a brilliant blaze.

To her shock, the Vylkr energy once infused within the artefact was also being cleansed and replaced by the same unique energy.

Aurora gulped.

What was this?

She no longer believed Paradise was under attack. Instead, she suspected that something monumental had occurred during their absence.

Chapter 1327: Two and a half months to become a demigod, Eight months to ascend to a god, Two days to complete transformation into a true god

Stretching out her hand, divine energy surged from her palm. Instantly, a golden orb appeared, split in the centre like two halves.

It flew into her grasp.

She infused it with divine energy and sealed it tight.

The space within the room shattered like glass, fragments falling into an undulating void and vanishing into thin air.

She immediately deactivated the divine artefact and lowered the barrier, then extended her divine senses beyond the room.

Instantly, Aurora picked up a telepathic message from one of Celeste's nearby clones.

She absorbed the information in mere minutes.

Her expression shifted through a myriad of emotions, from shock to awe to disbelief. She closed her eyes, calming her thoughts, and then opened them again. Yet waves of conflicting emotions still surged from within.

Turning back to the Divine Embryonic Seed, now fully enveloped by the White Flame, she murmured,

"I wonder what mother will think when she awakens..."

Though she was excited for what was to come, she couldn't help but feel a headache forming at the thought of the future.

.....

At the Top of the Divine Cosmic Tree

"The Material Cosmic Tree has been cleansed of the Vylkr energy," Iyraith Zi'ria said, her voice calm and composed.

"Do you want to name this energy?" she asked, her tone tinged with curiosity.

Though this mysterious energy had emerged from the purification of the Vylkr energy, it still retained its devouring nature.

The difference now was that it was harmless and would no longer act out on its own.

A blessing to all those who were previously infected by the Vylkr energy.

Orion pondered the name for this new energy. The previous one had been named by Naka, so he found it ironic that, as the Supreme Leader of Paradise, he now held the privilege of naming this.

He wasn't entirely sure how powerful he had become, but he felt confident that he could face the King-ranked Spirit Beasts he had once encountered and emerge victorious.

He also believed he could take on Ilse, Avarielle, Margona, and Zera, though he remained sceptical of the outcome against the ancient goddesses.

"I will call it the Iyria Energy," Orion said. "I choose the ancestor's name so that your deeds will be immortalised for generations to come. Even if the curse is remembered, your blessings will never be forgotten."

"If the ancestors dislike the name and wish to change it, I will do so," he added.

"No, I do not dislike the name you have chosen," Iyriath Zi'ria responded, her voice softer and gentler than before.

Regardless of what kind of person her descendant turned out to be, she had already decided not to change her plan. Nonetheless, seeing that he was a far better individual than she had expected made her glad for the choice she had made.

It made atonement feel more meaningful.

"Do you have a name for this Divine Cosmic Tree?" she asked.

Orion nodded. After a brief thought, he replied, "Let's call it the White Flame Cosmic Tree. "

The entire realm was known as Paradise—a name also given to the Material Cosmic Tree. Though this new tree had become part of Paradise, it was best to give it its own name, considering it would soon become the domain of the gods.

The tree had already solidified, transforming into a crystalline structure, with a visible stream of white flame flowing within it. Wisps of flame surged from the tree at irregular intervals.

"Now, it is time for the emergence of the Mysteries of the White Flame Cosmic Tree," Iyriath Zi'ria said.

"Your body has been pushed to its limit. I can't risk putting you through another ascension without something unexpected occurring. This is where we part. I will handle it from here, young one."

Orion felt the blazing flame armour vibrating, attempting to detach from his body. He used his newfound power to hold the armour in place.

"What are you doing, child?" Iyriath Zi'ria asked, her voice taking on a distinct motherly tone.

"I can handle another ascension," Orion replied.

"You've ascended too quickly. If you don't stabilise your power before the next step, you might not survive it," she warned.

