

My Three Wives Are Beautiful Vampires

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Senjutsu. |

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Victor was sitting in a cave with his eyes closed; he had an upright posture with his legs bent comfortably.

"This place is what we call 'Mother Earth's blood veins' or Ley lines if you prefer."

"The energy that circulates throughout the planet passes through here."

"Feel that energy around you, and try to pull that energy into your body-." Haruna stopped talking and opened her eyes wide as she felt the surrounding energy build up around Victor.

'So much energy!?!'

"Strange... This energy seems quite familiar for some reason..." Victor spoke in a neutral tone that contained nostalgia.

Getting lost in the intoxicating sensation he was feeling in his body, Victor didn't notice what was going on around him.

The energy contained in that cavern was coming towards him like a son meeting his father after many years without contact.

The entire place was covered in a light green energy, and the 'energy' of life was entering Victor's body more densely than it was with Haruna.

'How is he not collapsing with so much energy?' Haruna couldn't understand the sight in front of her.

'Where? ... Where did I feel this energy before? What does this feel like?' Victor asked himself.

Falling deep into his own thoughts, he found himself in front of a tree that had blood-red leaves.

'Roxanne... Oh, I understand now... I don't need to 'steal' this energy from Earth... I already have it.'

Suddenly the green energy of life disappeared completely, and the flow returned to the cave as if nothing had happened.

"Huh!? He stopped absorbing it? Why?" Haruna's questions were answered with what happened next.

Pure red energy began to emanate from Victor's body.

'This is... Senjutsu! But it's completely different from mine! This energy is filled with murderous intent!' Haruna couldn't understand anything anymore.

It was clear to her that the energy Victor was using right now was Senjutsu, but this energy had the heavy feeling of pure killing intent and 'blood'. For a moment, it was as if Haruna was looking into a sea of blood.

But... Despite being so different, the feeling was the same. The energy wasn't evil or anything like that; it still had a bit of 'nature', and 'life'.

'This is weird! What is this!?' Haruna was utterly lost and speechless.

'... Why do I feel this energy is weaker than the Senjutsu I'm used to?'

While Haruna was going through an internal crisis due to not understanding anything, Victor was taken aback by a sudden voice in his head.

[Master!? you are finally using my energy actively!!] Roxanne's excited voice resounded throughout Victor's existence.

Victor screwed up his face a little, [Did you already know I could use this?]

[Umu? Of course! You could have used my energy right from the start! Remember that my soul is connected to yours, and I am nurturing your existence! You are my 'planet'! Hehehe~]

[... Why didn't you ever say I could use this?]

[I mean... Wasn't that obvious?] She answered in a sincere tone.

[Huh...?]

[Well, I thought Master knew from the beginning. When you used progenitor form, you always used some of my energy in your attacks, so I never questioned it. After all, I thought you already knew.]

"..." Victor felt like facepalming now.

[... So it was a lack of communication?]

[I think so... Anyway! Now that you're using my energy, we can better sync up! Try, try!]

[Sync up? Huh?]

[Umu, remember that the world tree feeds an entire planet. Without us, life cannot exist on the planet! Now, think about it, I'm 'feeding' passively, but we've never 'synchronized' before. After all, unlike a planet that has no consciousness, and I can do that without needing permission, Master needs to try to 'synchronize' with me !]

[How do I do this?]

[Only think about joining me! I'll do the rest!]

[Okay...]

Victor began to think about joining with Roxanne and felt Roxanne's 'existence' enter his mind.

'This feeling is like that time... That time I merged with Adonis...'

Suddenly, a wave of feelings and memories invaded Victor's being.

[Is this... Your memories?]

[We are synchronizing for the first time, and because of that, we are experiencing all the events of each other's existence. It's a passive process.]

"Ugh." Victor felt his whole body begin to ache.

[... Master!?!]

[I'm fine, I just felt my whole body hurt like never before.] Victor felt like every inch of his body was being ripped into thousands of pieces. The only reason he didn't scream was that he went through something similar in Scathach's training, even though in that training, he never felt as much pain as he did now.

He felt it wasn't a physical pain but an existential pain... Like his soul was being attacked or something.

[This is normal, even though I'm young, I am a higher existence than you.]

Victor was a progenitor, the beginning of an entire race.

Roxanne was a world tree, the beginning of life for an entire planet; the two were beyond compare.

[In normal cases, if I did that, the person would disappear from existence.]

Victor felt a chill run down his spine.

[Hmm? No need to fear, Master! As the progenitor of vampires, your soul is massive ~. You can contain my existence easily! And as time passes, I will nurture your soul to make my home even more comfortable! Hehehe~]

Victor didn't know what to say when he saw that Roxanne was treating his body like her 'home'.

Minutes passed, and the two were still seeing each other's lives. In a simple to understand way, Roxanne's life was quite... monotonous.

For as long as she could remember, she had always been in that forest where he first found her, and the only emotions in her life were loneliness, sadness, joy, anger, fear, and happiness.

Joy when Big Guy was created, and she didn't have to be alone anymore, thus removing her loneliness.

Anger and a little fear when other beings entered their territory trying to hunt Big Guy. In one of these memories, even Scathach was present, although the woman just beat the gorilla and left him aside.

Existential fear when Vlad appeared in front of her for the first time with greedy eyes, fear when a group of beings appeared in front of her.

'That old man knew about Roxanne, huh... He probably wanted to do something similar to what happened to me?' Victor thought and continued to feel Roxanne's emotions.

She felt happiness, curiosity, and joy when she met Victor for the first time.

Unlike Roxanne's 'monotonous' life, Victor's life was more troubled mainly because of his 'disease', a disease caused by a rare blood called RH Null Blood.

She felt it all, the humiliation he felt when Luan Davis, his former bully, beat him, the helplessness of realizing how weak he was to help his mother.

The happiness he had in being with his childhood friends, the feeling of belonging to a 'place' when he met Leona, a girl who looked just like him.

All of Victor's experiences from when he was a baby to the present were felt by Roxanne.

Roxanne, who was in Victor's soul world, opened her eyes and looked at Alter Victor.

"I see... This is who my Master really is." She felt like she knew Victor even better now. She felt their connection grow stronger and become so close to each other that it was like they were the same being but, at the same time, separate.

She felt that she knew Victor even better than he did. After all, she saw memories that lay dormant in the deepest corners of Victor's being.

When beings grew up and matured, they tended to forget useless things, and only important events were stored, and the rest were hidden; this was a normal process.

If you ask a person; Hey, do you remember clearly what you did when you were 3 years old?

Most people will say they don't know or just say important events that happened.

But with Roxanne acting as a medium, she could access the deepest parts of Victor if she wanted to. But she couldn't change anything, and she could only bring up memories that Victor once forgot.

It was like she was a 'guide' to Victor's memories.

"That's how it is to synchronize..." It was a feeling like she was finally complete; it was intoxicating.

"I've always wondered what that energy was that we use from time to time, so that was your 'senjutsu', huh."

"Hmm, this is my energy. Energy I would have used to power a planet, but now I am feeding my beloved husband."

"I see... So that green energy is."

"Yes, the energy of the world tree of planet Earth."

"Because she's older, that energy is much denser than mine... And to think my husband needed another bitch to understand how to use my energy." Roxanne snorted jealously.

"Not wanting to defend the other me, but you didn't say anything."

"I thought you knew!"

"Why don't you try vocalizing when something important happens? Remaining silent does not help anyone."

"Ugh...you're right. I'll do that from now on."

Victor appeared next to Alter Victor.

"This place has changed a lot..." Victor looked around at what was a big red forest, he looked at the giant tree on the horizon, and then he looked at Roxanne:

"Weren't you at Nightingale?" Victor asked.

"I'm still in Nightingale. Properly speaking, only my projection is there. Remember, my main body is here; that giant tree is the real 'me'."

"I see. What now?"

"Huh?"

"I can use your Senjutsu."

"Yes," Roxanne nodded.

"... And?" Victor asked.

"Create new techniques?"

"....."

"Do not look at me like that." Roxanne pouted, "Originally, my energy wasn't used for personal purposes. It was meant to power a planet."

"... So, trial and error again, huh."

"Yes." Roxanne nodded.

"Ugh."

"Hey, at least now that you can use my energy, you can use your inner vitality too."

"The so-called 'Ki', right? As that fox said... Although it would be counter-productive for you to use your vitality, after all, you have me here, just use 'Senjutsu' and ignore 'Ki'."

"I feel that our situation is not the same as Haruna's..." Victor muttered.

From what he understood, Haruna attracted nature's energy, [Senjutsu], and stored it in her body. That way, she could use her vitality [Ki] to produce techniques.

But this was a two-step process. She didn't use nature's energy directly since she first needed to 'filter' that energy so that it didn't damage her. With enough proficiency, Haruna said she could use Senjutsu directly, despite the fact that it tires the body more.

What happened here was the following: Victor skipped that whole step and went straight to the part where he uses Senjutsu.

... At least, that's how Victor understood his current situation.

"Of course not." Roxanne snorted disdainfully:

"While she's using energy remnants from Earth's world tree, you have your own personal world tree in your soul!"

Victor nodded. 'As expected, I was correct.'

"... And it is because of this unique situation that I am the first to be in, and since I am the first, this is uncharted ground."

"So Haruna can't teach me anything..." Victor gave Roxanne a blank look. He could already imagine the problem he would have in thinking of how to do something useful with this energy.

"...To be fair, this is Haruna's first time using 'Senjutsu' as well, so she couldn't teach you anything anyway."

"....." A hush fell around the group.

Victor visibly sighed, he came here with the intention of training, but he ended up discovering something of himself, and in the end, it turned out that the training was 'easy', but he acquired a new problem.

Since he was the only one he knew in this unique situation, he had to carve out an entire uncharted path by himself.

"Is there at least some passive benefit to having you sync with me?"

"Your body gets stronger passively, and all your stats are passively increased... Oh, you can use my powers too. You don't need Kaguya to act as a go-between."

'Hmm, that's good, but I feel like I'm going to have a lot of trouble regaining control of my body now.'

"What percentage is the passive raise? And what are your powers?" Victor asked.

"Answering in order, I don't know how much the passive increase is, and my powers are similar to yours."

"Oh?"

"I can control the souls I store, control the blood, something Alter Victor can do."

"Well, I am his Progenitor power." Alter Victor shrugged as if it were obvious.

"I can feed on negative feelings and corrupt beings like demons. I can sense the negative intentions of other beings, and this is something you can already do thanks to Aphrodite's love blessing, so this ability should only get more 'complete' and stronger now."

"Now, it will be even more difficult to hide something from me."

"Indeed. I can also control nature. More specifically, I can control the non-sentient 'Life' element."

"Trees, rocks, etc.?"

"Yes, in a simple way to understand, I can 'grow' them and manage them."

"Although I have a better affinity for plants, trees, and all plant life, basically everything 'Green' is under my control. This is an ability every world tree has."

"..." Victor was silent for a few seconds, and then he spoke as he nodded his head:

"Control of plant life." He could see potential in that, technically speaking, he could create his own food now, so his future non-vampire subordinates won't starve.

When Victor went to say something, he heard Alter saying:

"Pfft, Bitch, you're Hashirama now, Hahahaha! I'll call you a tree hugger now!"

Victor gave his counterpart a blank look and replied with a small smile:

"If the tree is as beautiful as my beloved wife, I don't care." He stared at Roxanne.

"..." Roxanne felt her face heat up, and a happy smile appeared.

"Smooth~, as expected of me! Natural playboy, Hahaha~!"

Suddenly Roxanne realized something, "Master, you mustn't!" She spoke with a very serious tone.

"... Huh?" Victor didn't understand anything.

"You must not hug another tree! I'm your only world tree! I will not allow another! I don't want to share space with another bitch!"

"....." Victor really didn't know how to answer that. He wanted to say that it's not easy to find another world tree, they literally are unique species, and there's only one for each planet, and even on the planet, it's difficult to find that tree. After all, they hide by nature.

'Wait, is it actually two? I know that Roxanne has an older sister who is responsible for the 'positivity' of the Nightingale planet.'

"I'll go back now. I need to explain what happened to Haruna. I feel like she's going crazy from so many strange things happening."

"Umu, I will create a shrine for the fairies! If you need me, just say so!"

"Hmm, keep me posted."

"Sir, Yes, Sir!"

Before Victor could disappear, Roxanne hugged Victor and kissed him.

"Hhm!?" Victor was taken aback, but quickly, he hugged the woman and returned the kiss.

Two minutes after their tongues battling, Roxanne pulled away, her face red and her expression seductive, as she licked her lips a little and looked at Victor with dreamy eyes:

"A kiss from your wife for good luck, hehehe~." She laughed as she disappeared.

Victor laughed lovingly. His wife was so cute.

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When Victor stopped meditating, the first thing he did was explain to Haruna why he could use such a unique form of Senjutsu.

It was worth mentioning that the blank look Haruna gave Victor was quite amusing. With the ability to feel emotions, Victor could tell that she was a little jealous and, at the same time, completely disbelieving.

"Huh, I will rest. I never thought I could get tired just by watching you." Those were Haruna's last words as she walked away from Victor.

Victor just chuckled in amusement, and when Haruna left, he returned to training with the new Energy and discovered something.

Senjutsu was a very Neutral Energy but, at the same time, very powerful. After all, it was an Energy that sustained an entire planet, and his body ached a little every time he used it, proving an essential point for Victor.

"... I thank Roxanne for not telling me about this Energy sooner... If I had used it earlier, I would have died from my own Power."

Victor shuddered internally when he thought of the consequences of using that Energy earlier.

It was funny how things tended to happen as they were supposed to. Before all of this happened, Victor's body couldn't contain the Energy of his own Power; he was overloaded.

Now, he could use that Power with greater output without worrying about his body exploding.

'Perhaps, I could-...' Before he could confirm his thoughts, he heard Alter's voice:

[I recommend that you don't do that. Don't be greedy, Victor.]

Victor raised an eyebrow when he heard Alter's voice:

[Did you know what I was going to do?]

[Of course, I'm you] Alter snorted in disdain and continued:

[You can't use Senjutsu and Progenitor Form together, your body and Soul won't be able to take the entire load.]

[Remember that the Energy that passes through your body is the Energy that sustains an entire damn planet. Even if it is Neutral, it is raw, dense, and volatile Energy; using it in the Progenitor Form is just asking to kill yourself.]

[Your Progenitor Powers have become much more potent because they were nourished by Roxanne's Energy. The proof of this is my vivid appearance. Before, I was just a shadow, but now, I have an appearance. This indicates that our Progenitor Powers have become much more potent than before.]

[Baby steps, Victor. Take it easy. You've only recently acquired several ways to evolve your strength, several methods that would make all Supernatural Beings jealous. Remember that it's not normal for someone to grow as much in strength in a short time as you do... And Scathach won't run away because you're taking too long... Not after what happened that day.]

Images of Victor and Scathach's 'excited' night flashed through the mind of the young Progenitor. Victor just laughed a little, and the feeling of impatience began to subside.

[... Haah, you're right. She warned me many times not to rush my training.]

[Hmm, it's understandable why you want to get stronger quickly, but you must give your body time to adapt to the abrupt changes. Your current level of physical strength is dangerous. You have to control it, or you may unconsciously injure your Wives.]

Victor got up off the ground, and with just that bit of force he'd used, the ground around him sank.

[See?]

"Tsk, the control I gained from the Haruna fight literally went to shit," Victor muttered angrily. After Haruna's fight, he had decent control of his strength. He could hug someone and act carefully without hurting the person, but now?

That was impossible.

"Haah, I have no choice. I have to go over all my basics again."

"Ugh... What is this annoying pain?"

[The Energy of Senjutsu is constantly running through your body, and because of that, your body is in pain. The Energy is destroying your body, and your regeneration is rebuilding it. This whole process is happening quickly, and soon, your body will be strong enough to handle the Energy without destroying yourself.]

Victor broke into a cold sweat when he heard what Alter said.

'Even with my body like that, I can't handle this Energy properly?' He thought.

[Duh! It's an Energy that nourishes a planet! It wasn't made to fit into a Being's body... We really have to be thankful Roxanne didn't bring this up sooner... If we hadn't gone through the body rebuilding, we'd be fucked.]

Victor just nodded. When he was going to position himself to practice the Martial Arts of Scathach, he turned his head towards the cave entrance, and soon he saw his three Wives, Violet, Sasha, and Ruby, accompanied by Haruna.

"AHHH! I finally found you, Darling!" Violet smiled widely, and just as she was about to run over to Victor.

Victor raised his hand in a stop sign:

"Stop."

"... Huh?"

Before Violet thought about nonsense because of his rejection, he said:

"My body has undergone many abrupt changes in a short time. As a result, I can't control my strength. I could hurt you unintentionally, which I wouldn't forgive myself for."

"...Oh." Violet sighed in relief. She thought her Husband was rejecting her or something.

"What happened, Darling?" Sasha asked curiously, she heard the changes that happened to Victor through Ruby, but from how Victor spoke, it seemed that something else had happened.

"Well, Haruna's training gave unexpected results..."

"This can't be called training. You literally skipped the entire Ki Stage and went straight to the end." Haruna pouted.

Victor just laughed gently.

"... Seriously, we left for a few hours, and you do something again... It never gets boring with you around, huh?" Ruby displayed a small smile.

Victor shrugged as if he had no choice, "That's my charm."

The girls rolled their eyes.

"Explain what happened," Violet asked.

Victor nodded and began to explain the events from his point of view.

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"...So you have the Energy that sustains an entire PLANET coursing through your veins..." Violet looked at her Husband as if he had grown a second head.

I mean, she knew her Husband was amazing. After all, he was her Husband, a man who had broken common sense several times... But even by the usual standards of Victor's development, this was ridiculous.

"... Haruna, I ask that you keep everything you heard a secret." Sasha looked at the Fox.

"I will not go around telling secrets of my 'possible' future Husband to other people, not to mention that he is my ally." Haruna rolled her eyes.

Sasha and Ruby just rolled their eyes; they hadn't known the girl for very long, but if she was anything like Victor talked about, this 'possible' Husband was an absolute certainty.

"Darling, Darling, don't move, okay?"

"Mm."

The three girls looked at Violet in curiosity, they wondered what she was doing, and soon they got their answer in a funny picture of Violet trying to push Victor, but the man's body wouldn't even move.

Violet stopped pushing Victor and looked at him in shock, "As expected, you are much heavier than before."

"... How many tons can you lift, Violet?"

"Hmm, last time I checked, I could lift five tons."

"Huh? That isn't much." Sasha spoke.

"I'm not an expert in physical combat like Ruby or Darling. I use my Fire Powers more."

"How many tons can you lift, Ruby?"

"With the Martial Arts training I had with my Husband the year I was on Earth, I was able to lift 30 tons with a lot of effort," Ruby explained.

"By the way, Pepper can lift 40 tons."

"..." The girls fell silent when they heard Victor's voice.

Who would have thought that innocent girl was so strong?

"... Well, since she was a child, my mother trained her to increase her physical strength." Ruby got over her shock and walked towards Victor.

"Does that strength come from your body, or does your Power drive it?" Haruna asked curiously.

"Driven by our Power. Of course, our body helps too, but the big boost comes from our Power. After all, we are not Werewolves that have great physical capabilities..."

"Though Pepper is abnormal for a Vampire since most of her strength comes from her own body. My mother said that since she was little, she had exceptional strength." Ruby finished explaining when she arrived in front of Victor.

Haruna just nodded. She knew that Vampires drew their Powers from their Lineage, and because of that, 'blood' was so important in their society.

Haruna neutrally observed Ruby, who started to push Victor.

The girls saw deep rock tracks being formed on the ground.

"... I think around 6 – 8 tonnes." Ruby explained, "The weight can vary depending on the support he puts on his body."

"Wow, Darling, you got fat." Violet laughed.

Victor rolled his eyes, "My muscles create that weight."

"That doesn't make any sense. How does he weigh so much and not sink into the ground?" Sasha asked, confused.

"Senjutsu," Haruna replied while narrowing her eyes.

"Huh?"

"Unconsciously, his body's Energy prevents him from aggressively damaging his surroundings; that is why he can stay 'on' the ground without sinking."

"That explanation is quite familiar," Ruby murmured, and soon she looked at Victor with a smile on her face.

"...Victor, did you visit Japan to train with our favorite blonde Ninja's Author?" Ruby couldn't take it and had to say it.

Victor curled his lips in amusement, "I get the reference, and to answer your question, I didn't."

"I don't think it's similar to the method used by those Ninjas from that Anime, Ruby."

"What do you mean?" Ruby looked at Sasha.

"The method being used is more like the strongest hero who wears red underwear on his uniform. Remember that man's strength is more related to an Energy Field because if it weren't for that, it wouldn't make sense for the deeds of his strength." Sasha explained.

Ruby blinked twice and soon understood what Sasha was talking about, "... Oh, you're saying the Energy itself acts as a mediator for every action he does?"

"Yes."

"If you follow that reasoning, Energy Control must be the solution for him to control his strength properly."

"Probably... It's hard to have a concrete opinion about Energy used to nurture a planet." Sasha answered uncertainly.

"... Hmm, you're right."

"...I can't follow this conversation..." Haruna mumbled in a slightly depressed tone.

Violet, Sasha, and Ruby looked at each other for a bit and smiled.

"Well, well, well, looks like we have to teach her the 'culture'." Ruby smiled quite excitedly.

"We should start with something light." Violet nodded.

"Let's go with Shounen Anime. She looks like she'll like that." Sasha answered.

The three approached Haruna and started talking to her.

Victor just laughed when he saw his three Wives trying to corrupt Haruna.

"Anyway, I'll get back to training," Victor spoke aloud.

"Hmm, we'll go back upstairs, don't take too long, Darling," Violet spoke.

"Okay."

"... Oh, Darling, when are you going to turn your parents into Vampires? They are already ready."

"..." Victor stopped what he was going to do and muttered:

"I forgot about that."

"Don't blame yourself. You went through a lot of changes in a short time. You've had to get used to it, not to mention you had to discuss the Alliance with Haruna." Sasha spoke in support.

"Yes, but my Family will always be a priority. So I will resolve this now," Victor spoke.

Haruna displayed a small imperceptible smile when she heard what Victor said.

Victor walked to the wall where his belongings were, and with each step he took, the floor sank a little, which created several footprints in the rock. Then, arriving in front of the belongings, he looked impassively at his cell phone.

"Ugh, I can't touch the cell phone. I'm sure I'll destroy it."

"Hmm, girls, can you help me here?"

The three Wives looked at each other with amused smiles, 'Who would have thought that it would take Victor not having control of his strength for him to ask for something?' The same thought crossed the minds of all three.

They always wanted Victor to depend more on them for everything, but unfortunately, the man was too independent, and in the end, they were the ones who ended up relying on him to get things done.

Something that left Victor quite happy.

Of the three Wives present, only Ruby had a better position in this regard, and that was due to the plans she'd made from the beginning. The group she created was growing, and this group helped Victor a lot when he needed it.

Because of this, when Victor needed information or something, he would always go to Ruby or Violet. After all, the Snow Clan had a long list of contacts as it is a Clan that regulates the internal and external politics of Nightingale.

In that regard, Sasha was on the worst side. After all, her Clan was more of a Clan that produced food, and thus she couldn't help him that much.

She even tried to get Victor to use Victoria's connections. Still, that connection wasn't really from the 'Fulger' Clan but from Victoria herself. There was also the fact that

whatever Victoria could do, the Snow Clan could do too, and he felt more comfortable talking to the Snow Clan about these issues.

As Yandere, they wanted their Husband to depend more on them. Preferably, they wanted to lock him up in a house isolated from everyone and love him as much as physically possible.

But... that action would just backfire. After all, who would be taken care of would not be Victor but the girls.

How could they tell...? In matters of being a Yandere, Victor had more firepower than them, something that frustrated Violet a lot because she was always proud of it.

So it was no surprise to Violet and Ruby when they saw a golden glow appear next to Victor, who was revealed to be Sasha.

"What do you need, Darling?"

"Can you call Natalia for me, please?"

"Yes!" Sasha flashed a big smile that lit up the entire dark cavern.

"..." Seeing that smile, Victor decided that starting today, he would ask girls for more things. If they smiled like that every time he asked for something, it would make him very happy since he likes to see his Wives happy.

"Hmm, what's the password, Darling?"

"No password."

"... Oh? Why do you not have one?"

"It's not like I need to hide anything." When he was training or fighting, the phone was in Kaguya's shadow most of the time. Only when he wasn't doing anything destructive did the phone stay in his pocket.

"I only use my phone to contact people. Most of the time, I'm training."

"..." The girls looked at Victor neutrally.

"And you say you are a young man of the 21st century?" Ruby spoke.

"Meh, since I became a Vampire, I've been more focused on getting stronger."

"Such dedication..." Violet muttered, "Well, that's why he's a literal monster in strength."

"Thanks for the compliment, honey." Victor smiled a little.

"Anytime, Darling!" Violet laughed.

"I don't use a cell phone," Haruna said.

"... And we need to change that too. I still have some phones that June created." Ruby spoke.

"Teach me how to use it later."

"Mm, I will."

In the meantime, during the conversation, Sasha opened Victor's cell phone and saw that he had almost no applications. He really only used it to contact people. She entered the messaging application and saw the chat group of the Gods that he spoke about before, and saw that it had more than 999+ messages.

'These Gods really have plenty of time.'

Looking for Natalia's contact, she saw the named contact; Natalia Alioth.

'So serious...!' She was amused to think that her Husband was like an old man. For example, on her cell phone, all the contacts had nicknames that she entered.

In contrast, all of Victor's contacts were the individual's full name.

Sasha called Natalia and put the phone to her ear:

"Master?"

"Natalia, it's Sasha. Can you come to get my Husband? He needs to go to Nightingale."

It took a few seconds for Natalia to get over her surprise at hearing a voice other than Victor's. After all, this had never happened before, and soon she said:

"...Sure, give me a few minutes."

"Okay~."

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The moment Victor stepped out of Natalia's portal at the Snow Clan's mansion, he was met by two rockets, one white and one black.

""FATHER!""

Before the two girls could reach him, Victor took a few steps to the side, and the two passed him and hit the wall.

BOOOM!

"..." The people who were present just looked at Victor as if he had grown a second head. Did he just ignore the embrace of his two 'daughters'?

"Ugh, my head..." Nero grumbled as she caressed her head; she was wearing black pants, black boots, and a white dress shirt.

"...Father..." Tears started to form in Ophis's eyes; she was wearing the same gothic dress she always wore.

"W-Wait, don't cry, Ophis! I didn't refuse your embrace because I didn't want to. It's because it's too dangerous right now!" Victor said hurriedly, with a bit of cold sweat breaking out on his face.

"...?" A confused expression appeared on Nero and Ophis' faces.

"Look!" Victor quickly pointed to a glass on one of the tables, then walked to the table, causing small footprints in the floor, and tried to pick up the glass.

The moment he touched the cup, it shattered into hundreds of pieces, and that cup was made of a unique material that could withstand a little force from supernatural beings. But it broke just by him touching it!

"Ugh, it's like I'm living in a paper world right now."

"..." Nero and Ophis just stared at their father blankly.

And before Ophis could understand anything, Nero jumped to hug her father, but this time it was much slower than before.

Victor raised an eyebrow when he saw Nero climb his body and hug him like a small bear.

"Father can't hug, but that doesn't mean we can't." Nero displayed a small happy smile.

Victor just laughed gently and said, "True."

Ophis' eyes glowed faintly red as she vanished in black smoke and appeared on Victor's shoulder, quickly hugging his face.

"Father... Miss you..."

"I missed you..." Nero spoke in a low voice.

Victor's heart melted when he heard the two girls' words.

"Me too." He smiled gently, and the whole environment around him lightened due to the emotions he was feeling right now. Small tree branches and plants began to grow around Victor as if nature itself was reacting to him.

Natalia, Violet, Ruby, and Sasha appeared through the portal since they had no reason to stay in Japan if Victor wasn't there.

Seeing the scene in front of them, Ruby spoke:

"... Daddy's daughters... If we had female children, their future would be bleak." She looked at the plants around Victor curiously.

"Darling spoils them so much! That's unfair; he should do that to us too!" Violet spoke with obsessive eyes.

Sasha gave Violet a dry look, "If he spoiled us more than he does now, we would just become dependent on him forever."

"Indeed, and that's something I don't want." Ruby completed.

"... Well..." Violet had no way to defend herself now because they were right. Everyone knew how much Victor spoiled his wives; he did everything for them.

"Stop being jealous, and just say you want him to treat you like his daughter," Natalia spoke sharply.

"..." Violet at least had the decency to turn her face away and blush a little, something very rare for such a brazen woman.

"Victor, you came back fast."

He looked towards the female voice and saw Leona and Edward.

"Yo, have you seen my parents and Agnes?"

"Your parents are studying in the bedroom. Agnes is still in Clan Adrastea territory along with Scathach and Natasha." Leona replied as she approached Victor swiftly, and before anyone knew it, she was in front of him, sniffing his body.

She frowned a little when she felt Victor's scent had changed, 'He smells like nature, but a bloody nature...? Huh?' Leona didn't know what she was sensing right now.

It was as if Victor had the very scent of nature with him, but at the same time, that nature smelled blood, as if someone had killed a body in the forest and the blood had soaked into the trees.

... It was strange.

'Umu, she's still in the Adrastea Clan, huh...!' Victor thought with a slightly confused look as his eyes narrowed. 'Doesn't she know that with how long this is taking, it will attract attention? So why hasn't she come back yet?'

"... Victor, you got stronger... Again." Edward spoke with narrowed eyes as he saw what was going on around him and the holes in the floor from his footprints.

'Your body has become heavier than before. It's obvious that this is because of your condensed muscles.'

"Yeah." Victor just smiled.

"Seriously, you are constantly breaking common sense. No one would believe you if you said that you were weaker than an ordinary human less than a few years ago." Edward spoke in a tired tone.

"Just because this has never happened before doesn't mean it can't happen in the future. Common sense is constantly broken by beings like me."

"Power freaks?"

"Beings with a goal in mind." Victor corrected him.

Edward rolled his eyes, 'His goal is to fuck his Mother-In-Law... In fact, he's already done that, and now he wants her all to himself... Although that's a goal I can respect.'

Edward laughed internally at these thoughts, but he stopped when he heard Victor speaking:

"Where are Andrew, Mizuki, and the other girls?"

"Andrew is in the new town with his mom, Mizuki is with her parents reading books, and Pepper, Lacus, and Siena are training," Leona answered.

"...Oh?" Victor raised an eyebrow curiously.

"Your fight had more effect than I expected, Darling," Ruby said.

Everyone looked towards Ruby.

"Everyone is motivated now that they've seen the power of the Youkai leader and her new physical conditioning."

"...you recorded the fight, huh."

"Of course, I wouldn't miss the chance to motivate our allies." She flashed a small smile.

"Humpf, that's what you tell yourself! If it weren't for me, you would have forgotten!" Violet groaned.

Ruby's face trembled a little, and her small smile broke.

"...Violet!" Sasha elbowed Violet in the stomach.

"What? I will not let her take all the credit for herself!"

The people around them gave amused smiles to see Violet like this.

"Ugh, you are sometimes impossible to deal with, Violet," Ruby grumbled.

"Meh, I know you love me."

"That's true. You're something I've put up with for so long that I've gotten used to it." Ruby rolled her eyes.

"Hey!"

"Pfft, not even your friends can handle you." Leona didn't miss the chance to tease Violet.

A vein snapped in Violet's head, "Shut up, bitch! You can't point the finger at me when you're the same!"

"What did you say, bitch!?! How am I just like you!?"

"All senses heightened, and you can't perceive something so basic!? I'm ashamed that the werewolves have someone like You!"

"Grr, at least I'm not stuck in a mountain of paperwork like a slave! I'm free!"

Veins started popping even more in Violet's head. Talking about the devil's spawn is cowardice; not even she was that low!

The two looked at each other with hostile eyes until they broke their gaze as they said:

""Bitch! Let's settle this outside!""

"Just what I wanted! I've wanted to deal with you for a long time!"

"Stop fucking imitating me!"

"Fine! Let's fight!" The two huffed simultaneously and stormed out of the room.

When the two left the room, Ruby looked at Victor with an accusing look, "Are you sure that Adonis didn't have kids with a werewolf or something?"

"...I have no recollection of it."

"But I can understand what you're pointing out. If it weren't for the different races, they would be practically twins."

"Twins is the understatement of the century. They are practically equal in temperament." Sasha spoke.

"...To be fair, my sister wasn't like that when she was younger," Edward said.

"That I can also confirm." Victor nodded.

"Hmm, aren't you two going to stop them?" Natalia asked.

"I wasn't feeling any negative emotions like hate or anything like that from the two; they're just angry, and there's a sense of rivalry. They won't go so far in the fight as to kill each other because they know that will make me sad. So it's best to let them work themselves out."

"That I can also confirm. I know my sister when she is angry, and believe me, she is not like that." Edward spoke.

"... Well, if you guys are okay with it." Natalia had nothing to say.

Victor looked at Nero and Ophis, who were practically intoxicated with his body odor.

"Daughters, you have to come down. I need to solve some problems."

"...Ugh." Both reacted at the same time.

"I don't want..." Ophis muttered.

Nero didn't say anything, but she shared Ophis's thoughts.

"... In that case, how about you guys accompany me for a while?" Victor knew the two wouldn't leave him alone for long, so he thought of just taking them with him.

Nero's and Ophis's eyes flashed blood red at the same time, and soon the two descended from Victor's body.

"Mm/Okay."

Victor looked with amusement at his two daughters, he really wanted to stroke their heads right now, but he was afraid that he would hurt them unintentionally, and that's something he wouldn't forgive himself for, so he held back.

"Oh, I forgot to say, when I visited Clan Adrastea last time, I asked an acquaintance of mine to make something for you, Nero."

"Kaguya, please."

"Yes, Master." Kaguya's voice echoed around, and soon shadows began to emerge from the ground, and a box appeared.

"My friend is part of Eleonor's fire squad, and she is a weapons expert."

"... That means..." Nero opened her eyes wide.

Victor just smiled, "Open the box; I hope you like the present."

Nero nodded, walked towards the black box, kneeled down, and opened the box, and what she saw left her with a few happy tears.

Two familiar Pure White twin Deagles were seen.

"...I thought they had been destroyed in the fight with the Youkai..."

"They were, but I got the broken parts and had someone redo them with monster materials... They aren't as strong as Valkyrie weapons, but it's enough for you right now."

'After I find better monster materials, I'll ask the old man to remake all of my family's personal weapons.' Victor thought to himself.

Victor knew he was taking advantage of Eleonor's goodwill, he had already made armor for his wives and his Maids, and now he was making weapons too. Although using materials from monsters he killed, making weapons of Clan Adrastea, and bringing them out was against the law, he knew he was putting Eleonor into a bad situation by making her break her Clan's laws.

But he couldn't help it. He wanted weapons and better stuff to protect his family.

Victor wasn't taking advantage without reward either. He told Eleonor countless times that if she wanted anything from him, he would do his utmost to grant that request. That was the pride of a Progenitor speaking since he felt a lot of gratitude to Eleonor for what she was doing.

And this gratitude was even greater because he knew that she was doing this out of sheer goodwill. She was not looking for benefits from him or anything like that.

After everything she's done, how can Victor not protect her? It goes against his code of conduct.

Eye for an eye. Tooth by tooth. Blood for blood.

She always treated him well and with goodwill, and Victor will do the same; Clan Adrastea had all of Victor's support, and he made sure Eleonor knew about it.

