

My Three Wives Are Beautiful Vampires

Chapter 1056: We Dream Together. 2

Just like women change their underwear easily, this ranking could change very quickly too. For example, it has been 10 years since Sasha was in this Dream, and she definitely hadn't sat around doing nothing. She took advantage of the fact that her Power was sealed to review the basics, so maybe she had surpassed her Mother when she returned.

And probably when her Mother found out about this, she would also try to do something to regain her throne as the fastest woman. In general, this whole situation with the Title of the 'Fastest Woman Alive' was just a way for the women of the Fulger Clan to compete in a friendly competition and consequently become stronger.

Even their Daughters from the Fulger Clan were participating in this as well. Ironically, Sasha's Daughter was the most competent in terms of both speed and technique, with Carmila's Daughter and Victoria's Daughter in second place, practically equal in this regard. And in last place are Natasha's Daughter and Naty's.

Now, if you asked who was the most manipulative of the group? The definitive answer would be the Daughters of Natasha and Naty, as the two brats had inherited the worst parts of their Mothers... Well, considering that both women were just one woman at the beginning, it made sense that they were similar in this respect.

"Akasha didn't think it was fair to use her abilities only for the Scarlett group, so she is acting as an information broker." Ruby nodded in satisfaction. She really liked Akasha's attitude since it was clear that even in a sealed state, Akasha held an overwhelming advantage in information. She had memories of several Primordial Gods inside her due to the purpose for which she was created.

And despite Victor's Daughters being exceptional, without a doubt, they still couldn't match the lifetimes of experience of a Primordial God in small manipulations and schemes. It was not as if they had an unfair advantage like Victor who could absorb the memories of other Beings by 'eating' them and had the political cunning of Adonis.

The ability to absorb others' memories was not inherited by any of Victor's Daughters, not even the abilities of the Blood Dragon Progenitor.

Innately, Victor could edit a Soul—he just needed practice to be perfect—, control blood, control Vampires, and deny forms of protection from his Charm against the opposite side like the Inquisitors. It also gave him more 'pride' in being who he was, as

well as a broader understanding of things related to war. This was the ability of the Vampire Progenitor, specifically of an abnormal Vampire Progenitor like Victor. After all, the way Victor 'awoke' to become a Progenitor was quite different from Vlad.

Being a Dragon Progenitor gave him an innate ability to alter Reality, better understanding and control over Draconian language and Runes, and extreme affinity with everything in Creation. Dragons were Beings loved by Creation because, despite causing destruction due to their pride, if a Dragon existed long enough in one place, that place would become rich in life. A Dragon enhanced everything in Creation.

The merger of these two Powers made him the Blood Dragon, further boosting these talents. It was a complete fusion of two Progenitors into a new Progenitor of a completely new Species.

None of the children inherited any of these abilities. Yes, they inherited some things to a lesser degree, like some were more talented in Runes, some were very good at being shapeshifters, etc., but they never gained anything innately like he had.

As far as they understood, this was a unique ability of Progenitors. Yes, they could learn. After all, they were still Blood Dragons and Daughters of Victor, but this applied only to basic things. Things that were exclusive to Progenitors, only another Progenitor could do.

This was one of the 'invisible rules' of the world that everyone knew existed, but no one knew exactly what they were. After all, few had the opportunity to reach the highest limit possible that a God could achieve.

"I presume our Daughters did not take this well," Sasha said.

"Indeed, but Pepper's pout did not make Akasha change her mind... She is very resilient." Ruby was a bit surprised by this because even Scathach and Victor sometimes gave in to things Pepper asked for because she was 'very cute'.

'Does my older Sister's Lineage have some Power related to this or something?' Ruby wondered.

Sasha blinked in surprise at what Ruby said.

"She is very powerful..." Violet couldn't help but comment.

"Yes." Ruby agreed.

Sasha shook her head, setting aside the subject temporarily, and asked, "How many years have we spent here?"

"10 years," Violet responded immediately. As someone who had the same Time-related eyes as Victor, she could see these things better. "Only a few minutes have passed outside." She added.

'Thinking about this Power, I need to see if my Daughter has inherited it too...' She had completely forgotten about this matter so far because Valentina had shown no ability to observe the future.

'If she awakens, I need to warn her to be careful.' Violet felt an invisible slap from her hypocrisy. After all, she herself had not been careful with this Power despite all of Victor's warnings. She only 'matured' about it after hearing the experience one of her Sisters had with the outside Victor.

Messing with Time was something very dangerous. Nowadays, she only used it to observe the future of the present, in this case, a few seconds further into the future, at most 1 minute more. However, she never attempted to view beyond that because, from 1 minute on, the future began to fragment into possible 'futures', which were the choices she might or might not make.

As an older woman, and believing herself wiser than before, she had learned to restrain herself, enjoy the present, and only use it when necessary.

Although the eye ability she received from her father not only functioned as a way to see the future. With the fusion of the Dragon's Eyes, she could observe Time itself. For example, she could look at a Dimension and see the Time difference between them.

It was like looking at a computer that showed the 'correct' data from each place.

"10 years, huh. I hardly felt anything."

"The Time difference is different for us," Ruby said. "For us, not even a year has passed, at least, that's how I think." Although Ruby lived with the inhabitants of this Dream, strangely, the citizens here did not age as quickly, so 10 years seemed like only 2 or 3 years had passed for the Beings here.

"Speaking of which... We've spent so much time without Darling. How are we not dying of longing?" Sasha pointed out. Normally, spending a week away from Victor would make them quite restless.

"... Now that you mentioned it..." Violet had completely missed that point too.

"Hmm, I don't miss him because I feel him everywhere?" Ruby explained her feelings, then looked around and said,

"Every blade of grass, every tree, every breath, even the Humans, everything here reminds me of Darling, but at the same time not... It's hard to explain."

"I understand a bit of what you're talking about..." Sasha said after thinking a bit. It was like a feeling that he was always present, even when he wasn't.

"Considering that this place was created by Darling's Dream Power, I guess it's understandable that we feel this way," Violet explained.

"True, I think Darling made this place exactly this way so that the clingier girls wouldn't go berserk." Ruby analyzed.

"... Speaking of which, how is Yuno?" Sasha mentioned Kaguya's Daughter.

"The last time I heard from her, she had joined The Cult of Jeanne."