If Orion fails to properly manage his gift during the process, he could end up severely injuring himself... or worse, falling, creating a tragedy akin to General Reynold's collapse during his own failed ascension.

"I can try," Orion said through gritted teeth.

If before he felt he could challenge King-ranked Spirit Beasts, now he sensed he was only a breath away from true godhood.

He could feel it instinctively. The chance for ascension had never been closer. Rather than play it safe and hope for another opportunity, he chose to seize this one with everything he had.

Iyriath Zi'ria felt that too.

"All right. You will feel a surge of Primordial energy enter your body. Don't resist it," she said.

She didn't try to stop him because she could sense his conviction. Whether they succeeded or failed, she would do everything in her power to ensure his survival.

Orion underwent another transformation, as another terrifying level of strength exploded from within. Lightning and thunder intertwined with white flames streaked across the cosmic tree, gathering at the tops of its branches.

Orion nodded at Iyriath Zi'ria's order to stretch his hand forward, and he did so.

Instantly, Orion felt a fraction of his essence tear away from his body.

It transformed into a ball of light.

Another ball of light emerged—this one was Iyriath Zi'ria's essence.

They swiftly surged toward the tops of the branches.

The gathering lightning and white flames encircled them, taking the shape of a radiant seed. The seed was then planted on the branches of the cosmic tree.

The entire process had taken place within seconds, yet Orion could feel the traces of time and understood that far more had passed.

"It will take some time for the Mysteries to emerge. I will leave the naming to you," Iyriath Zi'ria said, her voice faint and nearly inaudible.

He understood her only because he could also sense her intent.

The tumultuous power within Orion continued to surge. His body, along with the armour, scattered into countless streaks of lightning and reconverged at irregular intervals.

Sometimes, the lightning and thunder burst outward into the void, creating a spark of light from creation itself within its distant darkness.

"Are you okay?" she asked, her tone filled with concern.

Seeing that Orion was unable to respond appropriately, Iyriath Zi'ria expended her last remaining energy to hold him together.

If he were to survive this ascension, then before her disappearance, she would witness the emergence of a true god of the Paradise Realm—one of anomalous nature—before she ceased to exist.

Below,

General Reynold and the others stared at the seed planted on the cosmic branch, surprise and shock in their eyes.

A Mysteries!

They couldn't fathom how Orion had created a Mysteries.

Creating a cosmic tree more overwhelming than the one they had crafted right after becoming a god was already terrifying. But creating a Mysteries wasn't as simple as copying a cosmic structure.

If it were that easy, wouldn't the gods have already begun creating Mysteries after Mysteries to counter the Divine Mysteries?

The complexities surrounding it were not something any god could truly comprehend. But Orion had created a Mysteries.

"HAHAHAHA!!!"

General Reynold and Oberon turned to see Ilse roaring with laughter.

Sensing their gaze, Ilse turned to them with a bright smile and said, "Don't worry, it takes time to get used to it." Even though she felt troubled in her heart, she didn't dare show her doubt.

She couldn't afford to.

She had always been in awe of Orion breaking the conventional rules of what was once thought impossible and had lost her composure in the process.

The others would throw her stealthy looks of contempt, as though it were her fault for doubting Orion's capabilities.

Now, she had the chance to fight back, and she would make full use of it.

Meanwhile, the women of Orion's household were simply excited that their husband had achieved an astounding feat once more.

However, they soon began to notice something strange occurring with him.

"What's happening? Is the Supreme Leader okay?" Zymera asked suddenly, her tone anxious.

They quickly turned their gaze upward and saw the chaos unfolding on the cosmic tree.

A tremendous pressure radiated from it, creating a visible wave at the meeting point of the two cosmic trees — the domain of the gods.

"This!" Ilse's eyes widened as if they would burst from their sockets.

She could no longer contain herself. If it weren't for the protection of the cosmic tree and the Mysteries of the Twelve-Step Stairs, the pressure emanating from the overwhelming cosmic tree above might have crushed them all.

