

My Three Wives Are Beautiful Vampires

Chapter 1071: A simple man.

Despite the 'strenuous' effort that Agnes and Velnorah gave to make Victor forget his plans, they didn't have much success... Yes, they managed to distract him easily, but Victor was a committed man... Committed to his Family.

He wouldn't let any possible chance to make his Faction stronger pass him by, even if it made him work harder. In this particular project, he was thinking of doing it all alone since it wasn't that difficult. He just needed to enact the 'Beginning' of an entirely new Race of Beings that were related to him in some minor way, but that weren't Dragons... At least, True Dragons.

They were more like a marine subspecies of a Water Dragon. So, taking references from the Beings in his head and the Mythologies he'd learned, Victor began his work after leaving Agnes and Velnorah catatonic in bed.

He disappeared from where he was and appeared again outside the atmosphere of his planet. Moving further away, he had a complete view of his planet. With his full vision, he used his Authority in the Domain to see the various small Dimensions he had Created to entertain his Daughters.

Stopping to admire his planet for a few seconds, his Draconic Eyes reflected the planet in appreciation. Closing his eyes, Victor turned and stared at his Solar System, then his Galaxy. The size of his personal Dimension grew depending on his Power. Before, it was just a Solar System, and now it was an entire galaxy where he could literally do whatever he wanted here.

Here, he was the all-powerful God. If he wanted to, he could, at any time, disassociate himself from The System, and thus, all the Souls that died here would not return to The System. But he would not do that. After all, this move would draw the attention of The Primordials.

"Let's start with something simple..." Victor's eyes began to shine. To help his concentration even more, he stopped 'holding back'.

His humanoid appearance began to change as his hair grew down to his waist and transformed into pure Miasma. Gigantic wings appeared behind him while his body was covered in scales, and a thorny tail grew behind him. Feeling his call, Junketsu began to cover her Master's Draconic skin, leaving only his head visible.

When his heart beat again, his entire existence shone in violet, and then, with the next heartbeat, the entire solar system was illuminated.

Victor stopped 'controlling' his Power and let it breathe freely.

Normally, he wouldn't do this and would keep his immense Power under control at all times. After all, he didn't want to walk around like a Humanoid Dragon that glowed in violet. The issue of aesthetics wasn't the main problem since, as a beautiful Being, he would look perfect in whatever he wore. The problem was that Beings would disappear when they got close to him.

Victor was like a star to the weakest and most unresisting Beings. If he stopped holding back, everything in an area around him would disappear from existence just because of how heavy his Power was.

But in his Domain, none of this was a problem. As soon as all the Power came out and the surrounding atmosphere was saturated with Victor's presence, the glow began to dim, and Victor appeared with veins of violet Power pulsing all over his body. Victor stretched his arm out to the right as if he was holding someone's neck. In the next second, a man appeared in his Domain. Specifically speaking, a God...

A dying God with a deformed body. He had no fingers or toes, his left eye was deformed, his stomach was split open, showing his guts, and his tool had long since been consumed by worms. He was alive, but his eyes were gone.

Even though he was in an area so saturated with Power and was in Victor's hands, the dying God didn't react... To be more specific, his eyes recognized him, but he couldn't care less anymore.

Victor looked at this God and felt no pity. His pity was reserved only for the innocent, such a naive word. After all, today's innocent may be tomorrow's guilty, but it was a word that Victor had always cared about since the beginning.

It may not seem like it, but he was not a monster who would leave his comfort zone to kill innocent people. He was also not a 'hero' who would go out into the world and solve any kind of problem. He was a normal guy who would not ignore the innocent if they were in front of him.

Although he was honest enough with himself to understand that the 'innocent' were not always his priority. In his invasion of the Supernatural World of Japan, he may have hunted, but he never targeted the innocent. The same cannot be said about the day he killed several human soldiers.

Victor knew they were 'innocent', but he killed them anyway.

Just like always, his morals were malleable. He wasn't a nice guy, but he wasn't a monster either, he was somewhere in between.

He was a hypocrite.

Victor laughed internally to himself: 'Who isn't a hypocrite these days?' Instead of debating what he was, Victor was a man of action, and most of the time, he would try to do more good than harm.

This contemplation was reserved only for pure Souls. For Beings like this man, Victor felt... Nothing.

"Tell me, Poseidon."

"How was your stay with my Wife Medusa?" A question he already knew the answer to, considering that he saw everything, but he asked it anyway since he wanted to see the man's reaction.

For a moment, Poseidon didn't react, but seconds later, his eyes opened wide, and he began to tremble.

"N-No, please, just kill me... Please."

"... I see." A predictable outcome.

Medusa was not kind to Poseidon, and everything Poseidon did to the men and women he forced was used on him in even worse ways. Her methods always changed, and when she ran out of torture options, she learned new techniques from Lily.