"What, why?" Sasha asked, astonished.

"Did she feel like it?" Ruby replied.

"That girl is so random. She reminds me a lot of Victor when he said he was going on his 'walks'," She snorted. Whenever Victor said that she knew someone was going to die that night, or she would have to deal with some nonsense that Victor had caused.

Not even Ruby, as one of her Mothers, understood Yuno completely; after all, she acted purely on feelings. Basically, intrusive thoughts didn't exist for Yuno since she carried them all out.

"Leaving aside our rebellious Daughter... I foresee that the war will reach its peak this year. One of our Daughters must ask for our support, so what are you going to do?"

"Stay in character," Sasha said. "I'm a badass princess who has no ties to anyone, so such a war doesn't interest me... Unless they attack the place that was my former kingdom...."

"Fuck." Sasha just realized a way someone could throw her into the war. After all, the character she was acting as now would do exactly that.

"In my case, it would be whoever paid me the most and if I evaluate who will win or not. After all, a mercenary doesn't just fight for the money, they have to put things into future perspectives." That wasn't exactly how a mercenary worked, but that was how the mercenary that Violet created worked, and practically all of them had the same philosophy as Violet.

Ruby covered her face with the fan to hide her mischievous smile and said: "Fufufu, I'm a greedy merchant, so I'll remain neutral and profit from everywhere, fufufu."

"Evil, you're evil." Sasha snorted.

"Wrong, my dear, I'm smart. I wonder which of our Daughters will approach me with the right proposal, I'm quite interested."

Violet, Sasha, Ruby, and Jeanne had become four important points in the war, and all the Daughters knew it. They were like special characters that a Faction needed to secure in order to have the best outcome.

They would use all available efforts to bring them to their side.

"Fufufu, this is fun. We should do this more often in the future, just with our Sisters next time." Violet said.

"That should be interesting. After all, some of our Sisters are really old..." Ruby said she was particularly interested in seeing how her Mother would act when all the odds were against her.

'Meh, who am I kidding? I know my Mother will face the enemy head on with a maniacal smile on her face, and will somehow eliminate them all.' Scathach was just that badass.

.....

Chapter 1057: An Action Outside the Plans, But Not That Outside the Plans.

While Victor was overseeing the progress of his Daughters and Wives in the Dream he had created with his Powers, he received a message from his Heralds.

This message caused Victor to raise an eyebrow in slight surprise. These days, few things could surprise the Dragon Emperor, and this message was definitely something he hadn't expected.

'Considering how sensible Shiva is, I should have expected this action from him.' Victor realized he needed to drop the prejudice that all Gods were foolish.

... Most were definitely foolish Gods, full of arrogance, who couldn't see beyond their limited vision.

But a select few were not like that: Buddha, Shiva, Amaterasu, and even Diablo himself, who wasn't a God but rather a Primordial Demon, were not foolish Beings.

Victor understood this, he comprehended this, he accepted this... But often, he had been thinking they were all stupid. More precisely, he had been regarding them all as if they were brainless monkeys, with some other monkeys who were smarter than them. After all, some monkeys could destroy planets.

Consider Big Guy as a perfect example: the Guardian of his Wife, and subsequently his own Guardian, was a very perceptive Being. After all, he had to be in order to protect Roxanne while she was just a sprout.

'Thinking about it, my Daughters haven't developed their own Guardians... Maybe they don't need them because of me?' Despite being World Trees, his Daughters with Roxanne and Amhara were too abnormal to be typical World Trees; hence, this rule might or might not apply to them.

It was hard to know, considering there has never been a Being that has successfully impregnated a World Tree. Perhaps some from the Upper Sectors had attempted the act but ultimately failed.

Victor could have children with any Being precisely because he was a God of Beginnings, and he was sure that the number of Gods with that Title could be counted on one hand throughout the history of the Universe. After all, the Divinities at the top of the Power Hierarchy were very difficult to obtain and even more challenging to train to enhance.

"I presume you already know what's happening," Anna spoke with a very serious expression.

The fact that Victor possessed the Divinity of Beginnings and Negativity and still managed to train both at the same time was insane.

Setting aside these thoughts, Victor looked for Kali in his world and saw that she was not present. Checking the records of his world, he saw that she had left a few hours ago.

Just a few seconds after he received this message from his Heralds, his Wife contacted him.

"I presume you already know what's happening," Anna spoke with a very serious expression.

"Yes, indeed," Victor nodded, showing a curious face.

"What's the likelihood Kali has said something?" Anna wasted no time and went straight to the point.

"Nonexistent," Victor declared. "You don't easily circumvent a Contract made with the Dragon Emperor." With Victor's experience and the memories he had of ancient and elusive Beings like Diablo, Lucifer, and the Elder Gods, he knew very well how to craft a severely restrictive Contract.

Even the ancient Witch Albedo declared that not even she could escape a Contract made by Victor. Victor did not joke about the safety of his Family, so the probability of Kali having said something to Shiva was very low, if not nonexistent.

"Don't be so sure of everything. After all, there are things out there that we don't know about," Anna warned him.

Victor's thought process was interrupted for a few milliseconds, and that was enough for him to evaluate that his Wife was right. Even though he could feel that the contract with Kali was still valid and that she hadn't said anything, he shouldn't assume that was what happened.

Being cautious and paranoid was essential, especially when dealing with Beings who are Leaders of a Pantheon that control other Gods.

Memories of Niklaus being dragged by some God from another Sector flashed through his mind.

'Something I have to resolve in the future.' Although Niklaus's Daughter was under his protection, the man himself was not. The previous Vlad's brother was determined in his desire for revenge, and he would achieve it no matter what.

The problem was that if he succeeded, Ophis would be sad, and Victor did not want his Daughter to be saddened by this. Despite it being a personal issue for Vlad, Victor would still interfere.

'Maybe I'll kidnap both of them and make them fight.' Victor thought randomly. He still didn't know exactly what he would do... But he had MANY ideas, most of which were not good for either Vlad or Niklaus.

"That's true," Victor nodded.

"...What should we do?" Anna asked. Victor was the Emperor, and it was up to him to make a decision... A decision that would impact the lives of millions of Beings.

Instead of answering the question, Victor smiled slightly, and with a gesture of his hand, a copy of him appeared in front of him. His viewpoint was suddenly split in two.

