

My Three Wives Are Beautiful Vampires

Chapter 1061: Acting like a hot woman? No, I don't!

Hela woke up feeling utterly exhausted for some reason. Sitting up in bed, she held her head as if she had a severe headache before remembering what happened.

Remembering the request she made and subsequently falling into unconsciousness, instead of feeling panicked about this fact, she wondered what the Hell happened to her.

Again, the reason for her confidence was the simple fact that if Victor wanted to do something to her, he didn't need to go through something so complicated. He was in a greater and more advantageous position than her, and she highly doubted that her brothers would be any threat to the current Victor.

Therefore, he didn't need to deceive her if he wanted to harm her... Honestly, she didn't know how to feel about these thoughts since she had always been a very distrustful person. No matter what kind of person she encountered, she always maintained her suspicions.

But... Victor's strength was so great, absurd, and out of scale that such schemes would simply be useless to him... He didn't need them. Hela believed that perhaps it was because of these feelings that she was not freaking out now.

"You're finally awake."

Hela opened her eyes wide when she heard the voice and looked in the direction the voice came from. There, she beheld the sight of a man sitting on the couch while resting his head on his hand.

Unlike his Emperor form, he seemed more approachable in this more casual form.

"Where am I...?" She looked out the window and saw an unfamiliar landscape, quite alien but paradisiacal. She also felt that just breathing here was revitalizing her vitality even more, as if all of Nature was so full of life.

"On my personal planet."

"Oh..." Hela didn't know how to react to this fact. She had always suspected that Victor had a personal world. This wasn't information that everyone knew, and not even Hela knew for sure. She just deduced it. After all, it would be strange if he didn't have a

personal world or Dimension for himself and his Family. After all, considering that he was the Leader of a Pantheon, no one had ever actually seen his 'Pantheon' itself.

Everyone believed that the city that was run by his Wives was the center of his Pantheon. But they were completely wrong. That place was just a small part of his Pantheon. After all, Hell was also a part of his Pantheon. But they never actually saw the 'Paradise' that every Pantheon must have.

By spreading her Divine Senses across the planet, she understood very well that this was the 'Paradise' of Victor's Pantheon. However, unlike the other Pantheons, this 'Paradise' was personal, an exclusive place for his Family.

'I wonder where the Souls of those who go to Heaven will go... Maybe an Alternate Dimension?' Such a thought wouldn't be strange, considering that the Heavenly Father's Heaven held a similar system.

Even Asgard was similar. Odin had a particular Dimension where the Souls who had faith in his Gods would go.

Putting that aside, she said: "This planet is full of Life."

"It would be strange if it wasn't. After all, it was created with my Dragon Fire, and it houses hundreds of Dragons and several Dragon Gods."

Dragons, no matter if they were True ones or not, were loved by Nature for a reason. They were like Energy batteries. Even if their actions destroyed the environment, the simple fact of them existing in one place would revitalize that place to be even more full of life.

On this planet where the intentional destruction of Nature was forbidden, this effect was seen more intensely. All living Beings, from the smallest animals to the True Dragons, who were Victor's Daughters and Wives, respected this rule of Victor.

Destruction caused by instincts or actions was normal, for example, a saber-toothed feline destroying the environment to make its 'lair' was allowed, but intentional destruction would be punished severely.

It may seem like similar situations, but they were very different. As a God of Nature, Victor understood this very well. Nature was an ecosystem, and it was not so weak that small damages could harm it, especially with so many powerful Gods related to Nature and World Trees present here.

But even knowing this, he forbade intentional destruction. After all, rules were necessary. His newborn Daughters tended to be very unruly due to the innate stubbornness of Dragons, and each of them could release a breath that could destroy a small city in a fit of rage.

He'd faced many incidents like this when they were growing up. Only now has it lessened because they are older.

Again, perhaps Victor was exaggerating. After all, this planet was created with his Dragon Breath, the Breath of a Progenitor Dragon. This was the core of the planet. It was also created with the help of a Primordial and with the help of Primordial Goddesses. This was the same planet that was home to hundreds of Dragons, each of them further tempering the planet's durability and resistance.

Even if a high-powered nuclear bomb was detonated here, the planet would recover in less than a year. The planet was that strong.

Despite understanding this, he still forbade it. After all, customs should be set from an early age, and this was his personal Paradise. This planet was like a child to him; he helped create it. Therefore, he did not want any harm to be caused to it.

"That is... Informative." Hela swallowed hard when she heard Victor's casual statement. She could already imagine how 'rare' the materials growing here were. A planet whose core was formed by the Fire of a Progenitor Dragon like Victor, she could only imagine how 'loaded' it was.

Victor smiled slightly when he saw Hela's thoughts. Although his planet had many resources, he did not exploit them. After all, he did not need to. He had an entirely separate Dimension that he created for that purpose.

Wealth and resources were not important to him because he had abundance. In fact, since he started his journey, these were never his priorities, and he knew very well how lucky he was at the time. After all, he kind of got together with three Heiresses of ancient Clans who had abundant resources.

Wealth, power, and material desire tend to change a person for the worse. That doesn't mean that you should give up everything you have and live like a monk, but that material goods shouldn't be the focus. What's the point of being the richest person in the world if you don't have anyone who REALLY wants to be with you for your company? To have fun with all that money?

Growing up, Edward and Leona were the only ones in the group who were truly 'rich', but they never let it go to their heads. Thinking about it, Victor realized how lucky he was to have true friends, one of whom became his Wife.

'Hmm, I have to meet up with the others later.' By others, he was talking about Edward, Andrew, and Fred.

Thinking of them, he remembered that Edward was in Samar with his Clan, Andrew was in his city, and Fred was with his hot Vampire girlfriend.

'Out of all of them, only Fred got laid... Or he was captured by the thirsty Vampire?' He could never doubt the fact that female Vampires were quite... Passionate.

Yes, that was Victor's term for 'crazy' women.

'Well, he did well.' Victor brushed that aside. The last time he met Fred and turned him into a Vampire Subspecies, he checked out his Wife and found that she was a good woman for his friend.

Thinking about the information his subordinates had given him about his friends two weeks ago, he couldn't help but roll his eyes internally.

'Andrew is still being the local playboy, and Edward is acting like a dense protagonist... What a surprise.' Victor thought he should tell Leona this detail to see her reaction.

'Ignoring Family advances is a very bad thing, Edward.' Victor's eyes sparkled with amusement. As Adam's son and Victor's friend, several of his cousins and aunts were VERY interested in Edward.

'Well, I can respect that. Men respect Women, not Whores.' Words spoken in the past by Edward himself. Victor decided to be magnanimous and not say anything to Leona... But he would still tell her that he was still single.

Leona wanted to be an aunt, after all.

Hela watched Victor in silence as she saw his expression change from amusement, to contemplation, and then back to amusement again. She realized that, in this place, he was much more open with his expressions than he normally would be. She could read him much better now.

'Or is he faking it?' She couldn't help but think about it, but everything about Victor was genuine, and honestly, she didn't think he would fake something when he didn't need to. He was a great politician, but his love for his Family was very genuine.

"...What did you do to me?"