When those options also ran out, she would go to Lilith to put Poseidon in a Dream in which he was the King of Olympus and that everything was fine, until suddenly, everything was taken away from him.

It could be said that Dreams were the worst form of torture that even physical torture could not overcome. After all, within the Realm of Dreams, she could play with Poseidon's aspirations, desires, and ambitions only to see everything destroyed later.

Poseidon, who forced Medusa, ended up this way, and Athena, who expelled Medusa due to her envy, experienced a similar fate.

Revenge was done.

"People say that revenge is empty..." Victor released Poseidon, and the man began to float in space, not even having the strength to make any movements. "People who say that are those who have not truly enjoyed their revenge."

"Despite being a God of great beauty and Power, you have fallen to the point of forcing yourself on others. A God who acts like a child." Victor never had a good impression of Gods. Even after becoming one, that never changed.

... Although, he had met respectable Gods, such as Shiva, Hestia, and Buddha.

The latter being known only through the memories of Beings he had absorbed.

"...But perhaps that is what you really are? Children with great Power who cannot use that Power properly because they were not taught how to use it properly."

As a Father, Victor understood very well that the upbringing and environment in which a child grew up were crucial in a child's development.

"The Representation of Humanity... Give a Mortal a little authority, and they will show their true colors. Demons hiding in sheep's clothing."

A businessman who owns a billion-dollar company will hide the exploitation of Human Beings in underdeveloped countries because he knows he has more 'power' than others.

A police officer can act like an idiot because he has more 'authority' than an ordinary citizen.

A businessman who owns a billion-dollar company will hide the exploitation of Human Beings in underdeveloped countries because he knows he has more 'power' than others.

A politician will always steal because he knows he will get away with it.

As a former American, Victor understood this very well. No matter which side you choose, they will all be rotten.

"It's just the way things are... The lack of impunity is what makes Beings act according to their desires..." Thinking a little more, Victor shook his head in denial. "No, it's just about Power."

"Power makes people think they are invincible. I am a good example of that."

In the end, there was no good reason why Mortals were the way they were. Things were the way they were; you could say that this was their nature.

Just as Demons were naturally violent Beings who were prone to causing Evil, Humanity had the capacity to do both Good and Evil.

But then another question arose, what is Good? What is Evil?

For Victor's current Empire, 'Evil' was considered to be those who disobeyed The Emperor.

As you can see, Good and Evil are subjective in society and in the perspectives of Beings.

A Gluttonous Demon eating Humans would not find this action 'bad', as it was just their nature. The same could not be said of the Humans who would see this scene.

As a God who can create Life as he pleases, do these rules apply to him?

Victor shook his head, getting the thoughts out of his mind. Every now and then, he caught himself thinking about these meaningless things. "In the end... It doesn't matter."

Putting adjectives on the actions of oneself and other Beings, at the end of the day, doesn't matter...

"In the end, all that matters are the actions and the consequences of those actions. It's like Newton's Third Law."

Victor pointed to Poseidon as Red Lightning flashed behind him: "You and Athena harmed my Wife, Medusa. Because of that action, you are here today."

A moment of tension fell in the space around them.

"..." Poseidon just looked at Victor with the same lifeless expression, not even showing any reaction to Victor's conversation. He just wanted to die already and end his suffering.

A few seconds passed, and Victor just sighed as he placed his fingers on his forehead. "Why am I talking about this to a dead man?"

Chapter 1072: A Simple Man. 2

In the deepest part of Victor's Soul.

Amara and Roxanne, who were watching all this, just listened to everything in silence.

"... Should we be worried about this?" Amara asked a little nervously. "Maybe Darling is working too hard?"

"... I don't know? Maybe?" Roxanne answered uncertainly. It was hard to know since it was impossible for her to imagine Victor being tired, either mentally or physically.

"Maybe he's just contemplating things... You know, like those Ancient Gods who are searching for The Meaning of Life or something."

"Oh, like that turtle who says things vaguely just to sound wise." Amara nodded.

"I don't know why you used the cartoon our Daughters watched as an example, but yes, you're right." Roxanne nodded.

...

"You're strange, Dragon Emperor," Poseidon spoke in a weak voice.

"Heh." Victor looked at Poseidon. "Enlighten me. Why do you think I'm strange? I will allow you to speak freely."

"... A Being with so much Power tied to superfluous things like 'Family' and 'Responsibility'... You remind me of Hestia and her annoying speech sometimes."

Victor's eyes sparkled in amusement, and using his senses, he looked at the little project he was working on. Seeing that he had time until everything he was doing with his Powers was ready, he decided to answer a dead man's curiosity.

"From my perspective, you're the strange one," Victor answered honestly, and he meant it from the bottom of his heart. Even now, with hundreds of memories of other Gods, he couldn't understand them completely.