A discrepancy was felt for a few seconds, as he was not used to sharing his viewpoint, but he quickly got used to it. This was one of the privileges of having such an efficient mind... He just had to deal with the feeling of discrepancy from looking at himself, something he quickly overcame. After all, he had experiences with Alter Victor, which was the representation of his Powers in the past.

The moment after he split into a clone, he heard.

"Is that a clone?"

"Not exactly." Both spoke at the same time.

"This is indeed a clone, but at the same time, it is me." As an extremely possessive man, he did not trust a clone that had self-awareness, even if that clone was himself, so he simply divided his mind and perception.

"The word clone is incorrect... He is a part of you, a part of your consciousness," Anna said.

"Correct."

Anna sighed slightly when she saw her Husband casually split himself like an amoeba or something.

As an extremely unique existence, it was nearly impossible to divide and resemble the 'original' body, so this other Victor had only 1/4 of the original's Power, and he only had a fragment of the Eldritch Power within him.

One could say that Victor was the Prime, and this Being was a nerfed version of him without several characteristics. He did not have Roxanne, Amara, or even the connection with his Wives.

Roxanne and Amara could check on him and send some Energy his way since it was still Victor, but they could not do it as efficiently as they could with the Prime Victor, with whom they were fully connected.

Even though Victor used the word split, the correct term would be: he tore a piece of himself and created another self that has his consciousness to inhabit.

This idea came to him from the conversation he had with the Heavenly Father... In order not to become an existence so... detached from his own Creations, he would occasionally divide himself into a weaker version to blend in with his Creations.

When the clones from the Clone Project were ready to serve, he would create a younger version of himself to serve along with the clones as well.

In this way, he himself would be overseeing his entire Empire, a form of omniscience that was not absolute but was definitely useful, after all, along with his Shadows, his Heralds, his Faithful, the vigilance of Akasha, and his clones sharing their perspectives with him, he would practically know everything within his territory.

Victor Prime began to grow until he became a 5-meter-tall man, as horns grew on his head, his short black hair grew longer, and his attributes shifted to the Miasma of the Dark Hell. A dark violet liquid began to cover Victor's body.

This liquid had a name, Junketsu; the weapon of the Progenitor covered its Master's body with a black armor tinged with violet. When Victor's heart pulsed again, the entire armor lit up with violet flames, and the next moment, Victor was completely dressed in his Emperor appearance.

Looking at himself from the perspective of his other self, he smiled in satisfaction, enjoying the impression it gave. For his Family to differentiate his clone from himself, he changed the appearance of his other self. As he was just a temporary creation to keep an eye on the Dream World, Victor changed his hair to gold like his Wife Sasha's and changed his eyes to the blue ones he had when he was Human. He also removed his Supernatural appearance.

Now, instead of looking like a supernaturally attractive man, he looked like a mortally attractive man. The key word here was 'mortal'. By Human standards, he would be a 10/10, but by the standards of the Supernatural World, he would be at around a 4 or 5.

Victor felt slightly uncomfortable seeing this strange version of himself, but since that was the purpose of it all, he tried not to think too much about it. After all, he would have to get used to being even more different if he wanted to use this method to blend in with his Creations in the future.

'Maybe, I'll make a bald man next time... Or a very masculine man who is the stereotype of those medieval fantasy movies like Conan or something like that.' The possibilities were endless. He could also use this method to spy on other civilizations, since as a shapeshifter and a Being who could edit Souls, he could become whatever he wanted 'externally' so that not even the most observant Gods would notice anything amiss.

The same might not be said of the Primordial Gods, but that was another can of worms unrelated to the matter at hand.

"What will we say to Shiva?" Anna asked after observing her Husband's appearance for a whole minute. After all, it was the first time she had seen this form.

"Nothing." Victor's voice became deeper in this form and much heavier. "He will know my answer even if I say nothing."

Anna's eyes sparkled in confusion for a moment, but after 5 seconds of thinking about it, she understood what Victor meant.

"Will you go alone?"

Victor displayed a slight smile that could be considered mischievous. "My dear Wife... I am never alone."

Hundreds of eyes appeared across the Emperor's body and stared directly at Anna with their blood-red eyes.

A macabre sight that would scare anyone to death, but not Anna.

"Indeed... Sometimes, I forget that."

A shadow of an animal emerged from the ground, a very familiar animal. "Zack."

The previously harmless and somewhat fat cat, now a threat that could destroy the world, looked at Victor.

"Meow?"

"You know what to do."

A mischievous smile appeared on the cat's face, and soon he disappeared.

Anna rolled her eyes. "Why does he keep meowing? He's no longer a cat."

"He can be whatever he wants, a cat, a tiger, a lion..." Remembering the real form of his cat, he continued: "A beast that can destroy the world."

"It all depends on Zack's will."

"He can be a good lover too..." Anna narrowed her eyes: "How many Wives does he have again?"

"...We don't talk about that."

Anna snorted. "This cat is so similar to you that it's not even funny. After his change, who would have thought he would get along with the felines that live on this planet?"

In response to these words, Victor just showed a proud smile. Due to the influence of his childhood friend, practically all the felines on the planet were becoming deadly creatures... Creatures that the biggest of them could destroy planets.

"Coincidentally, the last time I checked, he stopped picking up chicks around with the same number of Wives that you have... Do you know anything about that?"

"He's a bro." That was the only explanation Victor gave.

As a form of respect, Zack would never have more 'chicks' than his friend, so he didn't go looking for another lover.

Victor personally thought that Zack just didn't want to deal with all the bullshit that came with being in a relationship. Even though things in the animal world were more straightforward, they were still problematic.

Victor understood this. Even though he found these problematic situations amusing, he recognized that was the abnormal one here.

.....

Chapter 1058: An Action Outside the Plans, But Not That Outside the Plans. 2

Hela opened her eyes and lazily got up from bed.

Today was an excellent day for Hela; the weather was beautiful—as always—the city was alive—a surprise for her considering the kind of city they lived in, but it was something she tried to get used to—strange birds sang, and nature here was blessed with abundant life.

Compared to the old Earth and the Realm of The Dead where she used to live, this place was definitely perfect. Considering she also had the favor of the Emperor, Hela, the Goddess of Death from Norse Mythology, was now known to those who recognized her strength simply as Hela, the one who conquered her own Pantheon.