Nero was going through a lot of emotions right now, but the main one was love and gratitude, and she had to express them:

"... Thank you, Father."

"Umu, all for my little princess." Victor smiled gently.

Nero blushed a little when she heard him call her 'little princess', but she didn't dislike it.

"Present, Present..." Hearing strange sounds near him, he looked over at Ophis and saw the little girl's gaze that seemed to be piercing through his skull. He didn't need to be a genius at body language to understand what she wanted.

"I haven't forgotten about you, little princess, but... you're too young for the present I want to give you."

"Ugh..." Ophis just grumbled.

Victor just chuckled in amusement when he saw Ophis's expression.

"... See? A doting father." Ruby said with a warm smile while holding a 4k camera. She had been recording this whole scene for a long time for the future album she was working on.

"That's really worrying..." Sasha replied, just like Ruby, she was melting at the sight in front of her.

"Indeed." Ruby didn't deny it.

"At least you know your children will be loved no matter how many there are," Natalia murmured.

"... And that is precisely the problem, Natalia," Sasha answered.

The maid just kept silent; she could understand women's concerns.

"Ugh, there's no use worrying about it now. Let's leave it to our future selves to sort out this problem." Ruby grumbled as she decided to stop thinking about it.

"... Father, I don't see the ammunition?"

"Oh, you don't need ammo, Daughter; just use your energy."

"... What?"

"Take the gun and aim for me."

"B-But, Father."

"Just trust me, I'm not so weak that I could take damage from it... In fact, I even doubt that anything below Scathach's level could harm me right now."

Everyone opened their eyes wide.

"...did you get that strong?" Edward asked.

"I didn't. My body just got really resilient." Victor replied as he sighed in relief when he felt the pain in his body starting to subside. This was proof that his body was getting used to the energy running through it.

'My regeneration must be insane now... I doubt I can die even if my head and heart explode.'

"According to Scathach, my body is as strong as the strongest alpha werewolves."

"... What? That is insane."

"Hmm" Victor just nodded as he spoke, "Anyway, Nero, do as I say."

"... Yes, Father."

Nero picked up a Deagle and pointed at Victor.

"Focus your energy as if you were trying to turn your hands into claws, but instead of focusing on your hands, think about transferring that energy to the Deagle."

"Mm." Nero did as she was told, and the process was pretty automatic. In a few moments, the Deagle's barrel seemed to glow slightly with blue energy.

"Pull the trigger."

Nero hesitated a bit, but seeing Victor's serious look, she just took a deep breath and pulled the trigger, and the result of that action made her eyes open wide.

A beam of energy shot out of the weapon and flew toward Victor.

Quite casually, Victor just raised his hand and squashed the energy beam like it was nothing.

"See? That is the power of the weapon." Victor smiled.

The people around him just shivered; not even Edward or Leona could do what Victor did now. It took an insane level of resilience to do it.

'Perhaps if I was in a partially transformed form, I could do that, but in base form? It's impossible,' Edward thought.

"Amazing..."

"Umu, but promise me that you will train your Martial arts also."

"... Huh?"

"Nero, you shouldn't rely completely on a weapon. What if you lose the weapon in a fight? Are you going to stand by and let the enemy kill you?"

"....."

Seeing his daughter's face, he continued with the same teacher's tone, "You have to know how to defend yourself, even if you don't have weapons. That's why I don't always use Junketsu, even if Kenjutsu is the martial art I am most proficient with."

"Take advantage of your traits. You have the potential to be a Close Combat master like me."

"Guns will just be one more option, okay?"

"... Okay, Father."

"Umu, that's my little princess." Victor smiled lovingly.

"F-Father." Nero became a blushing mess; she still wasn't used to that affectionate way of calling her.

"...Father..." Ophis grabbed Victor's pants and looked at him like a predator looking at its prey. She was quite jealous, and it was painfully obvious.

"..." Victor just smiled widely, gently crouched down, and very carefully kissed Ophis's forehead:

"Don't make that face, my princess. You are very important to me, just like your sister; you know that, right?"

"Mm..." Ophis smiled happily, but soon her face turned strange, "Sister?"

"Yeah, she's my daughter, and so are you, so she's your sister, right?"

"...Oh." Ophis looked at Nero, and her eyes glowed a little blood red.

"Sister." She nodded in satisfaction, "Big sister?"

A smile appeared on Nero's face:

"Of course, I will be your big sister!"

"Mm... Good."

.....

"Gaaaahhhh! This is so frustrating! Why are these books so gigantic!?" Anna screamed in frustration:

"I'm done with this shit!" She threw the books on the table with a loud crash and got up quickly:

"I need some air!"

"It broke, huh," Mizuki answered absently without looking at Anna. Her focus remained on the book she was reading. Mizuki was already used to such occurrences. Victor's mother had very little patience for 'boring' things.

"To be honest, it took a while; she doesn't like to study very much," Leon replied.

"How did she become a lawyer then?"

"Pressure from her father and mother, they wanted their daughter to follow in their footsteps."

"Oh..." Mizuki nodded. She could understand some of that; after all, she'd seen something like this several times in her life.

"... What happened to the..." Mizuki stopped the sentence at the end; she didn't know if she was being impolite or not. After all, the way Leon spoke was quite melancholic.

"... They're dead... Age overcomes even the strongest of humans... And Anna's parents were already quite old when they had her."

"... Oh, I'm sorry."

"It's okay; it's natural. One day we're all going to die."

"..." Mizuki just nodded. She knew death was an inevitability, even in the Supernatural World.

Of course, there are Races like Vampires who live an 'immortal' life, but even these Vampires are not exempt from death. After all, unlike Primordials, who are eternal, Vampires can die.

They are not immortal; they just have a long lifespan.

As a way of changing the subject, she said, "You don't seem to care about the size of the books."

"I got used to reading large volumes of words in my work," Leon replied soothingly.

"Hmm, didn't you work as a mason?"

"Yeah, but in my younger years, I was in charge of documents, which wasn't my only job. Unlike my wife, I didn't have someone to lean on when I was younger."

"Oh..." She felt a little uncomfortable at the end. She knew she shouldn't ask, but her curiosity was far greater than her thoughts of stopping the conversation.

After all, it was a chance to learn a little more about Victor, a man she was quite...close to.

"And to be honest, reading all these books is not boring. On the contrary, the stories are quite interesting; I feel like I'm reading a movie script, and because of that, I can read it easily."

"... I feel like there's a bit more history to it."

"..." Leon just looked at the beautiful Japanese woman and chuckled a little.

"You don't need to beat around the bush and be so coy about it. If you want to know something, just ask."

Mizuki was a little surprised by the way Leon spoke: 'Completely honest, just like your son, huh... I think Anna influenced them a lot.'

"And yes... There's a story about that."

"Unlike my dear wife, I am an orphan, and as an orphan, I was more concerned with earning money to survive than studying. Because of that, my education was stunted."

"Everything I know, I learned on the streets. My experiences made me who I am. Unlike me, Anna was quite a 'rich' young woman; her parents gave her a good life."

"..." Mizuki just listened in silence with curiosity. The story seemed to come out of a drama between a poor man and an upper-class woman.

"Yeah, I know, this story sounds like something out of a Korean drama movie."

Mizuki opened her eyes wide, "How-you-?"

"Everyone I've told this story to reacts the same way. I'm used to it."

"Oh..."

"Hahaha, no need to act like that. I don't deny that the stories are similar, but unlike those dramas, the 'rich princess' had quite the 'dirty' mouth."

"... What do you mean?"

"She was stupidly honest with her feelings and didn't particularly care if she hurt everyone's feelings, and because of that, she didn't have any friends."

"... Truth hurts."

"Indeed, but... For me, her honesty was quite refreshing. Living on the streets, you are used to people lying all the time; this honesty is what saved me from going down a dark path..." Leon's eyes narrowed a little at the end.

Mizuki gulped a little. Those serious eyes were a lot like Victor's when he was going to do something drastic.

'They are really father and son...'

Mizuki felt that there was another story behind it, but this time, she didn't show curiosity; after all, she'd already crossed the line several times.

"Do you know why these books are so interesting to read?"

"... Because it sounds like a plot from a movie?"

"That too, but the main reason are the ideas."

"... Huh?"

"Everything written in the Vampire stories, if edited well, and had a few name changes, could make a good movie," Leon spoke with a small amused smile.

"... You really like movies, huh."

"Yeah... Ever since I was little, I've always dreamed of directing a movie." He scratched his cheek as he looked away with a little embarrassment.

"Unfortunately, as you may know, being an orphan doesn't help much, and when I improved my financial situation, I was already too involved in the 'problematic' part of society. Because of that, I could never pursue that dream... And at the time, I was already in a relationship with Anna, and she had become pregnant with Victor. Because of that, I had to shoulder the responsibilities... Not to mention that Victor was born with that physical condition..."

"You are a respectable man, Leon," Mizuki spoke with admiration.

"Nah, I just won't shirk my responsibilities when I made them myself. I know how to wipe my own ass."

"Just thinking that way makes you an admirable man. Believe me when I say that few people would put aside their dreams and ambitions to care for their family."

"..." Leon just kept silent as he rubbed his cheek, a little embarrassed. It was a little strange to be praised so directly like that.

"Thank you, I think..."

"Mm." Mizuki nodded her head.

"I presume it was this attitude that shaped Victor's personality today," Mizuki spoke.

"Hmm, I didn't talk to my son as much as Anna, our words are few, but he and I always understood each other."

"I always felt that my son had the same nature as me. He reminded me of me when I was younger... Only much more honest."

Mizuki displayed an amused smile and asked, "Which part of him reminds you of your younger self?"

"The part about trying to bear the weight of the world alone."

"..." Mizuki was silent. Even though she wasn't as close to Victor as his Wives, she could easily see that part of Victor; it was very evident.

"I really appreciate it that people like Ruby, Violet, and Sasha came into my son's life. Only nosy people like them can talk sense into his head."

"...I presume you have your own opinion on this particular matter..." Mizuki poked something she was curious about.

"Yeah... I mean, it's strange to have a son who has relationships with several women, and all these women accept each other..." Leon put aside how much he envied him. After all, he didn't know if his wife was listening in or not.

"To be honest, it's completely strange. God, I don't even know how many he has! Every woman he is close with seems to have a 'close' relationship with my son; even you are no exception."

"... I mean, you are not wrong..."

Leon felt critical damage when he saw Mizuki's embarrassed expression proving that she was also in that group. 'For god sake, another one? And now it's a Japanese girl with the body of a milf. He's so damn lucky! Just how many Wives/Girlfriends does he have?'

Seriously, Leon could be many things when he was younger, but he never thought that his genes had the potential to create a MAN among MEN.

'Although with that appearance, it's quite justifiable...' Leon was honest with himself. He didn't want to get too close to his son because his current appearance gave the man strange feelings.

"I don't know what to say other than that you have my blessing."

"... Eh?" Mizuki looked dumbfounded at Leon.

"I mean, you are a good woman. My son is fortunate to have you by his side." Leon spoke.

"..." Mizuki blushed a little, but inside she thought: 'I'm the lucky one to have him by my side... If it wasn't for him... I...!' She shook her head internally; she didn't want to think about it now.

"Thank you..." Mizuki murmured.

"Hmm." Leon just nodded and went back to reading.

A few minutes of comfortable silence fell around until Mizuki broke it by saying:

"When you become a Vampire, you can create a Harem, you know?"

"..." Leon stiffened visibly.

"What do you mean?" He asked with the best poker face he could muster.

"As you know, in Supernatural Society, only strength is respected, and strength can come in many forms, in the form of raw power like Victor or in the form of Titles, the likes of which can stem from the Noble Clans of Nightingale."

"Because of that, the idea of a Harem isn't strange. If you're strong, you can have multiple partners. Of course, the same concept applies to women." Mizuki thought of a white-haired Werewolf who had a reverse harem.

"Your son, Victor... He is special... In fact, the word 'special' is an understatement to describe how important he is."

"Victor is a Progenitor."

"The Beginning of An Entire Race," Leon added.

"Correct. You could say he is the 'Adam' of the Bible but for Vampires."

Leon nodded. He knew how important his son was. After all, he couldn't stop hearing the Vampires around talking about it.

But for him, it was a strange thought. Yes, his son was the start of a Race, but why make such a big deal out of it?

"... I see you don't understand how important a Progenitor is."

"Yes... I mean, I know he's the Beginning of a New Race, but after the Race grows, won't he be useless...?"

"Hmm, a reasonable question. In fact, this was the same question I had before my Master spoke about the Progenitors." Mizuki spoke honestly.

"Put simply, a Progenitor is more than the Beginning of a Race."

"He's an individual capable of leveraging an entire Faction."

"Huh...?"

"Hmm, take Werewolves, for example. You know every Race has a Progenitor, right?"

"Yes."

"Now, think about this scenario. The Progenitor of Werewolves appears and bites a 'Werewolf,' giving him a strength boost."

"That Werewolf he bit will become much stronger than his peers."

"... Oh."

"Seems you understand."

"Progenitors have the ability to empower the members of their species."

Mizuki nodded her head.

'That wasn't all; they also have special abilities only Progenitors have, which can make them deadly to other beings.' She thought.

"In a world where power is everything, having an individual who, with just one gesture, can empower a being to ridiculous levels is quite valuable."

"Just look at Victor's Maids. They were created not long ago, and most are as strong, if not stronger, than an Adult Vampire." Mizuki didn't comment on the fact that Scathach trained the girls, but even with the best teacher in the world, if the student didn't have potential, the effort was just useless.

"Do you understand now how special the 'bite' you are going to receive from your son is?"

"...Yes, I now understand when the girls said that a normal Vampire would kill and commit atrocities for the simple privilege of receiving power from Victor." Leon swallowed hard.

To be honest, he understood more from talking to Mizuki than from the other female Vampires' explanations. 'I think having a human's opinion is important... Or is it just because she's good at explaining?'

Instead of 'vaguely' understanding his son's importance, he now understood 'completely'.

"Hmm, and this is where we return to our earlier discussion."

"You will receive a Progenitor's bite, and just because of that, your initial potential will be ridiculous. With enough effort, you can become stronger in the future, and by becoming stronger, you can have a Harem... Of course, you'll have to 'defeat' your Wife first."

"....." Leon blushed a little bit with that comment at the end.

"H-How do you know?"

"Anna isn't very subtle about it."

"Ugh, that woman." He grumbled.

"Just know that Anna's resistance will grow even more when she becomes a Vampire."

Leon's entire body was petrified, as if Medusa herself had turned him into stone. He turned white like a ghost, and the only coherent word that came out of his mouth was:

"... Ah."

Mizuki displayed a small, amused smile: "Before you try to chase another woman, or lust after another woman, try to satisfy your current Wife completely... She is quite insatiable, after all."

"Jesus Christ." He began to sweat like a pig when he thought his Wife was going to suck his 'Soul' out even more now.

'At least I won't die of snu snu now... Probably.'

Despite all the internal debate, Leon realized something:

"You don't seem disgusted or angry that I'm considering that possibility."

"... You really should study more about Vampires and not just look at their history, but at their biology."

"Huh?"

"Haaah..." Mizuki sighed and spoke, "Leaving out the fact that in the Supernatural World, polygamy is common practice and that your feelings of love are quite sincere, and I respect that a lot..."

"You have to understand that Vampires, as a species, are a lot like Demons."

"They are Beings of Desire."

"When you turn into a Vampire, all your emotions will be multiplied by 100."

"That I understand. Violet has talked about it before."

"You don't understand... It's not just emotions that are amplified; your desires are too."

"Huh?"

"I am saying that all the desires that have been suppressed in your heart for years, desires that you didn't even know existed, will suddenly be stirred up, and you will have a great urge to act upon those desires."

"..." Leon froze.

"To be honest, in this coming Vampire transformation, I'm not worried about Anna. She, for better or worse, is a woman who is honest with her feelings. So her transition will not be so difficult."

"But you? You will be the one that gets hit the hardest."

"...But the Maids didn't suffer much from it..." Leon spoke.

"Every Maid had a particular situation that their most repressed desires had been resolved, or were left to resolve later."

"Bruna's wishes arose from her need for revenge when she was turned, and her wishes were 'dedicated' to a new God."

"Eve watched the beings that harmed her burn, and as Victor fulfilled her deepest desire, for Eve, Victor is her world."

"Do you realize now? Each one had a particular situation or was already connected to the Supernatural World like Maria." Mizuki added this because she still didn't know all the Maids' stories.

"Yes... I presume that, in my case, it is more complicated."

"Correct. Like it or not, it is a fact that you suppressed your desires a lot when you were younger because of several factors."

"..." Leon narrowed his eyes.

"Don't look at me like that. This is normal; I'm not judging you."

"I think of you as an admirable man. Few would do what you did. You had balls and took responsibility and took care of your son. That is much more than men today are capable of doing."

Leon's gaze returned to a neutral tone, and a little embarrassed: "I'm sorry, it's just that in my head, I think what I did wasn't a sacrifice or anything like that, but it was my obligation as a man."

"Mm, that's why I said you're an admirable man."

"... But that doesn't change the fact that you held back."

"..."

"Instincts and desires. This is the basis of the Race known as Vampires. Young Vampires like Ruby, who act through logic the majority of the time, are quite rare. Her coldness is something you'd usually get after living for a long time, and even then, it is impossible to suppress your wishes for a long time." Mizuki blushed a little when he remembered Ruby's moans.

The phrase: 'the quiet ones are wilder' was pretty accurate when it comes to Ruby.

Leon thought of Scathach when he heard those words. He knew the woman's history and how she'd spent so long thirsty for blood yet still didn't go crazy.

"Haah... I see what you mean... So you're saying I should be more honest with myself, huh?"

"Correct. You have to understand that your son is no longer a child. He is an adult with several Wives and even has children. It is time for you and Anna to think a little more about yourselves."

"... That's..." Leon was going to say something but stopped. He realized that Mizuki was right. He was so used to caring for his son that he'd forgotten about himself.

"You're right."

"Hmm, don't think about it too much, and act normal. Victor respects both of you a lot. You two are the only ones his innate pride doesn't act on. You are his parents, two important figures in his life that shaped Victor into who he is today, and even if he becomes a Being that even the Gods are afraid of, you have to remain by his side."

"... Of course, this is something that will never change. I still want to spend some evenings watching movies with my son." Leon smiled gently.

"Hmm." Mizuki nodded in satisfaction.

"Oh, by the way, you're the one I support the most right now. You'll make him a good wife. Victor needs someone who has a good head on their shoulders like you and Ruby."

Leon just chuckled in amusement when he saw the blush appearing on the woman's face.

"Leon."

With just one word, the whole fun mood was cut like a sharp blade.

Leon felt his body chill as if naked at the north pole. Then, slowly, he looked back and saw his wife with a 'gentle' smile on her face.

He also saw that his son was behind his wife with a smile that said:

'You fucked up.'

Sometimes he hated how well he understood his son.

"A-A-A-Anna."

"O-Oh, that's a shame. I finished my books; I have to look for other books to read." Mizuki spoke with a slight stutter, quickly grabbed her things from the table, and went deeper into the library.

Leon looked at Mizuki as if she had betrayed him.

A look that Mizuki wholly ignored.

"Children, I will accompany my Mizuki... I feel like she will need my help to understand many things." Victor smiled softly and walked where Mizuki was.

"So... What was that story about a Harem...?"

Leon sweated. Moreover, his clothes were completely soaked with sweat.

"W-Well... You know... It's just a wish..." He swallowed hard.

"I see... So I'm not good enough for you?... It seems I was taking it too easy on you during our evening activities..."

Leon's gaze just widened in horror:

"That's not it! You are definitely enough!"

"... Really?"

"..." He nodded like crazy, confirming her words.

"Then why do you want more women?"

"It's every man's dream." His answer was instantaneous... And he regretted those words when he saw his wife's gaze becoming lifeless. A dark aura came out of Anna's body and spread throughout the place.

'Now, I know where Victor got that personality from...!' A casual thought flashed past his mind.

"Ara... It seems I've really gone soft on our nightly activities... And that's something I plan to change soon." Anna took Leon's hand and pulled him along.

Knowing his fate, he just gave up; there was no point in fighting: 'God give me the strength to face this Succubus... I'll need it.'

.....

Victor completely ignored the plea in his father's gaze and walked to the back. He just backed away a little and saw Mizuki hiding while looking at the events.

"Oh? I thought you had gone further." Victor didn't hide his small smile of amusement.

"... I mean, I don't want to miss something so interesting." She spoke curiously as she watched Anna's aura grow and become darker.

'Now, I understand where Victor's personality comes from.' Mizuki thought without knowing that Leon had the same thought as her.

Victor looked at Mizuki with amusement. He never thought that Mizuki had this kind of tendency when she was more relaxed. He spoke close to her ear: "A wise man once said that curiosity killed the cat."

Mizuki felt a shiver go through her entire body and unconsciously tightened her legs. She hated that a few simple words from him caused so many reactions in her body:

"M-Maybe, but-." She tried to act normal but stuttered, and when she was about to continue talking, she heard Victor's serious voice.

"Mizuki."

The older woman stopped peeking, looked to the side, and saw Victor sitting cross-legged on the floor.

"Come, and sit here."

"There!? You want me to sit there!?" She pointed to his lap with an embarrassed look.

"Yes." He spoke with a serious look that held a tinge of amusement: "Let my parents sort it out. I believe my mother will 'discipline' him; come to me."

Normally, Victor would have pulled Mizuki away, but he couldn't do that now, or the woman's arm would be ripped from her body.

Mizuki bit her lip. She was debating what she should do, and when she was going to refuse, she felt someone pushing her, and the next moment, she found herself leaning against Victor's body. She looked back quickly and saw the smile of a Maid with blond hair.

'Maria!' She complained with a glare, but the Maid just laughed and disappeared into the shadows.

"...Better, right?" Victor smiled gently.

"Mm." Mizuki just nodded with an embarrassed look and leaned her body against Victor's. Now that she was here... She might as well stay, right?

'God, why am I acting like a virgin girl? I have more than-... Nevermind.' Mizuki didn't want to remember her age right now.

An age that would be nothing by Vampire standards, but by human standards, she could already have great-great-grandchildren. Still, luckily thanks to a set of factors, time hadn't affected her body yet, and thanks to recent events that had Mizuki fully regain her peak condition, she would live for quite some time.

A few comfortable yet embarrassing minutes for Mizuki passed until she couldn't take it anymore and asked in curiosity:

"... Aren't you upset that your father wants more women?"

"Are you sure some Youkai cat is not possessing you? Why the sudden burst in curiosity?" Victor chuckled, that was a sight he hadn't seen yet from Mizuki, and it's worth mentioning that he wasn't hating it.

"... Just answer me." She demanded as she did her best to ignore the heady scent of his body.

"Hmm, I don't particularly mind. My parents are adults, and it's not up to children to meddle in their parents' love life."

"...Unexpected, I thought you wouldn't like it... That's quite mature of you."

Victor rolled his eyes, "Mentally speaking, I am over 1800 years old, Mizuki."

"Although most of my memories are of being sick in bed, that doesn't change that fact."

Mizuki hugged Victor a little tighter. She had forgotten about that fact, the fact that Victor had all of Adonis' life experience.

"I've witnessed 1800 years, and I know what time does to people."

"And I am not naive enough to believe that my parents will remain faithful to each other as time passes. They are not like my Wives, who are already Supernatural Beings."

"They are not like me, who have the memories of a Supernatural Being, and have a deep obsession and love for my Wives."

"They're just normal humans. Eccentric? Yes, but still normal. As time passes, they are bound to change... Especially now that they will act more upon their desires."

Victor decided not to comment on the fact that if his father hurt his mother, he wouldn't sit still. He loved his parents very much, but his love for his mother was even greater than his love for his father. He wouldn't be able to handle seeing her hurt by his father's foolish mistakes.

'The saying a mother's love is priceless' fits well here. Victor is, after all, a mama's boy at the end of the day.

"Something similar can happen to the girls and me too, but my tolerance and that of my Wives for it is higher. After all, 'we' were raised in this society..."

"But... I won't let these feelings die. Most couple breakups in the modern world are because the couple is not invested in their relationship and because the man can't satisfy his wife, and providing satisfaction to my Wives is not something I am lacking in. I will do everything for them; I'll invest my all into my relationships. I will become the monster in bed; I will make each of them as crazy and obsessed with me as I am with them."

"The flow of time will not take my Wives away from me... Never."

The last word came out in a sound so possessive and heavy that it sent chills through Mizuki's entire existence. She felt fear... Afraid of that heavy feeling, afraid that underneath all that kindness, there was a monster that would do anything to keep a woman's love and obsession by his side for eternity, but at the same time, she felt jealous of women who had someone willing to do anything for them.

'I must be out of my mind. How did I think this was such an attractive idea?' Mizuki shook her head inwardly. Living around crazy people was making her sanity go down the drain too.

"It seems that fusing with Adonis had some side effects..." Mizuki joked.

"Believe it or not, I've always been like this...."

"The memories of Adonis just gave me the patience to nurture those feelings in girls and the experience of knowing when to act and when not to act. He was the man who came closest to understanding the creatures called women, after all." Victor chuckled in amusement.

"Whoaa, you are openly saying that you are shaping all the women you like to act as crazy as Violet."

"Indeed." Victor did not deny her words.

Mizuki was left speechless by his blatant acceptance.

'This man has problems... Does he really like the crazy, psychopathic, sociopathic, obsessive type of woman like Violet? He loves it so much that he's willing to create more of these types for himself!?'

Okay, Mizuki might have gone a bit overboard with the adjectives for women, but she was speechless. She couldn't tell if the man was crazy or very brave. Just thinking about the future problems that these types of 'special women' could cause made her shiver a little.

"Why are you telling me this?"

"I'm telling you this because you're indecisive, Mizuki."

"..."

"The moment you fall into my clutches, I will never let you go. Not even death will make you part with me."

Mizuki had to admit that those words had a certain charm to them.

'No! Bad Mizuki! Don't be lured by those words! Don't you realize the kind of trap you're stepping into!?'

As if answering her inner question, Victor said:

"Because of that, I'm letting you know what hole you're getting yourself into because once you're in, you can't get out."

'Is this some secret organization or something!? Why is he acting like this!?' Mizuki was holding back so hard not to react to his every word.

'He's reacting like he knows what I'm feeling-... Oh.'

Mizuki remembered Victor's ability:

"... Haha, sometimes I hate how you can feel emotions. It's unfair."

"Hate and Love are two sides of the same coin. The Goddess of Love can also feel the Hate that is born from Love... Even if what you feel is not considered 'love' yet, the feeling of 'Like' is linked to the early stages of Love."

"Vic, I don't hate you."

"Yes, I know. You don't hate me. But you hate what I am."

Mizuki just lowered her head, ashamed. She didn't have the words to refute that statement; after all, it was true.

A few minutes pass in this strange silence until Victor opened his mouth:

"Resentment is a cruel poison."

"...."

"It lodges in the deepest corners of the Soul and will slowly erode it, leaving it rotten."

"One day, you'll have to face it, Mizuki. You can't hide forever."

Mizuki clenched her fist tightly, and she gritted her teeth. Anger took over her entire body language, but even seeing this, Victor remained calm.

And even though he wasn't stroking her head, as she always saw him do with the other girls, his very presence brought her out of these angry thoughts.

She opened her hands and took a deep breath. Her whole body language became more relaxed... More tired. It was as if she had fought a very exhausting battle.

"Not today, Vic... Not today." Her tone was heavy, indicating she didn't want to discuss it further.

"Mm, just know I'll always be here. Don't try to face it alone."

"... Thanks." Mizuki thought the conversation was over, but she definitely wasn't expecting Victor's following words:

"Vengeance has already been taken, but the past must be faced head-on, or you won't have a future... Just know that even though Vampires caused that incident, you shouldn't blame an entire Race for it."

Mizuki visibly froze when she heard what Victor said. She completely forgot to breathe, and only one thought crossed her mind at this moment:

"Y-You... Do you know?" Vocalizing her thoughts aloud, she waited for Victor's response that came right away:

"The Snow Clan keeps a register of all Vampires Nobles who once came into contact with them... And they catalog the endings of those same Noble Vampires when they meet their end. That way, we keep the Noble Vampires on the lookout."

"Such is the size of the Snow Clan's influence."

"...Victor, you didn't answer my question," she growled.

Victor closed his eyes for a few seconds and opened them again as he looked into Mizuki's eyes.

"Yes, I know."

Mizuki didn't think that just a few words could make her whole body cringe in horror.

Absolute horror appeared on Mizuki's expression, her eyes became lifeless, but they weren't the same eyes that Victor's Wives had. Instead, it was a look of despair.

Her body visibly sprawled, and unpleasant memories began to resurface in her head.

'He knows about it... He knows about what I did... What I had to do...' She couldn't understand. She thought she had hidden this incident very well.

She thought she had destroyed all traces of her past.

But was the Snow Clan so influential that they could archive the events of that place?

"Mizuki," Victor spoke in a firm tone that contained an authority that didn't allow for refusal or inattention but, at the same time, carried a gentleness that filled Mizuki and brought her back to reality.

"Everything is fine."

"... Aren't you disgusted?" Her voice held so much pain that it broke Victor's heart, but he remained neutral, kind, and honest. Mizuki didn't want his pity, and neither did he want to give it to her. He just wanted her to get over these unpleasant memories.

"... It's not a sin to want to survive, Mizuki. This is the basic instinct of any living being... And you were just a child; you had no control over your situation."

"You don't-."

"I do not feel disgusted, Mizuki."

"....."

"If it were me before, I would have felt something similar, but... Mass genocide, committing the worst tortures, and 1800-year-old memories of an Elder Vampire who did horrible things for the Snow Clan changes a being whether it wants to or not."

Mizuki remembered the events when Victor attacked the squad in the Human World and the incident in Japan.

Mizuki finally remembered who was in front of her. She had forgotten because she'd gotten so used to seeing him acting with his family. The man in front of her was responsible for killing more than 50% of the population of Supernatural Beings in a country.

Regardless of his reasons, many people see him as a monster.

What she did... What she was forced to do in the past to survive was cute compared to the actions of the man she was embracing now.

To be honest, she was a little happy that this monster was the one to find out about her past because she knew he'd never judge her for what she'd done.

She felt relieved that she was in this monster's arms; after all, she was one too.

'A monster must walk among his fellows...'

Mizuki displayed a small empty smile and hugged Victor tighter:

"Thanks, Victor... Thanks for being here." She closed her eyes and laid her head on his chest.

"Mm."

...

2 hours later.

Victor was looking at his father, who looked thinner and had more skeletal-like features on his face. He looked like a man who was suffering from malnutrition. He looked at his

mother, who had a dissatisfied frown on her face and a dangerous glint in her eyes which she occasionally directed at Leon.

'Well... He faced and fought a 'succubus', and survived...' Victor wondered if he would look the same when Aphrodite got her hands on him. [Something the two were avoiding right now due to the situation of the world and due to lack of time.] After all, they knew that when it started, the fight would be long... Very long.

Victor didn't need to be a master of body language to know what happened. They went to do night activities, but his father likely couldn't handle his mother's impulses and left her unsatisfied.

Victor was going to make a sarcastic comment or say something, but... He decided not to touch that landline. After all, he had nothing to do with it.

Victor was a good boy, and a good boy didn't meddle in his parent's love life.

"Vic?" Mizuki muttered.

"Hmm? Oh... Anyway, let's continue the procedure." Victor looked seriously at his parents and continued...

.....

Chapter 612: A Heartbreaking Action.

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Victor was a good boy, and a good boy didn't meddle in his parent's love life.

'... Because I felt the urge to wear a silly mask and wake up eyes that would make me act emo?'

"Vic? Aren't you going to continue what you were doing?" Mizuki murmured in his ear.

"Hmm? Oh... Right. Anyway, let's continue the procedure." Victor looked seriously at his parents and continued:

"Maids assume your positions." Victor's shadow spread across the room, and soon all the Maids appeared around.

"Roxanne, I see you're back. Are the Faerie problems resolved?" Victor asked.

"Yes, Agnes will tell you everything that happened later. She is returning to the Snow Clan with Natasha and Scathach now." Roxanne didn't even waste time trying to explain. She was horrible at explaining things, although if it were an urgent case, she would go the extra mile, but as that wasn't the case, she left it to Victor's older Wives to deal with the subject.

'...Although I'm older than them...' Roxanne thought: 'The correct word is mature, I think? But I'm also mature; my body is thick.'

"Okay." Victor just nodded. He didn't ask why the older women didn't use Natalia; they could get here much faster.

"Why are the Maids here, Vic?" Anna asked, feeling a foreboding feeling at the Maids' red eyes.

"It's in case you freak out," Victor spoke like it was something normal.

"..." They broke out in cold sweats when they heard Victor's answer.

"Hmm, are they going to freak out? This never happened before." Eve spoke.

"You didn't go mad before because Master quickly took care of your wishes, but he can't do that now due to his... condition," Kaguya spoke.

Eve thought about it for a while and realized that Kaguya was correct.

"..." Roxanne itched her cheek a little and said, "I'm sorry, Darling."

"It's okay, I just have to train harder, and I won't complain about getting stronger," Victor spoke in a gentle tone.

Roxanne smiled widely at Victor. She laughed a little and looked at Anna and Leon with thoughts in mind.

'I'm really curious as to what will happen. As parents of a Progenitor, they must be special in some way, right?'

Victor turned his gaze to his parents, and he said:

"Since the two of you are going to be transformed today, we'll do it one at a time, so we don't get into trouble, okay?"

"Mm." The two just nodded their heads.

'If they become a bigger problem than the Maids can handle, I just use my charm to make them freeze.'

Victor knew he was overdoing it by having multiple security measures for this matter, but he was too paranoid. He wouldn't do a half-assed job when it came to his Family. The more fail-safes he had, the more comfortable he would feel.

Victor walked to the middle of the room, and with each step he took, the floor sunk beneath his feet.

Involuntarily, Leon and Anna gulped when they saw their son's imposing form, that serious look, that presence... It was all very suffocating.

'Now I understand why people fear my son so much...' Leon thought.

'Now I understand why girls act like a bitch in heat when they look at my son...' Anna thought. She didn't want to admit it because it would make her have strange thoughts, but she knew her son was the most handsome man she'd ever seen. Even random Vampires who were also pretty couldn't hold a candle to him.

Her son was simply on another level; he was built with a material utterly different from everyone else, a very rare and very desirable material...

Anna felt her throat run a little dry, and she twitched her legs a little; watching her son get closer to her, she thought:

'Yes, baby... Come to mommy.' And the moment she had those thoughts, she opened her eyes wide and cursed herself internally:

'Bad Anna! Don't think such nonsense! He's your damn son! Fuck, why does my son have to be so hot? Ugh, curse you, Aphrodite!'

"First, Leon Walker... Step before me." Victor's voice came out in a tone that didn't allow refusal; who was in front of them now was not Victor, their son.

It was Alucard, the Second Progenitor, the man thousands of Supernatural Beings feared.

Leon just nodded his head stiffly as he swallowed hard. He hadn't even noticed when he'd arrived in front of the man; his mind was completely blank.

Victor looked at his father with a neutral look on his face. He was thinking about how to go about this. He wouldn't bite his father's neck; he'd rather die than do that. For Vampires, that was a very intimate place.

'The classic way, then.' Victor thought.

"Mizuki, Kaguya, seal the room."

"Yes/Yes, Master."

Mizuki pulled five talismans from her pocket, which started glowing red, and she spoke the incantation:

"Oh~, my sweet Shisa, The Sea Dragon, protect the temple that shelters the innocent."