"Hmm? Oh... I got lost in thought, huh?" Victor spoke and then added. "Well, I gave you the protection I said I would give you. Due to sensory overload, you ended up fainting, and so I brought you to my home."

Keep it close, but not too close. Let her make the move first if she wanted to. Victor knew he was the bigger prize here, and he had his pride.

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"... Did you give me the same protection as your Wives?" Hela asked. She didn't see any point in fainting just because of what Victor did to her. She wasn't that weak, not to mention that she felt that her existence was heavier somehow, but not in a bad way.

If you put it into words, she felt her Soul more 'clearly'. She could feel her body much better now, and such a change wouldn't just happen with a simple protection. Something had to change in the Soul for that to happen.

"Oh?" Victor raised his eyebrow and then smiled. "You noticed."

"... You really did..." Hela spoke in disbelief. She was just guessing and wasn't 100% sure what she said was true, but to think that he really did it... She didn't know how to feel about it, but it wasn't a bad feeling.

"This is a special situation, after all. Thus, it requires special attention." Victor spoke casually, not completely dismissing the subject but also not giving it the attention it deserved.

He had thousands of years of dealing with the opposite sex. He was married to the Goddess of Love! He knew the nuances of interacting with a woman and a man. He would be very insensitive if he dismissed this situation as if it were nothing.

Keep it close, but not too close. Let her make the move first if she wanted to. Victor knew he was the bigger prize here, and he had his pride.

'...Wait a sec. Since when did I start acting like a hot woman?' He thought in contemplation. For some reason, he could hear Andrew and Fred laughing hard now.

[You only realized that now...] Roxanne spoke in disbelief.

[That took a while, huh.] Amara displayed an amused smile.

[Well, he's not wrong that he's the biggest prize here, so his pride is justifiable, but he's acting like a hot woman who wants men to crawl towards her... Wait, isn't he basically the old Aphrodite now?] Roxanne spoke while showing a small teasing smile.

Victor snorted internally and ignored the two. He was nothing like the old Aphrodite!

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"Atchuum!" Aphrodite sneezed in a very feminine voice, causing papers to fly around due to the gust of wind.

""Bless you."" Maria, Roberta, Eve, and Eleonor, who were nearby, spoke.

"Thank you." Aphrodite thanked them.

"Can Dragons get sick?" Eleonor asked curiously as she read her book.

"I don't think that's possible... And that's just considering normal Dragons. For us, who have Victor's protections and are Goddesses, it would be strange for us to get sick." Maria, who was being lazy, spoke up.

Eve, who was drinking tea at the table, spoke up next: "Someone's probably talking about her."

"Everyone is talking about me. I am the Goddess of Love, after all." Aphrodite huffed proudly.

"Yeah, yeah, and I am a unicorn that everyone talks about," Eve commented sarcastically.

Aphrodite narrowed her neon pink eyes. "Just so you know, they are really talking about me. I can hear their words."

"Uh-huh, I believe you... You are definitely not confusing your prayers." The sarcasm in Eve's voice was so obvious that it physically hurt Aphrodite.

The so-called Goddess of Love pouted, slightly irritated. She understood Eve's sarcasm since when her followers spoke of her, they were not SPECIFICALLY talking about her, but rather telling/ordering her to be a good Wife for Victor.

[Oh, Goddess of Love, Aphrodite, please protect the Emperor from all evil.] She heard one of her followers speaking.

'Woman, you have no idea who you are asking protection for. He is so strong that he doesn't even need protection! But I will do it anyway because he is my Husband!' Aphrodite thought internally but did not answer her follower.

And then she snorted again when she saw Eve smiling at her as if she understood what had just happened.

It's not like there weren't any believers who prayed explicitly to her, but for the most part, the most devoted believers were those who spoke to the Goddesses of the Pantheon to ask for protection for The Emperor.

A consequence of being a fairly new Religion in which the most prominent figure is someone as brilliant as Victor, faith and trust in the Emperor were eternal among the believers. The other Goddesses kind of hovered around, a fact that left some of them slightly irritated, but they couldn't do anything to change it, considering that this was something that only time could fix.

Not to mention that some Goddesses didn't have a good reputation among Mortals, Aphrodite being one of them.

'Ironically, Tyche and Hestia are the ones who receive the most prayers after The Emperor.' Aphrodite thought, and she kind of understood. After all, Tyche was the Goddess of Luck, and Hestia was the Goddess of The Home, who never really had her name tarnished in the Greek Pantheon. She might've been seen as too passive and not proactive enough, but she didn't really have a bad image.

Tyche was a consequence of Victor's patronage, after all, he understood how important luck was.

'Next comes the Goddess of Order and the Goddess of Truth, which are Violet and Anna. Then me... Although Velnorah, Amaterasu, Haruna, and Tasha are rising in rank due to being very active in the city.' Aphrodite started to feel a slight panic for her position. Yes, she was in fifth place, but she didn't want to lose her position!

'...What if I made a Saint?' Aphrodite thought. Since she had become a High-Level Dragon Goddess, almost becoming a Primordial Being of Love, she had enough energy to bless the entire planet if she so desired, even if most of her Blessings were with Victor.

'A Saint could speak on my behalf and spread my name to the masses... Hehehe.' She started to laugh, thinking that was a good idea.

'Speaking of which, Darling also Blessed the entire Family with his Divinities.' She lightly touched her chest as she felt Victor's Blessings and Victor's very Soul. She always did this when she wanted to feel Victor.

The girls around her narrowed their eyes slightly when they saw Aphrodite's reactions. They had known the woman long enough to know that she was planning to do something... Usually, it's something stupid.

They looked at each other and nodded, agreeing to keep an eye on her.

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Chapter 1062: The Emperor's Soul.

Back to Victor.

"Anyway, sign this confidentiality agreement, and I'll take you to meet two interesting people."

Hela looked at the Contract in Victor's hand, grabbed ahold of it, and began to read it. After all, children, you should never sign a Contract without reading it! Look for the small words that are always on the Contract!

Victor rolled his eyes when he saw Hela's focus on reading the Contract, but he could respect her caution.

Victor patiently waited for Hela to read and sign the Contract while keeping a lookout around the mansion to prevent Hela's 'vision' from going to places he didn't allow.

After a few minutes of waiting, Hela finished reading the Contract and signed it in blood. As soon as she signed the Contract, a current of Power formed in her heart. The moment the clauses of the Contract were broken, she would die. The Contract would read the intentions of the host, so there was no point in her pretending to say something or trying to leave information in her death. Nothing would work. Victor took guarantees to cover all the blind spots.

"...That is a very restrictive Contract," Hela muttered. "Not even my End Energy can remove it..." Which in itself was absurd since END should not have anything that it could not obliterate. Except, of course, the opposing Divinity...

'Oh... He used the Divinity of Beginning's in the Contract so that I could not use The End to destroy the chain.' Well, she would not do that, but it was quite impressive how many blind spots Victor paid attention to when making this Contract.

"Indeed." Victor did not deny it. "It's essential, after all, you're acquiring very important information about me... Information that I want no one to know."