This was no ordinary divine spiritual pressure.

General Reynold and Oberon were dumbfounded.

So many expressions flitted across their faces that they could no longer convey how they truly felt.

How long had Orion been a god?

Two and a half months to become a demigod.

Eight months to ascend to a god...

Two days to complete his transformation into a true god!

Chapter 1328: The Apex Of Divinity

Suddenly, the space beside them tore open, and Avarielle stepped through.

It sealed behind her.

She ignored the gazes directed at her and looked upward.

Instantly, her expression shifted to shock and disbelief. Her lips parted as she echoed, "True god..."
The words resonated across the gathering.

None of them dared speak for fear of being mistaken, but as the aura solidified, they realised their suspicions were confirmed.

This time around, the women of Orion's household were all stunned.

Their husband had been promoted to the rank of true god.

Wasn't that the apex rank of strength? The goal even gods aspired to reach? They knew that once this entire phenomenon ended, Orion's strength would be unfathomable.

However, they hadn't realised he would suddenly rise to a true god.

While many were still stunned and unable to regulate their emotions appropriately, a few reined in their shock, realising the possible implications and becoming excited.

It wasn't only because of their husband's achievements but because this had been Orion's lifetime goal, the reason he had left home to explore dangerous locations with no guarantee of survival.

His fears were fueled by constant worry that someone stronger might come after them, and they wouldn't be able to resist.

Now, he would no longer have to go through all of that.

They also felt a sense of security because of it.

Suddenly, General Reynold's expression twisted into a frown as he received a message from the Mysteries of the Twelve-Step Stairs.

Then he suddenly sighed in relief for the umpteenth time.

Ilse, who was always keenly aware of the slightest details, swiftly picked up on it and asked, "What is it? Don't think about hiding anything from me."

"It's a message from Orion. They need Sylvalis to serve as a local boundary Will at the meeting point of both cosmic trees for the two Mysteries," General Reynold explained.

"Is that possible?" Margona asked with a raised brow. Her eyes were still reddened.

"It should be," General Reynold responded with furrowed brows.

At this moment, he doesn't know what is possible or impossible for Orion anymore. All he knew was that as long as there was a chance, then it wasn't impossible.

He turned to the side to gaze at Sylvalis, along with everyone else.

The message had also been delivered to her telepathically, so there was no need for him to speak. Serving as a boundary Will for the meeting point of the two Mysteries was no small task, so Orion had given her a choice.

So all of this depended on her.

Sensing everyone's gaze on her, Sylvalis clenched her fists together and nodded. "I will do it."

She turned towards Grace and said, "I'll be back soon, Grace." Her chubby face became serious.

Grace nodded with a similarly serious expression. They bumped their fists together.

Then Sylvalis vanished in a cascade of light.

Grace sighed, her expression becoming sad. She looked at her mother and hugged her tightly.

Meanwhile, Anara held Grace in confusion. She had thought Orion's ascension would cause Grace to ascend as before.

However, Grace was fine. She hadn't undergone even the slightest change.

She had asked Orion clones to watch over the kids before they explored the Spirit Realm and realised they could not communicate with him.

Given the event that had just transpired, she wasn't surprised. She realised she would have to wait for the real Orion to return.

Dariya, Saria, and Malaia, who stood beside her, also had worries in their eyes.

Above,

Orion handed over the process of establishing Sylvalis as the Will of the boundary as he tried to gain control of his newfound power.

A part of his body flickered around the edges of the cosmic tree.

Any slight misstep might cause him to fall and go through a situation similar to General Reynold's.

Fortunately, with Iyraith Zi'ria's help through the white flame armour, he was able to prevent the situation from becoming more chaotic. If not, he wasn't sure he would have reunited with his loved ones in one piece.

The cosmic storm and white flame reconverged within him. They flickered around him and began to slowly dissipate.

Soon, Orion had fully deactivated his gift.

He realised that his entire appearance had changed.