She threw the talismans onto the walls, which began to glow with a Japanese scripture that symbolized protection, and a red force field began to cover the walls of the isolated room completely.

[Hmm, impressive, you combined my rival's Arts and mine perfectly.]

[This is a rare case, Master. Shisa is considered both a Protective Deity and a Youkai.]

[Hmm...] Abe-No-Seimei nodded his head as he looked around curiously.

Kaguya raised her hand, causing shadows to seep from her feet and cover the entire room.

Seeing that the girls finished their preparations,

Victor lifted his right wrist. The nails on his left hand started to sharpen into claws, and he slashed his own wrist.

The moment the smell of blood permeated around, all the Vampires unconsciously shivered a little. The smell was simply divine as if food made by the best Chef had been prepared before them. They were completely numb to their senses, utterly intoxicated by the scent.

'The smell is so delicious~' For a moment, they all shared the same thought.

"Girls," Victor spoke in a heavy voice that carried unquestionable authority. His eyes flashed blood red:

"Focus."

All Vampires opened their eyes quickly and reigned over their instincts.

Satisfied that the Vampires were in control, Victor looked at his wrist and focused on bringing his Vampiric 'venom' into the blood in that area. He also realized that it wasn't a good idea for his father to bite his skin; after all, the result of that action would be like a baby trying to grind concrete.

Controlling his regeneration not to act, which was something quite exhausting due to his regeneration being much more potent than ever before, he spoke:

"Leon, it's your turn. Open your mouth."

Leon did as he was told. Victor lifted his wrist and let the blood drip into Leon's mouth.

The moment Leon swallowed the blood, he frowned a little at the strange taste he'd never experienced before, but he didn't have much time to think about it when he felt his body start to heat up [literally].

It was like he was being burned from the inside, but the burning sensation wasn't what was worst; it was the pain that followed as his whole existence was shattering.

Instinctively realizing that the amount of blood he had given was enough, Victor stopped holding back his regeneration, and soon his arm was completely healed.

Sensing his own blood in Leon's body, he began using that blood to target Leon's Soul. The bite was just a formality. As long as the blood the subject consumed had his Vampiric 'venom' in it, and he, as a Progenitor, focused his intent, he could turn any creature into a Noble Vampire easily.

The properties in the Progenitor's blood would change the subject's body and Soul to the same Race as the Progenitor.

Although, a 'bite' was much more practical. After all, the Vampire could 'focus' on that area and let the blood do the rest. But that didn't mean that Victor's method wasn't viable either.

"A-And now?" Leon asked with difficulty.

"Now, you die."

With a lot of pain in his heart for the act he was about to commit, Victor grabbed Leon's face and, with minimal effort, snapped his neck. That was the easy way out. He was going to die anyway, but dying slowly would've been much more painful.

Anna averted her eyes at this scene. She knew this would happen, but it was still painful to see her son 'killing' his father.

"... And now you will be Reborn."

Victor watched his father's 'dead' body with his special eyes. For a moment, he saw the thread on top of his father's head becoming thicker and more robust. The expansion was almost imperceptible, but he could see it easily due to his perception being much more advanced due to the Fulger Lineage.

A few seconds passed, and soon a dark power began to envelop Leon's body. Slowly his body began to change. He began to rejuvenate, losing useless body fat.

His hand shook a little, his lifeless eyes beginning to take on a primal red hue, and when he closed his fist,

A dark power began to grow thicker and more prominent.

Slowly, Leon started to get up off the ground, and when he was entirely on his feet, everyone noticed the changes in him.

Anna looked nostalgically at her husband. This was the same look he'd had when he was younger; he was back to looking in his 20s.

'How can he change so much?' Anna was confident that her changes would not be so significant; after all, she took very good care of her health.

'Well, my husband has always been slovenly.'

Father and son looked at each other, and both realized one thing... They were nothing alike.

But that wasn't the only thing Leon noticed. As he looked at his son now as a Vampire, he felt the instinctive urge to bow down; he knew the man in front of him was his 'father', a strange feeling seeing that he was in the opposite position a few minutes ago.

'... He's a monster...' Only now did he realize how correct he was.

His senses, his very existence warned him not to antagonize his 'father'. He could feel 'infinite' power coursing through his 'father's' veins. He could feel his 'father's' 'authority' with just one look.

... It was disconcerting.

"Master."

Victor's smile grew. Unlike women, who lusted after the 'male' Progenitor and typically would never harm them, when a Progenitor created a male Noble Vampire, the Progenitor had to show their superiority. They had to enforce the 'hierarchy'; weakness was not allowed.

Father or not, Family or not, Victor was the Progenitor; he was 'The Beginning'. No one was above him in the Race of Vampires he created.

Such an insult would not be tolerated; such insubordination would not be tolerated.

"Looks like it went well, Father."

"Mm... But, I feel weird, son." He placed a hand on his chest.

Despite compromising as father and son, both knew it was just a 'formality', a 'courtesy'. Victor was the one above; Victor was the one who held the rule.

"Ugh..." Leon's dark power started to get chaotic, reaching all around.

"He is losing control," Maria commented calmly as she prepared herself.

"Tsk." Eve stood before Anna to protect her if necessary.

"Leon-."

"Calm down, such a thing was expected," Eve spoke in a cold, neutral voice.

"..." Anna bit her lip and just nodded. She knew it, she was warned, but it was hard to hold back.

"...What is this wish...?" Leon felt his heart suffocate, it was like someone was squeezing his heart, it was suffocating.

'As expected, he was the most troublesome.' Mizuki thought.

"Calm down." Victor ordered using his Charm and his 'authority'.

But... It didn't work. Leon's eyes started to lose focus, he lost consciousness, and only his instincts remained.

And when that happened, Kaguya's darkness enveloped Leon's body. Roxanne also produced tree branches to support her.

Maria appeared behind Leon and wrapped him in threads of blood, covering him like a spider's cocoon.

"Roberta," Maria ordered as she held on even tighter. Leon was struggling a lot.

"AGHHHHH" A roar was heard.

"Roberta!"

"I know! Give me a second!" The woman snapped. When she opened her eyes, her eyes had changed to the eyes of a reptile. She appeared in front of Leon, looked into Leon's eyes, and ordered:

"Stop."

The order passed through the man's unconscious eyes and entered directly into his brain, controlling him. A certain man in a wheelchair would be proud of her. She had the power to mess with everyone's heads.

Slowly, Leon stopped struggling and closed his eyes.

"Leave him sealed until he's calmed down," Victor ordered.

"Yes, Master." They all said at the same time.

"... What happened, Victor?" Anna's face was serious, but her voice was shaky.

"He got lost in his desires; he's probably had a lot bottled up over the years," Victor answered calmly.

His father wasn't a very good example of 'honesty'. He cared more about the people around him than he did himself. He was a good man, but that kind of person always forgot his own desires. Such a reaction was expected when one such as him became a Race that prioritizes their own selfish desires.

"..." Anna was silent, but the concern was visible on her face.

"Don't worry; he'll be back to normal. He just needs to get used to his situation; he's just been completely reborn into a new being, after all."

"And with the rebirth of his Soul, there come opportunities. As he was a human before, his power will be awakened according to his inner desires."

'If he were a Vampire, he would've just taken one of my Bloodlines. But as proven with my Maids, when a human becomes a Noble Vampire, they awaken a power according to their inner desires.' Victor thought curiously. He was curious about the power Leon would have.

"Mm..." Anna just nodded as she looked at her husband's younger form, and soon she shifted her eyes to her son, who looked at her seriously.

The same look he'd given Leon a few moments ago.

"It's your turn, Anna Walker."

"Step before me."

Anna nodded her head, but unlike Leon, she was fearless. She completely trusted the man in front of her, after all, she had raised him since he was a baby.

Victor smiled inwardly at her attitude; he really liked her attitude.

Standing in front of him with a straight posture and brimming with pride, she spoke:

"Now what?"

Victor opened his mouth and spoke.

.....

"Now what?"

Victor opened his mouth and said:

"I bite you." He didn't hold back his instincts. He just walked over to her, held her, and bit her neck.

Such an impulsive action surprised Anna and even himself.

'How did I not hurt her?' He wondered. He'd wanted to do the same action he'd done with Leon, but... Instinctively, he followed this path.

[She is our mother, Victor. We would rather die than harm her. Even before gaining this body, you always unconsciously contained all your strength when interacting with her; you always treated her very delicately.] Alter replied.

Victor opened his eyes wide; he hadn't realized he was doing it subconsciously.

[Now, stop thinking about nonsense and focus on your work now. The most painful part for us will happen next.]

Victor nodded inwardly. The pain he was now feeling in his heart was more painful than the torture he had endured in Scathach's training.

But he needed to do this... So, strengthening his resolve, he hid that feeling in his heart and carefully walked away from Anna.

"My Body... Hurts..." Anna flinched. Like Leon, she felt her whole body burn from the inside.

"Master, if you want, we can do this..." Maria asked carefully. She knew that her Master's following action would be even more painful for him; after all, he was very close to his mother.

"No, this is my job," Victor replied while grabbing his mother's neck. His following action required his body to put in more strength, but... His body didn't obey. It seemed that his own nature repudiated the very act he was going to commit now.

"Son... It hurts..." Anna's voice seemed to pierce Victor's heart even more.

Victor bit his lip hard and narrowed his eyes, and a red glow appeared. He then forced himself to put more force than usual, and soon, a sickening crunch echoed around the room, and Anna fell lifelessly to the ground.

"..." Victor felt at that moment a part of his heart had been torn to shreds. He collapsed to his knees as he stared at Anna's still corpse. He was bleeding inside; the proof of that were the bloody tears streaming down his face.

"Fuck."

"Master..." The Maids watched Victor's expression of horror with great concern.

"Victor... This is a necessary process." Mizuki spoke with a gentle voice.

"I know... But it's still difficult." He knew she was coming back; it was temporary, but... In that moment, when he broke his mother's neck, he knew he'd killed the woman he loved most in his life.

The woman he most respected.

And that hurt...

Even now, he could feel the life 'leaving' the woman's body, a life he himself had taken.

A few seconds passed, and everyone heard the sound of a heart beating again. Anna's hand trembled, and her lifeless gaze took on a crimson glow.

Red power began to cover her body, and changes began to occur.

She began to rejuvenate. Her hair became longer, taking on a darker tone. Then, when she rose to get up, a small crater in the shape of a spider's web burst out beneath her; she'd put more strength than necessary, proof that she could not control her new strength.

When she was entirely on her feet, the girls opened their eyes in shock as they saw Anna's appearance.

She was stunning. She was beautiful, but that wasn't what shocked them. It was that she looked so much like Victor.

The details were small, but they were still there. The way she looked, her lips, her expression.

They weren't 'like' each other; you wouldn't look at Anna and say she was the female form of Victor; they weren't all that 'alike'.

The feeling everyone had when they saw Anna was:

'Oh, Victor is a lot like her... They are definitely mother and son. It seems that Victor inherited more things from his mother than his father.' That was the feeling that everyone had.

"Victor... This is amazing..." She looked at her body, clenched her fists, and felt the newly gained strength; the sensation was intoxicating.

"I feel powerful..."

"Yeah... I know."

Hearing Victor's neutral voice, Anna narrowed her eyes. She felt an enormous amount of pain hidden in those words. She looked down and opened her eyes in shock.

When Anna looked at Victor, she felt her heart break a little when she saw the bloody tears falling from his face.

Only when she saw her son like this did she realize all of this was harder for Victor than it was for her and Leon. After all, he'd had to 'kill' his parents. Even if they didn't remain dead, the feeling of taking away their lives was still present in Victor's memories.

"...Oh, Victor..." She rushed forward, far faster than she'd meant to, and hugged him gently as she held his face to her breasts, "I'm sorry for making you feel this way."

Victor didn't say anything. He just closed his eyes and surrendered to the woman's maternal embrace. He was exhausted. His physical body was fine, but his mind wasn't, and his heart wasn't either.

The girls were silent for a few minutes waiting for Anna to lose control like Leon, but as expected, nothing happened to the woman.

Everyone foresaw that. She was very honest with her desires, and because of that, she had no problems becoming a Vampire.

Kaguya, Mizuki, and Roxanne looked at each other and nodded.

Soon the surrounding wards begin to crumble.

"Maria, take Leon to his personal room. Tell the Snow Clan Maids to keep an eye on him and report anything necessary."

"Yes, Kaguya." Maria approached Leon and hoisted him like a sack of potatoes.

"I'll call Violet, Ruby, and Sasha," Mizuki spoke as she accompanied Maria.

Kaguya just nodded. She knew those three women were likely necessary to aid her Master's current condition.

"Roxa-..." When Kaguya was going to call to Roxanne.

A portal appeared in the room, and Aphrodite and Natalia stepped out.

"What happened to my Husband?" She snarled angrily. She was in combat mode. Her eyes were glowing a dangerous pink, but when they fell on a much younger Anna than she remembered hugging Victor's head, she understood everything.

"...Oh, so it happened, huh..." She asked as she slowly lowered her hostility:

"Now I understand why I felt his heart shatter a few seconds ago..."

This information just made Anna's body tremble, and she hugged her son even tighter.

Natalia just looked at Victor with worried eyes; after all, she knew how overprotective Victor was with his parents. The two occupy a big part of Victor's heart.

'Killing his parents... He'd feel like he was killing a part of himself... Even temporarily.' Natalia thought wistfully.

"Don't worry... He just needs to rest... A lot has happened in a short time, and he hasn't slept yet." Roxanne spoke.

Aphrodite sighed. All worry in her began to deflate slowly. Previously, when she sensed her Husband's emotional state and his heart shatter, she'd quickly stopped what she was doing in the Greek Pantheon, went to the Human World, and called for Natalia.

She thought someone had betrayed her Husband or someone had died; after all, it took things of that caliber to break her Husband.

Aphrodite glanced at the red-haired woman and raised an eyebrow as she felt the same connection she did with Victor.

'Due to the Blessing of Love... He must be feeling a lot worse right now.' Aphrodite shuddered at the thought of it. Her Blessings turned out to be a curse now; after all, all his feelings of 'Love' were amplified, and he'd just had to kill this 'Love'. Even temporarily, it must have hurt a lot.

"Hmm? Who are you? You have the same connection as I do with my Husband."

"... Oh, we never met, huh," Roxanne spoke matter-of-factly as she looked at Aphrodite:

"My name is Roxanne Alucard, a World Tree."

"... Huh?"

"Oh, and I'm connected spiritually to Victor just like you are, but my connection runs a tad deeper. It's no exaggeration to say I'm also connected physically to him." She smiled gently, and her smile grew even wider when Aphrodite's gaze widened in shock.

"This-... This-..."

"Yes, just as you thought, I am nurturing my Husband's Soul, not a planet as it normally should be."

"...." Aphrodite just froze with the same shocked expression on her face.

As an Ancient Goddess, she knew what a World Tree was. She knew more than anyone in the room how important a World Tree was.

And as an Ancient Goddess, she also knew what it meant for a World Tree to reside in a 'Soul' of a being and nourish it...

Slowly, she looked at Victor. Seeing the man in the arms of a woman so much like him, she couldn't help but say:

"Holy fuck... I hit the lottery, holy shit." She was so shocked that she completely forgot about her 'nobility'.

'A handsome, strong, courageous man, with a good heart, and who is also married to a World Tree... Damn, I hit the lottery a lot; I must have used all my luck getting in touch with Victor!' She was in internal chaos at the moment.

"Hahahaha, I knew she would make that expression." Roxanne laughed out loud.

"Roxanne, don't play with people." Eve scolded the woman lightly.

"Ahh, come on, Eve. It's a huge feat to shock an Ancient Goddess, you know? That doesn't happen a lot! She is as old as Earth itself!"

Veins bulged in Aphrodite's head: "Hey! I'm not that old!"

"... If you put it that way," Eve muttered.

"Well, we were the same when we discovered that Roxanne literally resides in our Master's Soul... how enviable is that position!" Roberta groaned.

"Indeed... I would do anything to live in his Soul permanently like Roxanne." Bruna grumbled.

"Girls, you are too greedy..." Kaguya just mumbled.

"Tsk, speak for yourself, Miss' Maid-Wife'." Roberta snorted.

"..." Kaguya just blushed deeply.

"Roxanne." Aphrodite approached the redhead.

"Hmm?"

"Is that already growing in him?" Aphrodite asked carefully in a low voice.

Roxanne opened her eyes wide, and then she smiled:

"Of course you would know; you are an Ancient Goddess, after all."

"And to answer your question, yes. It's already growing in him, but it's still like a drop in the middle of an ocean."

Aphrodite just nodded and sighed: "... Haah, my Husband really doesn't know how many Gods will envy his position. The last being who had a similar situation to him created the damn Norse Pantheon."

"Fufufu, I assume you'll keep this quiet, right?"

"Of course, I will not put my Husband at unnecessary risk. His existence will only cause another war."

Roxanne narrowed her eyes, "... Is it that bad?"

"Bad is an understatement. The situation is the worst possible. I suggest you never show yourself in front of a God. The information of your existence cannot leak out in any possible way."

"Hmm, that's not a problem; I will only remain in my Master's Soul."

"That's good... Now, I have to reformulate my plans and talk to Ruby later; ugh."

"Why didn't anyone tell me this before?"

"You weren't trusted until recently." Roxanne was honest.

"Fair enough."

""Darling!""

Three women came speeding into the room and glanced quickly at Victor.

Wasting no time, they approached Victor.

"I knew this would happen! This stubborn guy, he said he could handle it!" Sasha grumbled with concern on her face.

"... There's no use talking about it; you know how he is. He wouldn't give up that easily." Ruby spoke in a neutral tone.

"B-But, he should've asked-."

"Victor wouldn't let himself do that. He'd rather kill his mother and father with his own hands than let someone else do it." Violet spoke with the same concern on her face.

"... Was there no other way to do this?" Anna asked.

"You were going to die either way. The only difference was a quick death or a slow and painful one."

"..." Anna fell silent as she remembered the burning sensation in her body.

"Haaa, what do we do now?" Anna asked.

"... Don't treat me like I'm something fragile. I'm fine... I just need time to deal with this. Seeing you all well and healthy will help, too," Victor replied neutrally with his eyes still closed.

"..." The girls looked at each other and nodded.

"Then we'll take care of you~."

Victor opened his left eye and saw Violet's seductive smile.

"Unfortunately, Honey, I can't do that, or I will hurt you."

"It's okay; you can lay still like a statue."

"... My seeds are also dangerous now."

"....." The girls looked at him as if he'd grown a second head.

"The energy flowing through my body right now is overloading me, meaning I'm working at 100% capacity all the time until I get it under control... So, no sex."

Violet, Sasha, and Ruby's faces darkened as if they'd just heard the most horrible thing possible.

"NOOOOOOO!!" Violet screamed.

"Darling, go train now! You must control it by the end of this week!" Sasha screamed.

"..." Ruby didn't say anything, but her intense gaze completely agreed with Sasha's outburst.

"Girls, he needs to rest..." Anna murmured.

The three looked at Anna with a twinkle in their eyes: "No, he's going to train." The three spoke at the same time.

Anna sweated a little. 'Is he so good for them to act like that...?' A forbidden feeling began to build in her body, and her new Racial attributes further fueled it.

She looked down and stared at her son. She sniffed a little; he smelled so good; he was so beautiful...

"Mother?"

Anna opened her eyes wide and shook her head to get those thoughts out of her head: 'Bad Anna! Do not do this! Control yourself! Don't let your Vampire cravings take over!'

Victor looked at Anna with a cold sweat breaking out on his face. He wasn't blind enough not to know what she was thinking.

"I will rest a bit; then I will go back to training," Victor spoke as he got up from the floor.

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Arcane.

"Mother... Are you really going to do this? To be a man's teacher, not to mention the fact that he is a vampire?"

"Yes, he convinced me... And he has the prerequisite, which is being able to use Mana."

Emilly snorted, "Admitting defeat isn't bad, you know? You always tell me that failure is just a way of learning."

"..." Evie looked a bit shocked at her daughter until her expression slowly changed into a small smile:

"... You're right..."

But soon, her expression changed to an irritated one, "But that attitude does not apply here and now. I refuse to accept this result." She grunted.

An attitude not very worthy of a queen, a side that only Emily knew. Her mother, the queen of witches, the leader of the nation that holds the economic power to influence various factions, was so petty that she couldn't bear to lose to someone.

Emily rolled her eyes, "Why don't you just say you were taken aback by that man's good looks?"

"..." Evie's lips twitched a little, wasn't her daughter getting a little cocky lately?

'Shall I fetch the sandal?'

Emily felt a shiver run down her back and looked at her mother warily.

"What?"

"Aren't you getting really cocky lately? Why are you responding to your mother this way?"

"Humpf, you talked about being careful with that man, and you got caught in his trap!"

"Ugh... Okay, I admit I underestimated him, but I didn't expect him to be so cunning and use his... attractiveness." She swallowed a little when she remembered what the man looked like.

"..." Emily's eyes just narrowed.

"Cough." Evie pretended to cough to hide her embarrassment and continued, "I didn't expect him to know how to use his charms so well."

Emily just rolled her eyes at her mother's excuse. How could a woman who had predicted thousands of business opportunities and encountered all kinds of supernatural beings not foresee the action of a simple vampire?

She just didn't want to admit that she let her feminine side be exploited by the man, and she was at his mercy.

"Anyway, what should we do now that we've got these artifacts and lessened the suspicion of the other factions?"

"..." Evie's face became neutral, and a solemnity appeared on her face.

"Do you still need to ask, my daughter?"

"We will take the first step in the dream that all witches have had since the beginning..."
Evie's eyes turned colder and more serious.

It was for this moment that she did all this; it was for this moment that she deceived and murdered, and manipulated. It was all for this moment, a dream all witches had from the beginning.

"We will leap into a new world... A world free of vampires, werewolves, gods, and any kind of supernatural creature that might threaten us, a world that will ensure our race's prosperity."

"No more chasing, no more hiding in the shadows." Evie's body trembled a little, a show of weakness only Emily was allowed to see:

"No more abuse... No more female witches being used as breeding machines, no more petty gods trying to use us as playthings, no more arrogant vampires who can do whatever they want to our race." Evie's eyes began to shine with power, as she tightened her grip on her Staff, and determination gleamed in the Queen's eyes.

"Like vampires and werewolves, we'll have a whole planet to ourselves."

"..." Emily closed her eyes and nodded. Maybe she was the only girl in all of Arcane who knew all of Evie's plans.

Which was normal since Emily was Evie's heir; she was Evie's blood. If Evie, for some reason, becomes unavailable, it is Emily that will ensure that the witches' dream comes true.

"Do you think we have enough energy?"

"Mana isn't enough to find a habitable planet for us... But the divine energy of an entire pantheon? That is more than enough."

"... So if we had just captured the Alioth Clan in the past..."

"A power a mortal should not be able to wield... A power that borders on the realm of godhood, the Alioth Clan should have been allies of the witches."

"Unfortunately... My mother doesn't have social skills, and at that time, she just wanted to study that Clan's eyes."

"I guess everything happens for a reason then..." Emily murmured.

"Indeed."

"Should we inform my 'sisters' about the plan?"

"... Two of my daughters are aware of this, and one of my daughters' space magic is important, so they will have to participate in the plan."

"Selena and Alice, huh... Hmm, they're both completely loyal to you, but the others are just acting in their own best interest."

"Such is the nature of witches, and some of your sisters met terrible fates before I met them."

"Yeah, but that's no reason to act like a bi-..."Emily flinched when he saw her mother's eyes glittering dangerously, a look that said; 'dare to say the next words.'

"There is no reason to act this way towards our fellow witches."

"... You've been gone for a few days, and you're acting rebellious... You better watch your ass because before you know it, my hand will be there spanking you if you're a bad girl."

Emily shuddered when she saw her mother's stern look; she really was going to spank her ass again.

"And to add, not all witches had the privilege of growing up sheltered like you."

"You know the condition to awaken Mana, right?"

"A major trauma... In other words, a very bad situation." Emily cringed a bit. It's not like she was oblivious to this; she really was lucky to grow up in such a sheltered environment and to have someone like her mother to teach her everything she knew.

Things before the Arcane Realm was founded were horrible for witches.

"Correct. Most of the witches present here were broken women before, and only with the passage of time and her research did they manage to get out of that depression."

"And... Some of your sisters have suffered a worse fate than most witches."

"... Because of that, they are so distorted."

"Magic is a blessing..."Evie looked solemnly at her palace window, "But also a curse for some witches, due to such strong magic, their lifespans were prolonged, and their minds were boosted, and they never had time to recover."

"..." Emily just kept silent. She didn't know what to say about this particular matter. She just couldn't relate; after all, she had never experienced anything like some of her sisters did. [And she really didn't want to experience that]

Because of this, she is just silent, and not out of opinion, because it was a pain that she did not understand. After all, she grew up very sheltered.

"And it may not seem like it, but all my daughters are loyal to me. After all, I always choose after rigorous scrutiny."

"...Even Hecate?" Emily asked.

" Hecate is no exception, she can be very loyal to the current vampire she serves, but her loyalty is always with me, which is why I didn't strip her of her title."

"...Amazing. If it were me, I wouldn't be able to trust Hecate. She's been away for so long, after all.

"My Daughter, us witches, we're connected by something far greater than simple 'loyalty'."

Evie's eyes began to darken and become completely lifeless, the eyes of someone who had fallen into the deepest abyss and had no escape, the eyes of someone broken.

"Pain and despair."

Emily shuddered a little as she bit her lip, ran towards her mother, and hugged her as hard as she could, "Mother... You're doing it again..."

Evie's eyes began to sparkle as she felt her daughter's warmth, and she managed a gentle smile.

"The world has not been kind to witches, my daughter... therefore, we have not been kind to the world."

Evie got up and made a hand gesture, causing a screen to appear in front of her, showing a battlefield where angels and demons were fighting.

"A war without feeling..." Emily murmured.

"Indeed, but it's better for us. We can take advantage of it and retrieve our sisters who are hiding on Earth... This world can burn, and I won't care as long as I and my race are away from this conflict."

"Although... I have a bad feeling."

"What is it, Mother?"

"... It's just a bad feeling... Every time I look at Diablo, this feeling increases, and it increased, even more the last time I saw that devil's happy face."

"A happy demon is not a good thing." Emily narrowed her eyes.

"Indeed... You are correct... A happy demon is never good news."

"You always told me not to ignore your instincts, mother."

"I know... And I won't; that's why I'm rushing the plan."

"Aren't you going to rescue our sisters on Earth?"

"Most of the witches that are out of Arcane right now are clandestine witches that came out of Arcane, only the minority are 'new' witches, and most of those new witches haven't awakened their powers... And those that have awakened, the demons killed them."

"... A complicated situation."

"Indeed. Because of that, I will rush the plan. The sooner we go to the new world, the sooner we can build our kingdom and make a portal to go back and rescue the other witches."

"Security measures will be necessary. We cannot let the gods of space and time track our planet as they did with Samar and Nightingale," Emily spoke.

"... The security measure, my daughter... It is Arcane itself."

Emily opened her eyes wide when she realized the implications of what her mother said, "You really are a genius, mother..."

"Humpf, you need a lot to get one over on me, my child."

"... Does this mean I'll get a new father?"

"Ughmm!?" Evie gasped when she heard her daughter's words, and for a moment, the memory of a handsome vampire popped into her head, "Those words don't make sense with what I said earlier!"

"You thought of a certain ridiculously handsome vampire, right?"

"....."

Emily flinched at the gleam in her mother's eyes, "Don't look at me like that! I'm helping you, Mother!"

"Huh?"

"You know, the sooner you admit he's cute, the sooner you won't think about him. You know how charm works."

"...To think that my daughter would teach me something so basic... You're right, Daughter."

'Safe...' Emily sighed in relief as she managed to divert her mother's attention.

"When is Alucard coming to train with us?" She asked with genuine curiosity.

"After the war, probably, I don't want to risk the presence of a foreigner until my plan is realized."

Emily nodded; she expected those words.

"Now, follow me. We have work to do."

"Mm!" Emily nodded as she looked at the screen that tracked her mother.

'A war of attrition, neither army is using their strongest players.' She thought but soon pushed those thoughts aside as the screen faded.

...

"Diablo... I must say, that was quite a cunning trick... Using my ex-wife against me... Although it would be a lie if I said I didn't see it coming."

"Lucifer, even though you fell from Heaven and became a heartless demon, you always had a special affection for Lilith... Even though you knew it was a trap, you would come. This is the weakness of those beings who still have a 'heart'."

"..." Lilith remained silent with a blank expression as tears fell helplessly from her cheeks, revealing her emotions. Her whole body looked battered, her armor was worn out, and blood was pouring from her body. She looked like she had just come out of a desperate battle.

The sword in her hand glistened with blood.

... Blood from the same man who was kneeling in front of her now.

'Lucifer!' She roared internally, but her body did not move.

"Well, you are not wrong." The man laughed, "Although I didn't expect this toy..." He looked at the Spear that pierced his chest.

"I always wondered where it was, I tried to find it to put in my collection, but the Spear was gone."

"A weapon used by a mediocre human, a weapon made special only by taking the life of the son who was most loved by my father... Jesus."

"The only weapon capable of killing Heavenly Father's creations."

"The Spear of Longinus..."

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Chapter 615: An Unexpected Variable.

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"A weapon used by a mediocre human, a weapon made special only by taking the life of the son who was most loved by my Father... Jesus."

"The only weapon capable of killing Heavenly Father's creations."

"The Spear of Longinus..."

"The First of The Fallen, Lucifer. This is the perfect weapon to be used on you." Diablo started walking towards Lucifer. With each step he took, the earth around him shuddered at his presence.

"No matter how much you whine, no matter how much you deny it, you were created by him."

"As was Lilith."

"...but..." Pausing in front of Lucifer, Diablo grabbed the Spear's shaft as he looked into the man's face.

As proclaimed long ago, Lucifer was handsome, the most handsome in Heaven. He had blackish-blond hair, sapphire blue eyes, and white skin. He was the spitting image of Heaven's Angels. Even after he had Fallen and become a Fallen Angel and later a Demon, that image had not changed.

"I am different."

"He did not create me; I am an amalgamation of all the Sins committed by his creations. I was born of Sin. I am a Primordial Demon."

"Heh... All this villain talk, and for what? Just do what you came to do."

"..." Diablo narrowed his eyes and stopped what he was going to do.

"No." He stopped holding the Spear and walked away.

"..." Lucifer just looked at the Devil silently.

"Arrogance and recklessness are the secrets of failure."

"I know you very well, Lucifer."

"....."

"You don't plan a riot in Heaven and nearly kill Heavenly Father if you're stupid; I refuse to believe you are such an existence."

"Not to mention... There's the question of you being missing for a long time and no one hearing from you. I refuse to believe you've been loitering for so long."

A moment of silence fell around. The Primordial Demon and The First of The Fallen stared at each other; both gazes were calculating.

This stalemate ended when Lucifer made a move.

"...Haah." Lucifer visibly sighed, and his entire pained face turned into an amused expression. He touched the Spear and pulled it from his chest:

"This is why I valued you, Diablo. You are too smart for your own good."

"I was so close to eliminating you; I just wish you had pulled the Spear."

Lucifer smiled a condescending smile, a smile that Diablo and every Demon who once interacted with Lucifer knew well.

"The only beings capable of surviving this Spear are beings that Heavenly Father didn't create."

Diablo narrowed his eyes, "What did you do?"

"You already have your answer, Diablo... I've become something my Father didn't create."

"I became different... I was completely reborn... I became something better..." The white sclera of his eyes Lucifer darkened, and his eyes gleamed a golden hue.

"... Elder Gods."

"Tsk, you know that too."

"I see... It makes sense now. I've always wondered where you were; I've searched every Faction in existence, I've searched every Pantheon, and I could never find you. Someone like you can't go too long without causing chaos; I found your lack of presence disturbing..."

"But if you were with those Beings that even Vlad doesn't know very well, everything would make sense..."

"Yeah, Yeah, congrats, you have a brain the size of my dick. I really hate that about you... Always so annoying, always so astute..." Lucifer's body shook several times in fury, his expression distorted, but as if someone had clicked a button, his face returned to the smiling one from a few seconds ago.

"That's why I like you; it's always interesting when you're around."

Diablo remained silent. His brain was much more focused on thinking about the current situation than entertaining the bipolarity of Lucifer.

"Haah... This was a waste of time." Diablo sighed and just turned his back:

"Come on, Lilith."

Lilith's body began to move like a doll. She lacked subtlety, looking like a rigid robot.

"...Are you just going to ignore me?" Lucifer narrowed his eyes.

"Now that you have lost your status as The First of The Fallen, I need another ingredient. Your heart is no longer useful; you are useless to me. Therefore, fighting you is unnecessary."

"...And I just complimented you on your intelligence... Are you stupid? Or has arrogance gone to your head?" Lucifer was feeling quite amused now, the Demon just tried to kill him with a death trap using his ex-Wife, but when he found out that he was useless, he just disregarded everything and ignored him.

'For this Devil, it was like-...' Lucifer's expression grew even worse.

'It was like it was just business for him to deal with me, a bothersome matter not worth his attention... This piece of shit!'

Lucifer clenched his fist and felt the shaft of the Spear... Wait, Spear?

He quickly looked down at his hand and saw that the Spear was nowhere to be seen.

He looked at Diablo and saw the Spear in the Primordial Demon's hand.

Veins bulged on Lucifer's head, and he appeared in front of Diablo with a dark flash, kicking toward the Devil's head: "Don't ignore me!"

Diablo just raised his hand and held off the attack from Lucifer as if it were nothing.

Lucifer opened his eyes wide.

"Why are you so surprised?"

"...."

"You said it yourself. You were reborn into a completely different species." Diablo held the leg of Lucifer and, with his grip, shattered the bones of the appendage and threw him forward.

Lucifer flew towards the wall, and a cobweb-shaped crater formed from the impact

"I don't know how long ago you changed your Race and were reborn, although I have an idea what it might be..."

"If you think of Elder Gods, you can think of only one ability that would catch the eye of even someone like you... the Immortality of the Soul."

Lucifer's blood-covered face froze for a few seconds.

'Does he know about this too? Just how much does he know about the Elder Gods?'

"You've always been greedy. You've always wanted to become a Being close to your Father in level of existence. With an Immortal Soul, you can much more easily cultivate an Energy that Mortals must be very wary of touching. You can cultivate Energy that only the most talented of Beings can achieve."

"You can cultivate The Spark of Divinity and the Concept that embodies it."

"...."

"But... even if you have awakened that Divinity... It's useless in front of me."

Lilith, next to Diablo, raised her hand in the air, and a sword appeared, a sword that Lucifer knew very well.

"After all, my subordinate has a sword capable of killing a God."

"..." A hush fell around the room.

"Haah..." Diablo sighed again for the time wasted plotting against this man: "This is useless. You lost thousands of years of instinct created by the body. You lost the habits you created with your original body."

"I see you have trained and perfected your new body, but Lucifer... To fight me, training alone is not enough."

In the meantime that Diablo spoke, the body of Lucifer completely healed, and he fell to the ground.

"If you had your original body, I would have taken you seriously... But now? You're just pathetic. You've become weak. You're not worth my time."

Lucifer's face distorted even more.

"...But even though I feel that way, I really thank you for deciding to change Races."

"After all, I feared that when you returned, the Demons under my command would choose to serve you." Speaking about his fears was not shameful for Diablo. He recognized the threat of Lucifer, the man who was once an Angel was a Being to be feared.