'So overprotective... I wonder if he would act this way towards things that weren't his Family.' Hela thought, but she didn't hate that side of him. In fact, she felt a bit envious of his Family for having someone like that taking care of them, after all, her father and mother weren't good examples of relatives.

Victor stood up from the couch and extended his hand. "Do you mind accompanying me?"

Hela stared at Victor's hand for a few seconds and then nodded as she took his hand. "Sure."

The moment she touched his hand, her body was covered by a sudden wave of Power, and the next moment, she was wearing an outfit that looked like a mix of her Divine Raiment and a modern dress that was modest and at the same time easy to move in.

She looked at her new clothes for a moment, and with just one glance, she realized that the clothes, despite looking simple, were hundreds of times stronger than her typical Divine Raiment. The fabric was mixed with small Runes for protection. The fabric of the

dress itself was abnormal as well. It was a combination of Divine Material and an unknown material that she couldn't understand.

'He made such a Divine Artifact so casually...' Honestly, Hela had long told herself not to be impressed by anything Victor did, but the more she learned about him, the harder it was not to be.

Hela was from the Norse Pantheon, the Pantheon that was known for their Divine Artifacts thanks to the Dwarves. They were the best craftsmen, and each of their works took months and sometimes years to complete, but here was Victor casually making a Divine Artifact that made the Dwarves look like children.

Because she was lost in thinking about what she was currently wearing, she didn't realize that she had already left the room, not until Victor spoke:

"Currently, my Daughters are not present..."

Hela woke up from her thoughts, looked at Victor, and then looked around, realizing that she was walking through the halls of a castle? Or perhaps a mansion?

Her senses suddenly expanded, and she could see the entire mansion that seemed to be too large to be called a mansion but not archaic enough to be called a castle. She saw that some areas were simply too large as if the entire space was made to house Dragons in their True Form.

'Which is probably the case, considering that his entire Family is made up of Dragons.' Hela thought that, instead of calling this place a mansion, it would be more appropriate to call it a Dragon's Nest.

Another thing she noticed was that the moment she expanded her senses, several other Beings began to observe her, each more powerful than the last.

For a moment, she started to be covered in a cold sweat when she saw those eyes evaluating her, but she tried not to think too much about it for now and focused on what Victor was saying.

"They are going through intensive morning training, so you won't have a chance to meet them for now."

"It's okay, I don't want to bother you," Hela said, but to be honest, she wasn't very excited about meeting this man's Daughters. She could imagine what kind of pressure she would suffer from the 'eyes' that were watching her every step at this moment.

After all, she knew very well that Dragons were quite territorial, especially with their younger members.

Not to mention that Hela was terrible at dealing with children... So, yes, she wasn't very excited about meeting Victor's Daughters. Fortunately, luck smiled on her today, and his Daughters weren't present.

As she walked through the corridors alongside Victor, she saw several servants of different species, all of them looking at Victor with adoration and respect on their faces.

Yes... 'Them'. From what Hela had seen so far, there was not a single man in this entire place. The whole place was full of women.

From what she knew of this species of Dragons, they were polygamous Beings, but they usually ended up with only one mate for life, and this fact was due to circumstances beyond their control. For example, before Victor appeared, the Dragon Race as a whole was quite scarce, and there were few Dragons alive. After all, Dragons were dangerous Beings, but they were also Beings that naturally possessed many rare ingredients that even the Gods wanted.

Therefore, they were invariably hunted like animals. Other circumstances about Dragons were their pride, and temperament. Their pride did not allow them to work together with other Dragons. Because of this, they lived alone, and because they lived alone, they were easy targets for hunting.

As for their temperament, they were Beings that got angry easily and tended to destroy everything. This same temperament made female Dragons fight with other possible females. Because of this, it was rare to see a Dragon with more than one companion despite being polygamous Beings.

However, all the facts mentioned above seem to have no involvement with Victor. Just by expanding her senses, she could see that there were more than 30 Dragon Goddesses here, but for some reason, all of them were not killing each other just for existing alongside each other.

'Although Victor did not start out as a Dragon... He became a Dragon. Perhaps this fact caused this abnormal situation?' Hela thought that this thought was the most correct. In reality, most of Victor's current Wives were not Dragons before and were instead from other Races. Victor, The Primogenitor of The Blood Dragons, transformed them into Dragons.

As Hela pondered this unusual but quite interesting situation from her point of view, the two arrived in a room that had a large gate made of what looked like Divine Metal.

Looking at the Magic Circle on the door, Hela immediately recognized the design from someone she had met long ago.

As Hela and Victor approached the door, it opened on its own, confirming Hela's suspicions. On the other side stood Albedo Moriarty.

Albedo wore a long dress that accentuated her curves, adorned by a large Witch's hat. Her skin, pale as death, contrasted with her eyes with black sclera and red irises, creating an appearance that was both frightening and exotic.

A Witch who, through sheer effort, had risen to the status of a Goddess now stood before them. The centuries-old Witch seemed immersed in her notes, writing something on an ancient parchment.

She did not seem to notice the presence of the two guests. The moment Hela entered what appeared to be a laboratory filled with ancient Artifacts created by the Witches, she also noticed the presence of two more women.

The current Queen of The Witches, Evie Moriarty, and a girl who looked very similar to Evie, probably her daughter.

'... When did she have a daughter?' Despite always trying to be up to date with world affairs, there was a time when she was completely disconnected from everything and was completely caught up in her own personal war, so she never knew that Evie had a daughter.

'She doesn't seem to be Victor's daughter... So she is Evie's daughter with another man.' Hela wondered who was the unlucky one who managed to catch Evie's attention. She was 100% sure that having this woman's attention would not attract anything good.

'Although, considering what kind of Beings Witches are, the probability of this child being created by Magic is very high.' Hela didn't doubt it. After all, Magic was very versatile in the hands of Witches. So much so that they became one of the wealthiest Factions.

Although such a thing was in the past now. Victor's new Pantheon practically swallowed the Witches and Vampires, becoming its own force.

When the door they passed through closed, Hela felt her surroundings change, and she immediately realized what happened. 'I entered a pocket Dimension...' With her status as the highest-ranking Goddess of Death, she could see that this pocket Dimension connected to several locations on Victor's planet; she also realized that the entrance to the Dragon's Nest was completely restricted now.

'I see... Only Victor can open this entrance.' After just a few minutes of walking through the mansion that Hela called 'The Nest' and entering this pocket Dimension, Hela understood something.

'This entire place... No, this entire planet is under Victor's Domain. The small Dimensions, Nature, the star, and everything else are under his control; he is practically omniscient here. This is a Domain similar to that of the Primordial of Balance.' Hela

thought as she made comparisons between this place and the place where the gathering of Supernatural Beings took place, the Domain of The Owner of Limbo.

"Albedo."

"... Hmm?" The Witch stopped writing and looked towards Victor. "Your Imperial Majesty-..."

Victor narrowed his eyes slightly at Albedo.

"Cough, I mean, Victor... What are you doing here? Actually, how long have you been here?" Albedo quickly corrected herself when she saw that Victor was not here as The Emperor but simply as Victor.