Hovering behind him was a bluish, fiery-white, bright-glowing halo. His eyes had transformed, now shimmering with tiny orbs as though stars and celestial bodies were carved within.

His hair flowed backwards like shooting stars arcing through the void, resembling that of an Omnithriallian.

The armour, which had also undergone a transformation, became akin to a divine mandate or even higher.

Orion realised that ascending into true god had awakened the recessive gene of his Omnithriallian heritage. Still, that didn't change the fact that he was human. His humanity was still holding strong.

"How are you feeling?" Iyraith Zi'ria asked.

"I feel better than before. I can also see, feel, and think more clearly," Orion responded.

The entire White Flame Cosmic tree was within his sight.

He could see the empty void before its existence, its creation, and its current structure. He could see the various changes that would emerge in the future, as though his vision was fast-forwarding to what could transpire.

He could also see the creation of the realms and the many worlds within them. Every molecule. Every atom. It was as though the knowledge of the White Flame Cosmic Tree was within his grasp.

It was as though he existed in all these locations at once, taking in this knowledge simultaneously.

However, Orion soon realised that this was omniscience and omnipresence. Lastly, the overwhelming power surging within him that made him feel as though he could destroy everything in seconds was omnipotence.

These three traits signified one's ascension into a true god.

Orion was sure: he had truly ascended to the apex of divinity.

"That's good. It means everything went as planned. Try suppressing your anomalous nature," Iyraith Zi'ria said.

Orion nodded. He focused inward, locating a faint source within his being, and cut off the flow of energy from it.

Instantly, his senses shifted. The tri-omni traits that once defined his divine nature were suppressed by an even greater authority.

Though the unfathomable power still lingered within him, he suddenly felt restricted—as if laws were laid out before him, demanding he preserve the stability of the entire cosmic structure.

He sensed that he could ignore these laws if he wished, but doing so would shake the White Flame Cosmic Tree and cause irreversible harm to the Material Realm Cosmic Tree.

'Was this why the Mysteries were created?' Orion wondered.

If there were consequences for breaking the foundational rules of cosmic stability, it made sense that the Mysteries had emerged to enforce them after repeated violations.

He wondered if this was how the Divine Mysteries managed to remove the gods from the Material Realm once they became true gods. He would have to investigate himself to find out why no true gods remained in the material realm.

The White Flame Cosmic Tree continued to expand. The rules and perceptions of the cosmic structure were constantly evolving, yet his awareness kept pace with them.

Still, the restrictions made Orion feel uncomfortable.

"You should continue to suppress your anomalous nature and grow accustomed to these sensations," Iyraith Zi'ria warned. "You could find yourself in a difficult situation if you unknowingly reveal your true nature in another cosmic structure."

"I understand. I'll work on it," Orion replied with a sigh.

"As I said before, I will leave a strand of my consciousness within you. That way, if you encounter any of your other ancestors, they will recognise our agreement and not harm you or the inhabitants of Paradise."

"Thank you, ancestor."

"That child will awaken and resume her role as the Will of the Boundary between the two Cosmic Trees once the Mysteries of the White Flame Cosmic Tree fully awaken. It shouldn't take long. You can also check on it yourself."

"Alright. I'll take care of it," Orion responded, his heart filled with turbulent emotions. It was hard to keep his composure as he sensed Iyraith Zi'ria's presence slowly disappearing.

The goal he had been pursuing was finally achieved, but the one responsible for it sacrificed herself to make it happen.

"That's good. Now that everything is complete, my time here has come to an end."

At the topmost branches of the White Flame Tree Cosmic Tree, Orion bowed deeply and said with reverence, "I promise to forever carve this moment into my heart."

"To have a descendant like you is a joy for any parent. Unfortunately, the rest of your kind have chosen their own paths, and I am no exception," Iyriath Zi'ria said with a soft sigh, her voice filled with emotion.