Diablo's devilish smile grew: "... But now? Even if you decide to go back, they won't respect you. They won't fear you. After all, only a Demon can rule over others Demons."

"I came here with the aim of killing you and taking your heart, but even though I didn't accomplish that feat, I managed to get rid of one of the biggest concerns I had."

"... As the Heavenly Father once said, you are indeed foolish, Lucifer."

That was the final straw for Lucifer; his power exploded into the sky but suddenly stopped.

"Waiting for the enemy to get stronger is foolish, and I don't have time to entertain your anger."

"... Huh?" Lucifer's vision blurred, and soon he found himself falling to the ground. For a few seconds, he saw the face of a Demon, a Demon he knew very well. 'Agares...'

"Devil King." Agares knelt before Diablo.

"Let's go."

"What do we do with the body of Lucifer?"

"... He's not dead."

"Huh...?" Agares looked at the lifeless body of Lucifer.

"Lucifer is truly Immortal now. There are no ways to kill him. He will always come back to life. The only way to kill him is if that Being wished it." Diablo rolled his eyes in irony.

'The Being who craved freedom the most ended up being chained due to his own greed and arrogance.'

"...that Being?"

"The Leader of the Elder Gods."

"..." Agares just looked solemnly at the man he once called King.

'How low have you fallen, Lucifer.'

"Should we seal him?"

"That won't happen either. The Elder Gods won't allow one of their own to be sealed away."

'And if I do that, I bet I'll have one of those Beings at my doorstep in less than a few days. Even though we're allies through Niklaus, those Beings are unknown for now. I must end this war before I think in approaching those Beings.'

Agares was speechless: "... Just what was the purpose of him coming here?"

"Who knows? To act as a clown, maybe? After all, that's what he is now."

"... Well, at least the love he feels for Lilith is real. After all, he came to rescue her."

"Lucifer is self-centered, arrogant, lustful, and thinks everything around him belongs to him."

"Love? Such a word is very kind to The First of The Fallen Ones. He doesn't feel it. He just feels a sense of possession."

"....."

"I bet he came here just to 'show some of his strength'. He wanted to act high and mighty. He wanted to show off his 'new self'."

"... Your Majesty understands it well."

"I have spent millennia observing and studying Lucifer."

"I probably know him better than himself now."

"As expected of Your Majesty." Agares bowed in pure respect.

Suddenly Diablo and Agares stopped walking and looked straight ahead.

As if someone had cut space itself, a dark hole appeared, and from that tear in reality, a being emerged from its deep darkness.

He was completely pale white. He had no eyes and no nose; he just had small 'holes' where his nose should be and a mouth that contained sharp teeth.

'A messenger of the Elder Gods.'

"Did you like the present, King Diablos?" A distorted voice was heard as if two or more people were speaking.

'As expected, he was allowed to come here deliberately to give me a message.' Of course, Diablo had already suspected this the moment he found out that Lucifer was an Elder God. After all, those Beings did not leave their territory of their own accord. They were an isolationist group.

"He cannot be considered a gift. He is just a clown."

The smile of the Being in front of him grew wider:

"As expected, it looks like you understood everything."

Not wanting to prolong this conversation, he spoke: "Where can I find a heart equal to those of The First of The Fallen Ones? You wouldn't appear before me if you didn't have that information."

"The quality of the heart of The First of The Fallen Ones can only be rivaled by The First Three Created Angels."

"Michael or Gabriel..."

'Haah, this just got even more complicated. How can I make the fairest and most loyal Angels fall naturally? They cannot fall artificially, or the heart will not have the same quality...'

"Your little project intrigues our Leader... He wishes you great success on your journey, and this is a gift of goodwill from him." The Being put his hand into the 'darkness' behind him and took out a vial containing a dark liquid.

"Have one of the brothers drink this liquid, this liquid will 'boost' the Being's dark thoughts, and they will fall naturally."

"Angel or not, to be light or not, we all have our darkness."

"Although Angels have a lesser amount of darkness, that darkness still exists; after all, balance is necessary."

Diablo narrowed his eyes. He wasn't a fool to blindly trust something given to him.

"Hahahaha." The Being's distorted laughter was heard all around: "I understand your concerns, but understand that we really don't hold any grudges against you. On the contrary, our Leader just wants to support your rise to global power."

"What do you want?"

"Glad you understand quickly. Our wish is simple."

"Keep your group away from our home. Forget our lands exist." The Being's voice changed as if only one person was speaking, and even though it was through a messenger, Diablo could sense that Being's 'power'.

"When you rise to power and become a Ruler, I hope that promise will be fulfilled... But if it isn't...Well, I wonder how you would fare when fighting an Immortal Army... An army that even with the 'new' state of your body at that time, it won't make any difference." The messenger's smile grew.

Diablo's face darkened. 'Just how much does he know? And how does he know that? I never spoke out loud my real goals.'

"Now, what is your decision, King Diablo?"

"..." The area was silent for several minutes easily. It was clear to the messenger that the Devil was thinking.

"I accept."

"Good... Now, take it." The messenger threw the vial toward Diablo, but instead of the Demon King who caught it,

Lilith was the one who took it.

"So careful..." The messenger muttered. It was apparent that the Demon King had ordered Lilith to catch it.

"I don't despise that attitude. You truly deserve your Title of King." The messenger looked toward Lucifer and suddenly appeared in front of the man and picked him up like a sack of potatoes.

The messenger disappeared again and reappeared in front of the hole he came out of: "A little advice."

"Pay more attention to the 'host'." Soon the messenger turned around and entered the hole.

Diablo narrowed his eyes at this. He let the creature's words sink in and thought about it:

'Who is he talking about?'

"My King...?"

"Ignore what you saw. Come on; we have work to do. I need to talk to Asmodeus."

"As you wish, My King."

.....

There are many ways to wake up in life. Victor, since he'd married three beautiful Vampire Wives, usually woke up to some kind of sexual contact.

Yes, he had an active life.

But that wasn't the only way Victor woke up. Sometimes, when Victor advanced in his strength, he usually woke up in a particular way.

The way of 'Scathach'.

BOOOOOOOOOOM!

A body flew through the trees, destroying several in the process.

"... Well, this is a good way to wake up." Victor muttered as he found himself lying in a crater with no damage to his body.

Scathach appeared in front of Victor with a big smile on her face.

"I wonder how you managed to get past my senses, Master." Even while sleeping, he kept his senses open for possible attack, this was something Scathach had always taught him.

"Ahh~, my foolish disciple, there are thousands of ways to trick one's senses."

Victor looked neutrally at the woman: "... I call that bullshit."

"Hahaha, you really underestimate how big the world is, my foolish disciple. I also trained to be an assassin, I can be as stealthy as I want. The only one who can match me in the Art of Assassination is Oda Blank, the First Leader of Clan Blank."

"..."

Being able to match someone practically born to be a killer was bullshit!

And to make matters worse, this wasn't even her main trade. Scathach really deserve the title of best 'teacher'. Just how many Arts of War is she experienced in?

'Well, why am I surprised? She's had 2000 years to improve.' Victor asked as he slowly started to get up.

Scathach watched with interest as Victor rose and destroyed the surrounding terrain through his lack of control.

"Okay, foolish disciple. You will fight me just using physical strength." Scathach cracked her neck a little.

"I will beat you so hard that you will learn to walk again." She spoke with the same big smile on her face as she cracked the bones in her hand with a monstrous grip.

"Well, that was pretty sexy." Victor smiled.

"... But."

Scathach's eyes widened when Victor disappeared from in front of her, and appeared beside her.

"Don't underestimate me... Just because I can't control myself."

Scathach instinctively placed both arms in front of her to defend herself.

BOOOOOOOM!

A monstrous punch landed on her crossed guard.

As the older woman flew, she was delighted when she saw the result of Victor's punch, her arms had been broken.

'Interesting~' The woman's blood red eyes flashed.

It wasn't the first time Victor had dealt damage to her, it had happened many times in the past, but she had never taken this much damage from the man as she did in this exchange.

Usually, she just suffered minor cuts, or minor bruises, but two broken arms? All while he was in his base form?

Scathach's smile grew even wider, her smile became more bloodthirsty, she felt a numbing sensation inside her.

... She was excited.

Regaining her center of gravity, Scathach dropped to the ground while looking straight ahead, specifically at Victor who had just arrived.

"Well, Well~, it looks like our training fights from today onwards will be more interesting, my foolish disciple~" Scathach's tone was predatory and seductive. She was looking at the man in front of her as if he were a very succulent piece of meat, a slab of meat she would feast on in every way possible.

Scathach was delighted when she saw Victor's euphoric gaze on her. She felt her insides twist even more as his smile grew, and he spoke:

"Not just our training matches, Master. Remember that you and Aphrodite are the only ones who can handle my full strength right now... Which means our nights will be even more... destructive."

Scathach's face changed to one of shock, and soon changed to realization as she realized what he meant. The image of Victor using that strength while they were 'training' in bed flashed through her mind.

And just with that thought, she realized that the trainings in bed will be even more violent, just the way she liked... Her arousal grew even more, and she started leaking liquids from her private part.

'Fuck, he's going to destroy my cave... He really knows how to cheer me up! As expected, he is the best!'

"That's it... You've achieved your destiny now. You won't get rid of me until I'm completely satisfied" Scathach's long red hair slowly started to float, and the air around her started to get heavier, and suffocating.

Victor had awakened something terrible.

Victor's smile grew when he saw Scathach's condition:

"My beloved master, you took the words right out of my mouth... You won't be getting rid of me any time soon."

Master and disciple looked at each other, pure desire seen in their eyes, excitement radiating from their every pore, competitive spirit exuding from their very presence, and above all, fighting instinct exploded with their every breath.

In the blink of an eye, the two disappeared and crash into each other.

An explosion erupted from their point of impact, a crater formed below them, and once again they disappeared, and appeared in another place, this time clashing against each other's right legs in a devastating kick.

The Martial Arts of the two were mirror copies; they were Master and Student, after all.

The exchange of blows began to get stronger and more destructive.

Their rationality was no longer in control, all that was left was...

Instinct!

The purest, most primal instinct!

"Well, this is ridiculous." Natasha, who was standing on top of a tree, commented as she watched the fight taking place.

"Is that just their physical strength? Damn..." Natasha prided herself on her speed. She believed that, in the Mortal World, there were no Beings capable of matching her speed, and if there were a Being capable of matching her speed in the future, they would be her husband.

"... He's going to be a monster when he masters that strength and applies his speed." Natasha broke out in a cold sweat.

Even if she was crazy, and obsessed with that man, even if she was blinded with love, she still had enough rationality to understand how ridiculous this was.

She had enough rationality to understand how ridiculous the sight before her was.

"A Vampire that hasn't even achieved his first 100 years of life is on a par with Scathach in strength! A woman who has spent over two millennia training!" Natasha could see it.

The red haired woman wasn't holding back her strength. She was going all out, and yet... Victor was following after her, matching her strength.

The very feat of matching Scathach's strength in her base form was something to be amazed at. It's a feat only the strongest Alpha Werewolves could achieve, and they were Werewolves! Their Race specialized in Body Physique. They were naturally superior to Vampires in Physical Strength.

Natashia loved Victor with all her heart, she would easily sacrifice an entire planet for his sake, but even she, in all her insane glory, knew that what she was now witnessing was just bullshit!

"... I wonder what would happen if he used his Full Vampire Count Form..." Natasha thought of Victor using his current power combined with the Full Vampire Count Form she'd used in her fight against Niklaus.

And it only took a few seconds for her to understand that she couldn't predict the amount of strength he would have.

After all, the Complete Vampire Count Form multiplied the users strength by 4x. Not to mention that the 'output' of the Power that the user could use was greater. Do not forget the fact that the physical body also gained a great boost of strength and resistance.

After minutes of thinking about this subject, she realized that she couldn't imagine Victor so strong. After all, what she was already seeing now was ridiculous enough.

Sounds of explosions echoed through the area. Trees and land were destroyed, but Scathach and Victor's fight never stopped. The two looked at each other with intensity, and at that moment, only the two existed in their little world.

A world that was made just for them.

"...She seems to be having a lot of fun..." Natasha murmured, and a feeling grew in her heart as she continued to watch this scene:

"So jealous..."

Even though she wasn't as obsessed as Scathach, she still liked to fight. She liked the feeling of getting stronger. But on top of those feelings, she liked being with her husband, and because of that, her feelings of envy couldn't help but rise.

"... Hmm, maybe I should fight him later? Using only our Bloodlines?" Natasha was a practical woman, and who knew what she wanted, she was always faithful to her own desires.

When she felt envy, and wanted to fight Victor in the same way that Scathach was doing now, instead of wasting time on feeling envious, she thought of the training she was going to do with Victor in the future.

After all, she knew her husband well enough to know he would never turn down a fight.

"Hmm? His movements are getting more refined..." Natasha looked on with shock at Victor: "That's fast! Is he already getting his control back?"

Focusing even more on the fight, she noticed something else as well: "Scathach is getting better too..." A cold sweat began to break out on Natasha's face.

In Scathach's case, her amount of progress was imperceptible, but Natasha could see with her senses that saw the world more slowly.

With each exchange of blows, with each fight, Scathach's physical strength and control increased at the same time.

Slowly but steadily, Victor's attacks were no longer breaking Scathach's body, and, while they were leaving bruises, her body was getting stronger the more she was beaten.

Scathach's Martial Arts, that the two combatants practiced, were evolving and improving step by step every second that they clashed, right before Natasha's eyes.

Much to Scathach's pleasure and delight, her and Victor's roles had reversed. It was no longer Victor who was left with a broken body, but Scathach herself.

"... I see... She's utilizing the strength she gained from drinking Victor's blood. I thought she had Mastered that extra strength before, but it seems I was wrong."

At the level of Scathach, for her to Master something, she needed to fight with all her strength, only then would she progress. Which was difficult. After all, you could count on one hand how many people were strong like Scathach in her basic form.

"...No wonder she's so happy now. She's feeling that heady feeling of getting stronger while fighting the man who will be her Husband, and mate."

Natasha laughed in amusement. If she were told that she would be with the same man who would be Scathach's Husband, and her daughter's Husband, she would call the person who told her that crazy, and would laugh as if it were a joke.

"... Haha, things have really changed, huh?" Natasha thought wistfully. Looking at the smiling man who was exchanging blows with Scathach, she couldn't help but mutter:

"I'm really glad you came into this world, Victor..." She couldn't imagine a world where she didn't meet this man. She was so happy and satisfied that sometimes she wondered if it was a dream.

She had her daughter back, and she had someone who was able to understand her, and accept her for who she was, not what she represented.

It was because of reflections like this that Natasha had some thoughts of leaving her entire Clan in Victor's hands.

'He will take good care of them, I know he will... I wonder what face my future daughter will have when she finds out that her sister is also my Husband's wife.' She laughed in amusement thinking about the future of her messed up family, and was content.

Scathach dodged Victor's blow, and punched him in the stomach. For a moment, Victor felt his breath leave his lungs, but quickly ignored that, and punched her in the face.

Blood sprayed from the woman's face, but her smile never left her.

'This is so much fun! He's better! My Husband is the best!'

Scathach punched Victor in the face, and was surprised when she felt him feel even denser than before.

She removed her hand from his face to see a small layer of Ice on his skin, as if it were an extra layer of protection. But that was not what shocked her. She knew that Victor also improved her Martial Arts by training with her daughters. She could also do the same thing. What shocked her was that a whole half of Victor's face had been frozen.

'He's crazy... Isn't he afraid of freezing his brain? It's okay that he'll regenerate, but still.' Scathach narrowed her eyes, and realized that Victor did it unconsciously, because the moment she pulled away, the Ice on his face disappeared, and he was back to normal.

'His body is reacting on its own... Is the World Tree's Energy helping to enhance his Bloodline's Powers? Because of that, he didn't feel anything when he turned half of his face to Ice...?'

Scathach disappeared again, and attacked Victor's back, and she was shocked when she saw a layer of Ice appearing on his back.

'That was too fast! I can only do something like that when I'm in my Vampire Count Form where the output of my Powers is easier...-'

Scathach's eyes widened in shock as she realized something: 'Is he using his Elements as if he were in his Vampire Count Form?'

The pieces in Scathach's head began to fall into place, and suddenly, she smiled even wider:

'Damn monster! Is this really possible!? Damn, he's breaking common sense again! And the worst part is, he doesn't even realize what he's doing!'

'... Do I try to do the same? After all, unlike him, I already have complete control of my Count Vampire Form...' Scathach started to draw the same Power she had when she transformed into her Count Form, and she was surprised that for just a few seconds, it covered her entire hand on ice.

And that included the insides of her hand. But soon after, her hand returned to normal, which was normal; she had never done this before, but that's not what she was shocked about. It was that she didn't feel any pain with this feat.

It was very different from what happened when she used Ice through her Martial Arts. This method felt more...natural.

Scathach's heart was beating wildly. She saw a possibility, a possibility to get stronger, all thanks to the man in front of her.

She looked at Victor with eyes that were more predatory and passionate than before.

'Fuck, I love you so much!' A whole new world of possibilities had opened up for Scathach, and she couldn't help but jump like a little girl who'd been given a gift she'd wanted so badly.

The Strongest Female Vampire was progressing to this day... still getting stronger.

And the best part of it all? She was getting stronger by herself, by her own effort, and training. That prospect made her heart sweet as a woman in love.

...Gods have mercy on the fools who will tease her because of it...

Victor turned around, and started attacking Scathach again. He didn't know why Scathach seemed more excited than before, and more bloodthirsty, but he didn't care, he was having so much fun that he didn't care about anything right now, he just wanted... To fight!

.....

While Victor and Scathach were training, Victor's allies were in a meeting.

In a room that contained Agnes, Violet, Sasha, Mizuki, and Aphrodite, all the women looked at the visitor who had just entered.

"How are they?" Agnes asked.

"Just as expected, fighting and not caring about anything else." Natasha, who had just arrived in the room, replied.

"Hmm, I expected something like that." Agnes was not surprised by this information.

Agnes looked at Ruby and asked, "About the new Vampires?"

"My sisters are teaching them how to control themselves." Ruby smartly didn't report about Siena beating up Leon more than necessary.

Something Agnes noticed: "That's not what I was asking, you know that, Ruby."

"...Haah." Ruby sighed visibly and then said: "As I had thought before, Leon is not able to control his new instincts. He is going through a difficult change."

"Put simply, he's thinking with his lower head."

Agnes, Violet, Natasha, and Mizuki narrowed their eyes.

"I'm not doing anything because he's Victor's dad, but those looks are getting unbearable," Violet commented dismissively.

The girls didn't say anything but had the same opinions as Violet. Typically, if another man looked at them like that, they would have already 'mysteriously disappeared'.

But the same could not be applied here. The man in question was Victor's father, after all. And even though he was giving the women leering looks, everyone knew that this was happening because he can't control himself. It's only been a few hours since he'd turned into a Vampire after all, and not just any Vampire, a Vampire from the direct Lineage of a Progenitor.

"... How are we going to deal with this?" Agnes asked.

"Killing him... Well, that's what I'd like to say, but that would piss Victor off. We can give him the same treatment Male Slave Vampires get." Natasha responded.

"Isolate him and discipline him?" Agnes asked.

"Yes." Natasha nodded.

When a Male Slave Vampire is created, they are entirely under the control of their creator. However, there are some cases where the Slave Vampire is wholly lost in their desires and goes crazy. In those situations, an alternative is presented.

The Vampire is isolated from everyone and beaten into submission, a simple and effective method.

"Being a direct Lineage of a Progenitor, Leon's instincts are stronger and prouder than anyone else's; he just responds to Victor, and only him." Finally, Aphrodite, who had remained silent the entire time, spoke.

"Beating him into submissiveness to us will create unnecessary hatred, damaging the Family dynamic. I don't want that for Anna. She doesn't deserve that." Aphrodite couldn't care less about Leon. She only cared about Anna, and because Anna cared about Leon, she gave him some 'attention'.

But that's all he'd get from the Goddess of Beauty. Aphrodite's only male priority right now is Victor.

'Tsk, so much work. When will I have time to practice our marriage act?' Aphrodite was getting frustrated with her situation.

"Then what should we do?" Mizuki commented.

"One of the solutions is correct, isolating him from everyone until he can control himself." Aphrodite started to explain.

"The next step is to tell Victor."

Those words made the girls' faces darken a bit.

"...Currently, Victor is fighting Scathach toe-to-toe in her Base Form." Natasha started to speak.

"..." Everyone looked at her in shock.

Ignoring the shock of everyone present, she continued:

"If you talk about it to Victor, we can't predict what kind of action he'll take. You know how he feels about us."

'To think that a body reconstructed by the World Tree's energy was that powerful...' Aphrodite thought to herself, not knowing everyone was thinking the same.

"Whatever it is, Aphrodite is correct," Violet said as she snapped out of shock.

"Oh?" Aphrodite looked up when she saw Violet agreeing with her.

"Victor must know about this. After all, we can't take the usual actions with Leon. He is his father, after all."

The girls were silent for a few seconds, and they realized that what Violet said was the right thing to do.

Trouble had appeared in Victor's Family, and only Victor could solve this kind of matter.

Not that they weren't his Family or couldn't fix the problem.

But in this specific case, Victor's attention was required.

"How is Anna progressing?" Agnes asked in a way to change the subject.

"... Simply put, she's a freaking genius," Ruby spoke.

And that got everyone's attention.

"What do you mean genius, Ruby?" Mizuki asked.

"Exactly what I mean. She's soaking up everything she learns like a sponge. Her desires aren't being problematic due to her honest nature... Honestly, she reminds me a bit of Victor when he first started training."

"..."

"... Well, I always thought Victor was a mama's boy, but now this explains it. They're more alike than we thought." Violet muttered.

"They are mother and son, after all, and they say that the male child is always more like the mother, although I do not know the truth of these words," Mizuki spoke.

"And that's where the problem is..." Ruby muttered.

Violet looked at Ruby with a raised eyebrow. She knew the woman's tone of voice. She always spoke like that when something problematic she couldn't solve came up.

"What happened, Ruby?" Violet asked.

"...Ugh, how can I say this?" Ruby thought aloud.

"Just say the damn problem!" Violet snapped. She still lost her temper easily, like all her Clan members.

"Fine, Fine... Haah, just don't freak out."

"I'm starting to freak out now because you don't mention the damn problem!" It was worth mentioning that Violet didn't like the suspense genre in all media. She had no patience for that shit.

"...How can I put it...Anna has developed a certain...desire for her son..." She began to blush and speak slowly near the end.

Much to Violet's anger.

She looked like she would pull her own hair out in frustration.

As she was about to yell at Ruby to speak faster,

Aphrodite opened her eyes a bit in shock.

She didn't expect Anna contained such hidden desire in her heart. As the only person who understood what Ruby was saying, she casually commented:

"She's saying that Anna is sexually lusting after Victor."

"...Eh?" Violet and everyone around her didn't know how to react to that.

"That was my exact reaction when Siena brought this up to me. According to my older sister, whenever Victor's name was brought up in the conversation, Anna's eyes would glow blood red, and she would become more active... more excited..." Ruby replied in a monotone.

"Okay... This took a bizarre turn." Mizuki spoke. She knew that in the Supernatural World, incest was pretty much normal. Just look at the Gods. They are the perfect example; the same goes for other Races like Werewolves, Vampires, Yōkai, etc.

But that wasn't what she thought was strange. It was the fact that Anna was having this kind of desire, which meant only one thing.

'She had been harboring this desire unconsciously, and when she became a Vampire, her inner desires started to be driven to the surface... Well, it's not like I can't understand. The man is just too handsome, and if you ignore his bloodthirsty personality for his enemies, he is a perfect Family man.'

'Ugh, why is nothing with Victor normal? Now even his own mother wants him!'

"Okay, so she fucks him, and that urge goes away? Or will she become one of his Wives?" Violet spoke.

"..." The girls just looked at Violet as if she'd grown a second head or something.

"What? You guys are acting like it's a big deal. In our society, that's normal. The only reason I wasn't attracted to my dad was because my bitch of a mother was very protective of him and because Victor came into my life from the time I was small, and he became the object of my obsession and, consequently, my love."

The women didn't know how to react to this and just looked to Agnes for answers:

And that's when the older woman said: "It is precisely because I understood this peculiarity of our Race that I prevented my daughter from getting too close to Adonis, and it did not prevent her from 'running' after her obsession."

"... Fate is a bitch sometimes. In the end, despite all your protectiveness, you ended up marrying my Husband." Violet groaned.

"Well, a lot of things happened..." Agnes spoke neutrally and a little sadly.

"Cough, back to the point at hand. Anna is not a Supernatural Being from the beginning Violet." Aphrodite said to change the subject.

"Humpf, the woman is a friend of a Former Werewolf General, an acquaintance of a retired Hunter, and her best friend is a Goddess! From the beginning, she was involved in the Supernatural World. Honestly, it feels like her life is straight out of a movie or something."

"..." The women didn't know what to say because Violet was right.

Aphrodite sighed: "Huh... You know that's not what I'm talking about. Despite having eccentric friends, the woman was a human and grew up in human society. I presume these desires were created when Victor turned into a Vampire."

"...And when he gained the beauty of Adonis, and my Blessings, the feeling only grew."

"Due to her transformation, those desires are being driven to the forefront. She is being torn between a desire that she never thought she had and her love for her Husband." Ruby spoke.

It took the girls a few seconds to process all of Ruby's words, and then Natashia spoke:

"Well, she'll have to deal with it."

The girls looked at Natashia.

"Just because it's her wish doesn't mean she must follow it. She must learn restraint and ignore it. Something all Vampires have learned over time. Look at me; if I were to act solely upon my wishes, I would be riding my Husband's cock 24/7 and being filled by him. But I'm not because, even though I want to, I hold back."

"M-Mother!"

"What? Stop being a prude; I know you want that too."

Those words only made Sasha's face redder in embarrassment.

"You're ignoring the fact that this is very difficult for a Baby Vampire, especially someone as honest as Anna," Agnes spoke.

"Then she must channel that desire into another being, someone like Leon. After all, she loves the man." Natasha responded.

"Not to mention that this type of situation you are thinking about will not happen to Victor. My Husband loves his mother very much, but that's it; he loves her as a 'mother' and not as a 'woman'. After all, knowing his personality, do you think he would stay put if he 'loved' his mother as a woman?"

"Well-..." Ruby was going to say something, but Natasha wasn't finished.

"Since he gained the memories of an Elder Vampire, his inhibitions about human rules have become even looser than a whore's pussy."

Sasha, Violet, and even Ruby blushed a little due to the woman's words; she said those kinds of things so naturally!

"If Victor loved Anna as a woman, he would have already taken the woman to his bed and shown her pleasures that few or almost no man can give a woman."

"... She's correct. Natasha's words have merit." Ruby spoke.

"Not to mention that her plan to direct Anna's desire towards Leon is feasible. I can do a few things to help with that." Ruby commented after thinking for a few seconds.

"Anyway, ignoring Anna's sexual and existential crisis for her son, ignoring that she wants her own child filling her guts..." Violet thought a little out loud, and her cheeks turned red. It was apparent what she was thinking, "God, this is exciting."

"Violet, we get the point," Ruby commented in a heavy voice with an underlying order for her not to continue her sentence.

The surrounding girls just rolled their eyes at Violet.

"You are corrupting my daughter, Natasha," Agnes commented in a dry tone.

"Huh? This bitch has been like this from the beginning! She's as rotten as you were when you were younger!" Natasha felt wronged now.

Veins bulged in Agnes's head, but she didn't say anything. She knew that Natasha was correct. Saying something now would just be giving Natasha ammunition.

"Anna and Victor...Hehehe~. If it's Anna, I don't mind this development one bit; after all, she's like a sister to me-."

"Violet." Ruby's voice came out harder than usual.

"... Huh?"

"Wake up from your daydream and say what you have to say. If you have nothing to add, be silent."

Violet huffed, "Don't order me around, Ruby. I'm not your employee."

"I am not ordering; I am just calling to your attention not to fall into the degenerate world."

"Says the girl who likes BDS-"

"VIOLET!" Ruby yelled with a face red with embarrassment and anger.

"Okay, Okay, sheesh."

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Chapter 618: Discoveries and Powers of Leon and Anna.2

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"VIOLET!" Ruby yelled with a face red with embarrassment and anger.

"Okay, Okay, sheesh."

The girls just looked at Ruby and Violet in amusement. Sasha's face was completely red and steaming; it was evident that she wasn't focused on reality right now.

'Perhaps, I should try too...? But it is so eccentric!' Sasha was in her own inner chaos.

"...Does Scathach have those fetishes too...?" Aphrodite asked aloud.

"Well, it's possible. Someone just has to conquer her on her own terms..." Agnes murmured.

"Hmm." The Goddess of Beauty thought a little about the future, and a big smile appeared on her face: "The future is bright; this Family is the best!" Aphrodite laughed.

"Anyway, what are Anna and Leon's Powers?" Violet asked what she wanted to know.

"Oh, I'm also curious about that. Since they were humans before, they should've awakened a power born from their unconscious desires." Mizuki spoke.

"Anna's Power is quite fitting for her. She can compel everyone around her to be completely honest. Even if you try to lie, you can't." Ruby answered.

"..." In some strange way, everyone thought that it suited her quite well.

"Tests need to be done. We don't know the size of the area of effect and whether she can turn this power off or not. For now, it's acting passively." Ruby thought about the possibilities of this power, and the future was bright. She couldn't wait to experiment further.

"I assume this was born out of her unconscious desire to make everyone around her more honest?" Sasha asked.

"Yes, that is likely," Ruby spoke.

"Hmm... Did she receive anything else? It's not possible that she received this weak power from the Progenitor Bloodline, right?" Violet spoke.

"We don't know... And suppose you look at the results of Maids who were once human. In that case, I think it's quite likely that she no longer has any Powers other than the natural capabilities of a Noble Vampire born directly from the Progenitor Bloodline."

"... What do you mean?"

"Hmm, take Eve and her 'Dark Fire', for example. That Fire might be weaker than the Snow Clan's Fire, but its corrosive attributes and permanency are ridiculous." Ruby elaborated.

"It's like a poison that cannot be cured and will burn forever."

"It's a rather ridiculous mutation of the Snow Clan's Fire, and it has the potential to get stronger in the future. Of course, that all depends on Eve. If she manages to increase the heat of her flames while retaining its corrosive attribute..."

"Even better, if she manages to put more debuffs on her Fire, that will be pretty nasty for enemies."

"..." Everyone thought of a Fire that never went out, burned forever, and left the target in absolute torment, and everyone couldn't help but shudder a little.

"I assume this mutation also applies to Anna's power?" Agnes asked.

"Yes. Currently, she compels everyone around her to be honest with her. Not even the Noble Vampire's charm is that strong. Just by being in her presence, no one can deny the information she wants."

'Only Victor has this effect on Vampires, and that's because he's a Progenitor.'

"If she asks you something, you're obligated to answer it honestly... And if she doesn't ask anything, you'll speak your mind." Ruby continued.

"...She will be a perfect future interrogator." Mizuki couldn't help but state the obvious.

The girls just nodded at Mizuki's words.

"What about Leon? What is his power?" Sasha asked.

"Well, how do I put it? He creates a kind of barrier for defense?" Ruby replied, confused.

"... Huh?" Everyone didn't understand what she meant.

"Ugh, Aphrodite, do you remember the constructs you can make with your Divine Power?"

"Yes... Oh, you mean."

"Yes, it's something like that, with the only difference being that he can't create other shapes, at least not yet. The only thing he can make is a transparent wall that 'seems' to be unbreakable."

"... This is quite similar to that green-haired man named Bellamy from that anime you like, Ruby," Sasha spoke.

Ruby opened her eyes wide, "Now that you mention it, it is quite similar... I wonder how it came to be?"

"Perhaps from his unconscious desire to be his Family's 'protection' or 'wall' to protect from harm?" Violet spoke.

"..." The girls fell silent, thinking it was quite possible.

That was one of the reasons why the girls weren't so cruel to Leon. They knew that he was a good man, that he respected everyone, and that his recent attitude was just his desires acting up.

"Haah, I just hope he gets better soon and learns to contain himself. Having these thoughts is something normal; no being can hide it completely, but... I fear Victor's reaction and that he will do something irreversible."

"Victor is very overprotective when it comes to men around us, and he trusts very few, that being just Tatsuya so far."

"Not to mention that all of us here know that despite loving and respecting Leon, for him, Anna is the most important person in his life. So it was no surprise that his heart broke when he 'killed' Anna, and it only hurt when he 'killed' Leon." Aphrodite spoke.

"It's precisely because he understands this that I don't think he's going to overreact... Darling doesn't want to make the same 'mistake' that my dad did... He's probably just going to beat up his dad or something." Violet spoke.

"Not to mention that even though he didn't say it, until a while ago, he regretted killing my biological father, even though I said several times that I didn't care. After all, I was never close to him, and he was a piece of shit." Sasha spoke.

"..." Natasha flinched a little at her daughter's tone.

"This regret comes from the fact that in his mind, a structured Family is one that has a Father and Mother together, a privileged thought if you ask me. After all, he grew up with great parents." Aphrodite spoke.

"Hmm, I know that, and I also know that he doesn't care about it anymore, as I said earlier. He is more concerned with spoiling my mother and me than with this."

"...Something I'm not particularly against." Natasha flashed a lewd little smile.

"Me either." Sasha wore the same smile as her mother.

"..." The girls looked at the two women with impassive gazes.

Realizing what she said, Sasha looked away and blushed a little.

"It is too late to blush now, Sasha; you let your inner thoughts out." Violet rolled her eyes.

And that just made the woman even more embarrassed.

"Heavens, I already told her to be more honest, but she still can't." Natashia rolled her eyes.

"I'm honest! ... With the people I've known for a long time."

"Ara, are you embarrassed by mine and Mizuki's presence? It is not necessary! You can act however you want; we're Family now!"

"Ugh... Just give me some time."

"Okay~."

"...." Mizuki decided not to comment when Aphrodite included her in the 'Family'. It felt... nice.

Unconsciously, her thoughts went to the conversation she had with Victor.

"Anyway, Leon and Anna's Power potential is great. It's up to them how they will develop."

"I'm really curious about the properties of the 'Energy' Leon uses to create his projections. If I knew what it was, maybe I could help him get better, but... I'll only help him when he improves his attitude. I don't feel comfortable being in the presence of someone who looks at me like a walking piece of meat, especially my father-in-law." Ruby spoke with disgust.

"Indeed, Indeed. For now, I will assist Anna. Her power seems quite similar to one of my Love Divinities. I will see if I can help her. After that, I will return to Mount Olympus."

"Speaking of which, what's going on in Mount Olympus? I forgot to ask." Agnes spoke.

Aphrodite lost her usual gentle smile and looked at everyone with a serious look, and the words that came out of her mouth made everyone break out in a cold sweat.

"Mount Olympus is in the midst of a civil war right now."

"....."

After a few seconds of silence, Violet whistled and said, "Cool~... Anyway, how are we going to get Anna to have sex with Victor?"

"..." The girls just shifted their eyes toward Violet and stared at her with lifeless gazes.

"What?"

"I'm surprised you're throwing women to Darling. Aren't you against it? As Leona said before, where is your Yandere pride?" Ruby commented.

"Humpf, of course, I'm against it. It's just... Anna is just special, and I want what's best for her, and I know what's best for her is my Husband. So? How are we going to get her to fuck her own son!?" She asked with blood-red eyes and a big smile on her face.

"..."

"For some reason, I think she just wants to see Victor doing Anna," Mizuki spoke.

"..." And the girls just nodded in agreement with her.