Victor smiled slightly, satisfied with Albedo's understanding. "I just arrived. I came to introduce someone to you, someone who might join us in the future."

Albedo looked at Victor's companion and opened his eyes wide: "Hela?"

"Albedo... Long time no see."

"Yeah, the last time we met was when I tried to steal something from your Hell, huh... Good times."

"Right..." Hela's lips twitched. This woman actually had the nerve to enter Hell as a living Mortal Soul just to steal some of its Artifacts for research.

Her commitment to knowledge bordered on insanity.

"Oh? You two know each other. That makes things easier." Victor nodded in satisfaction, then looked at a scowling Witch in the distance who was looking at Hela warily. 'Well, she must have sensed the 'Death' in Hela, which is why she's acting like this.'

Unlike Albedo, Evie wasn't a Goddess yet, so she didn't have a resistance to 'Death', and felt extremely uncomfortable around a Goddess of Death as strong as Hela.

"The other person I wanted to introduce you to is this one over there... But, it's better to let her get used to you first."

Hela stared at Evie for a few seconds, then nodded. Even when holding in her full presence, she was still a High Ranked Goddess of Death. Mortal living Beings subconsciously felt repulsion towards her; it was a basic survival instinct.

"I was going to introduce you to another acquaintance, but..." Victor's eyes lit up slightly, and he saw Dun Scaith writing Runes on an Artifact with extreme caution. She was so focused on her work that she wasn't even breathing.

Unlike broken Beings like Dragons who could literally speak the Runes with their tongue, Rune Masters needed to 'carve' what they wanted for several hours with extreme care.

At least, that was how it worked if they wanted to make a High-Level Artifact that required complexity in the Runes. If they wanted something simpler, they just needed to write a Rune and activate it, a relatively easy process for a Rune Master, and in more extreme cases, like Dun Scaith, she just needed to speak like Victor, and the effect would happen. After all, she is a Goddess of Runes.

"She's quite busy."

"Okay..." Hela nodded and then spoke: "Hmm, Victor, what should I do here?" She asked.

"Familiarize yourself with Albedo's work. Your experience as a Goddess of Death will be quite useful in the next Project I've given my people to work on."

"... Right." Hela nodded, still undecided on what to do. She wondered whether she should get too involved or not. To be fair, she believed that working with The Emperor, who could do such great things, would be a good experience, and she wasn't going to lie that she wasn't also very curious about this 'future project'. Considering it was coming from Victor, she predicted it would be something big.

"Keep me updated on her progress, Albedo."

"Do I really need to? You'll know anyway." Albedo knew very well that he was omniscient in his territory, and because of that, she didn't see the point in making a report... Yes, she was lazy.

Albedo only complained because Victor was not here as the 'Emperor' currently, so she could be more casual and talk half-jokingly/half-seriously with him.

"I mean, you don't have to... But Velnorah and Ruby are leading this Project, you know?" Victor's eyes flashed with amusement.

Albedo shivered. "I'll go make the report." As a fellow scientist, she greatly respected Ruby, Velnorah, Aline, and recently Velnorah's Daughter, but by the Emperor, those two women were too obsessed with perfection.

'Why can't they just do experiments without their annoying perfectionism?' Albedo grumbled. Okay, because of her laziness, explosions could happen, but that was okay, right? She was always careful, and the explosions were never too strong.

'But by acquiring this habit, my experiments became safer, and I was more successful because I didn't have to do everything over from scratch... But doing everything over from scratch was always a pleasure for me.' Albedo was fighting herself now, her innate laziness and her obsession with her work.

... In the end, just like always, her work always won.

"Good." Victor laughed and then turned around, disappearing in violet flames.

Albedo rolled her eyes at this show of Victor's. He always left here in style. "Here, read this. You'll understand why he called you here."

Taking a transparent screen from Albedo's hand, she stared at the strange object in confusion, until the object turned on, and showed extensive data from an ambitious project called: 'Clone Soldiers'.

'What in the Seven Hells is this?' From the name of the Project, it was obvious what it was, but she was talking about the complexities involving the Soul.

'I don't understand even half of what he's planning to do with the Souls of these clones!' Hela looked at Albedo seriously.

"I need more details."

"Of course you do, but before that, let me teach you the basics. You may understand a lot about Souls as a Goddess of Death, but you don't understand much about the body and how it interacts with the Soul..." Albedo's red eyes shone with excitement.

"Especially a body that has pieces of The Emperor's Soul."

Albedo showed a container on the table, and upon opening the container, the two saw a tiny fragment of the Soul that Victor had given them to study.

The purpose of this study was obvious, to make the Soul Fragment that would be inserted into the 'Mortal' clones as non-toxic as possible. One problem they faced when creating the safety measures was that Mortal flesh and weak weapons could not withstand the Emperor's Power.

This was a problem that Victor and his associates were trying to figure out how to solve. After all, Victor couldn't simply 'alter' his Soul to become weaker, because that was impossible. Even a small fragment still had traces of the Energy of his Nightmare Form, a corruptive Energy that was extremely toxic to the living, even more toxic than the Miasma of Hell itself.

Hela's eyes opened wide. She knew he was going to do something insane! But she didn't expect it to be this big!

'Now I understand why he made such a restrictive Contract!' Very excited, she quickly dove into the research along with Albedo.

Chapter 1063: God's Move.

In the vast celestial ocean, a floating island suspended between clouds and ethereal glows housed a Divine Temple. The temple, made of gleaming white marble, seemed to radiate a soft light, reflecting the purity and serenity of the place.

The majestic columns supported a vaulted ceiling, where intricate carvings of angelic figures and sacred symbols intertwined, telling stories of ages past. The floor, polished and immaculate, shone as if each tile were a work of art, reflecting the golden rays of the heavenly sun.

In the vast halls of the temple, the air was filled with a reverent calm, while light breezes carried the subtle scent of Divine Flowers that adorned every corner. The stained glass windows, framed by elegant arches, projected multicolored lights, creating a spectacle of colors that danced gently across the white walls.

In the center, an imposing altar made of pure crystal radiated a Divine Aura, emanating a sense of peace and sanctity. Behind the altar, a crystal-clear fountain gushed clear, luminous water, whose melody echoed like a celestial song as it fell, harmonizing with the surroundings.

This sacred temple belonged to the Goddess Kali, the Deity of Destruction. In a special corner of the temple, said Goddess was floating 30 cm above the ground while maintaining a meditation pose with her eyes closed.

As she felt someone approaching her resting place, Kali did not lose her composure, waiting for the individual to come close to her.

"...You have become immensely stronger than before," Shiva exclaimed in shock. He wasn't one to put grand adjectives in his words, but such words proved necessary given Kali's evolution.

The woman he was seeing was nothing like her past self. The difference might seem small to the untrained eye, but he, as one who also harbored the Concept of Destruction, could see it very well. The only reason Kali hadn't become a 'Primordial' Being was simply because she did not want to.

The Power was there, but she did not advance... Which led to the most important question. Why did she not advance? Shiva was curious to know the answer, but the words Kali spoke in that brief silence prevented him from asking that question.

"Don't you think you are rushing into things?"

"... About what?"