"If Naka succeeds in achieving his dreams, then I hope you fulfil yours as well. Otherwise, I will be disappointed that you failed to make proper use of the gift I've given you."

"I promise I won't disappoint you."

Chapter 1329: Departure

"All right. Take care, Orion."

"I will," Orion replied. "Take care as well, ancestor Iyriath Zi'ria."

"I will," Iyriath Zi'ria said softly. Her voice faded, and her presence grew distant, disappearing completely.

Orion closed his eyes briefly, mourning her passing.

Then, he opened them again and looked toward the Mysteries Seed.

After a moment, he turned and gazed at the entirety of the cosmic structure.

On one side stood a cosmic, glistening, crystalline tree. Intertwined with its roots, on the other hand, was an even larger cosmic tree, shimmering with countless hues. Streams of white flames flowed within it, releasing radiant wisps that cloaked its exterior in a blinding brilliance no god would dare to gaze upon directly.

The orientation of the trees could not be defined as up or down, horizontal or vertical—both descriptions were accurate. It all depended on the perspective of the one fortunate enough to witness the breathtaking beauty of the entire cosmic structure.

This was the Paradise Realm.

Now, all that remained was to fill it with outsiders who would pledge their allegiance to him.

Orion unsummoned the white flame armour, then suppressed his divine spiritual aura until it matched that of an ordinary human. He altered his overwhelming appearance, reverting to his former, humble self.

He remembered the mental and physical strain he had endured upon meeting Oberon and Ilse for the first time, and so, he chose to restrain himself completely.

He feared that those awaiting him wouldn't be able to endure the sight of his current form.

Perhaps General Reynold, Oberon, and the ancient goddess could withstand his ascended, true god form, but he wasn't willing to take any chances.

Once he was sure that no energy leaked from him, Orion nodded in satisfaction. Just as he prepared to take a step forward, a streak of light shot out from the distant Material Cosmic Tree and appeared before him.

It was the blazing white Twelve-Step Stairs.

The top of the stairs had expanded into a wide platform, spacious enough to accommodate him.

Orion felt a wave of vibrations coursing through his body. For a moment, it was as if he had entered a daze. However, he withstood it with ease, the sensation passing through him like a breeze sweeping across his entire being before fading away.

This was the voice of the Mysteries of the Twelve-Step Stairs.

Thanks to Iyriath Zi'ria, Orion had previously been able to communicate effortlessly with the Mysteries. But now that she was gone, he could fully feel the impact of the connection.

It was as if the Mysteries sought to override his entire being, to seize control of him.

Most unnerving of all, it wasn't communicating deliberately. This was merely an ordinary communication.

"She's gone. Her sacrifices will never be forgotten," Orion replied to its silent question.

He finally understood why General Reynold and Oberon had prevented him from communicating directly with the Mysteries of the Twelve Step Stairs before he had gained the ability to resist it.

Still, this reaction only occurred because he had suppressed his anomalous nature. He couldn't help but wonder what would happen if he released it...

Or perhaps, if he activated his Divine Archetype.

With that power, communication with the Mysteries of the Twelve-Step Stairs might feel like a conversation between equals.

The sheer terror of being an anomaly struck him again, along with its overwhelming potential.

Yet a question lingered in his mind: Why had the Divine Mysteries chosen to aid him and Aurora despite their anomalous nature?

Another wave of vibration passed through him, and he instantly understood the intent behind it.

"I know. It would've meant a lot to meet her, even for just a moment. But unfortunately, we couldn't afford to waste any more time," he said. "Given all she invested in this plan, we were left with no choice."

A surge of acknowledgement resonated through him.

"Good. Let's go see Sylvalis first," he said.

Orion looked down at the platform, his heart stirring with complex emotions. These stairs were created to guide beings toward divinity, yet they were serving as a form of transport.

He pushed the thought aside and stepped forward.

The Twelve-Step Stairs vanished into thin air.

In an instant, they reappeared in a remote landscape filled with valleys, highlands, and ancient artefact formations waiting to be unearthed within the domain of the gods.