Yes, he understood their actions and what led to them through their memories, but he didn't understand the Beings themselves. No matter if he saw their lives or not, their foundations were built differently from Victor's. Despite being who he was, Victor's values were still from when he was Human.

The person he grew up to be, that core part of his personality never changed, and because of that, he didn't understand them.

"God of The Seas, Second Eldest Son of Kronos, you could have been an example to the other Gods of your Pantheon, but instead, you're just... This."

Why are you so useless? That was the expression on Victor's face. As a God, he could do so many more things, but instead, he was content to stay in his comfortable little piece of the world, being a frog at the bottom of a well.

Victor couldn't help but look at him like he was a floating piece of shit, and considering the state of his body and mentality, he might as well be.

"... Differences in perspectives, I guess." Poseidon looked at the sun in the distance. "I came into existence as a God, and the moment I was born, I was eaten by my father, where I stayed until I became an adult."

"After being rescued by my younger brother and fighting in the war, I awakened my Divinity and received my Domain... From that moment on, I relaxed, I guess..." Memories of how he grew up and became what he was appeared in Poseidon's mind. It was confusing for him to know which memories were real and which were not since sometimes the Dreams he witnessed changed even his story.

"We were... Full of ambition, like children who received great Powers and didn't know what to do with them." For some reason, the memories of this real past began to become clearer.

He now remembered how Demeter and Hera were two insufferable women; they may have been his sisters, but they were too annoying. All Poseidon wanted was to use them both and then leave.

'Too bad Zeus got there first.' He mentally shrugged.

Funny, he remembered having that thought with Hestia, but since she was the oldest of them and the strongest, she didn't act like that initially. Even after picking up his trident, he didn't do it because Hestia was always accompanied by her mother, Rhea. Sometime later, Hestia swore that she would be a virgin forever, thus having the protection of Olympus itself.

Clearly, it was a weak oath, considering that Hestia was now married to the man in front of him.

"Full of ambitions? Maybe, but those ambitions were for such superfluous things that it's not even funny."

"Maybe... But that's what an ambition is. It doesn't have to be grandiose, and it can even be stupid, but it's your ambition, your personal desire, therefore, it's not useless."

Ironically, Victor saw wisdom in those words after thinking for a while. "You're right. A farmer may want to have the best farm in his region, and to others, it may seem useless, but to him, it is a great ambition."

"Right?" Poseidon nodded.

There was no such thing as a useless 'ambition'. If you wanted to do something, you fought for it, and it became your ambition. In the end, that's what mattered.

Go fight for what you want. Maybe it's not the right answer, maybe many people will judge you, but... So what?

What does it matter? People are too busy with their own personal problems to care about each other's lives. If you don't make an impact on the lives of strangers, you will be forgotten.

Do your thing at your own pace, and don't get lost envying the neighbor's grass. Focus and hard work will be rewarded, as will patience, and before you know it, you will be walking towards your goal.

Unfortunately, he only came to understand this at the very end. He thought he had all the time in the world, but the moment he attacked Medusa, his time was counting down.

"Born as a God with existential immortality where you will never die permanently unless someone erases your Soul, an entire Dimension that was your Domain, great Power... That was what you had, Poseidon."

"I ask you, so what?"

"...What do you mean?" Poseidon asked with genuine confusion.

Victor replied. "So what if you have Godly Powers? So what if you have Immortality? So what if you are powerful?"

"In the end... You were alone... Yes, you were surrounded by servants and creations of what you made. You even had a wife... But in the end, you were truly alone."

"..." Poseidon opened his eyes wide as Victor's words hit him deeply because he knew that if there was one Being who knew about his existence and history, it was Victor. He absorbed his brothers and father, as well as the Primordials of his Pantheon.

And despite being weakened, Poseidon did not forget what kind of Powers this man had. He saw it personally, after all.

"Your wife feared you, your servants feared you, and you enjoyed it. Envy, ambition, pride, greed, and lust were the only things on your mind."

"Just like a Devil, you drowned in your Sins because you had nothing else to do."

"Loneliness and boredom were what you really were, Poseidon."

"...I see..." Poseidon closed his eyes, and memories of his anger and frustration at not having received The Throne of Olympus appeared in his mind: ambition, envy, and greed were born from these feelings. He remembered that these feelings accompanied him for a long time, and even today, he still had these feelings.

His pride and lust grew when he became a King in his own Domain, but as an insatiable creature, he always wanted more and more.

"Loneliness and boredom... Feelings that most Supernatural Beings have." Poseidon wasn't the only one in that place, and that fact made him feel slightly better.

"True." Victor didn't deny it. Even Diablo and Lucifer themselves had these feelings, but they were hidden in a sea of ambition and greed. They were definitely there, driving their desires.