"Agnes..." Natasha just looked at Agnes.

"... I'm sorry for having such a degenerate daughter...." Agnes just hung her head in embarrassment as she did her best to ignore Natasha's glare.

"Oyy! I am not degenerate!"

"Anyway! This will not happen! Leave that decision to Victor. This is a matter we cannot get involved with!"

"Tsk, petty... I just wanted to see them-..." She started to laugh in a way Natasha knew all too well.

"... I see. Is this how you feel when you look at me, Daughter?"

"Yes..."

"... I promise to control myself more."

"..." Sasha didn't know what to say at that moment. Violet managed to make her mother back off, and her mother was the very picture of degeneracy.

"I'm terrified to ask, but... Why are you thinking about this, Violet?" Ruby spoke.

Violet awoke from her own world and said: "... Thinking about what?"

"About Victor and Anna?"

"Hmm..."

"Oh, don't lie to me. I want to know what you really think, not your perversions."

"I'm not perverted! Natasha is!" Violet snapped.

"Accusing someone innocent of something they didn't do is very ugly, Violet."

When Violet was going to retort Natasha, Ruby said:

"Violet, don't lose focus. Tell me your thoughts." Ruby knew her childhood friend well, and despite having perverted motives for her actions, she believed Violet had thought long and hard before talking about what she thought of Anna and Victor.

Proof of this is that when Ruby caught Violet's attention, the woman looked neutral, which caught everyone else's attention.

Seeing that she couldn't hide her thoughts from Ruby, she spoke:

"To be completely honest,"

"I give it less than 500 years till Leon breaks Anna's heart."

"..." The entire room fell silent.

"...Spell it out, Violet," Ruby spoke in a serious tone, but with just those words, she could already imagine future scenarios of what Violet was talking about.

"Humans are not meant to live long, Ruby."

"My Husband is an exception because he has a lot of 'extras' added to his mindset. He is a Progenitor, and that gives him inherent pride. He has my father's memories, which gives him the experience of someone who has already lived 1700 years. The passage of time no longer means anything to him. He will love us even if 2000 years pass."

"His obsession will ensure that, and Aphrodite's recent Blessing as well."

"But Leon? He has none of that. Despite being a Noble Vampire, he didn't grow up in our society. He's not prepared for the passage of time and the changes that will come with it. To make him curb his desire is just putting some duct tape on the problem."

"And even if he decides to create a Harem for himself, Anna will not allow it. She is, after all, like my Husband."

"And just like Victor, Anna is capable of loving indefinitely. Because of that, I say that in less than 500 years, Leon will break Anna's heart."

"... And everyone knows what will happen next. Anna surpasses even me in Victor's heart. If something happens to her...."

"Victor will kill Leon. The son will kill the father, and that action will do even more damage to Anna."

"..." Violet's words silenced everyone. They never expected that behind Violet's perverted words, there was such a well-thought-out motive.

"... So it wasn't just your fetish that you wanted to see mother and son having sex?" Sasha asked.

"I won't lie and say I don't have that desire, but the main reason is what I just talked about."

"If I saw a possibility that this wouldn't happen, I wouldn't have said anything, and I would have been silent."

"I like Anna very much... She is like a mother and a big sister to me. She is not just my mother-in-law... Because of that, I don't want to see her heartbroken."

"..." Natasha, Sasha, Ruby, and Aphrodite nodded in agreement with Violet.

Natasha agreed that Violet was correct. No woman deserved the pain of a broken heart.

Aphrodite agreed with Violet's thoughts because she could easily see this scenario happening. In fact, the chance of this happening was over 90%. She had seen this happen a lot in her long existence.

Sasha and Ruby agreed that they didn't want to see Anna suffer.

"I see... That is plausible... In fact, that is quite possible." Ruby closed her eyes and remembered the reports she'd read about Slave Vampires 'breaking down' with the passage of time.

"Incest or whatever bullshit aside, Anna needs unwavering support by her side, and unfortunately, I very much doubt Leon can give her that kind of support." Violet continued.

"The Mother and Son are so close for a reason. The two have supported each other unconditionally since the beginning. That relationship could be seen even before they became Vampires."

"..." Aphrodite, Ruby, and Sasha nodded. They understood very well what Violet was talking about.

"... I still think we have to leave this situation for the future," Agnes spoke after listening to everything in silence.

Violet looked at her mother with a narrow gaze.

"Don't look at me like that, Violet. I agree with you."

"Then why-." Violet was going to say something, but her mother interrupted, saying:

"But I also think we ought to leave this matter for time to solve the problem."

"Leon deserves a chance. Just because something like this has happened in the past doesn't mean it will happen to Anna and Leon; after all, we'll be there for them, right?"

"What if he breaks Anna's heart?"

"Daughter, if you are afraid of getting hurt, then you are afraid of living life. Living means making decisions, and that decision can hurt a person or not; that's normal."

"..." Violet was speechless when she heard what her mother said.

"And if Leon breaks Anna's heart, she won't kill herself because of it. After all, her greatest support will still be with her protecting her."

"And I fully believe my Husband will not kill Leon for this." She spoke with a confident face until the image of Victor crazed flashed through her mind, and she added uncertainly:

"Probably."

"...."

"Pfft...Hahahahaha~"

The girls looked at Aphrodite with a raised eyebrow.

"Why are you laughing?" Mizuki asked.

"You guys are saying that if Leon breaks Anna's heart, Victor will kill the man, but you forgot one fact."

"Girls, Victor's personality came from one place, and we all know it came from Anna."

"If such a scenario happens, it is not Victor who will kill Leon, but Anna."

"...."

"Don't underestimate my friend. She's fiercer than you think."

Subconsciously, everyone imagined Anna acting like Victor when he was angry, and they shuddered inwardly when they realized they could vividly imagine this scene.

"...I feel like Scathach and Haruna are going to be great friends with her in the not-too-distant future."

"..." Everyone just nodded in agreement with Agnes' words.

"Umu, the more good friends Anna makes, the better. She deserves all the good things in the world." Aphrodite nodded in satisfaction. She was the type of woman who liked to spoil everyone she cared about, and she was not against Anna making more real friends.

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Chapter 619: Is That What You Taught Me?

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Two days, 48 hours of non-stop fighting... That's how long it took for Victor to control his strength enough not to cause damage all around him.

During those two days, Victor had the best time of his life, and he felt that a part of his desire to fight Scathach was fulfilled.

God, he loved every second of that fight. Even though the two weren't using their full power, and it was just Martial Arts and physical combat, he loved every second of it.

And he wanted more; he wanted to fight more, but... He couldn't; something had happened that had ruined his fun.

His Father, Leon, had lost himself in his desires and was lusting after his Wives.

Anna, who was extremely angry with Leon, beat him almost to death due to being a prodigy [apparently] in Vampire matters. She accepted her nature easier, and because of that, she was stronger than Leon.

And not only that, Anna, his mother, his dear mother, lusted after her son and wanted to be one of his Wives.

When Victor learned of this, he couldn't help but furrow his brows. For him to know that his mother was sexually desiring him was incredibly nonsensical, and such a thought did not enter his mindset.

Yes, he had the memories and experiences of a man born in Ancient Greece, a man born of an incestuous relationship, but just because he had those memories didn't mean he accepted them.

He was not against it or hated anyone who did it.

But rather that he did not accept that these thoughts came from Anna.

For Victor, Anna was always an authority figure, a woman who taught him how to live his life and taught him the basic principles of life that he followed to this day.

She was the woman who gave him everything, and he literally owed her his life. In today's society, few parents would raise a sick child and bear that weight with a smile on their face.

God, she was his goddamn mother! It was weird as fuck to think of her that way; he never had those desires.

"Two days..." Victor's voice came out as a growl, making the two beings in front of him flinch.

Victor was sitting on an Ice throne, and in front of him, kneeling were Anna and Leon.

"Two goddamn days... I only went away for two days, and so much trouble happened."

"Victor, this is not your-" Anna tried to say something, but Victor's heavy and authoritative voice cut her off.

"Silence."

Anna flinched visibly, absolute terror seeping through every one of her veins. She tried to stand up and defy her 'son', she tried to do something, or say something, but... she couldn't. She felt an existential terror in her body, and she couldn't even look into the blood-red eyes of the man who was her 'son'!

Who was in front of them now was not Victor, their son, but Victor, the Progenitor, the one who gave the two a 'rebirth', the 'father' of their Race.

Victor faced the two Vampires in front of him, Vampires he loved very much, Vampires who were his parents, and the people who raised him since he was little, who formed the man he was today.

Victor took a deep breath and contained his possessive side as much as possible; this childishness would not help now. He was not dealing with an enemy he could kill without remorse, but his parents.

"..." Leon remained silent with his head down and an embarrassed look on his face. Only when his son's cold gaze fell on his body was he 'awakened' from his desires; only when his wife beat him almost to death did he understand how much he had fucked up.

"I am disappointed."

Victor's voice was like a knife that severely cut both of their hearts and hurt them.

"From the beginning, you were warned. From the beginning, you learned about Vampires for the eventual Race Change. You weren't like me, who was suddenly thrown into this world, and had little time to adapt."

"You were educated by the best, and you had enough information to understand the whole situation you were in."

Victor looked at his Father.

"Leon Walker, you lost yourself in your desires, and you dared...-"

Crack, Crack.

Parts of the throne where Victor's right hand was were broken from the involuntary force he was exerting, as his eyes glowed an even more intense blood red, and bulging veins were visible on his head.

For a moment, Victor's vision turned utterly red with rage, and it took all of Victor's self-control not to commit something he would regret.

Victor took a deep breath and swallowed his anger, "You dared to covet my Wives."

Leon lowered his head with shame written all over his face.

"That act, in and of itself, was an act of betrayal, not just to me as your son, but also to my mother, your wife."

"...Leon, what was it that you taught me since I was little? What were your teachings about Family?"

"Is this what you taught me on how to be a MAN?" The final words came out as if two Demons from the deepest Hell were speaking simultaneously.

"..." Leon flinched visibly at Victor's twisted and insane tone.

Victor took a deep breath again and continued, "... From what I remember, my Father taught me to be someone respectable... He taught me to be a man of character."

"He didn't teach me to be a pig who lusts after every woman he sees, especially engaged women and his own son's Wives."

"..." If Victor's words once cut Leon's heart, these words completely destroyed it.

'Right... What was I doing? How could I forget about it? Fuck, what was I doing?'

Depression, shame, and sadness were seen on Leon's face, and the man didn't say anything or apologize. That would be an even more pathetic sight for his son and himself.

Victor turned his gaze to his mother:

"Anna Walker."

She shivered again at her son's cold and heavy tone; she had never heard him speak to her like that.

"Who is in front of you now?"

"My father-." Anna stopped talking when she felt a dark power emerge from Victor and cover his body.

"I said..." Slowly the dark power began to wane until Victor was revealed with his Human appearance, the appearance he had before turning into a Vampire:

"Who is in front of you now?"

"..." Looking at the thin man with sapphire blue eyes and a haggard appearance, Anna opened her eyes wide.

It had been so long since she had seen this form, the gaze was more assertive, and his body was exuding a pressure that only a strong King could exert, but she was sure the man... Wrong, the boy in front of her was...

"My son..."

'God, what was I doing?' She questioned herself in horror at the very thoughts she had been having.

"Correct."

"Don't be fooled by my appearance, Anna Walker..." Then, slowly, Victor's appearance began to return to its 'original' form:

"I may have changed; I may have become prettier; I may have acquired knowledge and memories that are not mine; I may be a Progenitor...."

"But I am still your son."

"..." Those words were as if a bucket of cold water had been thrown on her body.

Soon she remembered the words Victor had said to Leon.

'This wasn't my teaching... We protect each other. We don't cheat each other. The Family must stay together and not act out of selfishness or act in a way that harms each other... How I've been acting was not the things that I taught Victor.'

"No matter what Titles I have or what people call me. Before all that, I am Victor... Victor Walker, the son of Anna Walker."

'My son...!' Tears started to pour down Anna's face, 'How could I wish for my baby like that...?'

"Anna, you are a Vampire now; scientifically speaking, we are no longer a blood-related mother and child."

"Scientifically and Supernaturally speaking, I am your 'father' now since you were born of my blood."

"And for a Vampire, what's the most important thing? Answer me, Anna Walker."

"...Our own desires and blood."

"Correct." Victor nodded, and in the same heavy tone, he said:

"As a Progenitor, I am the apex of our species, and as I created you, I became your 'father', and because of that, unconsciously, your blood, your Vampire side, will desire and covet me, and that is normal."

"This is something that cannot be avoided... But it can be controlled and contained."

'As long as she doesn't actively drink my blood, she'll be fine.' Victor thought to himself as he looked at his mother.

"..." She lowered her head, blushing a little and feeling ashamed of herself.

"Anna... Are you such a weak woman that you will be a slave to your own desires?"

Anna shuddered a little as she lifted her head and looked at Victor. She stared into those blood-red eyes that seemed to pierce her very existence, eyes that seemed to know everything about her.

"N-No... I'm not..." She started with a weak and stuttering voice but ended with a serious and resolute tone.

Internally, Victor nodded in satisfaction.

"Yes, we are creatures of desire, but that doesn't mean we should act like pigs. We are rational. We think, and if we think, we have logical thoughts we can follow. We are not animals."

"To be a Vampire, to be part of Vampire Society, means learning to curb our desires."

"Look at the Vampires outside this mansion; look at the servants in this mansion. Do you see them acting like pigs wanting to satisfy their desires?"

"...." Silence was all Victor got in response to his question, but he didn't press the two. Victor knew that Anna and Leon had explored more about the city ruled by the Snow Clan, and he knew that what they saw was a well-structured, almost 'normal' society.

At that moment, Leon and Anna felt like they had returned to their childhood when their parents scolded them.

In Anna's case, it was the memories of her Mother and strict Father that came to her.

In Leon's case, it was the memories of the orphanage matron, a woman he greatly respected.

"I will ignore what happened these past two days," Victor spoke in a neutral tone that no longer carried the weight from before.

"...Eh?" The two looked at Victor.

"You two are still Newborn Vampires, and you are still in the changing phase, so I will not judge your attitudes because I know that changing from a Human to a Vampire is difficult. I experienced it personally, and so did my Maids."

"This kind of attitude, despite being distasteful, is understandable."

The two let out a sigh of relief, they didn't even know they were holding their breath, but that relief didn't last long when an immense pressure, as if gravity around them had gotten heavier, was felt by the two.

"...But that doesn't mean I'll tolerate it again."

"This incident showed me something...."

"I was being too soft on you two."

"...." They swallowed hard as a bad feeling began to build up in their bodies.

"Because of my overprotective nature, this situation occurred."

"Oda, Hilda."

Two shadows appeared from the ground, and from them emerged a white-haired Maid and a stern-faced, Oriental-looking man.

"This is Oda Blank, the First Master of the Blank Clan. He is a Ninja Master, meaning he specializes in infiltration, assassination, Kenjutsu, Ninjutsu, and interrogation; he is a Master of all these trades."

"He will be Leon's trainer, and he'll take that lazy ass of yours and turn it into something useful."

"..." Leon flinched visibly when he felt their gaze.

'Heh, that's the Human father of the Progenitor?' It was obvious that Oda wasn't impressed, but he wasn't going to express it in front of everyone.

"This woman is Hilda Snow, Agnes's most loyal Maid, and a mother figure to Violet, the woman second only to Agnes in strength. Just like Oda, she is proficient in all Ninja Arts but is also a Master of etiquette and politics."

"She will be Anna's trainer and will teach her how a Vampire Noble should behave should the situation arise..."

"...Ugh." When she heard Victor's words, Anna felt like an imaginary arrow had struck her pride.

Hilda remained silent. She had no thoughts or opinions about Anna; for her, it was just another job she would fulfill with total effort. After all, it was Victor who was asking for it.

'If I don't try hard and have poor results, Agnes and Violet won't stop bugging me about it.' Hilda thought.

"From today onwards, you will train non-stop until you learn to control your new strength, talents, and desires."

"The faster you acquire the minimum control necessary to act as one would expect in society, the faster the training will end. Until then... You are not allowed to interact with other beings, not even with each other... Treat this as a temporary separation."

Cold sweat fell from the faces of the two; their feelings were correct! They were fucked!

"You sure are cruel, Lord Victor. Aren't they your parents?"

Victor scoffed as he heard this, replying,

"My beloved Scathach, the woman who is my teacher, the woman I respect the most, second only to my mother, trained Ruby since she was a child, and everyone here knows how excruciating Scathach's training is."

"..." The two just nodded; Scathach's training was infamous. Those who had gone through this training once did not wish to return. Only Victor was crazy enough to like that training.

"Despite being overprotective of Ruby, being her own daughter,"

"Scathach swallowed the pain she felt and trained her to the bone."

"...If Scathach can do it, why can't I? But, unfortunately, I don't have time to train anyone. I already have my hands full with everything going on right now. You two are the people I trust the most in this matter. So I am confident you two won't take it easy on them, right?"

"Of course." The two said simultaneously with a sadistic glint in their eyes.

"Good." Victor flashed a big satisfied smile.

His smile disappeared, and he spoke with a frown on his face:

"I want weekly reports on the two's progress. This report should be given directly to me, or if I am not available, given to one of my Maids or Wives."

"Now, get them out of my sight."

Hilda walked toward Anna, scooped the woman up like a sack of potatoes, and disappeared.

Oda just engulfed Leon in his shadows and disappeared as well.

Victor closed his eyes and rested his head on his left hand. His head and heart were throbbing now.

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Chapter 620: Universal Tree

Chapter 620: Universal Tree

When the two left the room they were in.

Victor's Wives entered a few minutes later, and all of his allies were with them; only Haruna and Viviane were not present.

"... I must say you handled that very well, Victor," Scathach commented with a proud smile.

"I will not allow my parents to become degenerates who only exist to satisfy their own desires. I refuse to see them like that. I would rather see them dead than such a deplorable sight."

"... Darling." Violet murmured gently while speaking carefully and as slowly as possible so that Victor could see what he was saying: "Don't say words you might regret."

"..." Victor opened his mouth to speak but soon closed it and fell silent. A few seconds later, he just nodded his head and let out a frustrated sigh. Despite being irritated with this whole situation, he would never want to see his parents dead.

"Anyway, now that that's settled, let's get back to the main subject." Victor snapped his fingers, and several tables and chairs were set up.

"...." Natashia, Agnes, Scathach, Ruby, Violet, Sasha, Kaguya, and Aphrodite looked at each other and just nodded. They decided to put the matter aside for now. It was obvious that Victor didn't want to talk about it now.

"Just what's going on on Mount Olympus? What about Russia?"

Aphrodite sat in one of the Ice chairs and said:

"The Beings imprisoned in Tartarus were all released, and a civil war ensued on Mount Olympus. Although the situation is bad, it is still manageable. Zeus may be a piece of shit, but there is no doubt that he is strong."

'Well, at least almost all beings of Tartarus got out. Luckily that Beast Son of Gaia and Tartarus is still imprisoned...' Aphrodite thought as she thought of Typhon, a beast that almost destroyed Olympus once.

She raised her hand, and a pink panel appeared in front of everyone, and it showed Aphrodite's memories of the civil war that was going on.

"...Fuck, this is ridiculous," Sasha muttered in disbelief. The scale level of this war was way beyond normal.

"This is on a completely different level...." Leona spoke.

Powers on a scale that were only seen when two Vampire Counts fought were being used all over the battlefield as if it were completely normal.

The level of destruction was ridiculous.

"When Gods and Monsters go to war, Mortals can only hide and pray they don't get caught in the crossfire, huh..." Victor spoke.

"What was that?" Pepper asked in curiosity.

"One of the sayings of Ancient Greece." Agnes and Aphrodite spoke at the same time. The two women looked at each other and nodded before looking back to the front.

"A saying that is true enough. Hardly any Younger Vampires, especially those without training, could handle a battle of this scale. Even Elder Vampires would have a hard time meddling with it." Mizuki commented.

"You are just looking at the bigger picture of things. Even amongst Gods, few have the destructive power to cause this much damage." Aphrodite explained.

"Look at me. I only learned to fight effectively when I left Mount Olympus; most Gods see no need to train."

"So those Gods with more combat-oriented Divinities come out on top; of course, that's also true for the Titans."

"Well, in a way, that makes sense. I don't see the need for a God of Trade to have a Divinity related to fighting." Ruby said, before continuing, "Also, I don't see how this God can get strong; after all, everything is limiting him."

Aphrodite nodded in agreement as she explained, "Indeed, Gods are limited to the Divinities they possess, and even progressing in the 'Concept' of that Divinity is something that takes a long time."

"And that's an advantage Mortals have over us, at least those Mortals who have longevity like Vampires."

"In this room, most of you can face Lesser Gods and a few other Gods who wield a Divinity for combat but never bothered to train it."

"Victor can take on most Gods due to the quirks of being a Progenitor of Vampires."

"By using Blood, he can damage a Being's Soul and eventually kill them if the accumulated damage is too great. Not to mention the other 'special' attributes that damage the Soul without him needing to come into contact with the Being." Aphrodite smiled when she thought of the day Victor damaged Freya with a casual gesture.

"Yeah, Yeah, the bastard is full of hacks. Honestly, it's unfair how much power he has." Edward rolled his eyes.

"Life is not fair, Brother. Deal with it," Leona said, then added, "But you're right, Brother."

Edward just snorted when he heard his sister's words.

Aphrodite continued, "Not to mention that after recent events, Victor's body is as strong as those belonging to the Strongest Alpha Werewolves in their Base Form."

"Even Scathach is no match for him now."

"Hey, I got better, okay? His attacks no longer damage me as much." Scathach spoke with a smile on her face. She definitely wasn't upset about it.

"But can you harm him in your Base Form with just Martial Arts and not resorting to using your Vampire Count transformation or using that Spear of yours?" Aphrodite spoke.

"...." Scathach was silent. No, she could not do that. Even in the previous training session, the one who suffered the most damage was Scathach and not Victor, proving how much stronger his body was.

Which was a good thing for Scathach; after all, she was feeling like she was getting much stronger than before alongside him.

Their relationship could now be described as Master and student, lovers, In-law's, and most importantly, rivals.

"Not to mention that Victor can increase his power output even more now. In terms of power, I think he is on par with the lowest Godly ranks of those that own Combat Divinities."

'And that's just with his physical body...!' Aphrodite thought to herself and continued:

"And with his special 'perks', he could most likely fight a Mid-Level and High-Level Deities; after all, a fight between High-Level Gods is not just something physical, but also a battle between Souls."

"In that regard, Victor only loses in quality, but this issue is slowly being improved now."

"...." Roxanne just smiled gently.

"...Fuck, this is insane. I was bracing myself, but seriously! He hasn't reached 500 yet, you know!" Finally, Morgana, who had been quiet the entire time, spoke.

Roxanne nodded satisfactorily, "Umu, it's all thanks to me! I will protect my Husband! Hehehehe~"

The girls just rolled their eyes at Roxanne.

"Next on the list of those capable of fighting High-Level Gods would be Jeanne, Natasha, Scathach, Morgana, and myself."

"With just Jeanne, Scathach, and I being able to handle God-King Level Beings."

"..." Morgana looked at Jeanne with a blank expression.

"What?" Jeanne asked.

"Did you really get that strong?"

"I told you, what Victor did helped me a lot..." Jeanne looked at Aphrodite, "Although I'm surprised you know that, Aphrodite."

"I would also like to know how you know that; I don't remember using all my strength before you," Scathach commented.

"I have lived a long time and have met Earth's World Tree and its Guardian," Aphrodite commented in a neutral tone. She looked at Scathach and continued:

"Your teacher was the Witch of Doncaster. This woman wouldn't have let you use her name if you hadn't surpassed her in the craft she was so dedicated to... Runes.

"A power so complex and powerful that, if used correctly, could threaten even a God-King, and after getting to know you a little better now, I believe you would not be satisfied until you reached that level of using Runes freely with your Vampire Powers."

"..." Scathach only pursed his lips when she heard Aphrodite casually divulging about her past.

Victor looked at Scathach for a few seconds, then looked away and said nothing. He already knew that the name 'Scathach' wasn't her real name; after all, she even told him that when he became a Vampire Count.

"You are very insightful for a Goddess of Beauty, Aphrodite."

"Ara, you don't live this long without paying attention to details, especially for someone like me who has enemies everywhere that actively wish harm upon me."

"..." Victor narrowed his eyes at that comment. He didn't like what he'd heard one bit.

Sensing Victor's emotions, Aphrodite looked at him and smiled gently.

'Concern... And trust, huh? It looks like he's worried about me being in a warring place, but he still trusts me enough to handle it... So lovely.' Aphrodite felt quite sweet now. Her eyes seemed to glow a little brighter. She looked at Victor like she wanted to jump him then and there.

"...I see...The Energy we have is quite similar." Jeanne nodded to herself as she thought of the World Tree that Aphrodite had known.

Aphrodite awoke from her stupor and looked at Jeanne: "Although your Energy is much purer than everyone here. Even the Energy of Earth's World Tree means nothing in front of you."

Aphrodite smiled widely, "Seriously, it's not an exaggeration to say that you're our ace in the hole. Vlad really fucked up really bad, hahahaha~,"

Jeanne narrowed her eyes. She didn't like the tone in which Aphrodite spoke as if she were an object.

"Don't look at me like that. I'm just saying that if Vlad knew what you were, he would've never let you go."

"That only makes me feel worse." Jeanne rolled her eyes.

"But it's still true. Few Beings would look at your power and not want to use it for their own benefit; Victor is one of them."

"That's why I like him. He looks at me for what I am, not what I can offer." She narrowed her eyes at Aphrodite; she wasn't enjoying this conversation.

Seeing the big smile on Aphrodite's face, Jeanne squirmed as she realized what she'd said.

"... Great, another one... As if the Demon Girl wasn't enough." Violet rolled her eyes.

"Although it was quite obvious," Sasha spoke while looking at her nails, eyeing Jeanne out of the corner of her eye, who was completely red in the face, which was quite adorable for a woman with a grown child.

Natashia, Agnes, and Leona just looked at Victor with lifeless eyes.

"... I did nothing." Victor quickly defended himself.

"We know, it's just annoying when it happens all the time. Can't you get uglier or something? Maybe wear a mask?" Leona spoke.

"Humpf, that would be a sin against all beings."

"Great, now he's even more narcissistic." Edward rolled his eyes.

"Heh, you would act like me, too, if you had all this." He pointed to himself with a big smile on his face.

Edward snorted and turned his face away, he wouldn't openly admit it, but he knew Victor was correct.

Pepper, Lacus, and Siena just stared at the man with dry yet intense looks.

Scathach flashed a small smile when she saw how her three adopted daughters were acting.

'Hmm, maybe I'll join the plan that Natasha spoke about.' Scathach thought lazily. She felt so happy and satisfied; it even felt like she was floating on clouds. She felt so light.

"Okay, Okay, putting the romantic comedy aside for a bit. I don't understand anything you're talking about. What are these insinuations in the air? And why is Jeanne our Ace in the hole?" Liena pulled up an important point.

"Finally, someone noticed. I thought it was just me being left out." Mizuki muttered at the end.

Liena looked at Scathach.

"I don't know anything about it either," Scathach spoke.

Ruby, Sasha, Violet, and Agnes nodded, indicating they didn't know anything either.

"... Eh? Even you don't know anything?" Liena opened her mouth in surprise.

"Of the entire group, only Victor and I know," Aphrodite spoke.

"I don't know exactly what it is, but... I have an idea that I'm 90% sure of. For me to be 100% sure, she would have to confirm it for me." Victor replied as he thought about the strange events he'd seen in Jeanne's memories.

"Vic... Why didn't you say anything? If I had known that, I would have explained it better." Jeanne said. She thought Victor always knew.

Victor looked at Jeanne, "You're helping me, right?"

"Mm."

"Then why do I need to know anything else? You bear me no ill will, and I told your Brother I would take care of you, and that is what I will do."

"..." Jeanne looked in shock at Victor, and slowly a small, gentle smile appeared on her face.

'Really, it's just at these times that I feel bad that he wasn't born a little earlier...' Jeanne fixed Victor with an intense gaze.

Morgana felt her lips twitch at this pink scene before her. Then, she looked at Victor's Wives and spoke:

"See? Natural playboy. With those looks and that character, it's impossible not to fall for him. Fuck, we have to do something."

"...For once, I agree with you, Demon Girl," Violet spoke.

"Believe me when I say it is an impossible task." Kaguya, who'd remained quiet the entire time, said. Despite being one of Victor's Wives, she was a Maid before a Wife. She was a Maid-Wife who would rather care for Victor's needs than these complicated matters.

'Maid-Wife, huh... Not bad.' Kaguya thought to herself with a bit of internal embarrassment.

"..." The girls were silent. Who was it who said that? It was Kaguya, the woman who spent close to 24 hours a day in Victor's shadow. Her words carried a lot of weight.

"Back to the point, Jeanne, are you going to talk about it or not?" Aphrodite took the reins of the conversation. They would forever deviate from the main subject if things continued like this.

Instead of answering, Jeanne looked at Victor like she was asking for permission.

"It's up to you, Jeanne. Regardless of what you choose, I will support you."

Jeanne smiled gently. She felt an invisible weight she had on her shoulders disappear with those words from Victor. She'd been afraid of revealing her existence and girls treating him differently or special. She had had enough of that when she was Vlad's 'Queen'.

"Everyone knows who Roxanne is now, right?" Jeanne began to explain.

"Yeah, she's a World Tree," Pepper spoke naively.

"... Huh?" Liena just reacted as if she had just discovered that fact now.

The people in the room glared at Liena and ignored her reaction.

"You remember that Roxanne has the Big Guy, right? The giant gorilla who is her 'Guardian'."

Most nodded, with a few who didn't understand what she was talking about as they were the few who hadn't seen the Big Guy yet.

Ignoring this group that didn't know either, Jeanne continued:

"I am the same as Big Guy; I am a Guardian of a World Tree."

"....."

"But unlike Big Guy, my position is higher and a little more flexible. I'm still connected to the World Tree, but my autonomy is much greater because he is who he is."

"I am the Guardian of one of the Seven Primordial Entities; I am the Guardian of the Universal Tree, the Tree that sustains all existence in the Universe, the Being responsible for the maintenance, life, and reincarnation of Souls in the Universe, the Being that is the Progenitor of all the World Trees in existence."

"....."

The shock was obvious, everyone didn't know how to react to those words, but just as expected, the first to respond came.

"Well, I expected something like that, but it's still surprising to confirm my suspicions." Victor smiled.

"... So, you are my aunt?" Roxanne turned her head to the side in confusion.

"Well, I treat that Being like my brother, and he treats all of you like his children, so that analogy is correct... I guess." Jeanne replied.

"Ohhh! I have an aunt!" Roxanne ignored everything and just listened to the part she was correct about, and then she jumped on Jeanne and hugged the girl.

Jeanne was static for a few seconds but then hugged the redhead, who was too big to be called small.

'Damn, these breasts are suffocating me.' Jeanne thought she would die if this continued.

"... Fuck, I didn't expect that when you said you recovered a lot of things," Morgana grumbled.

With great effort, Jeanne separated her head from Roxanne's grip and looked at Morgana:

"I wandered for a long time, and due to some events that led me to assume the Fate of a little girl, I lost the memories of who I was. Only when Victor helped me was I able to remember who I was."

"Ugh... This opens up possibilities for so many problems it's not even funny." Ruby felt a headache coming on.

"... What do you mean?" Jeanne asked, confused.

"I'm talking about your children. If you are the Guardian of a Primordial Entity, does that mean your children will inherit the ability to use that Purest Energy?"

"Nah, that's not going to happen."

"Why?"

"My position is special. That Energy is bound to my Soul and only my Soul. Therefore, even if I have a child, he will only inherit my lineage from the 'Race' I am now."

"Hmm... Huh?" Ruby was speechless; she didn't understand anything.

"Simply put, I am like the mother of Carmilla Fulger, I am a Spirit who gained a physical body thanks to the power of the Heavenly Father, and subsequently, I have transformed into a Vampire thanks to Vlad."

"As a Higher Level Spirit, I can assume any Race, and my essence will not mix with my physical body. If I have a child, the child will only inherit the things I have in my 'physical' body. "

"The child will not inherit anything from my spiritual side."

"... That's good. Just thinking of the chaos that would've ensued if your children and descendants started using this Primordial Energy stressed me out." Ruby sighed in relief.

"The Primordial Ones also understood this concern, and thus, even if they were to have descendants, those descendants would not inherit anything from their parents."

"Balance is a fragile thing, and it needs to be protected at all costs."

Only Roxanne and Aphrodite nodded. They seemed to be the only people in the room who understood what Jeanne was talking about.

"Jeanne, you speak as if you knew my ancestor," Sasha asked while narrowing her eyes, something her mother was doing too. The two Fulgers didn't miss that little detail.

Jeanne looked at Sasha and smiled gently: "Yeah, I met her. After all, I was the one who named her."

Natashia and Sasha opened their eyes wide.

"Folks..."

The group looked at Victor.

"We've gone off track again."

"...Oh." Everyone reacted at the same time.

Victor sighed and looked at Ruby, "Tell me about the war in Russia right now."

"Yes."

"About Mount Olympus..." He glanced at Aphrodite, "Just keep an eye out and try to bring some 'reliable' Gods to our side." He didn't explain much; he knew the Goddess understood what he meant when he said 'reliable'.

It was basically a term to say: Easy to manipulate and control.

Aphrodite flashed a sly smile and said, "That's what I was already doing, Darling."

Victor just smiled when he heard that. He had very competent people beside him.

The meeting resumed with Victor, Scathach, and Aphrodite taking the reins of the entire discussion.

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A week passed.

That week, a few things happened in Victor's group, and although they were few, they were very relevant.

Starting with Scathach and Victor, the two became practically inseparable this week. [To the wild jealousy and envy of the girls. Even if they knew why Scathach basically monopolized Victor, that doesn't mean they liked it.]

All they did that week was: train, drink each other's blood, train again, and practice their 'night battles'.

Due to the intense training and drinking of each other's blood, an uncontrollable lust grew in both of them. If they weren't Vampires, they would easily be confused as being some kind of Bunny.

Whenever a workout was over, Scathach would pull Victor into the bedroom and straddle him like a thirsty woman.

When it wasn't Scathach who did it, it was Victor who couldn't bear it.

It was obvious that the girls, especially Aphrodite, were very jealous.

But in the end, this routine proved to be quite effective. When Victor and Scathach finished training a week later, the man could perfectly control his body, just as he had controlled it before going through this 'rebirth'.

Which meant he could fully access his powers in his Base Form and use them at full throttle.

Unfortunately, Victor still hadn't been able to use his Vampire Count Transformations like before, and there was one simple reason for that.

The Energy he used now was much more potent than before.

It sounded silly, but it was understandable if you considered that the Energy Victor used in his Vampire Count Form was 100x greater than before he went through this rebirth.

For some reason, when Victor entered his Vampire Count Form, his body's 'Senjutsu' Energy mixed together, and its scale of power became absurd.

But thanks to that, they discovered something... Victor basically had an insane amount of Energy being produced in his body.

They finally understood the meaning of 'an Energy that feeds an entire planet'.

Proof of this fact was that... Victor no longer needed to drink blood.

In fact, he didn't even feel bloodlust anymore.

His body's Energy kept his body at 100% all the time.

He had become a living nuclear reactor now.

It was worth mentioning that Scathach was a little jealous of Victor's 'perks'. The potential that this Energy in Victor's body had was absurd, and even Scathach herself admitted that if Victor completely controlled the Energy that Roxanne was producing

and channeling into his body, he would become much stronger than her by an absurd margin.