She was also known to those faint-hearted and too afraid to speak in front of her as Hela, the traitor of her own Pantheon, and she was living a very good life.

Hela snorted as she remembered what she was called for destroying a Pantheon. 'Cowards. Why don't they say the same to the Emperor who destroyed 2 Pantheons?' She knew it was three Pantheons, counting hers. After all, while she attacked Asgard, the Emperor and his group took advantage of the confusion to advance their agendas.

The answer to her question was simple: fear. They were afraid of the Emperor's retaliation. After all, he had simply too much influence in all political spheres of the Supernatural World. A decision made by the Emperor could affect everything, even those individuals not loyal to the Emperor.

This was what happened when a big fish like the Emperor decided to do something; such was the Power of the strong. Although Hela did not have as much Power and influence as the Emperor, she was no less dangerous than him. After all, she wouldn't have been able to subjugate Asgard if she weren't dangerous.

She had her brothers who held the Power of The End, and she still communicated with the Dragon, who remained very calm after feeling several True Dragons looking at him as if waiting for him to do something to have an excuse to act against him.

Even though the Dragon that Devoured The Roots of Yggdrasil was an ancient True Dragon and had access to the Concept of The End, he still was no match for an entire nest of True Dragons, especially the Emperor, who was on a completely different level.

She still had her army that she had prepared, and she still had exceptional individuals she stole from the Hells of other Pantheons... And most importantly, she had fully recovered her vitality. Overall, Hela had not become weaker at all. One might say she became stronger, considering that she had the Emperor's protection and now more autonomy as well.

'Victor's protection definitely came at a good time... I couldn't wake up so peacefully if I had to worry about potential invaders.' Hela thought as she picked up a robe to cover her naked body.

Looking through the window, she saw a futuristic city in the distance, Elvenorah, a city that artistically blended various cultures with technology. Gods, Youkais, Humans, Werewolves, Noble Vampires, Witches, several Beings of different Species, and different needs lived here.

She even saw Dark Elves, Light Elves, and Dwarves walking through the city peacefully... Races that lived in her Pantheon, and that should NEVER be placed together, or some kind of bloody trouble would happen. But for some reason, everyone here got along very well.

'Some kind of brainwashing, perhaps?' Hela wondered. Knowing the Emperor, such a thing wasn't beyond his capabilities, but Hela felt that for someone who represented Life, Martial Honor, and Nature, he wouldn't do something like that. After all, he didn't need to.

Just by being who he is, people would respect him; after all, everyone respected the strong. Not to mention that everyone here knew this was the city PERSONALLY run by a damn True Dragon who was the Emperor's Wife. It was very common for Beings here to see two or four True Dragons together.

Usually, these True Dragons were women who were definitely associated with the Emperor... And NOBODY here was foolish enough to look for trouble in a city full of True Dragons.

Especially when four of them were always present in the city most of the time, namely Velnorah, the Queen/Ruler of the city, Amaterasu, the Leader of the Shinto Pantheon, Haruna, the Leader of the Youkais, and Maya, who acted somewhat as an Ambassador for the Progenitor of the Werewolves, Tasha Elderblood.

Were there more? There definitely were more; it was common knowledge that there were children who were True Dragons also walking around, and these children, when

they appeared, were being heavily watched even in this city, children who were definitely Daughters of the Emperor.

So... causing trouble here was like asking with a neon sign that you wished to go straight to Hell.

Even Beings of The End were here, her damn brothers assumed Humanoid Forms and were walking around the city with Fenrir leading the group – probably, he who taught his brothers to shape-shift – if even Beings of The End can walk peacefully in this city without causing chaos, this city was definitely the Emperor's Utopia.

Velnorah was doing an impeccable job. Hela never thought a Technocracy would work, but somehow, having so many diverse Beings with great creativity made the city work smoothly.

Food, water, light, internet, education, everything basic that a Being needed to live was paid for by the city, everyone had the same living conditions, and if they wanted more or even more 'Power,' they needed to contribute to the city in some way.

Whether creatively presenting their ideas, no matter how small, or even using their talents.

Was this society equal for everyone? Of course not. After all, no one was equal to anyone else, and no matter what type of system it was—imperial, tyrannical, communist, capitalist, or even technocracy—people were not equal.

The only thing equal here was the starting point for everyone. Everyone had all their basic needs met. From there it entirely depended on the individual's capacity.

Hela, as a woman who had observed Humans for a long time, had never seen a society like this before. She was absolutely sure that such a society would never work just for Humans; they were Beings who were naturally selfish, and they preferred to 'take' rather than create.

But when Supernatural Races that loved to create new things were added into the mix, a new kind of environment was created, and when powerful Beings like Dragons Gods were seen around, this environment solidified into what Hela observed today.

A society that was not a perfect utopia but was very close to being one.

Quietly drinking her tea while looking out the window, she couldn't help but notice something with her Supernatural Senses. The weaker Races housed here might not realize it, but because the city itself harbored so many True Dragons, they were naturally getting stronger.

An example of this would be the Humans, who were the weakest Race here but also one of the most creative if given the right push. An 'ordinary' human here was 10x stronger than an ordinary Human from Earth.

A 16-year-old casually lifting a car weighing 1 ton was not an uncommon sight. The worst part was that these same Humans didn't realize how abnormal they were, not even those who were 'normal' before. The reason for this was that everyone around them was so incredible that they didn't realize how abnormal they had also become.

While she was contemplating the city with various thoughts, Hela felt something enter her room. A Being with a clearly feminine appearance entered through a dark portal. She had wings made of Dark Energy, her face was covered by a hood that not even Hela could see beyond the darkness that covered her face, and her armor was complete and much more defined than the robust armors of her counterparts.

'The Emperor's Herald...' Hela swallowed dryly inside. These Beings unnerved her. Every time she saw them, she just felt... wrong. It was as if they were Beings not meant to exist, yet they did. It was hard to explain this incongruence, Hela just felt that way.

But above all, Hela felt a sense of concern and, to a lesser extent, fear. After all, the Heralds had a meaning: when they were sent or when they appeared, it could mean many things, but most of the time, those things were terrible for other Beings.

This uncertainty was what made Hela nervous. She never knew what they would want or what their next moves would be. Not to mention that the fact the Emperor did not send his Shadows to contact her or even hire her through the communicator she received proved that this was an important matter. He would not have sent his Herald if it were not.