Considering the plans they had for the Paradise Realm and the future he had glimpsed, Orion looked forward to what was to come.

Above the clouds, the metaphysical roots of the White Flame Cosmic Tree writhed and glowed. Beneath the earth, the presence of the Material Cosmic Tree pulsed.

The domain had already merged with both cosmic trees. What surrounded them now was merely their metaphysical essence.

Orion mentally carved open a spatial rift before him.

The roots of both trees were intertwined within the void. Sylvalis was cradled within a brilliant sphere formed from the energies of both trees.

Neither he nor Iyriath Zi'ria had known exactly what kind of transformation she would undergo, only that it was destined to succeed.

After confirming her current state, Orion closed the rift and sealed it tightly.

Any divine being attempting to open that space would fail unless they had mastered entirely the Law of Space or had already undergone their transformation into a true god.

Either way, Orion would be notified of any activity within or near it.

He sensed General Reynold and the others positioned near the edge of the Material Cosmic Tree.

In the next moment, he vanished once more.

They reappeared before General Reynold and the others.

"Orion...!!"

"Husband...!!"

"Husband...!!!"

"Darling...!!"

"Daddy...!!"

Multiple voices rang out at once as Orion was instantly surrounded by his wives and Grace.

He stepped down from the Twelve-Step Stairs to avoid any mishap and welcomed them all warmly.

They embraced him with joy and showered him with congratulations on his ascension to true godhood.

The heartfelt reunion lasted only briefly before they respectfully stepped back.

"Congratulations, Supreme Leader," Zymera said with a soft smile. She had not been among those who rushed forward.

Orion smiled back at her and gave a nod. His gaze shifted toward General Reynold, Oberon, and Margona, who had not yet stepped forward.

At a distance, the Divine Mysteries silently observed.

"You look different," General Reynold said, his eyes carefully studying Orion.

He glanced at the Twelve-Step Stairs, which now served as a form of transformation and appeared like a simple platform in Orion's presence, and didn't seem surprised.

Orion was more than qualified to treat it however he pleased.

"You already carry the demeanour of a true god," General Reynold continued. "No... someone above the gods. A twenty-year-old true god."

He let out a deep sigh. "You'll be twenty-one soon, but that doesn't matter. You're not an ancient god, not a reincarnated one, nor born with divine heritage, and yet, you've achieved something that would shake any realm to its core."

Orion knew the shift in his demeanour was due to his eight years spent alone with Iyriath Zi'ria, which had profoundly shaped him. Even without his ascension, it would have left a permanent mark.

But now, his new status gave him a convenient explanation. He intended to eventually share the details of that meeting, but only once everything had calmed down.

"So... how does it feel?" General Reynold asked curiously.

"There's no way to describe it," Orion replied. "It's something you'd have to experience yourself to truly understand."

General Reynold gave a slight smile. "How could I possibly experience something like that? I'm surviving on borrowed time. No matter how long that time stretches, it'll end one day."

"Who says it needs to end?" Orion replied with a smile.

General Reynold opened his mouth to respond, but froze. His eyes widened as he grasped the deeper meaning behind Orion's words.

"I'll make sure you're given a new body," Orion said with a solemn nod. "So you can fully enjoy the realm you helped create."

There was no known material strong enough to forge a Divine Embryonic Seed capable of restoring someone like General Reynold, who bore the lingering effects of his fate ascension.

Of course, there were alternatives, like acquiring an Omnithrialian, forming a pact with it, and using it to house one's soul. But Orion knew without a doubt that General Reynold would never accept such a method.

Thankfully, with his current mastery of the White Flame, now fused with his divine archetype, he no longer needed a Divine Embryonic Seed.

He could now manipulate the very structure of reality to create divine bodies from scratch for them.

A sudden surge of emotion swelled in General Reynold's and Oberon's hearts.

After everything they had witnessed, they didn't doubt his words.