And that knowledge filled the older woman with a single emotion...excitement.

The purest, most genuine excitement; she felt like she was a kid again and had to focus once more on training.

The Scarlett sisters had never seen their mother so happy before. She always walked around with a smile on her face, and it wasn't a bloodthirsty smile but one of pure happiness.

For a few moments, the daughters thought their mother had been replaced by someone else.

Victor wasn't the only one who improved this week; Scathach was improving at an insane pace herself.

Her Base Form was rapidly evolving and getting stronger than before. Not only that, her own Bloodline was being 'refined', and she felt that her 'Power' output had grown much higher as well, which was insane considering her level of power.

There were two reasons for the evolution of Scathach.

The first was that Victor and Scathach fought to the death constantly. They never held back, and they both had confidence in themselves and their abilities, that no matter what damage, their bodies would heal as they abused the regeneration of a Vampire.

The second reason was the intense sex sessions and drinking of each other's blood.

Victor's body was producing high-quality Energy, and all his blood was being bathed in this Energy, meaning his blood became even more delicious along with his seed.

As the Ancient Sages said, eat well, train diligently, and fight battles with all your might. These are the ingredients for growing in strength.

And believe me... Scathach 'ate' very well this week. Scathach's two 'mouths' were wholly filled by Victor's liquids.

Putting all these factors together, in just one week, her body stopped being broken by Victor's punches, with his blows only leaving bruises in their wake. Furthermore, through the damage done to her body, her regeneration also became more potent.

Although that only happened when Victor didn't use his strength 'properly'.

By the time Victor started using Martial Arts and correctly applying all of his strength as taught by Scathach, the damage done was still the same as it had been at the start of their fight.

In comparison, Scathach never managed to damage Victor's body significantly, much to her frustration.

Scathach's current goal was to improve her Base Form enough to cripple Victor's body.

And when Victor heard about it, he grinned like a fool for a long time. It was good to know that his 'target' was chasing after him too.

Yes, the couple had a lot of fun this week.

Compared to them, the Snow Clan experienced one of the most hectic and simultaneously calm weeks ever.

The calm part was because the flow of people coming to the Snow Clan's new city stopped completely. [To the great relief of all members of the Snow Clan and Violet and Agnes herself.]

The hectic part was because the Vampire King was visiting the city and appearing publicly to see the haven.

Notably, on that day, all members of the Snow Clan and even the Fulger Clan were wholly occupied.

That day, Sasha looked at the Scarlett sisters with eyes that seemed to pierce the girls' bodies.

The reason for this was that due to Scathach's action of abandoning the territory, she was only a Vampire Count in name and didn't really have much responsibility.

And that went for her daughters too.

Therefore, the four sisters did nothing to help and only gave their silent support, much to the Fulger and Snow clan's annoyance.

A secret shared only by the Scarlett sisters was that... They really weren't just procrastinating.

Seeing their mother and Victor improve was like a slap in the face from reality for the girls.

If Scathach, an insanely strong woman, could still get stronger, why couldn't they too? Why should they wait for their next strength boost? Would they be Scathach-worthy daughters if they just stood idly by while their mother evolved further?

Of course not! They would not accept this!

Carrying these feelings in their hearts, Ruby, Siena, Lacus, and Pepper did something... They started training, too, a training they did when their mother trained them together.

They battled until someone was seriously injured; just like Victor and Scathach, they focused on improving their 'basics'.

Siena had the raw Ice Power due to Victor's training. She managed to balance her other attributes as well, but she still wasn't satisfied. She had room for improvement, and that's what she did. She focused on improving her weak points that were painfully obvious.

Her defense.

Lacus was fast and had a good defense but lacked explosive power, so she worked on improving ways to kill faster. She was a born Assassin, and her Powers helped with that, so she asked Kaguya for help, a woman who was a Master of this kind of subject.

Even though her mother had been training her in this Art, she wanted an outside perspective, and due to Kaguya's recent increase in power, Lacus thought she was a good candidate, not to mention the fact that her Clan specialized in this type of Art.

Pepper had explosive power. Those cute little fists had abnormal strength, but her speed was shit, and even though it improved, it still wasn't good enough. So, that's what she trained; she also trained her power to use Water more creatively.

Due to being a hardcore Otaku, she had many ideas to improve her power, and she even archived those references to try in the future; she just didn't in the past because...Well, she was lazy.

Ruby was the most balanced of all. She was the strongest for the simple reason that she spent one year and six months training with Victor in the Human World, so her Base was strengthened entirely.

But... Ruby had a problem; her power output was very slow.

Victor and her mother could create an entire damn monument with just a snap of their finger while she needed to concentrate a lot on everything because she had to separate her Water and Ice powers.

She thought it was unfair to compare herself to those two monsters... But the moment that thought crossed her mind, she quickly shook her head and slapped herself across the face.

'Victor never made excuses for his training. If he had an idea of how to train, he would go ahead even if it hurt him.' Ruby didn't want to make excuses anymore. She was said to be the woman who inherited Scathach's monstrous talent and power.

Not to mention she had a complimentary Bloodline that matched her Ice perfectly.

Ruby started training to use the Power of Water and Ice simultaneously. She didn't want to 'separate' the attacks or use them separately.

She wanted to use both at the same time.

... And she did it... After just two days in hyperfocus, using all her brain and training her body.

A result that caught the sisters completely unprepared when they went to fight that day.

The method Ruby came up with may as well be called 'Flow', a subdivision of her mother's own techniques.

Using the image of a river as an example, she used the Power of Water to circulate that Power throughout her body and created a flow of Energy that she was ready to use at any time.

She used what she observed of her Husband as a reference. She covered her entire body with her 'Energy' and maintained that state at 100%.

Which was ridiculously difficult to do and required ridiculous control of her own Powers, but she managed... Simply because her Powers complemented each other well, and because of that, no Energy was lost when she used her Power in her body constantly.

Ruby took another step to alter her mother's Martial Art and adapt it for herself.

Thanks to this training, Ruby had a pleasant surprise... Her Vampire Count Form became much easier to control, and she didn't know the exact reason for that. But what she did know was that it was due to the training to use the Power of her Lineages more 'intelligently'.

Not only were the Scarlett sisters training, Leona, Edward, Mizuki, Liena, and even the Maids were training this past week.

For the reasons stated earlier, the only ones who couldn't train thoroughly were Agnes, Violet, Natasha, and Sasha.

Something else happened too, but it wasn't with Victor's group; it was in the Nordic Pantheon.

The Bifrost, the device that connected the Realms of the Norse Pantheon, was destroyed, and Asgard became inaccessible, as well as the other Realms of the Pantheon.

When Aphrodite received this news from Freya, she was utterly shocked. The reason for this was that the Bifrost was not a simple Artifact; it was an Artifact with the 'Concept' of Travel. The Artifact itself had a Divinity that was directly linked to the Pantheon, and in theory, it should've been possible to destroy the Bifrost.

After getting over the shock, Aphrodite saw an opportunity in this event. After all, the entire Pantheon was closed off due to this event. What if someone showed up and offered 'travel services' in exchange for rewards?

Aphrodite could smell the scent of a delicious business opportunity, and like an opportunistic Goddess, she quickly called a meeting to discuss the matter.

But unfortunately, the meeting had to be postponed because of another piece of news that Aphrodite heard, this time coming from Mount Olympus.

Typhon was released and was, at that moment, recovering in Tartarus, but the invasion of this monster was inevitable.

This news came through a messenger from Persephone, who was operating in the Greek Underworld on a minimal basis.

This news made Aphrodite ignore the business opportunity [for now] and rushed her godly ass to the Temples of Hestia, the Goddess of the Home, Demeter, the Goddess of Agriculture, and Nike, the Goddess of Victory.

The reason for her visits? To grant refuge to the three women in Nightingale.

And that's how the week ended, with Victor and Scathach leaving their training and getting the news of everything that happened.

Coincidentally, he also received the weekly report for his parents.

And just as he expected, Anna was evolving like an eagle that finally learned to fly. The result of her report was that she had great potential.

In contrast, his father's report was...surprisingly good.

Due to the lecture he received from Victor, the man seemed to gain some seriousness, and Oda's act of spanking his ass also helped a lot, so he was progressing very well in his mindset.

But in terms of power development... That was a different matter. He was very 'slow', at least compared to Anna, but he was far above the standards of normal Noble Vampires.

Victor wasn't upset about that. On the contrary, he felt happy and knew that people evolved at different paces; some developed quickly at first and then faced a plateau.

While some developed slowly but consistently.

Victor was abnormal for constantly evolving rapidly without stopping... Although these were also the results of his continuous efforts always to seek strength.

"I'll await next week's report, dismissed."

"..." Oda and Hilda bowed respectfully, then quickly disappeared at high speed.

"They are doing well, huh," Scathach spoke.

"Yeah, although my mom is more of a natural about it."

"Well, you had to have gotten your talent from somewhere, not just your Progenitor's blood."

"And everyone knows that those Vampires who are most honest with themselves evolve the fastest." Scathach smiled softly.

Victor smiled with the woman and said, "Indeed, I assume I was like that too?"

"Yes. Due to your goal of chasing after me, you've gotten a lot stronger."

"Heh~? I didn't see you complaining about me running after you last night."

"Who said I was complaining?" She smiled sensually and added, "I only decided to train you because I saw the raw potential in you. The rest was a result of our interactions."

"Hmm~" Victor gently took Scathach's hand and pulled her into a kiss.

"Who knew we would end up like this, huh."

"Indeed..." Scathach smiled lovingly as she returned his kiss, and she squirmed a little when she felt her ass being grabbed by Victor.

"Don't get cocky." She smacked his hand, "You haven't completely beaten me yet."

Victor just chuckled in amusement. He liked her attempts at 'playing hard to get'.

"...That day is even closer than you might think."

"Fufufu, my foolish disciple, you are not the only one getting stronger; you need to work harder to surpass me. You have many training sessions and tortures that you have to go through with me yet."

"... That feels more like a reward for me~."

Scathach was delighted that Victor accepted her 'tendencies' so easily; he was the only one able to say that he enjoyed training with her.

She was painfully aware that other Beings could not stand her spartan training.

Difficult was not enough of an adjective to describe her training.

The words hardcore masochism were more appropriate to classify her training, and few Beings liked to train by 'breaking' their bodies in every possible way.

Squeezing Scathach tighter and moving closer so she could hear his voice in her ears, he spoke in an obsessive, sadistic tone:

"Don't stop training. Don't stop evolving. Do not wait for me. Keep getting stronger." He licked her ear, and the act sent shivers down her spine.

"Because I guarantee you, Scathach...." Victor grinned and turned away from the woman who was breathing heavily with hot air coming out of her mouth and a flush of excitement on her face.

"That, if you wait, I will be close to reaching you again." He turned and started to walk away.

Blood-red eyes stared at Victor's back for longer than she would have liked. Only when he was out of her sight did Scathach come back to herself and look down:

"Fuck, that was very exciting." She urgently needed to change her panties.

'Damn bastard, he knows where to scratch my itches, and it's even better because I know he's completely honest.' The red-haired warrior smirked widely with a sadistic smile and then disappeared in a flash of red.

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Chapter 622: Greek Goddesses.

Chapter 622: Greek Goddesses.

"Definitely not!" The thunderous and enraged scream of a goddess with long golden hair, golden eyes, and a plump body was heard.

Aphrodite covered her ears with her hands, "Ugh... Demeter, you can't be so selfish about this!"

"Selfish? Selfish..." Demeter's body began to shake with rage, "My daughter is in the fucking underworld fighting Gaia knows what, and I can't help her! You still dare call me Selfish!?"

Aphrodite's eyes softened, "...Okay, I apologize for my choice of words, but you have to understand that you're the goddamn goddess of agriculture. You can't be of any help in this war!"

"Are you calling me useless!? Me!? Demeter!?"

"Yes." Aphrodite was honest; if she learned anything from dealing with Anna, it was brutal honesty.

Veins began popping in Demeter's head, "... You-."

"Before you explode, just tell me, how can you help in this war?"

"... I-."

Aphrodite didn't let her speak and continued, "Do you know anything about tactics? Good, but we have Athena for that. Do you know anything about war? Splendid, but we have Ares for that. Do you have some kind of power to help everyone? No, you don't. Your greatest divinity is agriculture, and what are you going to do, create food for the gods to eat? The gods don't need food!"

"..." Demeter's momentum began to diminish, and her angry glare began to turn into an expression of despair and uselessness.

"... I know about all that... You don't need to tell me. I know I can't help in this war; I know my presence won't do anything... But... But... My daughter ..." Tears began to form on Demeter's face.

Hestia, who remained silent, slowly walked toward her younger sister and gently hugged her.

Demeter didn't refuse the hug and let the tears fall down her face.

"Did you need to speak so harshly with her?" A woman's gentle but stern voice was heard.

Aphrodite looked up to a goddess with long black hair and sapphire blue eyes. Unlike Demeter, who had the air of an older woman who had borne a child and had a curvy body with large breasts...

This woman had a 'nice' body; nothing was too big, but at the same time, not small either. The woman in front of her was Nike, the goddess of victory, strength, and speed.

"Yes, she needs to wake up to reality." Aphrodite's expression became more serious:

"Before, the war was like the Titanomachy all over again, only with the past titans at a disadvantage, I was sure that in due time, Zeus and Mount Olympus would win."

"... But, the moment Typhon woke up, this was no longer a civil war, and the whole situation turned into an extinction event for Mount Olympus. And in that situation, goddesses like me, Hestia, and Demeter are useless. That beast cannot be stopped by my charm, and there is no rationality in its being. All it seeks is destruction."

"He is a beast of the apocalypse for a reason."

"..." Nike was silent. She had no words to refute what Aphrodite said, and she also knew that the goddess of beauty did not speak her name because Aphrodite knew that Nike could fight, but even Nike didn't have the guts to go fight Typhon.

Is she the personification of victory? Yes, she is, but that doesn't mean she's blind to fight a battle she can't win. Just because she's the goddess of victory didn't mean she was ignorant of the fact that when facing an apocalyptic Class being, only defeat can be expected.

What is an apocalyptic-class being? They are beings that have concepts of 'END' in their existence, beings that put a permanent end to something.

Fenrir is something similar. He and his kin are the beginning of Ragnarok in the Norse pantheon, an event said to be the prelude to the destruction of the Norse pantheon.

And Typhon is the same as Fenrir, but much worse because he has no rationality like the wolf. He only exists to destroy the gods.

Gaia truly gave birth to a monster.

Hestia, who was consoling Demeter, didn't say anything about it either. She knew that the situation had just become desperate, and if Typhon appeared, only the original primordials could stop him, and even they risk ceasing to exist.

With a being whose concept encompasses the 'END' aspect, only beings with the concept of 'Beginning' can fight him.

And usually, the beings that have this concept were the regulators of existence, the seven primordial entities that regulate existence, beings that were above even the similarly called beings like Nyx, Gaia, and Tartarus.

For they regulate existence, they are the 'beginning' of everything, and only they can stop Typhon without any damage, especially now since that monster got stronger.

"What a mess..." Hestia felt a terrible headache.

"Right? Now, we have to go!"

"I'm sorry, Aphrodite, but I can't."

"Excuse me?" Aphrodite looked at Hestia with an exasperated look.

"I can't go, not while my family is in danger."

Veins started popping in Aphrodite's head, "Fuck, Hestia, stop pretending to be blind! The only people you can really call family is your mother!"

"Your dear brothers, given a chance, they'll just as well treat you like their sex toy. That's the kind of shit they've become."

Ignoring Hestia's frown, she continued fearlessly, "Even your sisters are something moot right now."

"Hey, we are still her family!" Demeter snarled at Aphrodite.

Aphrodite's eyes visibly flashed in anger, "Demeter, answer me. How long has it been since you've come to visit your older sister? As far as I know, it's been thousands of years since you've spoken to her."

"... I-..." Demeter didn't say anything; she had no excuses or anything to say, after all, Aphrodite was correct.

"She's here now, right? So it doesn't matter."

Aphrodite's eyes softened, "Hestia, you're too good for this family. Are you sure you're not adopted?"

Hestia's eyes narrowed.

Aphrodite ignored the woman's glare and continued in the same irritated tone, "If this damn war hadn't happened, Demeter would be in her flower world doing Gaia knows what. She doesn't care about you!"

"Enough," Hestia spoke with a stern tone as fire flashed in her eyes.

"Tsk, you know I'm correct. Hera is another horrible example; the woman is more concerned with taking care of her husband's trash cheating than visiting her only family."

"Rhea and I are the only ones who visit you."

The fire in Hestia's eyes dimmed a bit. She didn't want to fight her only friend, "...Haha, I know my family has problems."

"No shit."

"But... They are still my family, and I won't give them up."

"..." At that moment, Aphrodite really wanted to pull her own hair out in frustration. Why does this woman have to be so stubborn!?

"If you have such a low opinion of me, why did you invite me here?" Demeter spoke with a hostile tone.

"You are useful." Aphrodite did not sweeten her words "I'm in a faction. And my faction needs someone who has control over agriculture."

"..." Demeter didn't know whether to be annoyed or amused about Aphrodite's brute honesty.

"For me, you could die, and I wouldn't even miss you, but I have to think about my future." Aphrodite shrugged.

Okay, now she was irritated. "This bitch, you have become more unbearable!"

"Meh, deal with it." Aphrodite snorted.

"Did you call me because I'm useful too, Aphrodite?" Nike asked in a neutral tone.

"...No, you, Rhea, and Hestia are the only goddesses I really want to save in this shitty pantheon. The rest can burn, and I wouldn't even shed a tear."

"I see... I wonder why you have so much affection for me. We never talk much." Nike explained.

"You were one of the only goddesses who never judged me right away. Even Hestia did in the past."

"You gave me reason to!" Hestia stomped her foot angrily; she still got irritated when she remembered that event.

"I already apologized, okay?" Aphrodite spoke in an apologetic tone.

"... Oh, that makes sense. I believe I shouldn't believe rumors and only judge someone when interacting in person." Nike continued.

"It was probably a good thing you didn't meet me before. I wasn't very... hmm, sociable before." Aphrodite didn't know what to say, so she made up any word she could think of at the time.

"The correct word is bitch or whore!" Demeter screamed.

Veins appeared on Aphrodite's head, "Shut up, Demeter. Unlike you, I at least have someone who loves me unconditionally and isn't just after your fat body like your brothers who—" Aphrodite trailed off when she realized the next words were low even for her.

"Brothers, who what!? Raped me!? Threatened me!? Used me!?" Demeter snapped.

An expression of pain appeared on Hestia's face. She wanted to defend her family, but some of their acts were horrible, mainly because they were committed in her own family.

An example of this was Demeter herself. It was in these discussions that she fully understood that the scenario that Aphrodite spoke of was 100% realistic. If Hestia displayed weakness in front of her siblings, they would take advantage of her.

"Anyway... Even though I hate this sewer called the Greek Pantheon, and I don't want to do anything to help. I simply want to kidnap Hestia, Rhea, and Nike to save the three of them."

"...." Nike and Hestia didn't know what to say about the goddess of beauty openly declaring that she was going to kidnap the two, and to make matters worse, they knew that the goddess could do it using her charm.

"I would be an idiot not to take this opportunity to not recruit goddesses into my Faction."

"Goddesses of agriculture, medicine, purity, progress, home, life, etc. All those goddesses who don't have combat power but are very useful in a faction, it would be a waste not to save them."

'I wanted some goddesses who can fight like Nike, but they are very few, and most would not abandon the Greek pantheon...'

"... Goddess...? Why are you only specifying women?" Nike asked with narrowed eyes.

"The men of that pantheon can go to Typhon's stomach, and I'd just thank the beast for taking out the trash." Aphrodite snorted.

"And if I bring male gods into my Faction, the probability of my husband or myself killing those gods is too high. I don't want to deal with that problem."

Aphrodite felt a little annoyed now, 'If only I had some way of storing divinity... Something like my husband's progenitor ability, the ability to store souls... Ugh, it's too bad my husband isn't a god. Now, if he were a god, he could store those souls in his own soul.'

She felt it was a waste to have so many deities disappear; she wanted to use everything possible.

The 'divinity' is at the core of a being's soul, and removing this divinity was the equivalent of killing the god. When a god died, that divinity automatically returned to two of the primordial entities, 'Positivity' and 'Negativity'; there were no methods to store this divinity and give it to someone else. Only the two primordial entities can do so.

But with years of research, Aphrodite found a way to do it, and the answer was the progenitor of vampires.

Specifically, a vampire progenitor's unique ability to store souls within their own soul. If that progenitor was strong enough to bear the weight of a god's soul and was proficient enough at manipulating souls...

In theory, the progenitor could 'grant' the 'stolen' divinity to another being.

"You have a husband!?" Demeter screamed.

"I see. You are acting in a way that only benefits you." Nike spoke in a neutral tone.

The two women spoke at the same time, and Aphrodite consciously ignored Demeter and focused on Nike:

"Correct."

"But one thing I don't understand is why are you being so honest about this?"

"No use lying here. You'll find out anyway, and Hestia knows when I lie." Aphrodite grumbled at the end about the goddesses of victory and her ridiculous divinity that made her have 'victory' in any situation.

And when she says any situation, it's literally any situation; even in an argument, nobody wins against Nike.

Only when freaks like Typhon are in play that this divinity does not help at all; victory cannot win against the 'END'.

To be honest, Aphrodite really wanted Nike to come. Having the goddess of victory on your side was like having a cheat code where your faction will always win.

'I also wanted the goddess of luck, Tyche, to help even more.'

Having luck and victory on your side... Your faction would be above the 'mortal' factions and would go straight to a pantheon-level faction.

"Do you have a HUSBAND!?" Demeter screamed.

"Gah!" Aphrodite put her hand to her ear, "Are you sure you're not the goddess of megaphones or something? Why the hell do you have such a loud and booming voice? Are you related to Sakura?"

"Huh? Who is Sakura!?"

"A pink Banshee."

Demeter's face distorted, "Don't compare me with those inferior monsters!"

Aphrodite rolled her eyes and looked at the two of them, "So, are you coming or not?"

Nike and Hestia looked at each other as they seemed to be talking with their eyes. Then, when the two looked at Aphrodite again, they said:

"I-..." They couldn't finish because a roar that evoked primordial fear echoed throughout Mount Olympus.

ROAAAAAAAAR.

The earth began to shake, and the world grew darker as if the sunny weather in heaven was just for decoration. It was as if the end of the world was beginning.

Typhon awoke, and he was hungry... Hungry for destruction.

All the gods could feel an existential danger in their entire being, a primal fear that everyone felt when facing the 'END'.

When the roar of the beast ceased to be heard.

Aphrodite looked at Hestia with a serious expression, slowly her pink divinity started to grow, and her pink hair started to float:

"...Okay, I am not asking permission. You're going with me whether you like it or not, fuck your annoying stubbornness about a family of scum who deserves to be dead rather than alive."

"No need for that, Aphrodite. I'll go with you." Nike spoke.

"... Me too, but before I go, I need to get my mother..." Hestia spoke with great difficulty. This was not the time for her to be stubborn; she needed the 'literal' end of the world for her to understand that.

Aphrodite's godly power began to wane, and she looked up at Demeter, the woman's face was in utter terror, a stark contrast between the faces of Nike and Hestia, who were calm but still afraid.

"I will, but... You have to promise that you will save my daughter." Demeter spoke.

"..." Aphrodite opened her mouth and closed it again. She remembered the feelings of hatred that her husband, Violet, and Agnes had towards Persephone.

"Why aren't you saying anything!?"

"Because your daughter committed an atrocity to my husband, who is the leader of my faction, she cursed a being to death so that that being's soul would be hers forever."

Nike and Hestia gulped, cursed directly by the queen of the underworld? For a mortal, that was literally a direct ticket to hell.

One of the cruelest curses you could bestow upon a mortal.

It was agonizing to live with the knowledge that you would die much sooner than expected because of a 'god' and that god would treat you like their personal toy.

"... You married a mortal? I know you like them like that Adonis case, but isn't that incredible?"

"Shut up. You don't know anything about me or my husband, and for your information, your daughter also fell in love with Adonis, and it was this same Adonis she cursed."

"... I know about that, so you married Adonis?"

"Like I said, it's more complicated than that. Anyway, all you should know is that your daughter isn't very well liked in my faction, and many beings want to kill her." Aphrodite said as she thought of Violet, Agnes, and Hilda.

"If my daughter doesn't go, I won't go!"

"Okay, then stay here and become the beast's food." Aphrodite turned around; she didn't have the patience to deal with this shit.

Demeter felt a shiver run down her spine as she remembered the beast's roar, "W-Wait, I'll go with you! Do not leave me here!" She hugged Aphrodite's legs as she pleaded.

"..." Hestia and Nike just looked at this sight with empty eyes, they were seeing how far one could fall because of the fear of death, and it wasn't just anyone; it was a literal goddess.

"F-Fine, Fine! Stop grabbing me!" Aphrodite managed to get rid of Demeter with great difficulty and spoke while looking at Nike and Hestia:

"Let's get Rhea, and other goddesses, preferably the goddess Tyche as well."

"... The goddess of luck, huh... I see where you're going." Nike said.

Aphrodite flashed a smile that would make Scathach and Victor proud:

"The more hidden cards we have, the more we can survive the other pantheons. When this whole mess is over, the Greek pantheon will probably be one of the weakest pantheons of gods."

"Oh? You don't believe that beast is going to extinguish the Greek pantheon?" Nike asked.

"Gaia may be the biggest bitch in the universe, but... She still likes the Greek Pantheon. She won't let her son get that far. She'll probably stop him when Zeus, Poseidon, and their associates are killed."

"...Will the beast listen to Gaia?" Nike asked in disbelief; for a moment, she thought about trying to sacrifice Zeus. [Nobody would miss him.]

But she figured that plan was unlikely to happen; he wasn't a god-king because he was weak.

"Who knows? I'm betting so, and I've hardly lost a bet before."

"Haah... All this because of my foolish brother who didn't keep his promise to Gaia." Hestia commented with visible pain on her face.

"Gods can be quite spiteful and hold that grudge for millions of years. Gaia has been betrayed twice, once by Kronos and once by Zeus... And this is an opportunity for her to get revenge."

"Anyway, let's go!" Aphrodite spoke.

The goddesses nodded, and soon they were gone in a flash.

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Chapter 623: Greek Goddesses.2

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After they heard the roar of the Beast, the Gods began to act like headless chickens and lost their minds... They went crazy.

Immediately the minor battles going on in places on Mount Olympus stopped as if a superior entity had said that it was not the time for fighting now.

The Gods, led by Zeus, went to an emergency meeting to figure out their next steps.

The Titans, led by Kronos, were partying and drinking, though they also had their eyes on the outcome as well.

There was no stage for civil war in a place where the Beast of The Apocalypse, known as Typhon, fights.

Because as far as the Titans knew, Gaia was a vengeful whore, and though she wanted revenge on Zeus, the crazy bitch would have no qualms about getting revenge on Kronos, too.

Even though Gaia's hatred of Zeus was greater, the Titan of Time knew that it was only a matter of time before the woman turned her sights to him.

Kronos's allies were making plans after Zeus died to contain the Beast or even flee Mount Olympus if there was no other option.

Whatever happened, Kronos' allied Titans knew one thing.

Right now, Zeus was so fucked. So fucked that he must be shitting his pants in fear right now.

"HAHAHAHAHA! Celebrate! Celebrate! Today we will watch my foolish nephew's reign fall." Atlas shouted with a big savage smile and eyes full of hatred and amusement. Of the Titans, he was the one who wanted to see the color of Zeus's blood the most; he didn't want to kill him... Ahh~, far from it. He wanted to torture him with every possible form of torture.

He wasn't satisfied with this result. He wanted revenge, but... He wouldn't throw a tantrum about it. After all, there were always those close to Zeus, right? Even Poseidon becoming a eunuch would serve as some form of mental relief.

He would break these Gods so severely that the word 'God' would no longer be able to describe them. He wanted to make all of them his personal toys, toys that he would break with all the mental and physical torture he knew.

"OHHHH!" The gathered Titans screamed as they raised the mugs; they all had the same hateful look on Atlas' face.

...

'I'm fucked.' That was Zeus's thought when he heard the Beast's roar. He felt a primal fear for his existence, a fear he knew all too well.

"What do we do? This time we have no Heroes or 'Fate' to stop this Beast just like last time." Athena was a woman with silver hair styled into a ponytail with braids. She had dark green eyes, a nice body that was neither too full nor lacking in anything, a body that was very similar to Nike's.

She was tall for a woman, something common to all Gods. However, height was meaningless to them since they could be both in a form that was 10 meters tall or the height of a human, so they chose the height that suited them best; currently, the Goddess was 180 cm.

The Goddess of Wisdom felt out of ideas right now. In the civil war that was going on, she was confident enough that her group would win in due time, but against a Beast like Typhon, there were no 'strategies' to fight him. And there were also no Beings capable of facing him now that he was stronger.

Only Original Primordials could fight it, and it was worth adding that Zeus didn't have a good relationship with any of them, so the probability that someone would help him was 0%.

After going over the entire current scenario and possible futures in a fraction of a few seconds...

She reached a conclusion... Zeus must die.

This was something even a 10-year-old who knew Greek history could figure out.

Gaia and Tartarus created Typhon to destroy Mount Olympus; specifically, he was designed to kill Zeus and end his reign.

For being born of Gaia's existence and Tartarus, two Primordials in their own right, Typhon was a second-generation Primordial, as were Hypnos, the God of Sleep, and Thanatos, the God of Death.

But unlike the two Gods, he was created only to destroy, and his 'END' Concept made him a formidable opponent for most, if not all, Gods.

In the past, when Typhon acted, it was all revenge orchestrated by Gaia because Zeus didn't fulfill the 'agreement' they'd made.

Athena fully believed that if Zeus died, Mount Olympus would still exist. Gaia may be one of the most vengeful bitches ever to live, but she was still a Mount Olympus Goddess. As a Primordial, she knew leaving the Pantheon very weak was just asking for other Pantheons to invade their territory.

And with how the Primordials were linked to the Greek Pantheon, Gaia and Tartarus wouldn't want that.

Following this line of thought, the probability that Gaia would be able to control her son after he fulfilled his purpose of existence was more than 90%

Being only 10% uncertainties that Athena herself had.

"We must flee." Hermes, the God of Thieves, said.

Athena awoke from her thoughts that lasted only a few seconds and looked at the group around her.

"It is impossible to run away. We must fight!" Poseidon, the God of The Seas, shouted.

"You don't fight an adult Beast of The Apocalypse, Poseidon. You run away from them." Apollo, the Sun God, spoke.

"We managed to defeat him last time!" Poseidon screamed.

Apollo just shook his head, "We only won for three reasons," he held up a finger and continued, "First, this monster was a 'weak' newborn, something he isn't now."

"Second, Fate was on our side."

"Third, we Gods were united, and we had competent Heroes."

"And even under those favorable conditions, we lost many Gods at that time."

A hush fell over the place when Apollo finished speaking.

Zeus, who was sitting on the throne, just looked at Athena and Ares.

Feeling their father's gaze, without even looking at each other, the two spoke at the same time:

"It's impossible to beat Typhon."

If the two Gods responsible for one of the Aspects of War, Gods who never got along, said that in unison as if they were agreeing with each other, it was because they had similar thoughts.

And the situation was precarious... Perhaps, it could be even worse than they imagined.

Zeus' face darkened.

Athena and Ares looked at each other in a rare moment of understanding, but right after, they snorted at each other and rolled their eyes; they still didn't like each other.

"So what are we supposed to do? Are we supposed to stay here waiting for our 'End'?"

'Well, the only person who will die here is you if it's up to me.' That's what all the Gods in this room thought simultaneously. They all thought about running away the moment shit hit the fan.

For the people here, if Zeus died, they wouldn't even shed a single tear for him. They'd just piss on his dead body and use it as a garbage dump.

Yes, Zeus was not very 'loved'.

When Artemis, who had been silent, was going to say something, everyone heard the sound of approaching footsteps.

Suddenly the door opened, and Dionysus appeared... He looked pretty battered; he even had a missing arm.

"Zeus, something happened!" He spoke with difficulty but with force in his words.

"Report!"

"Aphrodite, the Goddess of Beauty, along with Nike, Hestia, Demeter, and Rhea, gathered several Lesser Goddesses and Goddesses like Tyche and stole all the treasures contained in the vault of Mount Olympus! Then, they fled somewhere with all the wealth of the Pantheon!"

"..." A deafening, shocked silence fell into place.

Absolutely no one expected such a move, not even Hera, who was sitting on the throne next to Zeus.

"WHAT!?" Zeus's thunderous scream of disbelief echoed across Mount Olympus.

'Well, now the certainty is real. We are fucked, 'Luck' is not on our side anymore.' Athena, who recovered faster than everyone else, thought as she looked sideways at Ares and saw that the God shared her opinion.

Athena nodded internally and thought: 'Yes, I'm out of here. I'm sure the other Pantheons will appreciate my services as a Goddess of Wisdom... It's time to run away and hide somewhere for a while.'

Unaware that all the Gods in this room were thinking something similar to her, Athena remained with the neutral, calculating face she always had.

She went through several scenarios to 'escape' from this mess, but... Zeus' following words decided the fate of everyone present.

"Mount Olympus is closed! No one leaves or enters without my permission!" The God King's voice resounded throughout Mount Olympus, and as the one who held dominion over this dimension, his order was heeded, and the entire dimension was shut down.

The Gods looked with empty eyes at the sky, as they could feel the 'exit' they had closing right in front of them.

'Fuck.' For a moment, everyone had the same thought in their minds.

"Quickly find out if there are more traitors! And account for everything they stole!"

"Yes!"

...

Palace of Hades, a woman with long black hair was on a bed, different from usual her whole body was severely injured, both her arms were missing, one eye was missing, and scars covered her otherwise beautiful skin. It was apparent she had been through a lot.

"Ugh... Healing this damage will take centuries..." She got up and sat on the bed with a lot of pain in her body, "I need to find a Goddess of Medicine or Healing, but I can't go to Mount Olympus..."

She coughed up golden blood a few times and saw that her blood was 'Corrupted'. She didn't know what attacked her, but it definitely wasn't from that Pantheon.

As a Goddess who took over the Underworld, which was a literal Hell, she had resistance to Corruption, and because of that small fact, she hadn't yet died from the 'poison' in her veins.

"The Furies were correct. This is not a civil war like in the past; someone outside the Pantheon is interfering... If only I could get the message out to everyone."

Persephone's current situation was precarious. As the first on the front line, she and her subordinates suffered the most, they held out for a long time, but just as expected, without Hades, the Ruler of The Underworld, they couldn't defend themselves for long.

As a Second-Generation Primordial Entity, Thanatos was strong, extremely strong; he could grant True Death even to a God.

But when faced with other Primordials like Kronos, Atlas, and an unknown enemy, even Death itself cannot fight them alone.

He could handle it if it were one or three opponents; Death was that strong. But a whole group of Titans? A group of Titans that were born from Gaia and Uranus? Beings who were also Second-Generation Primordial Beings like him?

Even Death cannot handle all that alone.

Yes, he was the son of Erebus and Nyx, he was strong and feared by all as the 'Death' of the Greek Pantheon, but even that has limits.

"Fufufufu~, you seem to be having a hard time, Queen of the Underworld."

Suddenly, as if the starry night itself had fallen, the whole place became dark, but not like the total darkness of Erebus, but rather a smooth and peaceful 'night'.