'What happened? Did I miss something recently?' Even though Hela was being lazy, habits die hard. She was always looking for something; she was always watching everything, any movement, any information she needed to know.

It was this paranoia that brought her to where she was now. After all, any information was useful to have, it was better to have useless information than no information at all. Knowledge was Power, and she understood that very well.

By understanding that, she knew of the overt moves that the Empire was making in the Human World after the appearance of the True Form of the Emperor in which the whole planet saw the immense Dragon. – Another reason why Beings feared the Emperor so much, although some of them also worshiped him because of it – a Dragon so large that not even Earth's technology could see his entire body, and because they could not see his exact size and only his head, everyone thought it was obvious that the Dragon was larger than the entire solar system.

What a ridiculous size. Humans' imaginations are quite vivid, right?... Right? Ugh, Hela really hoped they were exaggerating. Even the footage she received couldn't tell the exact size of the Dragon.

While Hela thought about various useless things, she continued to look at the Herald with a clearly neutral gaze, waiting for her words.

"Hela, the Emperor needs your counsel." The female Herald's voice resonated around.

The fact that the Herald said 'Emperor' and not 'God' proved that this was a meeting related to the Empire... Which meant that no civilization or Pantheon would die or be subjugated today.

Hela wasted no time. Immediately, her body was covered by her Power, and seconds later, she was wearing her Divine Raiment, a variation of the outfit she wore in the war. It didn't protect her completely like the outfit she wore in the war, as this style was more focused on enhancing her beauty and being easy to move in.

"Where do I need to go?" She asked.

As soon as she finished speaking, a violet portal appeared in front of her. Victor's Herald stood beside the portal while looking at Hela.

Understanding what she needed to do, Hela walked towards the portal... Worries about her own safety? Please, if the Emperor wanted to harm her, she would already be dead.

As soon as she passed through the portal, the image of a man 5 meters tall looking at her in his full armor was seen. The impression he gave just by standing there was immense. Hela had never felt so small. It was as if she were a child again and was looking at Odin.

But unlike Odin, this man was not looking at her with disgust or anything like that, he simply looked at her neutrally.

"Emperor." She placed her hand on her right chest and bowed her head slightly in salute to demonstrate respect.

"Hela..." The Emperor's heavy voice resounded around them. Only now did Hela realize that they were in space. The image of the Being in front of her was so striking that she completely missed that detail.

Only now did she realize that Victor was not alone, as all of his Heralds were here looking at her neutrally.

"Tell me, how did you come into contact with The Creatures of The Abyss?"

Victor's words left her surprised for a good few seconds.

... Okay, maybe Hela judged things too quickly... A civilization would definitely die today.

Just like before, she wasted no time explaining how she had accessed that place... The place where the creatures of The Abyss were born, the place that was total darkness when a galaxy was destroyed,

.....

Chapter 1059: Those Born in Darkness

"The creatures from The Abyss are located in the region where the dead galaxies lie..." Hela gestured with her hands, and a representation of a galaxy being destroyed was shown.

This representation showed the processes by which a galaxy was destroyed. When a galaxy meets its end, the destruction caused can leave behind many stars, especially those located at its core. Many of these stars may explode as supernovas, scattering heavy material across space and possibly creating a new beginning.

In other cases, the core of the galaxy, often a supermassive black hole, can be exposed and continue to influence the environment around it, attracting matter and emitting intense radiation.

In this specific case, when a galaxy reached its true 'End', all that was left were dark environments centered around supermassive black holes that may or may not be active.

Life did not exist, Time did not exist, Space did not exist, and even the Concept of 'Void' did not exist. In mundane terms, the 'space' left behind was the Universe's trash.

"When the Primordials divided the Universe into Sectors so that Beings like you would not take advantage of weaker existences, they did not care much about protecting the dead galaxies."

"After all... Why would anyone want to go there? All that is there is a dark place, with no life, filled with black holes."

"... But they were wrong to do that... Some Beings... No, some creatures thrive in that kind of environment. Creatures that are born from darkness... From True Darkness." A representation of the contractor she used in the War of Asgard was shown.

At first glance, its form was undefined, like a mass of liquid darkness that writhed and shaped incessantly. There was no fixed structure to its Being, just a constellation of dark tentacles that extended and retracted as if searching for something invisible. Its skin, or what passed for it, had a viscous and translucent texture, similar to a mix of gelatin and slime, reflecting an iridescent light that resembled oil on water.

Azathoth, even imprisoned, could interfere in Creation, and many of the Beings that sought Power ended up in her sphere of influence. These Beings were formed from fragments of the Powers of his Wife, and as Eldritch Beings, they thrived in the darkness of a dead galaxy.

Scattered randomly across its body, eyes of varying sizes blinked and moved independently. Each emitted a cold and unnatural light, piercing the darkness around it and casting distorted shadows that danced to the rhythm of its movements. Small mouths appeared here and there, filled with sharp teeth. The presence of this Being carried an ancient evil, an ancient evil that Victor knew very well, an evil so familiar that he could even call it 'brother'.

'Or more precisely, a subordinate... As I thought, these Beings were born from the influence of Azathoth.' Victor thought.

Azathoth, even imprisoned, could interfere in Creation, and many of the Beings that sought Power ended up in her sphere of influence. These Beings were formed from fragments of the Powers of his Wife, and as Eldritch Beings, they thrived in the darkness of a dead galaxy.

[Why didn't the Primordials clean them up?] Roxanne asked after hearing Victor's thoughts.

[It's because they are part of Creation.] Amara replied and continued: [Just like Darling, they were Beings created within this creation, they were accepted by The System, and incidentally, they became part of The System... When a Galaxy is dead, the remaining Energy is absorbed by these Beings, thus preventing the aged Energy from spreading to other Sectors... These Beings, they are the perfect trash depot.]

Victor said nothing, and his silence was more than enough proof that what Amara said was completely correct and that he was thinking the same thing as her.

'The very presence of the creature did not seem to destroy Reality,' Victor remembered the War. As someone who had absorbed some 'lucky' Gods from that Pantheon who experienced the War that Hela waged, he had the exact viewpoint of an 'outsider.'