"Don't play that game with me, Shiva."

"No, no, I really don't understand what you are talking about," Shiva spoke honestly.

Kali opened her crimson eyes filled with the Power of Destruction and looked at the God in front of her. Seeing no deception on the God's face, she began to speak: "I am talking about your movement towards the Emperor."

"Oh... That." Shiva now understood what she was talking about, and then he waved his hand dismissively: "It was necessary."

"You just consolidated your power, isn't that risky?"

While Victor was doing his thing, the world around him hadn't stood still. Seeing the direction things were taking, Shiva decided to 'officially' take the reins of his Pantheon. What he did could not be considered a usurpation of Power. After all, Shiva's influence had always been present throughout the Pantheon. He had always had supporters, and only now had he decided to 'move'.

And when a titan moves, all the others get out of his way... And that's what happened to Indra. He got out of Shiva's way so as not to be swallowed up by his action. He 'officially' and of his own 'will' abandoned his position so that a more 'experienced' God could take his place in these times of change.

As the saying goes, It takes few words for a wise man to understand another wise man.

Although the Gods were mostly arrogant and blind to their own arrogance, they were not stupid, especially when it came to events within their own Pantheon. Indra was expelled from his position, that's what happened. No matter how many flowery words Indra tried to use to explain what happened, that was the honest truth.

You know what the best part is? The change of Power was quick, efficient, and without a fuss. Currently, only the upper echelons of the Pantheon knew that Indra no longer had Power, a power play so that the 'spies' wouldn't know what was going on.

'Well, that won't work with The Emperor.' Kali thought. From what she observed, he had always been very attentive to her actions, so she didn't doubt that someone was observing this interaction right now.

Even when she used all her senses and found nothing, she knew that she was being observed. Call it instinct. After all, she had no proof of whether she was being observed or not.

But Kali had seen so much absurdity in the time she'd spent with Victor that she seriously began to doubt her capabilities. Yes, the people around Victor were competent, but Kali was not weak. Her Divine Observation only lost to Victor now, thanks to the training she had received. If she wanted to take the 'next step', this Divine Observation would be on par with the Primordials.

Therefore, even Nyx herself could not approach Kali carelessly... Of course, such a rule did not apply to the other Gods, so even if Nyx was not observing Kali and Shiva right now, she would know what was happening in the Pantheon in general. This was mainly due to the fact that Shiva didn't have as high a perception as Kali.

The rules of the world were clear. The more Divine Authority you had in a Concept that was high in the hierarchy of Divinities, the more you could see the world as it really was.

"Kali, I didn't just consolidate my power..." Shiva explained solemnly. "My Power has been there since the beginning. I never lost my position. I just let someone else handle all the nonsense of being the Leader of a Pantheon for me."

"... I see." Kali closed her eyes and went back to meditating. "Explanations don't matter. My question still remains the same."

"Don't you think you're jumping the gun?"

"And I ask again, what are you talking about?" Shiva asked, but this time, a small smile appeared on his face.

Kali's brow twitched slightly as the Power of her Destruction increased several degrees in danger.

Shiva raised both hands in a universal sign of surrender. Even though her eyes were closed, Shiva knew she would 'see' his gesture.

"Alright, alright, I'm sorry," Shiva said quickly as a cold sweat fell on his neck.

'She really has become even more dangerous... Which is good for us, but not at the same time.' Shiva wasn't stupid. The fact that Kali had become so strong in such a short time with The Emperor proved how 'competent' he was.

It was basically a message saying: "If I managed to make Kali, a Goddess at the height of her power, even stronger than she was previously, what can't I do with the other Beings that are with me?"

Another problem Shiva could see was Kali's confidentiality. After all, Victor had helped her a lot, so maybe her loyalty had changed?

Knowing Kali, Shiva could say that this would never happen; she loved her home. But he was sure that there was a crack in this impeccable trust.

The Emperor's charm was known to all. After all, even he was not completely immune to it. Despite believing that The Emperor would not stoop low enough to use his charm like a weak Goddess of Beauty, he still remained cautious.

Being cautious was never enough when dealing with such powerful Beings.

Shiva had been playing this power game since the Beginning of Creation. He knew very well how power games of any kind worked. Because of that, he decided to take the initiative now. The way Kali gained Power was alarming even to him.

"To answer your question. No, I don't think I'm rushing in."

"..." Kali remained silent, waiting for Shiva to finish speaking.

Understanding Kali's silence, Shiva continued. "Initially, I planned to wait and see more of The Emperor's actions and focus on revitalizing the lands we purchased." He narrowed his eyes slightly when he thought of those lands he had purchased from Hela. Controlling his temper, he added,

"But your presence changed my mind." The moment Shiva felt how powerful Kali had become, he immediately began to move.

Kali was just the trigger that made him move. Shiva was already observing the actions of Victor's group, the way they gathered more followers and the way they were 'slowly' spreading their influence to the territories where other Gods were present.

They basically invaded the Celts legally, and the so-called Gods couldn't do anything because one of them 'offended' The Emperor, so his group had every justification to be in that place.

Not only that, but the way his group appeared in his Pantheon and all of The Emperor's actions indicated a simple fact: He didn't care about the authority of the current Pantheons. He was confident enough to fight with everyone and come out victorious.

Shiva believed that if such a scenario was possible, who would know what that monster was hiding inside his Pantheon?

Even Kali herself couldn't say anything because of the extremely binding Contract she'd been forced into. He really would like to know more information about The Emperor as

working with a lack of information with such an overwhelming opponent... frankly, it was scary.

"Therefore, I decided to move and spoke with The Emperor's representatives."

"Is an alliance your answer?" Kali asked.

"An alliance is the only answer," Shiva spoke solemnly. He didn't like this, but decisions needed to be made, and a war must not happen at any cost.

"This aquarium has become too small for a Being like The Emperor. Earth will be The Empire's whether we like it or not." The Emperor already had the favor of Earth's World Tree because of his actions in cleansing the planet.

"We must simply minimize the costs of his rise and become part of the wave he will cause in the future."

Kali remained silent, and as well as the two friends knew each other, Shiva knew that Kali agreed with him, and this silence was the final nail that hammered his decision. If not even Kali wanted to fight against Victor, that already said a lot about the Power of man.

"You have nothing to offer in an alliance with The Emperor," Kali said.

"Wrong," Shiva spoke. "Unlike the weaker Pantheons... Here we have the 'Power'." Shiva's eyes glowed slightly with the Power of Destruction.

"Two top-tier Gods of Destruction, hundreds of top-tier Warriors God, we have an army, and that will be necessary in the future."

Kali wanted so badly to open her mouth at that moment and say the words, 'That won't be enough.'

Military Power? Victor already had it and could make more easily. He was a God of Beginnings and Creation!

Political Power? Victor already had it in abundance.

Influence? Shiva's own actions were based on The Emperor's actions. That fact alone proved his influence.

The Dragon's Nest already held all the cards in hand, and they could offer The Emperor nothing but one thing.

Loyalty.

...But would Shiva swear loyalty to The Emperor? Kali couldn't say if that future was possible or not. After all, Shiva was one of the oldest Gods, and one of the proudest, even if he didn't show that proud side sometimes.