If Orion couldn't revive them, then perhaps no one in existence ever could.

A sliver of hope appeared before them, and they immediately seized it.

"If the supreme true god wishes to create a body for us, then I certainly won't refuse," General Reynold said.

"We look forward to speaking with you again, in our true bodies," Oberon added.

Chapter 1330: Transcendent Spirit Beasts

They both attempted to bow, but Orion swiftly stopped them with an invisible force.

He shook his head.

General Reynold and Oberon were among the few individuals he genuinely respected. No matter the circumstances, even when they shared a common goal, they had always treated him as an equal.

He couldn't allow them to bow before him—not even now, despite the reverence his new status commanded.

Both gods nodded in understanding and straightened their backs.

Then, a voice that had remained silent throughout the latter half of the events rang out.

"Good. Good. Good. I knew I wouldn't regret my decision to invest in you," the bizarre Mysteries of the Divine Mysteries said with joyful enthusiasm, clasping its hands together. "Now, why don't you tell us what we're all eager to hear?"

"How exactly were you able to accomplish all of this? Don't tell me it was just a sudden epiphany, right?"

Orion was no longer hurt by the radiance of the Will. He could see its true form.

"It's a long story. I'll need to handle a few things first before we begin," Orion replied.

He wanted to share this piece of information with General Reynold and the others first, then decide whether it would be wise to share it with the Divine Mysteries.

However, he wouldn't do any of that until the Mysteries of the White Flame Cosmic Tree awakened, just to avoid any unfortunate consequences.

He couldn't predict the Will's actions. He realised that it was due to its nature as the Will of the Divine Mysteries itself.

Orion suspected that unpredictability might be a functional trait of the Divine Mysteries, allowing it to remain impartial and hidden.

He hadn't been able to glimpse General Reynold and Oberon's past or future, nor any of the many paths their lives might take. All he saw was emptiness.

Given how unique their pasts were, he wasn't surprised.

It might also have been affected due to their status as anomalies.

He couldn't perceive the fates of those in his household.

Strangely, it was different for the ancient goddesses. Their futures were distorted, tangled in so many branches that it was hard to discern which one was which. Their pasts were also obscured.

Again, Orion wasn't surprised. These were gods who had descended into the material realm. Many had attained true godhood and fallen long before the emergence of the Divine Mysteries.

They might have discovered methods to shield themselves from omniscient scrutiny in order to protect their identities.

Ancient divines who had ascended to true godhood were far more troublesome than average gods.

That might explain why the Divine Mysteries presumably despised Anomalies and had opened a path to true godhood for mortals.

Orion couldn't help but wonder if it was because his anomalous nature was suppressed that he couldn't perceive the fates of other Anomalies.

If that was the case, what would happen if he realised his anomalous nature?

Would the fates of all anomalies be laid bare before him?

Everything within the current cosmic structure was revealed before him. He understood that true gods could hide their fates, just as Ilse and others had done.

Those who had mastered specific laws related to fate to completion and undergone transformation could read and conceal fate at will.

But anomalous true gods were different. They were never truly aligned with the fate of their cosmic structure. So, why would they remain bound by it after attaining true godhood and gaining the power to defy it?

The bizarre Will of the Divine Mysteries nodded thoughtfully, not bothered by the delay. "So, what is it that you must handle so urgently that it warrants making me wait?" it asked with curiosity.

"We've acquired new Paradise residents and need to move them into Paradise immediately," Orion responded.

Avarielle had shared the agreement she made with various Spirit Beasts when she brought Nyzzorak to Paradise.

After eight months, he hoped that the Vylkr spawn or the Spirit Beast Coalition hadn't retaliated—and that nothing terrible had happened to the Iy'yra and the others.

"From where?"

"The Spirit Realm."

"Spirit Beasts?" the Will asked, genuinely surprised. "Have you truly thought this through?" Its tone was filled with curiosity.