When Victor or Yol lightly accessed their Nightmare Form, Reality distorted merely with their presence, and gravity became unstable, causing rocks and branches to float momentarily before falling back to the ground. Time seemed to flow erratically, with seconds dragging like hours and minutes passing in the blink of an eye.

Those who approached the Eldritch horror were seized by paralyzing terror, a primordial fear that went beyond reason and logic. It was as if their bodies and minds were invaded by an overwhelming darkness, a sense of insignificance in the face of the vast and incomprehensible cosmos. Sanity was a fragile Concept in front of such an Entity, and many fell into madness from gazing at them for too long.

These creatures did not seem to cause this effect as strongly as Victor and Yol.

[You're making a very absurd comparison, Victor,] Roxanne reminded. [You are an Eldritch Horror born from Chaos. You are the very leader of the Eldritch Pantheon, and you hold the same status as Azathoth, the supposed 'Creator' of them. Yol is your Daughter.]

[In terms of hierarchy, you and Azathoth are the Chaos that created everything, and Yol is a Primordial God that you created.]

[Comparing yourselves to this thing is like comparing an elephant to a microbe; it makes no sense.] Amara continued.

[Not only that... Even we must have more hierarchy than it because we were 'contaminated' with the Energy that came from you.] The 'we' Roxanne spoke of was referring to Victor's entire Family.

While Victor argued with his Wives, he did not interrupt Hela's explanation.

"After discovering what that place had become... The whole place became the Domain of Primordial Death, and he was tasked with overseeing everything."

By 'overseeing,' it was clear she meant supervising and ending them if necessary. Although they became a part of The System, they were still dangerous if they went to galaxies with life.

"And because it is the Domain of The End..."

"You can access it." Victor finished what Hela was about to say.

"Exactly." Hela nodded. "And I can do it more efficiently because I channel the Energy of The End differently than my brothers. For example," She glanced at her Staff.

That's when Victor and his Wives understood what she meant. Beings like Fenrir, Typhon, and Jormungand channeled the Energy of The End through their bodies, making parts of them, such as claws, fangs, and skin, completely imbued with said Energy, consequently making them genderless Beings who cannot 'initiate' any Life. After all, they embodied The End of Everything.

Hela was not exactly born with the Powers of The End. She was, however, born resistant to it from being in the same womb as her brothers, and she channeled those Powers through her Staff, allowing her to use these Powers in a more 'creative' way than just to 'End' everything.

She could use it as an Energy in a way very similar to how Primordial Death uses it. Hela's hair floated lightly, and she pointed the Staff forward; however, before starting anything, she looked to Victor, asking for his permission to begin.

Victor nodded lightly while gesturing for his Heralds to stand slightly behind him but not too far back. Completely trusting in their Creator, they accepted the orders and watched everything, ready to intervene at any moment.

Seeing Victor's confirmation, Hela immediately began to use her Powers. A dark Energy emitted from the Staff and struck the 'Space' in front of her, immediately causing a hole in Reality to form.

And as that hole was made, a hand with a similar description to Hela's Contractor appeared.

"...He is different. He is not my Contractor," Hela warned as she tried to close the portal.

"It's okay, leave it open."

"...But." Hela was about to protest, but then she remembered who she was speaking to, The Dragon Emperor, Victor Elderblood.

'...But even he can't handle this kind of Being, right? And this one seems to be even older than the one I contacted.' Hela thought.

...And she had no idea how wrong she was.

Accepting Victor's request, Hela did not interfere and just stepped back, continuing to observe. A few seconds passed, and the creature seemed to come closer to the portal as hundreds of thousands of distorted eyes whose very presence could drive someone mad were seen.

"Heh, it seems you are older than the others."

[The older these Abyssal creatures are, the more they acquire the characteristics that you and Azathoth have.] Amara spoke.

Sharp teeth began to appear among the eyes, creating an even more horrific sight, but for Victor and his Heralds, it looked cute.

After all, Victor's Form was even more horrific.

The 'hand' of the creature moved toward Victor with a clearly hostile intent... No, there was no hostility for these Beings; it was just a primordial need, a need to feed.

'They are indeed products of Azathoth.' The sensation the creature was giving him was just of extreme hunger.

They felt nothing, just looking at Victor, and wanted to eat him because he had a lot of Energy inside him. To these creatures, Victor was like a walking feast.

Yes, 'they'. It might seem like one creature, but that was wrong. Each of those eyes was a separate creature, and they set aside their rivalry just for the great feast in front of them.

They were like hungry sharks that did not care that they were sharing the food because there was too much food.

...But, unfortunately, they chose the wrong opponent this time.

"War."

"Yes." The most loyal Herald stood in front of Hela and spread his arms widely as if protecting her.

The other Heralds also acted by staying close to War and spreading their wings widely, but unlike War, they were isolating the area.

[Amara, help me here. Don't let any Energy particles escape.] Roxanne ordered seriously.

[Working on it.] Amara was already working on it even before Roxanne spoke.

When the hand of the creature was inches from Victor's face... Something happened.

Victor's existence distorted for a mere second... Specifically speaking, 0.2 nanoseconds.

The time of a blink of an eye. In those nanoseconds, the complete Eldritch Form of Victor was seen, felt, understood, and feared in that nanosecond, which, from the creatures' perspective, seemed to last an eternity.

A higher-level Eldritch horror descended into existence. In that nanosecond, each of those creatures understood for the first time in their existence of eternal hunger, fear, and, most importantly, respect. Their entire existence completely changed in that nanosecond.

When a Being encounters a true Cosmic Horror, it is changed forever, no matter the type, or how short, the contact is; these words were the purest truth.

It was only thanks to the efforts of Roxanne, Amara, and the Heralds that Creation was not distorted in a way that would attract the attention of the Primordials.

It was thanks to War that Hela did not go completely mad. Unlike The End, she had no resistance whatsoever to Victor's complete Form.

The 'hand' was retracted and went back into the portal. The creature's eyes stopped moving and just continually observed Victor attentively as if they were waiting for orders, which indeed they were.

"Show me your home." Words were spoken, but these words were not in the Draconic language, nor an ancient language like that of the Gods, nor even the language of The System.

This language was unknown, foreign, and corrupt to those who tried to speak or understand, a language that all of the same species shared, a way to express intention, the language of an Eldritch God.