He wouldn't submit.

'Funny... The oldest God of Creation submitted himself and dared to make a political marriage alliance using his daughter. Consequently, even without saying the words explicitly, he swore loyalty to The Emperor.' Kali thought.

'Meanwhile, the oldest God of Destruction is not able to do that.'

Kali just hoped that Shiva's actions would not backfire. Even though she knew that she would be no match against the entire strength of The Emperor's Pantheon, she would still fight with all her strength. Even though she liked Victor and felt grateful for him having helped her... Kali's loyalty lay with her own house.

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Chapter 1064: A God Who Understands Mortals

Looking at the mother and daughter in their robes of High Priestess and Apprentice Priestess, Victor let out a small smile.

Valeria wore a silver robe that flowed softly down to her feet. The fabric, interspersed with luminous threads, appeared alive in any light, reflecting a spectrum of soft colors. Her cloak was adorned with Draconic Runes carved directly by Victor, each giving her additional protection. Many might say that what Victor had done was overkill again, but as the representative of his beloved followers, she needed maximum protection. The high structured collar added an aura of majesty, while the crystal diadem on her head glowed faintly with Power, the diadem helping to make her thoughts faster and more orderly.

It was like an extremely nerfed version of Victor's natural processing capabilities. After all, there was a limit to how much processing capacity the Human mind could withstand.

Vanessa wore a tunic that was similar in style but simpler. The silver of her outfit was duller, indicating her beginner status but still worthy of respect. The symbols on her cloak were less elaborate, suggesting her continued growth and learning within the religion. Just like her mother, her outfit came with plenty of protection from Draconic Runes, but not as heavy as her mother's. After all, unlike her mother, who was more exposed to danger, she would be spending more time at the main base to study.

And since the main base was above Elvenorah, a city guarded 24 hours a day by dozens of eyes and machines, this was one of the safest places, second only to Victor's personal Dimension, where his Family lived.

Victor was planning to turn Valeria and her daughter into Dragonoids, but he decided against it for now. After all, they needed to work for it.

After ending his observation of their clothes, he looked at Valeria and saw her determined expression, causing him to smile internally, satisfied.

"Are you ready to take on your duties?"

"Yes." Valeria Alekerth spoke for herself and her daughter, Vanessa.

Seeing the same expression in her daughter's eyes, Victor nodded in satisfaction, and this time, he did not hide his approval.

"I will be expecting great things from you," Victor spoke as he looked at Vanessa.

Vanessa nodded seriously, her eyes shining with determination.

He then looked at Valeria and said, "Keep up the good work, my disciple, I will be watching as always."

Valeria's eyes shone slightly with emotion as slowly, her face changed from determined to solemn, and she spoke in a heavy tone. "Yes, Master."

Victor nodded, but as he turned to leave, he heard.

"Master..."

"Hmm?"

"Thank you..." The words of gratitude came from the depths of her Soul. "You not only illuminated my world surrounded by darkness but also brought light back into my life..." Valeria looked at Vanessa with tears in her eyes.

"From the bottom of my heart, I thank you for everything you have done for me and my daughter." She lowered her head in reverence, showing her utmost respect to her God, who had completely changed her life. For Valeria, 'God' meant the man who stood before her, a God who acted, not one who was passive, a God who made the world better.

She sincerely hoped that everyone who was in the Religion of The Blood God felt the same way she did... And if they didn't, she would make them understand. Just as he saved her from her darkest time, she will save these lost lambs.

Feeling a heavy but gentle hand on her shoulder, she looked up and looked into the powerful violet eyes of her God, eyes that were shining with kindness.

"Don't belittle yourself, Valeria." Victor gently lifted Valeria from her position until she stood completely upright. "You deserve everything you have achieved. You have soiled yourself with the hands of sinners. You have fought not only for yourself but for my ideals."

"As the one who has always watched your progress, I know all too well of the countless hours spent without sleep, of the countless nightmares you faced. I was always watching."

"As the God you believe in, how can I not reward this loyalty? How can I not reward your sincere effort?"

Hearing Victor's words, her tears could not be contained. At that moment, Valeria felt the reinforcement of her purpose, the purpose she decided for herself when she found her salvation: she would fight for the goal of her God... Until her last breath.

"Work well. Work sincerely." Victor wiped Valeria's tears and continued: "But also don't forget to sleep, don't forget to live, don't forget to eat, don't forget to relax when necessary, and most importantly..." Victor held Valeria's face with both hands and looked deeply into her eyes.

"Don't forget your daughter." He smiled gently. "Family is the most important thing after all."

"They are the ones who keep us together in the darkest times."

"At least those members who are truly part of our Family. After all, there are many fake family members out there: fathers, mothers, or brothers who pretend to care about you but really don't."

Victor's eyes were struck with sadness for a few seconds when he mentioned false families. As the God of Home, he could sense when a 'Home' was really not a 'Home', and as an empathetic Being, he could feel the falseness in these Beings.

Amidst her tears, Valeria decided that this kind of look did not match her God at all, the look of sadness caused by the falseness of other Beings.

"But I think that nowadays... This is inevitable." Victor sighed. "People are so focused on what they have, on what they will have, that they lose sight of the most important thing."

"What is the point of infinite riches, unstoppable strength, unquestionable political power, if, in the end, there is no one to share it with...? What is the point of having

everything if, in the end, you are alone? On the day of your Mortal death, all these things will not matter, only the people close to you would matter."

"'Family' is often associated with blood, but that's not always true. The true and sincere bonds that are shared between Beings, that's what a family is."

The one who was speaking to Valeria now was not the God Emperor, but rather the God of Home and of Family. Beliefs that had accompanied Victor throughout his Mortal journey and had grown with him when he became a God poured from his heart.

Even after becoming what he was today, these hadn't changed. They would never change.

Seeing how the world was today saddened this side of Victor. Unfortunately, that wasn't something he could change because no matter how much power he had, he couldn't meddle in the personal lives of hundreds of thousands of Beings... Could he do that if he wanted? Yes. He could easily.

But what would the cost be? If he changed the world with his Powers, would that world really be 'real'?

It was thoughts like these that made Victor reflect on The Heavenly Father's words of free will... Some things should just follow their course, and he didn't need to interfere with them.

Now it was the God of 'Life' side speaking. Life was precious and fragile, and a Being like him could easily harm it, but the beauty would be lost.

As God Emperor, Victor would point the way. His ideals and his dreams would shape his world. He can provide a goal, something to strive for, but these little things must be resolved by the Beings themselves who lived each day.

The 'Family' will create the 'Home', the 'Home' will create the 'Dream'. The Dream will create the 'Life', and so 'Nature' will follow its course because that's how things work.

After all, there are things in the world that one shouldn't interfere with, and should let follow their own course. As a God who represented every Aspect of the aforementioned words, he understood this very well.

"... I'm sorry, I got a little lost in my thoughts." He smiled gently.

"It's okay, I understand." Valeria closed her eyes for a few seconds and took a deep breath, trying to regain her composure.

His gentle smile turned a little solemn. "I know."