No one really wanted to be alone for thousands of years since sometimes Beings just want to chat. Eternity is long, and experiencing it alone is just... Exhausting.

"Beings governed by feelings we are... And I had disdain for Demons before." He snorted to himself.

"I think the problem is that you started too far ahead at the starting line," Victor said.

"Because you were born as Gods, your needs would always be greater." Victor 'sat' in space, crossing his legs, and rested his head on his fist.

"As a former Human who was raised by a loving Family, I am content with just a few things: the smiles of my Daughters, watching a good movie, loving my Wives... After I became a Supernatural Being, fighting became one of my passions, and it still is to this day."

"Even after millennia, even after assimilating hundreds of billions of memories of other Beings, these feelings have not diminished for me."

"And that's enough for me." Victor smiled genuinely.

"... I see..." Poseidon sighed. "I understand now how Hestia can love you. Ironically, what you do is exactly what she did in the past."

"I know." Victor smiled. The story of Hestia's past was well known to him both because she told him it and because he 'saw' her past through the memories of others.

"... But the way you talk... It's like you don't care about your Empire."

"I care about my Empire." Victor looked at the planet and observed the Dimensions where his citizens were, both on the infernal side and in the city of Velnorah. He looked at his faithful, who always prayed for him.

"If I didn't care, I wouldn't bother to make it grow. My priority will always be my Family, but that doesn't mean I'll ignore the people who believe in me... As long as they believe in me, I'll give them a good life. Of course, they'll have to work for it."

Nothing was free in this world, and in exchange for servitude, Victor would give them a place to live and raise their children and future generations.

"I get a certain satisfaction from seeing the Empire grow, but this 'satisfaction' cannot be called happiness. My only source of happiness is being with my Family."

Money? Victor had unlimited resources, and he could do whatever he wanted. Time? Victor had infinite Time. Women? Victor had the smartest and strongest Wives.

He already had everything, and he understood that, because of that, he never lost himself in ambition like other Beings.

In the end, Victor would always be a simple man, the same boy who would do anything for his Family and keep them safe. For someone with as much Power and Authority as him, it could be seen as if he was wise like Buddha. Although if someone called Victor Buddha, he would laugh in their face. After all, he was not as merciful as Buddha or The Heavenly Father. He had Tyrant in his list of Titles for a reason.

Poseidon looked at Victor as if he was an alien. "I don't understand you..."

"I know." Victor smiled. "The Gods can't understand. After all, you were already born in a very toxic environment, but I'm sure a Human probably would... At least the previous Humans before all this mess of the Supernatural World happened." With the last words, Victor's smile was a little sad.

After the 'revelation' of the Supernatural World, Humans became a variation of Demons or Gods like Poseidon, full of desires, greed, and ambition.

There were still those Beings who just wanted to live in peace and tranquility, Beings who thought like the old Victor, but these Beings were usually connected to the Empire in some way. After all, for ordinary people, the Empire was like a great ship that was protected by the most powerful Beings in existence today.

It was only by being protected by a great existence like that that they could... Relax.

Suddenly, Victor's heart throbbed with a noise full of Power that echoed throughout the surrounding space.

Victor's expression became neutral, and he stood up.

"The time has come," Poseidon spoke, as he knew it was finally over.

"Yes, indeed."

"... Just a dead man's curiosity... What are you going to use my Soul and Powers for?"

Victor smiled slightly. "Well..." Using his Dream Powers, he showed Poseidon what he wanted to do.

For a second, Poseidon's eyes became cloudy, and the next moment, he looked at Victor with an expression of horror.

"You are a damned crazy monster."

"I hear that a lot." Victor's smile grew, and then he snapped his finger.

Poseidon's existence exploded as if it were made of pure Energy, and a sphere of blue Power went into Victor's hand.

"Thank you for your patronage, God of The Seas," Victor said, staring at the sphere for a long time.

'Ironically, when his ego and pride were completely destroyed, a reasonable guy came into existence.' By being who he was, Victor saw Poseidon's true nature, a nature that not even he knew existed, a hidden side that was hidden by all those great things he was tasked with being when he became the God of The Seas.

Forgiveness would never be possible for Poseidon since his Wife wanted his head, and Victor would also not forgive him enough to let his 'Soul' reincarnate into a new Being, but at least... His existence will be one of the pillars for a great purpose, the purpose given by The Emperor. And there was no better forgiveness than that, right?

Serving as fertilizer for the growth of The Empire was a great honor.

Forgiveness would never be possible for Poseidon since his Wife wanted his head, and Victor would also not forgive him enough to let his 'Soul' reincarnate into a new Being, but at least... His existence will be one of the pillars for a great purpose, the purpose given by The Emperor. And there was no better forgiveness than that, right?

Serving as fertilizer for the growth of The Empire was a great honor.

"Thank you for the conversation, Poseidon."