A beautiful night.

Persephone turned her head with difficulty and saw Nyx, Night Incarnate in all her immortal glory, the woman from whom nothing could be 'hidden'.

Even though she was hurt and defeated, the glow in Persephone's eyes didn't die. The loss of war taught even the most arrogant humility, and that was something Persephone had to learn if she wanted to survive in this 'prison' she called home.

Because if it weren't for her inability to leave this place, she wouldn't even have fought through this hell.

"What do you want, Nyx?"

The smile of the Night Incarnate only grew seductively.

"Hades betrayed Mount Olympus and joined a group of Beings who became the Leaders of the Seven Hells."

"And soon, he will return with an entourage of Demons from another Hell and will 'claim' this Hell for his plans."

"... Let's just say I believe that bullshit; it doesn't explain what you're doing here."

"It is simple, Queen of the Underworld~."

"I don't want foreigners acting as Rulers in my land." She still had a seductive look on her face, but her voice came out a lot heavier than usual.

"Your land?" Persephone raised her eyebrow.

"Mount Olympus, and all that is part of it, is my land, as well as that of Gaia, my husband Erebus, and Tartarus."

"As the Firstborn here, this land is ours. It is our birthright, a trait in common with all First Primordials born in every Pantheon."

"And we will not tolerate foreigners acting as owners of this place."

"Mount Olympus may burn, the Gods may die for all I care, but the land is still ours, and foreigners will not claim this place."

Nyx's words sent shivers down Persephone's spine, "You talk about foreigners claiming the place, but you don't care about the dwindling Gods on Mount Olympus."

"As long as the Primordials exist, the Gods can be made again. You were, after all, born of our 'breeding' and our children."

"So some dying isn't a bad thing. At least the garbage will be taken out."

"...Is that why you haven't stopped that Beast from going out and wreaking havoc?"

"..." Nyx's smile only grew. She didn't say anything, but Persephone understood the meaning of Nyx's silence.

"...what do you want, Nyx?"

"Become the True Queen of The Underworld." Nyx stopped smiling and spoke with a serious expression.

"Inherit the position Hades left empty, usurp his power and dominion, and make it yours."

"... Become the True Ruler of Greek Hell." A power that seemed to be made of the starry night appeared in Nyx's hand.

And what appeared in her hand caused Persephone's single eye to open wide.

"The Helm of Hades..."

"It's the Original. I managed to get it before it left the Greek Pantheon."

"With this Divine Artifact, you will become the Second Ruler of The Underworld. This place will be your backyard, and as the Mistress of your backyard, you can restructure this dimension as you see fit; your power will grow, and you will be able to take revenge."

Persephone was silent; the deal was too good to be legitimate. One thing in common with dealing with Original Primordials was that nothing is what it seems, there was always a reason behind it, and that's when a thought crossed her mind, and she understood.

"...I didn't have a choice from the start, huh." She realized why Nyx hadn't interfered sooner, she wanted the Queen of the Underworld at her weakest, and Nyx knew Persephone couldn't refuse.

"..." Nyx's smile grew wider.

Persephone looked at the Entity of The Night with a fixed gaze and spoke:

"I refuse."

"... Huh?"

"I will not become your pawn."

"... Would you rather be a slave to foreign Beings?" Nyx asked in an unnaturally calm voice.

"If I see things will come to that point..." Thanatos's scythe appeared in her hand, "I will kill myself. I'd rather have True Death than be bound."

"Would you say that if you knew what Aphrodite did?"

"..." Persephone narrowed her eyes. Why was Aphrodite's name mentioned here?

Nyx's smile grew a little, and she spoke sympathetically, "Aphrodite, along with several Lesser Goddesses and your mother, broke into Mount Olympus' treasury, stole everything of value, and fled Mount Olympus. I presume they went to her Husband's Faction."

"... Husband...?"

"Hmm...? Oh, you don't know about the news, huh? You stayed here too long. Too bad." Nyx spoke in a sad tone and continued:

"Aphrodite, the Goddess of Beauty, performed a Soul Marriage with the man named Victor Alucard. She even gave all of her Blessings to him and actively protects his Soul so that no God can bestow their Blessings on the man."

"Talk about being overprotective."

"... I see. It's good that she found someone she can love."

"... Eh? That was not the reaction I was hoping for." Nyx muttered at the end.

"I will not be your slave, Nyx. The subject of this man does not bother me. He is my enemy, an enemy that will come after my head in the not-too-distant future."

"... The line between enemy and ally is thin, my dear Persephone. Look at Aphrodite; until some time ago, she was Alucard's enemy. Now she lies in the same bed as him while her insides are filled with the energetic seeds of that man."

"..." Persephone's body trembled visibly.

And that wasn't lost on Nyx.

"Think about it, Persephone. Who knows? Perhaps, in the future, you too can acquire what you so desire." Nyx rose from where she was.

Persephone spoke with narrowed eyes, "... You know something, don't you? Why is an Entity like you interested in that man?"

"Let's just say... He carries in his Soul something that could be the start of a new Pantheon." She spoke with a sweet smile as she thought of the 'delicious' Energy circulating throughout the man's body.

"... Don't tell me..." Persephone's eyes opened wide.

"Fufufu~, Aphrodite is definitely very lucky, even I'm jealous of her right now~."

"That man is a New Beginning, something I want very much. I don't mind sacrificing anything to that end, even my own ex-husband or the entire Greek Pantheon itself."

"Unfortunately, I can't do the last one because I'm still bound to this place." She spoke in disgust.

Persephone snapped out of her stupor and left the subject aside for now, "... You're being very honest, Nyx." But then, she realized something. Nyx omitted many things, but she never lied from the beginning when she arrived.

Nyx looked blankly at Persephone, "If I wanted you as a slave, or my pawn, Persephone... You wouldn't even feel like you were dancing in my hands."

Nyx's smile turned seductive again, "I am the Mother of Concealment for a reason. Nothing can be hidden from me, while everything I want to can be hidden~."

"I'll be back in three days. Prepare a response by then." Just as she came so suddenly, she also left abruptly, leaving a Goddess with a lot of frustration in her heart and inner thoughts to absorb.

.....

Nightingale, a few hours later.

"...Aphrodite..." Sasha looked with lifeless eyes at Aphrodite.

Aphrodite, who was giving instructions to the Goddesses, looked at Sasha, who was beside her:

"Hmm?"

"Are you going to make the same mistake as Violet?"

"Eh...?"

"Where is your inner Yandere? And what happened to being the 'only' Goddess my Husband will ever be with? How do you think that will happen with so many Goddesses 'thots' scattered around here?"

"... Oh." Was Aphrodite's only response when she realized that Sasha was correct.

Sasha's eyes flashed blood-red, "... Don't tell me you forgot?"

"Hmm, eh... yes..."

"Ugh." Sasha put her hand to her brow as if she had a nasty headache.

"B-But to be fair, I was more worried about surviving an Apocalyptic Beast and gaining as many benefits as possible!"

"It's not my fault!"

"I won't deal with this shit. You control these Goddesses, or the women's group will never get along. You know how Violet, Scathach, and my mother are towards other women who just want to use Victor."

"Hmm, don't worry! Because I share the same opinion of the three! No whore will approach him!" She spoke with conviction in her eyes.

"... Haha, I hope you are correct." Sasha sighed and looked at Natalia:

"How did you manage to enter a Divine Pantheon? The Gods would not allow such a thing to happen."

"That is correct, but Aphrodite invited me to her Temple, and only she has jurisdiction in her Temple. After all, she is a Titan of the same generation as Kronos."

"Oh, that explains why the rescue was successful." Sasha nodded.

"Hmm..." Natalia just nodded as she held her arms a little.

Sasha narrowed her eyes at this; only now did she realize Natalia's state, "What happened, Natalia? Are you okay...?" She walked to her side.

"I'm fine... It's just..." Natalia swallowed hard and took a deep breath.

"Even though Typhon was far away, just his aura caused primordial fear in the Gods. A 'Mortal' can't handle it very well." Aphrodite explained in a gentle tone.

Again Sasha's eyes sparked, and she looked at Aphrodite, "You have to be careful with Natalia!" She hugged Natalia like a mother hen protecting her chicks.

"Eh?"

"You have no idea how much Victor values her. If even a hair of hers is harmed... Gods have mercy on that Soul because he won't."

"Ugh, I know about that! Why do you think I only called her at the end? I would not put her in unnecessary danger." Aphrodite pouted.

"Not enough! You have to be more careful! You know how Greeks are! These women are very uninhibited! They will attack Natalia!"

"That will not happen!"

"..." Natalia's face started turning utterly red as she listened to the two women's discussion. She was embarrassed both by Sasha's statement about Victor caring about her and the discussion of Greek Goddesses being 'uninhibited'.

"Hmm, can you guys not treat us like we're sexual predators or something?"

"..." Sasha stopped arguing with Aphrodite and looked at the speaker, and soon she saw a Goddess with golden hair, golden eyes, and a plump body.

"And you are not?"

"I mean... Yes, most are... But that doesn't mean that all are! Don't discriminate against an entire Race because of a few people."

"... A few people...?" Sasha looked at the woman with an amused expression.

The woman flinched a bit and said, "Okay, most of them are like that, but that doesn't mean they're going to attack the woman! Aphrodite has made it quite clear that all the 'Mortal women' here belong to her Husband. I must say he has an extensive Harem..." She spoke as she looked at the white-haired women helping the group settle down.

"Just here, there are about 50 women..."

A vein bulged in Sasha's head, "Aphrodite!"

"Ahh, give me a break. I didn't have time to explain things! I just said that to make sure they didn't do anything!" Aphrodite snapped.

"Fix this ASAP! I don't want to give those Snow Clan women the wrong idea!"

"This misunderstanding cannot grow!"

"Aren't you overreacting a little? It's not a big deal."

Sasha glared at Aphrodite, "Tell me, Aphrodite, are you an idiot?"

"How rude! I'm not stupid!"

"Then how can you forget how 'Divinely Handsome' your Husband is? It only takes one misunderstanding for those scavengers to run after him! And Violet and Agnes won't like it!"

A horrified expression appeared on Aphrodite's face, "You're right. I'll fix this!"

Aphrodite ran toward the group.

'Oh...? Is her Husband so special for her to act like that?' Demeter was curious.

"Where is Aphrodite's Husband? Isn't it rude to ignore your new 'Allies'?" Demeter asked.

Sasha and Natalia looked at the woman suspiciously, but since the question was legitimate, she wasn't rude enough to ignore it.

"He is meeting the King of this place. Bringing multiple Goddesses from another Pantheon has many political complications that could lead to war."

"... Hmm, I don't think the Greeks have time to worry about that right now," Demeter spoke.

"I know, but that doesn't mean there won't be in the future."

Demeter just nodded, understanding Sasha's thoughts.

"Anyway, who are you? Why are you here?" Demeter asked.

"Isn't it rude not to introduce yourself first?"

"True... My name is Demeter; I am the Goddess of Agriculture." She was going to mention the other Titles she gained from being one of the 12 Gods, but she decided it wasn't worth it. She wasn't associated with the Greeks anymore after all.

Internally a little surprised that Aphrodite managed to recruit a Goddess like her, Sasha spoke with a neutral expression that hid her inner thoughts:

"Sasha Fulger, Heiress to Clan Fulger and Wife of the same man as Aphrodite."

"... Oh? Are you one of this mysterious man's Wives!? Tell me about him!"

Sasha flashed a gentle smile; Demeter was excited to think she would learn a bit about Aphrodite's Husband.

'She said it was someone like Adonis, but simultaneously, complicated. Wait, if he's so important that he can talk to the King of Vampires, maybe he went to the meeting of Supernatural Beings? Gaah! I should have watched it! But I was lazy that day...'

"How about no?" Sasha answered.

"Eh...? Why not!?"

Sasha huffed, "You'll find out about him eventually. No need to rush." She turned and spoke to Natalia:

"Come on; I have to do this damn job."

"What job?"

"Accounting for all the things Aphrodite stole. Because of my power, my mom and I can finish this job quickly, but my mom is at the meeting that's going on right now."

...

In the Palace of The King of Vampires.

Victor, Scathach, Natashia, Agnes, Jeanne, and Morgana were looking at the man sitting on the throne with a visible look of irritation.

"Alucard, are you looking for a war with me?" Vlad's eyes glowed blood-red, and the pressure in the room increased several times.

Alexios almost facepalmed when he heard his King's question.

Victor looked at Vlad neutrally; he was in full armor from head to toe, only his helm was unseen, and his long, messy black hair fell behind him.

"War...?" Victor turned his head to the side, and slowly a crooked smile appeared on his face:

"Why not? Let's go to war." When those words came out, Victor no longer held back his 'presence'.

His hair started to float around like it was defying gravity, his body started to become pure darkness, and the only things visible on his face were his blood-red eyes and the sick smile on his face.

Soon, 'red eyes' began to open all over his body, and those eyes stared at Vlad.

Vlad opened his eyes a little when he noticed the man's growth in front of him.

'... He can already handle a pressure that even my son, who was 3000 years old, couldn't...' Vlad felt an itch in his heart; his blood sensed the 'challenge' of another 'equal'.

Vlad's eyes narrowed, and the pressure built even more; he wasn't holding anything back.

Natashia, Agnes, and Morgana opened their eyes a little. They had forgotten how 'terrifying' the King of Vampires was.

But... The three looked at Victor and saw something they would never forget.

[Roxanne.]

[Yes, Yes! Leave it to me! Full power!] Victor's inner world began to shake visibly, and all the red trees in the forest started to glow blood red.

His heart began to pound visibly, and Victor pushed his body beyond its limits.

[I will help! Show him the power, King! You mustn't lower your head!] Alter Victor laughed like crazy as darkness began to cover his entire being.

[W-Wait, dumb Alter! Do not do this!]

The Energy output suddenly went into the stratosphere in percentage, and that Energy was causing damage to Victor's body.

[Alter! You fool! Wait, Victor; I will help recover from the damage!]

The damage Roxanne's Energy was doing to Victor began to heal simultaneously as it harmed him.

Destruction and regeneration were happening at high speed in Victor's body, the pain was absurd, but he pretended that nothing had happened.

His smile completely distorted, covering his entire 'face', and something happened...

'Negativity' spread everywhere.

Feelings of hate, fear, anger, depression, hostility, despair, failure, and jealousy were felt by all present.

It was obvious that this was not a normal circumstance. The Being in front of them evoked these feelings just by his presence.

[Darling! Focus on just one feeling, or you'll hit your allies too!]

Victor narrowed his eyes and concentrated on the feeling of 'fear'.

He thought back to the encounter he had with The Limbo Guy. He thought of the 'fear' it was to be confronted with unlimited power, a fear he hid due to his excitement.

Evoking that feeling, Victor's dark aura grew even more potent, making his hair fly upwards.

The whole Castle started to shake, and everything around him began to be destroyed just by his presence, not just the Castle; the entire city began to shake as if an earthquake was happening.

Everyone could feel an unknown fear filling their entire existence. It was as if they were looking into the abyss, and within that abyss existed an 'unknown entity' that evoked all the 'fear' an existence could feel.

Everyone who felt it froze and just stared at the King's Castle in disbelief, with cold sweat pouring down their faces.

They couldn't move.

Both Progenitors looked at each other. Neither of them wanted to look away, it was a matter of pride, and their blood would not allow them to look away.

Victor's allies were already in complete preparation for combat. They were just waiting, waiting for the moment when someone would attack.

When things were about to escalate further, a trembling voice silenced everything.

"F-Father...?"

Suddenly all the hostility in the air, negative feelings, and pressure from the two beings immediately ceased. The two looked towards the entrance of the Royal Chamber and saw Ophis together with Lilith.

Morgana looked at her daughter and nodded.

Her daughter, who had a scared face, just nodded her head to her mother. This was a plan that Morgana made, and even though she loved the idea of beating Vlad, the Vampire Nobles could not go to war with each other.

And only one person could stop the two Progenitors' conflict; only one person could be the Status Quo of the two.

This 'person' was very special to both of them, specifically their 'child'.

Ophis, the only one who could stand between the two Progenitors.

Both Progenitors looked at Ophis, and when they saw her fearful face, their hearts took a hit much harder than the worst enemies could ever give them.

Victor smiled gently, "Hey, Daughter, what are you doing here? Weren't you at the Snow Clan?"

"...Father, are you going to fight Father?"

The question was confusing, but Victor could understand what she meant; everyone in the room could.

"Nah, we're just talking, right?" Victor looked at Vlad.

"... That's right, it's just a friendly conversation," Vlad spoke with a slight smile on his face.

"...Liars..." Ophis spoke with tears in her eyes, and then she turned and ran with her sister chasing after her.

"Ophis, don't run! Ophis!"

One word... Just a single word made two Progenitors stagger a bit. They became dizzy and received critical damage that no one else could inflict on their hearts.

Jeanne, Natasha, and Agnes approached Morgana and spoke at the same time:

"Good work."

"Mm." Morgana just nodded.

Scathach did nothing; she was silently in a combat state from the beginning, and whether the fight started or not didn't matter. She would not let her guard down in front of Vlad.

The existence of the 50 Goddesses who arrived in Nightingale could not be hidden. It was clear that the Vampire Counts chose a side, Alucard's side.

If before there was a 'false' certainty, now it was 'correct' to state that they were on opposite sides.

The Countesses were allies of Alucard.

Officially speaking, Nightingale was split in two now, and those two sides' Leaders were the Progenitors.

And that was what Victor agreed to. Despite taking massive damage from Ophis's words, he wasn't going to let his guard down in front of Vlad. He understood all too well what kind of shit had been summoned when Aphrodite had brought up the Goddesses.

But that's okay... Victor wouldn't back down. Victor wouldn't give the 'Goddesses' to Vlad; they were too valuable for that.

From the moment he learned what Aphrodite did, he came here with the mindset of conflict and not bowing his head to the 'King'.

That's why everyone was fully equipped.

Alexios raised his hand, and that gesture was enough for the 'shadows' that guarded Vlad to wake up from the feeling of fear and protect the two princesses.

Soon the shadows disappeared to do their job, but they didn't leave before looking at Victor with new respect in their eyes.

Vlad looked at Victor with complicated eyes. 'This man, in less than a few years, can already handle all my pressure in his Base Form; this is ridiculous. What is this increase in power-...' He opened his eyes wide.

'The World Tree... Fuck, is the boost that big? I should have taken that power sooner!' Vlad cursed the fact that the World Tree rejected him earlier.

'The Negativity from before... It's proof enough that they merged. His body is being nourished by an Energy that nourishes a damn planet... The Negativity also explains what kind of World Tree he merged with.'

'And that damn Negativity explains why she didn't accept me before... The World Tree saw my feelings; she saw that I wanted to use her. As a being who feels all the Negativity, of course, she would see that.' He cursed several times internally, but his expression didn't change externally.

Victor lifted an arm up, and something broke through the Castle wall and landed in his hand.

Junketsu, The Blade of a Progenitor... had a very different appearance than before. Its scabbard was entirely made of the dark branches of a Tree, and an 'ominous' feeling was felt from the sheath of the Odachi. The ornamentations on the Odachi completely disappeared, and the blade was entirely smooth.

The blade handle was black with 'live' branches moving; it was evident that something had happened to his weapon.

The moment Victor held the weapon's sheath, the black branches began to move and join with his 'hand'.

Victor smiled in amusement as he sensed Junketsu's 'intent'; the weapon had gained a bit of consciousness.

"... In all my existence, I have never seen someone who grows in power as fast as you, Alucard."

"What can I say? I have a lot of motivation to get stronger." Victor spoke as he looked at Scathach.

The redhead just flashed a small smile.

"And luck... A lot of luck."

'Well, the Goddess of Luck is at my house now.' Victor thought of amusement.

Vlad's posture became more relaxed, and he leaned back on his Throne.

"Explain. Why did the Olympian Goddesses invade my territory?"

.....

Chapter 625: Two Progenitors, Two Leaders, Two Progenitors... And One Accord.

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"Explain. Why did the Olympian Goddesses invade my territory?" He spoke in an authoritative tone that demanded answers.

"They are my allies," Victor replied with the same tone, not willing to back down:

"My allies." He kept emphasizing the 'my'.

"...." Vlad narrowed his eyes.

"I will not have foreigners in my territory, foreigners who are not even of use to me."

"...Your territory?" Victor asked.

"Even if they are in the Snow Clan territory, the Counts' territories are nothing before the Crown. They represent me, but the territory is mine."

"..." Victor and Agnes' expressions sharpened.

It was evident that the two did not like what he said at all.

Yes, on paper, the territory of the Snow Clan belonged to the Snow Clan, but the one who owned it was Vlad because he was the King of these lands; everyone knew that.

But to openly claim that the Snow Clan was 'nothing' compared to the Crown was openly denying 2000 years of development that the Snow Clan had accomplished.

Hearing Agnes' teeth grinding, Victor decided to intervene. He understood Agnes' feelings, but it wasn't the time for that now:

"Fair enough." Victor assented.

"It's your territory, right?"

"In that case, we will leave. This planet is big, and we can easily find land to settle down."

"..." Vlad narrowed his eyes.

Victor's smile grew a little, "... Don't tell me you're going to say that the entire planet is your territory?"

"Even you, the Vampire King, in all your arrogant glory, wouldn't proclaim such arrogant words without backing it up, right?"

"You're not that brazen."

Crack, Crack.

The handrest of Vlad's throne started to break. Vlad's expression didn't change, but Victor saw that he had pissed him off.

"Oh, and when I refer to 'us', I mean the Snow Clan, Alucard, Fulger, Scarlett, and 'all' our Allies."

"..." Vlad's gaze grew even harder.

"That way, we won't have any problems, right?" He spoke with a small innocent smile.

"The Snow, Fulger, and Scarlett Clans cannot leave. They are still the Countesses, and they still serve me."

"Hmm, I'm not so sure about that..." Victor's smile grew.

"King." Agnes practically spat when she said that word, "Have you checked our contracts lately?"

"...." Vlad raised an eyebrow.

"Let me get them; it's faster that way."

Vlad opened his eyes wide when he heard what Victor said.

Victor opened his hand as darkness formed in his palm, and three black tomes appeared.

'How does he have those...?' Vlad's head started to spin, and soon he opened his eyes wide, 'The Witches! He saved the Witch's daughter! Knowing that woman, she would give some kind of reward. If Alucard has the mind of Adonis, the man will manage to make a deal that benefits him.'

Victor threw the three tomes in Vlad's direction, and the man caught them; he didn't even need to open them to know that the three contracts he had binding the Countesses to him were annulled.

The reason? Alucard didn't speak empty words, not when it involved his Family.

After all, only two people could void a black contract: the Witch Queen herself, and the owner of the contract, in this case, Vlad.

'That woman forgot everything I did for her and accepted this deal? Is her daughter's life so important-...' Vlad didn't finish his thought because he knew that woman's dream was always to have a family, and he could see the woman presenting any kind of reward for the 'savior' of her daughter.

"Aren't you going to open it?" Victor asked.

"I don't need to; I know they are useless now."

Victor remained neutral, but internally he was holding back a big smile that threatened to break out on his face. He could imagine what Vlad was thinking right now.

'I'm glad I didn't give the full report. Hiding things is always good~' Victor chuckled to himself.

Suddenly, Victor felt excruciating pain throughout his entire body.

[Victor, your body is a mess! You need to get that Energy out of your body now!]
Roxanne spoke up.

[Alter, this is your fault! Why did you introduce the Essence of the Progenitor in the mixture!? His body can't handle that much Energy! Mine was enough!]

[I will not lower my head to that man! Never! I refuse!]

[Idiot, this is not about pride! It's about his well-being!]

[...Ugh.] Alter grunted.

[Roxanne, can you contain the Energy rushing into my body?] Victor asked.

[I'm already doing that, but since we're fused now, you still receive small amounts of Energy, so you need to expel the Energy I produced for you!]

[Okay, give me a few minutes. I need to finish this conversation.]

"... There's one thing I don't understand. The Queen and I have an agreement; even if you saved her daughter, she wouldn't break that agreement with me because of that. What did you do?"

"Vlad, you're not stupid. You realize what's going on, and knowing you, you already have an idea of what happened...." Sometimes letting the opponent imagine the answer was more effective than telling them.

"..." Silence was the answer Victor wanted.

"Vlad, I would never leave my Wives 'chained' to something."

"Never."

Scathach wanted to correct Victor and say that she was 'not' his Wife yet, but she knew this was not the time for that.

"They are Countesses; that is their responsibility."

Victor quickly rebutted, "It's not about them being Countesses or not. It's about the contract being a 'chain' so you could control things when necessary."

"And I wouldn't allow that for long."

"...I see. I should have seen this coming, but-." Vlad would continue, but Victor interrupted him, saying:

"But you never imagined that any newborn, even if it were a Progenitor, could meet the Queen and make a deal with her."

Vlad nodded, "... That's the most troublesome thing about you, Alucard. Your unpredictability regarding the evolution of your strength and your actions that have no bearing on your 'Wives' or 'Family'."

That was something Jeanne, Morgana, Natashia, and Agnes could all agree on, too. Victor was too predictable with his Family.

But with all the other matters that had nothing to do with his Family, he was a wild card who did things as he 'felt' right.

It didn't follow logic, and because of that, Scathach had so many headaches when she made war plans, and Victor did something else but ultimately ended up benefiting their group too.

"You've failed at many things, just like your attempt with the World Tree. This is one of them."

"..."

"I am merged with her, and I have her memories."

"And even if I didn't have that, I could tell you felt surprised when you saw my state."

"...Aphrodite..." Vlad felt his headache rising; he could already deduce what had happened.

"... Being the 'lover' of a passionate Goddess like Aphrodite gives you many things, among them being the empathy derived from the Blessing of Love." Victor had no obligation to tell him that he 'married' Aphrodite. He would kick that hornet's nest in the future. Marrying a Goddess like Aphrodite and letting everyone know about it would lead to many problems.

'I need to know if Aphrodite said that to other Goddesses too... She probably did.' Victor sighed inwardly.

Empathy derived from the Blessing of Love and being able to feel Negativity through Roxanne. Put those two powers together, with Victor's absurd perception, and no secret could be hidden from Victor.

Even Vlad was no exception.

"... You have become even more troublesome," Vlad grumbled, and then a thought popped into his head.

'Wait... He just brought several Goddesses as Allies... What if those Goddesses give him Blessings? He will become even more dangerous!' Then, gathering the Gods' information in his head, he realized something:

'It's okay, a Mortal, Progenitor or not, has limits on how many Blessings he can receive in his Soul. After all, too much power and the Soul can break-... Fuck, a World Tree! She is nurturing his Soul; she would never let his Soul break.'

It had been a while since Vlad had spoken bad words, but today was a special occasion. The way Vlad looked at Victor changed; it was the look of someone who was seeing a monster.

'If he can already handle all my pressure in just a few years... In the not-so-distant future, he will be able to fight me...'

Vlad started to fear something... He began to fear Victor's potential.

'All of his growth makes sense. When he awakened as a Vampire, he became a Progenitor with the three Bloodlines of the Strongest Vampire Counts. Just with that power, given time, he would be unstoppable.'

'Scathach trained him and molded that potential into something useful, and due to being a Progenitor, he was already ahead of several Noble Vampires when the training ended.'

'AND then it began to happen; he began to make allies. The Maids he created, the Countesses themselves... Then he merged with Adonis and gained his cunning and beauty, beauty which attracted the Goddess of Beauty herself to him, which eventually made the Goddess fall in love and grant her Blessings to him... Something that was expected, after all, he was 'Adonis', the man that Aphrodite loved.'

'The World Tree accepted him as its host, and even though he didn't know what happened at the time, that power was still nurturing him.'

With each encounter that Victor had with other Beings, he gained allies, and those allies gave him something; Vlad even had reports that Anderson, the Second Prince of The Wolves, was a great friend of Victor's.

And he became his friend with just one fight.

Put all that together with the discipline that Scathach gave him and Victor's own personal goal of getting stronger... He managed several times to break common sense.

Vlad could defeat Victor now. He just needed to enter his True Form and destroy his Soul with all his might.

... Yes, it would be that easy... Or maybe not. To be honest, Vlad wasn't sure anymore.

Since Victor's Soul merged with a World Tree, the World Tree itself was protecting his Soul... There was also the fact that if even Vlad decided to attack, the women here in the room could harm him and possibly kill him.

Not to mention still having the Aphrodite problem... Vlad wasn't confident he could resist Aphrodite's charms.

One-on-one, he could deal with them all, and with Aphrodite, he could make plans to kill her, but if they teamed up.

Vlad wasn't sure of his victory. He was arrogant, but he wasn't stupid. He knew he was at a disadvantage.

'Fuck, just what did I create? I should have done something much sooner.'

It was too late to stop Victor now... too late.

These thoughts only lasted five seconds, five seconds that Victor was silently watching Vlad.

He could feel all of his emotions shifting behind the expressionless mask.

'Heh~, seems like my existence bothers him, huh.' Victor thought.

"... Vlad, even though I think you are a terrible family man."

"..." Vlad's face contorted in annoyance.

"I don't have any particular hatred towards you or anything like that."

Vlad raised an eyebrow.

"The grudge I previously held about you locking me away in the Human World was washed away when I killed your useless grandchildren."

"My feelings against you are neutral, and some part of me also likes you as a friend."

"... Huh?" An expression of utter disbelief was seen on Vlad's face.

"Our relationship is complicated, but it's not bad." Victor ignored Vlad and continued:

"You gave me the opportunity to grow by giving me the Title of Vampire Count, and that gave me more leeway and made me known in the Supernatural World."

"And I helped you with your relationship with Ophis; I know that means something to you."

"..." Vlad's face turned neutral again, and he didn't say anything because Victor was correct.

"I bear no ill will against you and never will until such time as you give me cause to do so."

"Vlad, I don't want to go to war with you."

"The reason? She just left the room with tears in her eyes."

"..." A look of sadness flashed across Vlad's eyes.

"You are a King, Vlad. A competent King. I recognize that."

"...But for god sake, you have a damn 20-inch dick up your ass."

"..." A hush fell over the place, and the pressure Vlad was giving off slowly began to build along with the bulging veins on his head.

"Pfft..." Scathach couldn't keep a straight face and almost laughed.

She wasn't the only one. Morgana's face was contorting a lot now, and only she knew how hard she was holding back from laughing.

Not minding Vlad's glare, Victor continued, "Before you ask about war, why don't you ask why the Goddesses are here?"

"Just because they are only 'MY' Allies doesn't mean the Goddesses can't help Nightingale."

"Get the stick called 'control' out of your ass, and think clearly."

"There are things you cannot control in the world, and you, a being who has lived 5000 years, should know that."

"Just because you're so powerful doesn't mean things outside your control can't happen."

"The war the Demons started is proof of that."

"I am proof of that."

"Nightingale is divided, I have all the war potential on my side, and you have all the remaining numbers and the Royal Guards that are made of Vampire Nobles that you created yourself but lack the potential that the Countesses have."

'Potential that you yourself limit, afraid of Vampires getting out of your control...' Victor thought to himself but didn't say it aloud. That specific point, he could understand. Vampire Nobles were troublesome, especially the men, because they would bear their fangs at the slightest hint of weakness.

'Because of this, Maids are better, and Female Vampires are better~' Victor didn't need to worry about that because all the Vampires he would create in the future would only be female.

'An army of Maids...' Just at the thought, Victor almost drooled with anticipation, 'Although those Maids will be directly subordinate to Kaguya and the girls.'

'Hmm, who needs male Vampires? I can just turn them into Ghouls, and Maria will grow her army even more... Speaking of Ghouls. I need to put into practice the other plan that I had thought of but didn't have time to do because of all these events...'

"If I leave now, Noble Vampires, as a whole, will be vulnerable, and this is not the time for that."

"Therefore, I have a proposal."

"The Goddesses and my future allies will come to Nightingale, but we will also contribute to society at large."

"In return, you do not poke your nose into my affairs and cease all future attempts to spy on me and my allies."

"... I will also help if, in the future, you decide to go to war because of Otsuki Hana."

Vlad's neutral gaze immediately changed to a stern look.

"What do you know, Alucard?"

"I know enough."

"..." Vlad looked at Jeanne and Morgana.

"Yes, we told him. He deserves to know; after all, he is going to marry Otsuki Haruna, Hana's sister." Jeanne spoke.

"...Why the sudden interest in my personal affairs, Alucard?"

"..." Victor looked at Vlad with empty eyes, a look that Alexios and the girls shared.

"...Now, I'm really questioning whether Vlad hit his head at any point in his life or if he's naturally bad at these things," Victor commented with a sigh, then he looked at Alexios:

"My condolences, Alexios."

"..." Literal tears fell down Alexios' face. Finally, someone understood him!

"Believe it or not, he was better before, he really needs to take a vacation and put things in perspective, but he never listens to me." Even the oldest God could become mentally impaired if they followed Vlad's mental torture routine.

The mind needs rest too... Something Vlad rarely does, the last time being when he traveled with Ophis.

"Just know your daughter won't have that problem with me, Alexios. I may not be a good Ruler, but I will never fail to do my utmost." Victor spoke.

"Mm, I trust you on that one."

A mutual agreement was made between the two men there.

Vlad looked at all this with a blank stare. With so many words exchanged, he already understood what had happened.

"...Fuck, I knew he was dense, but this is ridiculous. How did he even get six wives?" Morgana spoke.

"Ruby said that some women like dense men..." Agnes murmured.

Morgana and Jeanne felt hit by those words.

Though Morgana's reason for liking Vlad was because of his power in the beginning.

And in Jeanne's case, it was because Vlad' saved' her from being burned at the stake.

"Now that I think about it, we didn't particularly like him because he was good at talking, huh..." Morgana spoke.

"I should have seen this sooner. I think damsel in distress syndrome and my lack of memories led me to this situation." Jeanne spoke.

"Can we get back to the main conversation?" Vlad felt weird saying that. He felt like everyone, even Alexios, was judging him right now, and it wasn't a very good feeling.

"Haah, I'm done with this shit." Victor finally exploded and said, "Otsuki Haruna will be my Wife in the future. She is the sister of Otsuki Hana, your late wife; they are SISTERS, Vlad. What happens when a sibling is killed by someone else?"

"The remaining sibling will want revenge."

"Correct!" Victor clapped his hands several times, "Someone give him an award! Because I, Victor-kun, don't want to deal with this shit anymore, bye!"

"W-Wait, Victor! You can't go out and leave everyone here! And the deal!?" Agnes screamed.

"Meh, Vlad has no choice but to accept this matter. I don't want to fight him over Ophis, and he doesn't want to make the little girl sad either."

"I have things to do now."

"So... Bye! I will be back in a few minutes!" Before Victor ran, he looked at the women:

"Oh, Scathach, Agnes, and Natashia. Take care of things."

"... Leave it to me.." The three spoke at the same time.

"Hmm." Victor nodded and disappeared in a golden flash.

He appeared several KM away from the Royal Capital.

[Victor now!]

[I know!]

Victor let go of Junketsu, put his hands together, and entered a famous pose as he looked at the moon as if it were his mortal enemy:

"Kaaa... Mee-..."

Roxanne materialized beside him and yelled,

"Stop!!!"

"Eh?"

"Idiot, do you want to be sued for copyright!? And don't destroy the moon! Who knows what might happen to this planet if that happens!"

"Now, just create a fireball or something!"

"Ugh, fine!"

Victor pointed his right hand toward the sky and concentrated all his power.

In the blink of an eye, a fireball that looked like a literal sun appeared in the sky.

"Fuck! Victor, compress this shit and throw it into space!"