Wiping Valeria's tears away again, he continued. "Thank you for your kind words, Valeria. I will keep them deep in my heart as proof that my actions, despite most not understanding, are not wrong."

"After all, you are living proof of that fact."

"The Master's actions are never wrong. Many may fear and judge you, but you are never wrong. You are perfect."

Victor stepped away from Valeria, and his body began to disappear as if he were just pure air and then laughed. "I am not perfect, my dear disciple... Nor would I want to be. After all, being perfect means that you have no room to improve. And I still intend to improve a lot."

"My actions may be wrong to others, and many may disapprove, but in the end, it doesn't matter. I will follow my path together with my Family and my lovely followers. In the end, that is all that matters."

"Will you accompany me?"

"Of course." She spoke with determination shining in her eyes. This was not even a question that needed hesitation. Valeria would follow her God wherever he went, no matter if it was to the most horrible places in the Universe.

Victor displayed a satisfied smile as he began to vanish. "Good. Very good indeed... Remember, I will be watching. All the best, my disciple."

The moment he completely undid himself, leaving them, Vanessa, who was silently watching everything, looked at her mother, who was still looking at the place where Victor had been before.

Minutes passed, and Valeria still did not move as Vanessa, unable to bear the silence any longer, opened her mouth.

"That was..."

"A display of weakness?"

"I was going to say unexpected, but those words fit too, I think..." Vanessa spoke with a bit of trepidation in her own words.

Valeria looked at her daughter and smiled. "Unlike some Pagan Gods who keep their thoughts hidden or hide in their Divine arrogance as if to say that Mortals are just cattle," she paused, regaining her bearings.

"The Emperor, The God-King of The Blood Dragon Gods, is different. All his followers who cared enough to read the Holy Book know his thoughts and what to expect from The Emperor."

"Despite being feared as The God of Dragons, The God of Fear, The God of Murder, and The Demon King of Hell, Victor Elderblood also represents Martial Honor, Home, Family, Nature, Dreams, and Life... And most importantly, he understands..."

"Understands what...?"

"What it's like to be a weak Mortal."

"..."

"Unlike all the other Gods who were born powerful, he fought for everything he has now. Yes, he had talent, and he was very lucky. But to deny his efforts because of these two points is arrogance. Our God has never rested, he has never stopped training, he has never stopped progressing, because as a former weak Mortal, he understands very well how being 'weak' is a sin in this world."

"That 'understanding' is the important point here, that's what shaped his personality into what it is now."

"Do you remember what he said?"

"Work well. Work sincerely..."

Valeria continued: "But also don't forget to sleep, don't forget to live, don't forget to eat, don't forget to relax when necessary, and most importantly..."

"Don't forget your family." Vanessa finished.

"Despite being one of the most powerful existences, he still watches over us, mere weak Mortals. He still watches us and supports us. Why does he do that?"

"Because he understands what it was like to be weak, and he is giving opportunities to all who fight for it."

"Exactly." Valeria nodded and continued:

"Strength does not come without effort. You must sweat, and shed blood for it."

"By understanding us, by understanding what it's like to be us... He's a God worth following and worshiping... And most importantly... He saved me, and he saved you. That alone is enough. Everything else is a bonus that adds even more weight to everything."

"... We have work to do," Vanessa spoke after a few seconds of silence, her face pure determination.

Valeria smiled. "Yes, we do."

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Chapter 1065: Kaguya Morning

That morning, Kaguya woke up under a vibrant blue sky, promising yet another beautiful day. The sun, already high in the sky, poured its generous light over hills and valleys, painting everything with a golden glow that made the leaves of the trees shine with an almost surreal green. A gentle breeze blew, carrying with it the scent of wildflowers and the promise of a day that was not only beautiful but refreshing.

A scene straight out of a fantasy book. Nature was beautiful and perfect, and there was no pollution or crime. In the Emperor's Domains, peace reigned supreme... But of course, to ensure this peace continued, her work was important.

'Huff, yesterday was an exhausting day.' Kaguya sighed as she lightly touched her belly. No matter how many times she did this with her Husband, it was always an exhausting and pleasurable battle. She then got up and began her daily activities, stepping out of the bed she shared with her Sisters and Husband and headed towards the kitchen, darkness enveloping her body, dressing her in her maid's attire.

After all, she could not enter the area where her Daughters and female staff were completely undressed.

With a brief glance using her Divine Sight, she saw that most of the Family members were still asleep, so she decided to have breakfast, take a bath, and get back to work as quickly as possible.

After all, if Victor wasn't in bed, it meant he was working. As a perfect maid, it would be shameful not to work while her Master was.

Starting with breakfast, she headed towards the kitchen... and smiled slightly when she saw several covered dishes. She approached the table and saw a note that read:

"I prepared breakfast for everyone, enjoy <3" This handwriting, this ridiculous way of expressing humor, it was obvious that Victor had written it.

'He didn't need to do that.' She chuckled in amusement. Even though there were several competent maids in the estate, Victor occasionally did these things.

'Well, that's his charm.' She didn't complain much, after all, she liked that side of him too.

Removing the lid that covered the dishes, she saw that breakfast was a simple plate with eggs, toast, bacon, and milk. Sitting at the table and showing her appreciation for the food, she began to eat while slowly savoring Victor's cooking.

'Delicious!... As always, I wonder how he makes these recipes.' Believe it or not, the best cook was not a Goddess of The Kitchen or even Victor's Wives, but Victor himself.

"Win a woman's heart through her stomach, he said." Kaguya chuckled.

Since they had become Blood Dragons, the group's diet consisted more of real food than blood. Only in necessary and specific cases did they use blood as food. After all, Victor's current blood should not be taken lightly since it was a general consensus among the Wives that his blood was basically an extremely potent drug now.

A single sip of his blood and the person who drank it would become instantly addicted, and the weaker ones would simply explode, losing their lives in the process because Victor's blood had its own consciousness that followed his will.

To avoid creating highly addicted children, such precautions were necessary. It took a total of 5 minutes for Kaguya to eat and savor the food, and after finishing, she took the plate to the sink, placing it in a container that would wash itself.

Their entire home was practically a millennium ahead in terms of technology, and most of the 'boring' work could be done automatically, but 'cleaning' was still done by the maids. After all, there were places that only a sentient Being could clean and care for.

Usually, these places were the rooms where Victor did not allow any kind of technology. The maids were also important for cleaning up the children's messes at times. Lately, the process had been even faster since the maids could use a Rune device that blended with Witch Technology, cleaning everything with just a click.

Overall, thanks to these conveniences, there weren't many maids in the mansion. A group of 10 women from various Races was enough to clean the entire place. Most of the time, the maids were led by Hilda and Yuki.

When Maria, Bruna, Eve, Roberta, and Kaguya weren't busy, the work would go to some of them. They still quite enjoyed it. Even though they could clean the entire mansion with a snap of their fingers, they didn't do it, as having tasks to do was very important for mental health.

Being lazy all day was very bad for the mind, and a balance was necessary... as all things should be.

Kaguya internally chuckled. 'I can't believe I made that reference.'

Feeling someone approaching, she turned to the side and saw Siena coming over lazily.