After those words were said, Hela completely lost control of the portal. Hundreds... Wrong, thousands of hands grabbed the Space in all directions and literally tore it apart to a size large enough for Victor to pass through.

"What...?" Hela couldn't understand this development. Even though she was a powerful Goddess, she didn't comprehend what had happened in front of her.

And it was better this way. After all, she wanted to live a long life, right?

[Victor, don't tell me you're going there?]

[Why are you asking the obvious, Roxanne? Of course, he is.] Amara rolled her eyes; it was as if Roanne didn't know their Husband.

"Keep the portal open," Victor ordered. Even though there were hundreds of ways to get back quickly, he didn't want to risk it.

Victor walked towards the darkness and the moment he passed through the portal... The sight of... Emptiness welcomed them.

With his senses, Victor could see hundreds of thousands of Beings spread throughout the place.

Up, down, left, right, he was completely surrounded, and yet Victor didn't feel threatened... In a way, it felt like home, but not as comfortable as home.

Just expanding his senses, he saw that there were millions of extremely low-level Eldritch Beings and several hundred similar to the one Hela had come into contact with.

Looking at the upper levels of the hierarchy... There were only about 7 Eldritch Beings that had enough Power to catch his attention.

'The number 7 again.' Victor thought about this coincidence that had always accompanied his life. 7 Hells, 7 Celestial Heavens, 7 Deadly Sins, 7 Virtues, 7 High-Level God-Kings, 7 Primordial Beings. When it wasn't the number 7, it was the number 3, or in rare cases, the number 6.

He didn't know what to think about it. He knew that every form of expression had Power, but he didn't know why Creation was always '7'.

"Gentlemen," Victor spoke without emitting any Eldritch Energy. After all, it was the territory of a Primordial Being, so he couldn't act strangely because he was sure that the Primordial knew he was there.

"I wish to make a contract. Who is willing to do so?"

Literally, all the eyes he could sense shone with desire.

"That's interesting." Victor continued acting.

Chapter 1060: The 'Little' One.

Victor was right. The moment he stepped into the Domain of the Primordial, Death was watching him. In fact, the Primordial had been watching ever since a portal suddenly appeared in his Domain, but thanks to Victor being in his Personal World and his subordinates and himself hiding his actions, the Primordial didn't notice anything unusual.

"That's interesting."

Death observed Victor's interactions with these Beings from a distance.

"While I'm flattered by everyone's attention, I can't make a deal with everyone. I only need one."

Victor's lack of reaction to the very presence of these Beings piqued Death's interest. Even Beings from Higher Sectors couldn't remain completely unaffected by the presence of these Beings, especially when in their territory.

The only ones who were not completely affected by these Beings were the strongest from the High-Level Sectors.

'Is it possible that he is already at that level?' Death wouldn't doubt it since he was the only Being to receive the Blessing of Negativity in all existence, a Being like that definitely had great potential.

Although this place was Death's 'territory', he didn't have awareness here, like, for example, the territory of The Owner of Limbo, because he was responsible for 'watching' this place and didn't create this place with his Powers.

This Domain was of Death, but it was not technically his, but rather these Beings. Death was just here to keep them on a leash, and occasionally, he let his lesser dogs make contact with those who had been touched by The End.

Because of this, he couldn't use his omniscience to 'observe' Victor further without the man knowing, and the very fact that he could sense the Primordial was already impressive for someone who was not yet in the Higher Sectors.

Not to mention that Death himself wasn't so interested because he knew that, in the end, it didn't matter much. They would all meet with him at The End of everything. After all, he was the Being that would 'close the curtains' when the time came.

A dog without fangs, so to speak. 'Even if he feeds this creature, it won't grow as large as the older ones.'

"How about you?" The Primogenitor of The Blood Dragons pointed in a direction, and a mass of eyes and darkness approached him.

Death narrowed his eyes slightly, looking at that Being before he lost interest. Although it was one of the oldest Beings present, it was one of the weakest because it always missed feeding time due to its competitors. It was the smallest and the weakest of all present.

A dog without fangs, so to speak. 'Even if he feeds this creature, it won't grow as large as the older ones.'

Beings thought that if they fed enough food to these creatures, they would grow immensely, but that was completely wrong. This kind of Being only grew when it consumed a specific type of Energy, the Energy from stars, planets, or a galaxy that was about to die.

The first two were impossible to happen with Death keeping them on a leash, and the last was even more unlikely to happen since the Primordials knew how these Beings grew. They controlled who ate the Energy from dead galaxies, and most of that Energy was also filtered by Death since that's his job.

"Yeah... You will be enough as a present for my Daughter."

"....." Death was speechless at what he had just heard. 'Is he going after one of the most dangerous Races to give as a present to his Daughter?'

One thing was true, if it was about madness, this man was on the same level as the well-established Beings of the Higher Sectors.

After choosing his new companion, Victor turned around and went back to the portal. He didn't try to take anything more or explore further.

'Well, even he's not crazy enough to go any further than the portal. This is no place for living Beings, Blessed by Negativity or not.' Death thought and then stopped looking.

About the little one? He didn't care. As said before, it was one of the oldest present but also one of the weakest, and because it was one of the oldest, it couldn't grow any further.

Instead of worrying about that, he would go back to his work.

...

As he returned to his Domain, Victor's mask remained, but his eyes were more focused. He looked at the Being in his hand, who was doing its best to remain smaller than it already was.

Hela looked at the being in Victor's hand and pointed: "Isn't he... too weak?"

"Yes, indeed." Victor's eyes shone slightly. "For now, that is."

For Victor, it didn't matter if he took one of the most powerful or one of the weakest; what mattered to him was the mentality.

While most of the Beings there had only hunger, desire, and fear in mind, this little one had ambition... An emotion born from being one of the oldest, and one of the weakest in an environment where everything was competition.

Not only that but unlike the others, this little one here, being one of the oldest, had something unique, something that even it didn't know, a direct connection to that place.

At the moment, Victor couldn't do much without attracting attention, but that wouldn't be the case in the future when his Wife was free.

This little one was the key to that place.

Yes, he could use Hela to open a portal with the Energy of The End, but using that Energy to open a portal was like taking a car to drive up to the neighbor's door and honking the horn, making a terrible noise. In other words, it was just a way of shouting to the Primordial that she was coming.

He had plans for that place, and Hela couldn't be involved, especially since those plans could put her at great risk.