"Yes. They have pledged their allegiance to Paradise, and I've given them my word. The White Flame Cosmic Tree that was created will serve as their new home, and it won't be much different from the Spirit Realm. If something happens to them there, I'll be forced to retaliate, so it's only right that I bring them over," Orion replied.

"So that's the name of the cosmic structure you've created, and one of its intended purposes," the Divine Mysteries murmured, contemplating. "But that's not what I meant. From your words, it seems that those who've pledged themselves to Paradise are enormous in number."

Orion nodded.

"It will be difficult for you to migrate such a large population of Spirit Beasts from the Spirit Realm without drawing distant gazes. Even if you succeed, as long as you still have business there, they will not hesitate to strike the next time you enter their domain."

That was true.

Just by impregnating Zymera and forcefully enhancing her strength through his essence, Orion had attracted the attention of a King-ranked Spirit Beast.

What then would happen if he brought over a billion Spirit Beasts to Paradise?

"How powerful are these beings?" Orion asked.

The warning implied that those distant gazes might be the Spirit Beast equivalents of true gods.

"From what I know, they are known as the Transcendent Spirit Beasts, a rank above the King Spirit Beasts. All of them are over a million years old. As for how powerful they are, I can't say," the bizarre Will of the Divine Mysteries replied, tone tinged with amusement.

"The Spirit Realm has existed far longer than even the Divine Mysteries. If you're unlucky, you might encounter Spirit Beasts as old as the Divine Mysteries, or even older."

"The restrictions in place make it impossible for any Will to enter the Spirit Realm, so most of my knowledge comes from Spirit Beasts who've entered the Material Realm."

If King-ranked Spirit Beasts were already legendary beings whose appearances were rarely seen, then what about the Spirit Beasts above them?

Orion had no doubt that stronger Spirit Beasts existed, but he was curious about their identities.

The only beings that could pose a threat to him were other true gods—and perhaps the Mysteries of cosmic structures—and that was only within their own domains.

Still, he was well aware of the Spirit Beasts' potential and didn't dare lower his guard, especially since the Spirit Realm was so ancient that it had solidified its own laws.

"As a true god, you might be able to resist having your strength halved temporarily. But that won't last. All they need to do is trap you and wait patiently for the Spirit Realm to wear you down. That's assuming you're not besieged and taken down immediately. The first scenario is already the best-case outcome."

"Sending true gods into the Spirit Realm to gather more information is useless, because they usually return empty-handed. These beings are too well-hidden, and provoking them risks triggering a disastrous conflict. Those who've acquired the information I'm sharing with you did so at great cost."

"You've become powerful—powerful enough to create a cosmic structure. But I don't believe choosing those distant gazes as your first opponents is the right choice to test your strength."

Orion furrowed his brows. The fact that multiple true gods had fallen to the Transcendent Spirit Beasts meant they were not foes to take lightly.

He had confidence in himself and in the gift Iyriath Zi'ria had left behind. He believed he could stand his ground or escape if he were besieged or things went awry. But he didn't want to risk endangering the White-Winged Gryphon Spirit Beasts or the others who had followed him.

He realised he would need to revise his plans to make the Spirit Beasts' disappearance appear more subtle and less traceable.

"I have a suggestion that might work," the Will continued. "Try dealing with the Vylkr spawns, or perhaps the Divine Corps. Stir up a situation that implicates them. That way, you can use the chaos as a cover to escape with the Spirit Beasts. You'd shift the blame to them as well."

"If things escalate, the hidden powers backing them will be forced to intervene to protect their interests. Unless they want to destabilise an entire cosmic structure, they'll either stop their actions or shift the conflict elsewhere. The former is more favourable to them. You'd be killing three birds with one stone."

"Is this the reason you invested in me?" Orion asked.

"Partly. Challenging a true god, or beings equivalent to true gods, is a numbers game. Unless a true god has mastered multiple laws to completion and undergone transformation, they will likely fall against several true gods."

"As such, you alone won't be enough."