"... Ugh, good morning... My body hurts... Why does it hurt? Aren't I a damn Dragon? Shouldn't I be used to this by now? Ugh..."

"Siena, clothes." Kaguya reminded her. Walking around without clothes with fluids leaking from inappropriate places is not suitable for a Wifely image!

"Whatever, the kids aren't here yet." Siena huffed as she sat down in the comfortable chair. When she looked at the plates of food, her tired eyes took on a gentle and loving manner.

Kaguya narrowed her eyes slightly when she heard what Siena said.

"Humph, he destroys me, so the next day, he makes delicious food... Stupid Husband."

Kaguya pinched the bridge of her nose and sighed. Sometimes it was troublesome to deal with her Sisters. With a simple snap of her fingers, the suspicious liquid disappeared, and Siena was dressed in comfortable clothes that hid her nudity.

"I told you you didn't need to." Siena rolled her eyes while continuing to eat and savor the food slowly. 'Delicious!'

"Eating at the main table without appropriate attire is disrespectful. If you want to do that, do it in our personal area. Remember, respect the rules."

"Yeah, yeah."

Kaguya's eyes sharpened dangerously.

Realizing her joke was going too far, Siena slowly said, "Don't be too strict, Kaguya. If I had sensed anyone nearby or our Daughters, I wouldn't have come in this state."

"Despite how I am when I'm lazy... I'm still a Mother, you know?"

Kaguya's look eased, and she returned to normal. "I'm sorry for overreacting."

"It's okay, I was acting too lazy as well."

And with that, the issue was resolved. As a Family, it was essential to talk if something was wrong, and everyone understood that. They had 2,000 years of living together, so they knew what they should and should not do. As 'Mothers', they must set an example to be followed.

And if they felt too 'constrained', they could 'free' themselves in their personal area since no children or maids were allowed in that area.

It was an exclusive place for The Emperor and his Wives.

"Anyway, I have to go to work."

"Have a good day at work... By the way, aren't you going to eat more?" Siena pointed to the other plate that Victor had prepared for her. After all, her Sisters usually ate a larger portion, and even Kaguya usually ate 2 portions, but as she wasn't very hungry today, stopping after just one portion.

"... I don't know how you can eat more than one plate," Kaguya said while looking at Siena's plate, which had 4 portions of food.

It might seem insignificant, but this food was not exactly 'normal'—the nutritional and caloric value of a single portion could feed the entire population of a large country for 10 years, with each individual consuming just a small gram of food.

After all, any more than that, and they would literally explode.

As Dragon Goddesses, they didn't necessarily need food to live, as they fed more on the Energy from the environment, which was bombarded by their extremely powerful hearts.

Eating was more of a luxury they couldn't give up, and it could also aid in training processes, as Victor's food had special characteristics that helped with everything from training to learning new things. Thus, each portion was specifically prepared for Dragons to eat.

So, Siena, who was consuming four portions of food for breakfast, was essentially eating the food supply of a large country that would last 40 years, and this was just for breakfast, while snacks and dinner were not even counted.

"I need the Energy to face Victor," Siena said seriously.

"... You're only not fat because your Dragon philosophy doesn't allow it," Kaguya shook her head.

Siena snorted. "Even if I got fat, Victor would love me just the same."

"Yes, indeed... He would also force you to run and train like crazy because it's not healthy to be overweight."

Siena shuddered slightly when she realized Kaguya was right. Victor loved them deeply, but he tended to be quite paranoid. If he saw that they were 'self-destructing' due to

laziness, he would do everything to change that, usually involving an even more hardcore style of her Mother's training.

"Luckily, I'm a Dragon and a shapeshifter, so that will never happen to me," Siena nodded, satisfied. Even when she was a Noble Vampire before, she never got out of shape, thanks to the physiology of Noble Vampires.

If you saw a fat Vampire, it meant that the Vampire was a Vampire Slave. After all, no Noble Vampire got fat due to their physiology.

"Try not to eat our other Sisters' portions," Kaguya said.

"Even I can't eat more than 4 portions. I'm not my Mother."

Scathach could need to eat 30 portions of food, and because of this, her plate was even more 'powerful' than the normal plates.

The same applied to Rose and Eleanor. Perhaps because they exercised more, they ate more... Surprisingly, those who ate the most in the group weren't the ones who were more active in exercising, but those who used their brains more. Velnorah, Aline, and Ruby ate the equivalent of 80 portions per meal.

'Well, they eat while thinking about other things related to their experiments. That must be why they don't realize how much they've eaten.' Kaguya looked cautiously at Velnorah and Aline's portions. There was even a small warning flag, left by Victor, to signal the more sleepy members.

If any of them ate a bit of those two women's food, they would literally become too 'full' to do anything all day.

Kaguya shook her head and decided to focus back on her work. Before leaving, she looked towards her Daughters and checked the state of the 'war'.

'Umu, they are doing a good job. I saw that Darling did something to maintain a sense that his presence was always close to the group. That way, they won't miss him too much.' A clever way of doing things, as expected of her Husband.

"I'm going now. Let me know if anything happens."

"Aye, aye," Siena responded with a perfect imitation of a certain flying blue cat.

Kaguya rolled her eyes at that reference and disappeared into the shadows, using her own means of teleportation. In the blink of an eye, she was at her workplace.

"Ahhhhh! Please don't! Don't kill me!"

"I'll talk! I'll talk!"

"Please just stop, I have children!"

"Silence this noisy one."

"Yes, Oda-sama."

'Back to work, I guess.' Kaguya thought.

Keeping the peace of The Empire was not an easy job. After all, there would always be those who sin against The Emperor, and as The Emperor's shadows, they must keep everything clean.

Kaguya made her presence known, and in less than a few seconds, an older man, Oda Blank, one of the leaders of The Blank Clan, and a woman named 'Mifune' stood in front of her. Mifune being just a codename and not her real name. Only Oda could use his real name in front of Kaguya since he was one of the leaders when Kaguya was busy.

"Report."

"A good citizen of The Empire made an anonymous tip in Nightingale regarding possible traitors... We investigated and found that he was conspiring with Gods to sell any kind of information about The Empire."

"Of course, none of what he took was useful, but to prevent possible seeds, they are going through the rehabilitation process," Mifune spoke.

"Hmm, I assume it's the Celts again?" Kaguya tapped the wood lightly with her finger.

"This time, it was the Hindus," Oda spoke.

"I see, I assume Vlad said something about us 'acquiring' a Noble Vampire."

"Yes."

"We guarantee that we will hand them over within two days after the rehabilitation."

"I see... Good work." Kaguya nodded in satisfaction.

"Ever since we received Shiva's 'request', the Hindus have been quite active. I wonder what The Emperor will do." Oda spoke in a more casual tone since it was no longer a work matter.

Mifune promptly fell silent. After all, she was a subordinate here, even if it was a 'casual' environment now.

"Knowing my Husband... I'm sure he will act very soon." She gave a small, sadistic smile.

"I'll be waiting for that. I need to exercise this old back."

Kaguya snorted. There was nothing old about this man, and he was still as competent as ever.

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