And such risk wasn't necessary when he had easier ways of doing things.

"What's his ability?" Hela asked if each of those Beings had a unique ability that each of them developed. Some could split into several pieces, others had more complex abilities, and others had abilities equal to each other.

"Impregnation."

"... Impregnation?"

"Not in the way you're thinking. He's not an alien who will impregnate females." Victor snorted when he sensed what kind of thought Hela was having.

"Basically, he can soak a Being with a type of corruptive negative effect of his choice. Usually, this effect causes mental exhaustion that causes the death of weaker Beings."

"... That's pretty basic."

"Indeed." Victor didn't deny it. Niklaus's children could do something similar more efficiently.

Hela couldn't help but look at the thing in Victor's hand with doubtful eyes. 'Out of hundreds of thousands of different Beings, why did he take the most useless one from there?'

Victor could see the doubt on Hela's face, but he didn't care to explain. After all, his actions were beyond her understanding without him explaining very personal and secret things that only his Wives could know.

Wives who had several protections against various attempts at mental, physical, and Soul corruption, protection against manipulation, protection against destruction, etc.

This kind of secret couldn't be left to someone who didn't have the necessary defenses. 'Speaking of which, I must protect Hela too. This kind of knowledge is something that others should not know.'

He wasn't talking about the creature in his hand but about her knowledge of being able to open a portal to the dead galaxies.

"Hela, I suggest you protect your mind, body, and Soul. No one should know about the knowledge that you know."

"Don't worry, I won't say anything." She promised.

"You don't understand." Victor shook his head.

"I... Oh." Hela understood now what he meant. "Don't worry. I've known that from the beginning, which is why I've already made protections."

"... Hmm." Victor looked at Hela as if he was evaluating her.

Receiving the weight of Victor's gaze, Hela felt very tiny, but she didn't look away. She had complete confidence in her defenses.

"Can I do a test?"

"...Will it harm me?"

"Your safety is guaranteed."

"Then go ahead." Hela shrugged.

Victor nodded and started to do something...

Hela waited... She waited, but she felt nothing. It was as if he wasn't doing anything to her, and for a moment, she thought he really wasn't doing anything to her, but the serious look on Victor's face didn't let her doubt anything.

"I see, so that's why you hate Odin, huh."

Hela opened her eyes wide and summoned all her Power, and only when she did so did she feel Victor's intrusion. It was something so small, so imperceptible, that if it weren't for Victor saying something, she would never have noticed.

"What did you see?"

"Everything."

Hela opened her eyes wide. "H-How, I didn't feel anything."

"You think you protected yourself, but Beings like me can find hundreds of different ways to get information without even touching you."

"In this specific case, all I did was manipulate my Dream Energy in such a tiny way that for a moment, you lost consciousness, your defenses were lowered, and I was able to get inside your head."

"You didn't notice anything because, in this Reality, you never really slept."

"... A combination of a Dragon's Reality Manipulation, and the Power of Dreams..."

"Exactly."

"Don't worry. If you wish, I can erase my memories of what I discovered, but the point about protection still remains," Victor said calmly. For him, Hela's life experience didn't matter as much as the purpose of his demonstration.

"... Erase those memories, please. They are quite personal."

"Very well." Victor closed his eyes, searched his mind for the book of Hela's history, and erased it, thus losing information about those events.

... Victor lost this information with this action, but the same could not be said for the Beings that were inside him. Roxanne and Amara still remembered.

Victor, of course, would not let this happen. He would honor his words, especially to an ally who helped him willingly. If Hela had an ounce of ill will or distrust in her at this moment, Victor would not honor this agreement. He would keep these memories and use them against her if necessary.

But in this specific case, it was not necessary since she was an honorable woman of her word, and for Beings like that, the God of Martial Honor would honor his words.

"It is done."

Hela nodded and did not ask anything else or doubt Victor's words. If he said he did it, it was because he did it. He would not go back on his word since a Being like him had no need for that kind of pettiness.

"About protection, what should I do?" Hela asked humbly. She did not want to feel this discomfort again. It was fine with Victor since he had no ill will towards her, but what about other Beings? Beings that might want to harm her because she did not have enough protection?

She didn't want to risk it. She knew very well that the kind of knowledge she had was dangerous, not to mention that it was kind of an open secret among the higher echelons of the Supernatural World what kind of changes the Sector was going through. Gods stronger than her would come in the future, and she needed to protect herself from subtle attacks... Because in raw Power, she had her brothers and herself.

"Well, I have protections against..." Victor began a long list of protections, from simple things like bad luck to complex things like someone messing with Reality or even more dangerous things like Beings distorting the Law of Creation.

The last one made Hela sweat deeply. Just what kind of Being was capable of doing that? She couldn't imagine it. And she thought that Soul invasion was a danger! What Victor was listing made her realize how small she was thinking. There were several different ways for a Being to harm another Being without even having to raise a hand to do so.

"... I'm sorry to interrupt, but can you tell me something?"

"Yes?"

"What kind of protection do your Wives have?"

Victor smiled slightly. "The greatest of all protections... They have a fragment of my Soul inside of them."

Hela just stared at him in astonishment, both at the implications of what he had just said and at the madness of the act itself.

"...Of course, that's a secret."

At that moment, she realized that this was a trap! He had told her this specifically so that she would have no choice but to say 'Yes' to what he was offering.

"...I can erase those memories from my head."

"Unfortunately, even if you erase those memories from your brain, you will still remember them through your Soul."

In the grand scheme of things, flesh was just something used to house the Soul. The information of their entire existence was in the Soul, which was why the Vampire Progenitor's ability was so dangerous, and this detail was something that all the Gods knew, especially a Goddess like Hela.

Hela's lips twitched. 'Just how did he engrave those memories into my Soul?' She was sure that Soul memories didn't work like that. The Soul would remember, that part was correct, but only after some time... Right? At least it should be like that.

'I don't know!' Honestly, all the rules she thought she knew were being destroyed one by one by this man, she didn't doubt anything anymore! He could do anything, and that was it!

Victor waited patiently for Hela's decision, conveniently ignoring the minor breakdown she was having.

'... Not that she had a choice in the matter, but the thought was what matters.' Victor thought boredly.

"Please grant me the greatest protection possible." She said resignedly.

Victor smiled slightly. "Very well."

.....