"Easier said than done, you know!?" Victor ground his teeth.

"Just do it!"

"Ughhh!"

Suddenly the fireball began to compress into a basketball-sized white fireball, and the heat of the white fireball was burning everything around him.

Victor poured all the Energy that was overloading his body into the fireball.

If before he was at 200% capacity, this power slowly decreased to 100% of his capacity.

The whole process took a minute... A minute of pure destruction to the environment.

Looking at the fireball that was 5 meters in diameter, he broke out in a cold sweat when he felt the heat.

'This is very powerful!'

"Stop admiring the sphere! Throw it into space now!"

Victor awoke from his stupor and threw the fireball into space... far away from the moon, just in case.

The sphere flew at a ridiculous speed into the sky, illuminating all of Nightingale, and in less than a few seconds, the sphere passed through the planet's atmosphere and flew even further, and... It exploded, illuminating the entire sky.

That day, an entire part of the planet was illuminated by the sphere's light that exploded, bringing chaos to all Vampire Nobles and the Races in the Snow Clan.

And also alerting the other residents of this planet to an existence that could create an attack that could light up a part of the planet for a total of two hours.

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Chapter 626: Two Progenitors, Two Leaders, Two Progenitors... And One Accord.2

Chapter 626: Two Progenitors, Two Leaders, Two Progenitors... And One Accord. 2

10 minutes later, Victor returned to the castle.

"Yo, I came back."

"Victor! What did you do!? The whole sky is lit up as if it were day! And there is no day in Nightingale!" Morgana spoke.

"Nothing much, just trying out a new technique." Victor responded with a look that said, 'I'll tell you later', a look that only the women present understood.

"Just what kind of Technique can light up all of Nightingale?" Alexios asked.

"A skill I would have used on Vlad if things went wrong." Victor lied like it was no big deal, although there was some truth in those words, like the fact that he would use it on Vlad, so he added:

"I had to let go of the attack because once it's started, I can't really stop, and I was prepared to throw that if things went wrong."

Vlad really didn't want to, but he couldn't help but swallow hard as he looked out the window, specifically at the 'sun' in the sky.

'This power cannot be produced by Vampire Powers alone... This Energy is at the level of a God in just pure power. Does the World Tree really help you that much?' Vlad was feeling sour again. With that power, all his plans for the future would be so much easier...

And all this was in the hands of a young adult who could barely control himself. For the first time, Vlad felt that the world was unfair.

"How long will Nightingale be lit?" Agnes asked in awe as she looked up at the sky.

'My Bloodline can get this strong... Should I try to refine my fire as well?' She thought to herself. In all her life, Agnes had never thought of making her fire hotter.

[Roxanne?]

[Hmm, two hours or something? Now, don't interrupt me. I'm fixing your body!]

"Two hours."

"... Holy fuck." Agnes can't help but mutter.

"Just how much Energy does it have to maintain this state?" Alexios asked.

"Enough." Victor didn't know the answer to that question, so he stated the obvious.

Internally, he was talking to Roxanne.

[... Was my body not healed?]

[Your body, yes, not your Soul, Vic! Thanks to Mister 'Pride' here, your Soul has been damaged!]

[Ugh, I already apologized!]

[Apologizing isn't enough because I know that if something like this happens again in the future, you'll 'help' him again, right!?!]

[...] Alter Victor just turned his face away as he whistled.

[... This idiot! Don't do that! My Energy is enough for my Husband! Let his body adapt to large Energy loads first. Due to him being recently reborn, his body is in a constant state of 100%. He needs to adapt to that Energy first so he can use more Energy in the future without damaging himself!]

[Hmm, my body has not adapted?]

[It has, Vic. But just at the level that you don't break when using my power; if I increase energy production, your body can't handle it. That amount of Energy in your body right now is just the 'passive' Energy I give you]

Victor broke out in a cold sweat when he heard what Roxanne said. He really has become a walking nuke now.

[... Huh? Why did you help him then?] Alter asked.

[Because he asked! And at that time, he was using the Power to manifest my Negativity! That power uses a lot of Energy, so it wouldn't be a problem if I increased the capacity because he would be using that Energy right away! But because you butted in and gave him the essence of the Progenitor, all the Energy I was giving him got a boost and was supercharged!]

[Oh...] Realizing that it was really his fault, Alter Victor turned his face away and fell silent.

"Anyway, did you talk?"

"Yes, and he agreed to everything," Scathach responded.

Victor nodded and looked at Vlad:

"Get your spies out of the Snow Clan, and stop monitoring communications."

"I've done it already. But, in the near future, I will want your help with those individuals, and don't forget to improve Nightingale as a whole."

Victor nodded, "I'll help you in the future, and as for Nightingale, Natasha and Sasha have some plans to help make things better."

"Natasha?" Vlad looked at Natasha as if the woman had grown a second head.

"What? My Clan is not just the Clan that makes food. My sister has many connections that will help Nightingale in general, and the help of the Goddesses will make everything easier."

"...Do as you wish, but I want a full report of what you plan to do."

"Okay." Natasha nodded.

"Seeing that it's all over, I'll go talk to Ophis. When I'm done, you should talk to her too, Vlad."

"I know," Vlad replied.

"As soon as you finish talking to her, send her to the Snow Clan. Nero is good company for her, and her brothers are there too."

"..." Vlad nodded and just now realized that... He was alone in this one. The only one keeping him company was Alexios and his Personal Guards...

He didn't want to think about it, but it was obvious that his entire 'family' didn't want to be around him.

Vlad looked at Victor, saw him walking with several people around him, and looked around himself, seeing the 'obvious' difference. He couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

'Looks like I failed at a few things, huh...'

'I think I'll take Ophis for a walk later...'

...

Two hours later, the white sun disappeared entirely due to a loss of Energy.

Victor passed through the portal that Alexios created that led to the Snow Clan and was surprised when he saw everything was peaceful.

He looked around and saw Violet, Sasha, and Aphrodite ordering people around.

He smiled proudly at the sight. That smile was for the three of them, Violet and Sasha, who were growing up splendidly, and Aphrodite because she had acquired enough allies.

"Scathach, Agnes, Natashia, Jeanne, and Morgana."

The aforementioned women looked at Victor.

"We are the strongest war potential currently, so we must train."

"... That means."

"Yes, the four of you will join me and Scathach in training."

Natashia's and Morgana's eyes opened wide, and a kinky smile appeared on their faces.

Jeanne looked away in embarrassment, as did Agnes.

Scathach fixed the four women with dry eyes.

"Get your minds out of the gutter, you four!"

"... Eh? Will that not happen?" Morgana asked in disappointment.

"Probably yes. But get your mind out of the gutter! You will train hard!"

"Yay!" Natashia and Morgana ignored Scathach and gave each other a High Five.

Jeanne and Agnes' faces turned even redder.

Jeanne was embarrassed but with high expectations as well.

Agnes was embarrassed but a little apprehensive.

"Agnes."

Agnes turned her face and looked into Victor's violet eyes.

"Don't force yourself into anything. My blood will also help you refine your body just like Scathach."

"..." Agnes just nodded her head as she sighed in relief.

"Wait... Is that her secret? Was it because she fucked like a rabbit and drank your blood that she got even stronger!?" Morgana spoke.

"I mean, this happened before when we drank his blood, but now it seems that trait has gotten a new boost," Natashaia replied with a twinkle in her eye.

"This is unfair! I want some too!"

Jeanne karate-chopped Morgana in the head, "Stop being a horny bitch."

Morgana held her head with an anguished face, "Ugh, you can't judge me. You're the same! Don't pretend I don't know-."

Jeanne quickly covered Morgana's mouth and prevented her from talking nonsense.

"... Mother..." Lilith sighed when she saw her mother's behavior... Although she could very well understand why she acted like that as she glanced out of the corner of her eye at Victor.

'I'd better go meet Elizabeth.' She thought as she started to walk away from the group to look for her siblings. As she walked away from the group, she couldn't help but think of what had happened before coming here.

'To think my dad would invite Ophis to spend time with him... Seems like he's trying to patch things up.' Lilith didn't know how to feel about this. Despite being very spoiled by Vlad, she never received the treatment that Ophis was receiving now.

This situation left her with complicated feelings.

"Back to the point. Agnes, Natashaia, and Scathach will work on their bodies and improve their Bloodline," Victor said.

"..." The three Countesses nodded; they were planning to do that too.

"I will train with you as well so you can help me with my Powers too."

"... Oh? Do you want to train with us?" Agnes asked in surprise.

"The only woman so far who has directly helped me with the Powers I inherited was Scathach with the Power of Ice."

"You two will help me with the Powers of Lightning and Fire... Both of your experiences are very valuable."

"Hmm, I admit this is a good idea. I also want to learn from you; how you evolved our Bloodlines is quite interesting."

"... That's true. I wonder if I can make that White Fire." Agnes spoke.

"White Fire is simply a 'refinement' to increase heat. My goal is to produce that Fire as I do normal Fire."

"That is insane. The level of control required for you to do that is ridiculous." Agnes spoke in disbelief.

"But it's not impossible." Victor continued.

"..." Agnes was silent.

"Scathach turned a small cold breeze into the Power it is today. Bloodlines always have room for improvement, and it all depends on our imagination."

"And because our Bloodlines are of Elemental Powers, it's even easier to imagine their evolution. Although it is much more difficult to reach that state."

"... When you put it that way, it seems possible...." Agnes spoke.

Natashia and Morgana just looked at Victor rather passionately.

'Is it because he had this mentality that he became so strong in such a short time?' They both wondered.

Natashia looked at Scathach, and the redhead just gave a big satisfied smile as if to say, 'Look at my perfect work!'

She was the one who understood Victor the most and was the one who felt most proud of him.

"Jeanne and Morgana are going to have to train on their own. Honestly, I don't know how I can help them."

"Don't worry, I know very well what to do, but I still want some practice fights; these battles have helped a lot," Jeanne spoke.

"I won't deny a good fight either!" Morgana spoke.

"Hmm, we're all going to do it." Victor nodded and added:

"I want to include Ruby, Violet, and Sasha in training as well."

"That is a good idea," Scathach spoke.

"I can leave my sister in charge of my Clan, and I won't have to worry about it for now; that will give Sasha time to train," Natasha spoke.

"...Unfortunately, I won't be able to do that. The Snow Clan needs someone to oversee everything." Agnes spoke.

"Girls, come to me." Victor's shadow grew, and soon all the maids, except for Roxanne, appeared.

"Kaguya."

"Mm." Kaguya approached Victor.

"Kaguya will look after the Snow Clan while we train."

Agnes looked at Kaguya, "... That's-..."

"Possible. She is my Wife. She has my name, she is an Alucard, and everyone knows it."

"By joining a Progenitor's Family, for Vampires who value blood, Kaguya is on the same level as a Countess or the Royal Guard."

"...Now that he said that, it's true. She has his 'name'." The five women stared at Kaguya with dry eyes.

Kaguya didn't show any reaction when being stared at by all of them. She knew the women in front of her were stronger than her, but Kaguya didn't falter. The only one she lowered her head to is Victor; that's her pride as Maid and Wife.

'Maid Wife... Hehe.' Kaguya thought with an inward smile.

Suddenly the stares disappeared, except for Natasha and Morgana.

"Hmm, Good." Scathach nodded.

"She's gained a bigger backbone." Agnes nodded satisfactorily, "That will be enough to handle my Clan."

"She didn't flinch from our gazes; Victor's blood gave her more than just Power," Jeanne spoke.

Victor looked at Eve, "Eve will be second in command, and she will help Kaguya with everything."

"Yes, Master," Eve spoke.

"Oh, I want you to teach Nero how to run a Clan too. She is my daughter, after all."

"In the meantime, help Ophis as well," Morgana said.

Everyone looked at Morgana:

"Even if Ophis doesn't command anything in the future, that kind of knowledge is beneficial, and if she sees Nero doing it, she'll want to do it too."

"Hmm, I agree; this will help Ophis to speak more words too. She needs to learn to express herself. Now when she is a child, this kind of attitude is cute, but it will be a problem in the future." Jeanne gave her opinion as one of the 'original mothers' of Ophis.

"I assume you all know how to run a Clan, right?" Natasha said.

"Yes, Boss Kaguya taught all of us to do it. She said it would be useful in the future," Maria spoke.

"Good... In that case, I want you to train a reliable member of my Clan. I need a replacement so my poor sister can breathe a little."

"Who are you going to send?" Victor asked curiously.

"Tatsuya."

"That lazy boy only trains, and as my sister's son, he is also entitled to be Clan Leader," Natasha spoke.

'He won't like this...' Victor thought, predicting the man's reaction.

"... I also want you to train someone," Agnes said.

"Oh? Are you going to use my idea?" Natasha asked.

"Yes, I couldn't do that in the past because I didn't have someone I trusted a lot, but... Now I do."

"Who?" Victor asked.

"Yuki Snow."

Victor remembered the white-haired girl who was his Maid for a few days.

"She has become quite popular among the Clan members. Hilda even talked about making her a right-hand woman. She just didn't because the girl is quite weak, which can easily change with rigorous training."

"You call it training. I call it torture." Roberta murmured.

Everyone heard her, but they didn't say anything because they knew it was true.

"Hmm, Kaguya will take over the Snow Clan for 1 month. In the meantime, she and my Maids will train Ophis, Nero, Tatsuya, and Yuki on how to run a Clan. Meanwhile, Morgana, Jeanne, Scathach, Agnes, Natashia, Ruby, Violet, Sasha, and I will spar. Is that all?"

"Yes." Natashia and Agnes spoke at the same time.

"Good... Do you understand everything, Kaguya?"

"Yes."

"Good... I also have another order."

"Maria, we are going to increase our army."

"..." Maria's smile grew.

"Who are we going to recruit?"

"Demons."

"Hehehehe, I can't wait. When are we going to do this?"

"In 15 days."

Maria decided to mark it on her calendar as a highly anticipated event.

"What army are you talking about?"

"The deadly kind... Ghouls."

Morgana gulped, "...Oh, she's a Ghoul Queen. I had forgotten about that."

"So far, I only have Supernatural Beings that I caught when Master went to Japan in the Ophis incident." Maria pouted.

"At that time, we didn't need to use the Ghouls." Victor nodded.

"Unfortunately," Maria spoke.

"Happily," Jeanne said at the same time.

The two women looked at each other for a few seconds until they were interrupted by Victor's voice.

"When I'm done talking to the Goddesses, I want all the Maids in my room today."

"... Oh? Are we going to have sex!?" Roberta asked excitedly.

"...." Kaguya, Eve, and Bruna's faces turned redder, and they lowered their heads.

"Who knows? I plan to make all of you bear my name."

The Maids opened their eyes wide.

"As only Kaguya didn't have my lineage before. Her changes were great, but that won't happen to you. You are already my 'daughters'; after all, I raised you."

"What I'm going to do is make everything official, just like I did with Kaguya."

"... So this is... A marriage proposal!?" Roberta asked, even more excited.

"Unfortunately, not yet... I have six women who are undecided." Victor gave Agnes, Scathach, and Natasha a meaningful look.

"Humpf, you have to defeat me before that happens." Scathach snorted.

"Darling, I'll accept any time, but you do know what it means for me to join your Clan and officially marry you?" Natasha said.

"Of course, we can't do that now due to the war... But that doesn't mean we can't do the ritual, right?" Victor spoke.

"... Well..." Natasha smiled widely.

"Just think of it as a way to gain power. You can't admit it, but you're way behind Scathach right now."

"Ugh." Agnes and Natasha flinched with that invisible arrow.

"Hey, Hey! What about us!?" Morgana spoke.

"Morgana!"

"What? Stop being a prude. You're the oldest of us all!"

"Don't talk about my age!" Jeanne snapped.

Victor looked seriously at Morgana and Jeanne:

"Are you two absolutely sure about this? You know you can't go back. I won't let you."

"..." The two fell silent at Victor's sudden serious expression, and his question brought back the memories they had of Victor.

To no one's surprise, their response was:

"Yes, I am." The two spoke at the same time.

Victor continued looking at the two for a few seconds, and slowly his expression changed into a gentle smile:

"I hope you won't regret it."

"... Will you give me a reason to regret it?" Jeanne asked.

"Of course not."

"Then it's okay." Jeanne laughed as Morgana nodded.

"Huh, I am fortunate to have you with me," Victor spoke.

"Wrong. We are lucky to have you, Vic," Jeanne spoke.

"If you say so..." Victor shrugged, unwilling to argue about it.

"Back to the subject. Bruna, Maria, and Roberta, I want you in my room later to make everything official. Kaguya and Eve must accompany you and bring the necessary documents."

"Yes, Master."

"I assume you girls would follow the Maids?"

"Yeah, if you're going to do the Ritual, it's better to do it all at once," Agnes spoke.

Victor nodded his head, indicating that he understood, and looked at the redhead asking for her opinion:

"...Scathach?"

"I will also go. I want to see the changes your Bloodline will make in Agnes and Natasha."

"Very well." Victor nodded and continued:

"You have your orders. Go do your thing... I have to face these Goddesses now."

Natasha nodded and disappeared as she went to get Natalia to open a portal to Fulger territory.

"I will prepare everything necessary for later and the documents. Help me with that, Girls." Kaguya announced.

"Yes." They spoke in unison and soon followed Kaguya.

"Come on; we have to talk to these Goddesses."

Agnes, Scathach, Jeanne, and Morgana nodded.

"Ugh, I need to contact Haruna. She must know about this Alliance; it influences her too." Victor grumbled.

"We can ask Natalia when she comes back," Scathach spoke.

"We need more devices that speak between worlds. Unfortunately, due to Arcane being closed, we cannot get more." Agnes grumbled.

"We can just borrow it from Vlad. He must have some left over." Morgana spoke.

"... Or we can ask my 'Master' to sell them to us."

"..."

"Am I the only one who finds the situation with Victor and the Queen strange?" Morgana looked at the girls.

"You are not the only one." Jeanne and Agnes spoke as Scathach fell silent with a dry look on her face.

Victor chuckled inwardly as he sensed Scathach's jealousy.

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Chapter 627: Goddesses Squad?

Chapter 627: Goddesses Squad?

In the largest room of the Snow Clan mansion used for meetings with foreign diplomats sat Victor, Scathach, Morgana, Jeanne, Ruby, Violet, Agnes, Sasha, Natalia, and Haruna [who just arrived with Natalia's help.]

That group [specifically Victor] was looking at the Goddesses with a dead look in their eyes.

Aphrodite, who was at the front as a representative of the Goddess group, was squirming under Victor's gaze. She could clearly feel his feelings thanks to their connection, which Victor's Wives also felt.

Victor looked at Aphrodite, and then he looked at the Goddesses, who looked at him with explicit shock on their faces, and then he looked at Aphrodite again; he repeated this process a few times, and suddenly he felt a headache coming on.

"Haah..." He took a long breath as he placed his hand on his brow, 'No wonder Vlad was worried. This is too many Goddesses!'

Victor didn't have time to check on the Goddess when they arrived. As soon as he heard that Aphrodite had returned with the Gods, he knew he would get into trouble with Vlad, and because of that, he went straight to the King's Castle.

In total, Aphrodite brought up 50 Goddesses.

After a brief introduction, Victor could separate the prominent Goddesses from the group, which were:

Hestia, the Goddess of the Hearth and Sacred Fire. [Finally, they'd found each other. Victor held her in high regard.]

Tyche, the Goddess of Luck. [He had caught a glimpse of her before leaving.]

Nike, the Goddess of Victory. [She would look like a very serious secretary in the correct clothes.]

Demeter, the Goddess of Agriculture. [Mommy.]

The Panacea sisters, Goddesses of Healing.

Iaso, Goddess of Medicine.

Hygea, Goddess of Health Preservation

Rhea, the Mother Goddess. [A Titan and the strongest Mommy.]

Thetis, a Sea Nymph and the Goddess of The Sea. [Who is also a Titan like Rhea and Aphrodite. She is a Mommy like Demeter.]

Those were the only Goddesses with Major Divinities in a 'Concept'. The others were just Minor Goddesses without fully developed Divinities. Even though they didn't have a Major Divinity, they weren't useless.

Since they were Goddesses with a Concept that still needed work to grow, they had opportunities to be more 'free' and not be bound by their Divinity.

Greater Goddesses like Hestia, for example, were limited in what they could do due to their Divinity, but this restriction did not apply to the other Lesser Goddesses. They could do anything, learn anything, and even specialize in different crafts.

And that's what most Lesser Goddesses did. They were masters of various crafts, like blacksmithing, agriculture, etc.

Although they were not as good as the 'Divinely Specialized' Gods in this matter, such as Demeter or Hephaestus, they were far better than humans and other Mortal Races.

"Sasha, did you count the items they brought?" Victor asked.

When he spoke those words, it was as if a trance had been lifted from the Goddesses, and they snapped back to reality.

"He's beautiful!"

"No wonder you're Aphrodite's mate."

"Lucky woman! So jealous!"

They began to whisper in a low voice, but since everyone had heightened senses, everyone could hear them.

"Hmm." Sasha nodded her head as she glared at the Goddesses who were commenting on this, a look that Violet and Agnes shared:

"I couldn't touch some Divine Artifacts, but I accounted for everything; here is the report." She handed a sheet to Victor.

When Victor looked at the report, his eyes grew wide.

Curious about Victor's reaction, Scathach, Morgana, Jeanne, and Haruna walked up behind him and looked at the paper.

And just like him, the women also opened their eyes in shock.

"How the hell did you get those items, Aphrodite? There's tons of Ambrosia here, even Divine Weapons built by Hephaestus." Victor asked in shock.

"Uhhh." Aphrodite snorted proudly and said, "No Mortal or God can escape my call."

"... That's true, but how did you bring it all here?" Haruna asked curiously.

"I bought her the latest storage bag as a gift," Victor said.

"Storage bag?" Haruna asked, confused, "Oh, those bags you always use when you go to my territory? I always wondered what it was, but I thought asking about it was rude."

'...So polite!' They all thought at the same time.

"Oh... You haven't received one yet, huh." Victor spoke.

"Well, this item is not being marketed yet, Master. Only select people have access to this item." Natalia explained.

"The King wants to monopolize it, huh?" Victor spoke.

"It's a good source of income, and if you sell to specific people, we can get political support and charge those individuals more... But because you helped us discover this method, we sell to you with just the material costs in mind." Natalia explained.

"Recently, my dad has been getting proficient at making these storage bags, and they've been getting more compact." Natalia took a white cloth from her pocket and unfolded the fabric carefully, and soon everyone saw a white bag.

"If necessary, we can also stretch the opening so that Beings can enter the space..." Natalia said as she stretched the bag's opening to the size of a simple door.

"Although it's something we don't recommend doing too often. Only my dad can do it because if trouble happens, he can use his powers to escape relatively easily."

"I see... Haruna, I'll get you a bag later."

"Mm, I will send the necessary money later."

"..." Victor nodded his head.

"Believe it or not, Victor, I didn't get all the items in the Treasury of Olympus; I would need 50 more bags to get them all." Aphrodite started to speak.

"The Gods have accumulated a lot over the years, huh," Ruby said.

"Indeed." Aphrodite nodded and continued:

"Because of that, I only chose those that would be useful to us."

"Ambrosia are fruits that extend the life of a Mortal, and if empowered by a God's Magic, we can make a human who will stay alive until someone kills him."

"Does that mean he'll have 'immortality' like Vampires?" Sasha asked.

"No, the 'immortality' of Vampires is due to their high regeneration, a basic characteristic of Vampires. The Human who eats this fruit will have physical immortality, but he won't gain any special Powers or anything like that; oh, he won't have Spiritual Longevity either."

"Spiritual Longevity?" Ruby asked.

"Some Beings are not meant to have a long life. Humans are an example. Even if their physical body is fine, their Soul would not be. And over time, symptoms like madness, mental imbalance, and spiritual death can ensue." Jeanne explained.

"I see... This is very informative... Is there a way to prevent these problems from happening?" Victor asked.

"Of course, the Soul can be refined through unyielding willpower, but... The mental imbalance will always remain. After all, a Human living a life greater than planned would create an imbalance, an abnormality in nature, which is not tolerated by existence." Jeanne spoke.

'Imbalance, huh...!' Ruby thought: 'That particular word comes up a lot when discussions about existence occur. I wonder why these Beings want to maintain balance so much.' She thought there must be a reason for that, and not just maintain 'existence'.

Aphrodite continued, "Because of this, when we want to turn a Human into a God, the God-King basically has to make the Human reborn in a process similar to what you did with the Maids, Vic."

"Similar...? Does he touch their Soul?" Victor asked.

"Only Gods of Death have that ability, Vic, and I said, similar, not equal. The process of making a Human become a God takes a lot longer because the Human needs to work on a Concept to gain Godhood. The God-King merely places a spark of Divinity in the

Human's body to help them ascend to Godhood, and with that spark, their Soul is refined to contain that Power." Aphrodite spoke.

"What you do is more like a complete Soul overhaul, a skill unique to Progenitors. Not even Gods of Death can do that."

Aphrodite didn't comment on the most crucial aspect of the Progenitor of Vampires, which is 'storing' Souls in their own Soul, something no being but the Progenitors of Vampires could do.

"What about the Demigods? In history, many of them became Gods." Violet asked.

"Hercules, etc.," Sasha spoke.

"You just remember him, huh," Ruby said.

"Well, I saw a drawing of him when I was a kid." Sasha shrugged.

"In the case of Demigods, this doesn't happen because they already have their parent's 'Divinity' in their body, and they can ascend to a Lesser Godhood faster," Aphrodite explained.

"Oh... parentage speaks louder even in these matters, huh," Sasha muttered.

"That's the way life is. Sometimes very unfair, and sometimes very beautiful." Morgana spoke while looking at Victor.

"...I feel like you are judging me for something, Morgana," Victor spoke.

"And I am. The word 'unfair' defines your very existence." She was brutally honest.

"..." Victor's smile twitched a little.

Aphrodite coughed to get everyone's attention, "Back to the subject of Ambrosia. Suppose the fruit is used on a Supernatural Being with the same method, for example, Noble Vampires, who already have high vitality. In that case, you can negate the weakness of needing to drink blood regularly."

The girls and Victor opened their eyes wide. Even Scathach was no exception. She'd lived a long time and never knew that.

"How long can we remain in that state?" Scathach quickly asked.

"Hmm, I haven't done the math, but if a Vampire Noble eats the fruit... I think they'll be fine for three to five years, of course, it depends on how much Energy is used. If a good amount of Energy is used, that time will increase."

"For that reason, I recommend having at least 10 or more fruits in your bag. This is for emergency cases when Victor is not around."

"Remember, it's for emergencies! We only have so many fruits. This is not Mount Olympus, where the soil is fertile enough to produce these fruits. Even with the help of Demeter, it will not be possible to grow them here. Therefore, we only have a limited supply."

"...That's... Amazing, Aphrodite. You are amazing, Aphrodite!" Victor chuckled as he hugged Aphrodite.

"Fufufu~, praise me more! Realize how amazing I am!" Aphrodite returned Victor's embrace.

"Whoa, she's getting cockier," Morgana spoke.

"It's okay for now. She's just done a lot of beneficial things for the group; she deserves this treat." Violet spoke.

"..." The Vampires looked at Violet suspiciously, like they were looking at an imposter or something.

"What? What's with that look?"

"Who are you, and what have you done to my friend?! Give her back!" Sasha was prepared to make any move if necessary.

"H-Huh!?"

"Violet is too possessive to speak coherent words." Ruby spoke in a cold tone, "Who are you?"

"My daughter wouldn't make such a comment; I raised her! She's more... Aggressive!"

Veins began bulging in Violet's head.

"Mah, Mah, no need for all this drama. It's obvious Violet did it because she's a proper 'Queen'." Jeanne defended Violet.

"What do you mean?" Ruby and Sasha looked at Jeanne.

"Confidence, ladies. Violet knows that no matter what happens, she has all of Victor's firsts and is his First Wife."

"Because of that, she is working with me to be a proper 'Queen'."

"..." A silence descended on the group. They were too shocked to want to feel jealousy or envy. They just looked at Violet as if she were a very rare animal.

"Humpf, no matter how many bitches come to my Husband, I will always be the most important! Bow down, half-breeds!" She spoke with an arrogance similar to a certain Golden King.

"..." The girls looked at Jeanne with blank stares.

"Did you teach her that?" Sasha asked.

"... That was Morgana." Jeanne sold out her friend.

"Oyy! Don't rat me out so easy!"

"Anyway, why is she learning from you? Aren't there more qualified people?"

"Who?" Jeanne asked.

"..." Ruby had no answers.

"It might not seem like it, but Jeanne was a very decent Queen. She was quite a match for Vlad's First Wife before the poor thing fell into the endless abyss because of bloodlust."

That was why Victor was cuddling and spoiling Aphrodite so much right now. The bloodlust problem was manageable, but at times when Victor wasn't around, it became a weakness for the girls who were used to feeding on his blood.

"Was the First Queen a decent woman?" Sasha asked curiously.

"Yeah, she was a good Queen. She always treated everyone with respect, and she was very wise, too. Vlad was really lucky to have her as his First Wife." Agnes spoke while remembering the past when she was a child and visited the Queen with her mother.

"Hmm... Girls?" Haruna's emotionless voice was heard.

"..." The women looked at Haruna.

"Did you forget them?" She pointed to the group of Goddesses who were watching everything with amused looks. One even had a warm look that came from a red-haired Goddess.

"Oh."

Yes, they forgot.

"Do we really have trouble focusing on something? Are we kids?" Sasha spoke.

"Maybe... I'm still a kid at heart!" Morgana laughed as Jeanne nodded several times with a:

"Umu, Umu."

Sasha, Ruby, and Violet rolled their eyes at this scene.

'What are these old women talking about? Children? Bitch, have you ever heard of shame?' The three of them thought at the same time.

"I don't think this is a problem...." A woman's gentle voice was heard, and the red-haired Goddess soon approached the group.

"Losing focus because you are in a Family environment is something valuable. You are very harmonious with each other. It is as if I was seeing a group of sisters."

"... Well, you're not wrong." Violet was the one to speak, which sent yet another shock wave through the group; they weren't used to seeing a mature Violet.

'Wait, isn't she more mature than I, her mother?' Agnes thought in disbelief.

"Because we keep an eye on which 'scavengers' try to exploit our Husband. I don't want anything to destroy this Family environment."

Once again, another wave of shock ensued for all the girls who knew Violet. They were really wondering if the girl was switched or something.

"A valid concern and an admirable one. But I can tell you that you won't need to worry about it...Aphrodite is very possessive of her 'belongings' regarding other Goddesses. She made that very clear a few moments ago, and because of that, everyone is very quiet." The Goddess spoke while looking at her fellow Goddesses, who shuddered a little and turned their faces away as if the landscape had something interesting to see.

And there definitely was an interesting sight: a very handsome man and a Goddess whose beauty didn't lose to his in the slightest were sitting on the floor while said Goddess was in his lap being pampered.

"Well, she is a woman with pink hair," Violet said as if that explained everything.

Sasha and Ruby both smiled when they understood the reference Violet was making.

A reference the Goddess of The Home didn't understand.

"Pink hair?"

"Don't worry; it's an inside joke."

"Oh... Fair enough."

"Anyway, your name is... You're Hestia, correct?"

"Mm, it's a surprise that you remembered our presentation since there are so many of us."

"We will never forget the Goddess who Blessed us."

"Oh..." Hestia displayed a small smile:

"I just did a favor for a Goddess who, despite being troublesome, is still my friend. It's no big deal."

Violet shook her head, "You have no idea just how much what you did has deeply touched my Husband. He values Home and Family so much."

Hestia's smile grew into gentler tones, "That's good... A close family is always better." The last part was commented on with a pained tone.

A tone that Violet and Rhea, who was nearby, also noticed.

Deciding not to comment on it now, she spoke:

"You have a place in everyone's hearts here, Hestia. Because of that, feel free to always visit us whenever you want."

"...." Hestia smiled gently, and the pain on her face disappeared as if it didn't exist. It was always nice to be in a place where one was appreciated.

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Chapter 628: An emergency?

Chapter 628: An emergency?

You remember that plan about going to train? Well, that didn't happen.

The reason?

The King suddenly contacted the Vampire Counts for an emergency meeting. Alexios and Natalia were quickly dispatched at the request of the King himself, and soon they were all in a meeting room.

"My King, what is the reason for the emergency meeting?" Eleonor, accompanied by Rose, asked.

"We need to build another city."

"... Huh?" That was everyone's unanimous reaction.

"Vlad, explain things properly," Victor spoke with a frown on his face. Even though he was no longer a Vampire Count, ironically speaking, he held political power above a Vampire Count, even if normal Noble Vampires didn't know about it since virtually all of the High-Ranking Nobility knew of this fact.

Vlad looked at Victor and thought: 'I never expected to see him again so soon.'

"...Haah." Sighing visibly, Vlad began to explain.

"As you know, the Demon War has reached across the globe, many humans have died, and some Supernatural Races have been affected as well."

Everyone nodded their heads, indicating they understood.

"Recently, the Demons have been in a war of attrition with the Angels in ancient Russia and China territory."

"I don't know what happened exactly, but Diablo has stopped his decisive moves and is very quiet... And I don't like this silence. Diablo is a decisive being, and if he is silent, it is because something related to his plans went wrong ."

"Anyway, the damage caused by this war has already reached the entire globe. According to our previous meeting, I was trying to gain influence in some human communities and secretly helped tribes of Supernatural Beings who were my allies a while ago. "

"..." Everyone opened their eyes to this information. They never thought that Vlad was so active in the war.

"Except, a problem has occurred..."

"Specifically speaking, Yama happened."

"... Yama...? Are you talking about the King of Hell from Hindu Mythology?" Natasha asked.

"Yes. According to my sources, he was already in the Human World looking for something to do until recently. He's been seen going to countries on the continent of Africa for 'vacation' and causing chaos for Humans and Supernatural Beings alike."

"At the same time, in South America, in the Amazon rainforest, a group of Asuras were causing chaos and death, and as you know, the Asuras are Yama's subordinates."

"And this is where the problem for what I called this meeting comes in."

"I owe favors to some groups of Supernatural Beings in South Africa and the Amazon."

"In South America, we have a Race of women who are quite familiar with your lover, Victor."

"..." Victor was silent for a few seconds. He was searching his memory until he remembered something that happened hundreds of years ago where a group of Goddesses created a sacred place for women who men murdered.

"Amazons?"

"Correct."

"... But isn't that group being protected by the Divinity of the Goddesses? The Holy Land itself is also a hidden place, and rumor has it that their land is in another dimension." Natasha spoke.

"The corruption that exists in Hell is a terrible Energy. If thrown into the Earth, no defense will last long. There is a reason why only Holy Beings can deal with the beings of Hell." Vlad spoke.

"And the Asuras are, essentially speaking, Demons from another Hell."

"Vlad, you are not telling everything. Normally, corruption wouldn't be an issue, but I assume that because of the civil war, the power of the Goddesses has waned, and they are no longer protecting the Sacred Land, right?" Victor spoke.

"Correct. There is also the fact that half of the Goddesses who created that land are on this planet, billions of light years away from Earth." Vlad spoke.

"Aphrodite, Hestia, Hera, Rhea, Artemis, Athena, and Demeter."

"This was a land that these Goddesses created." Vlad finished.

"And Aphrodite, Hestia, Demeter, and Rhea are on this planet." Victor continued.

"Which leaves only Artemis, Athena, and Hera as support, but as you know, a civil war is going on, and they are using their energy constantly..." Vlad added as he looked at Victor; the suggestion in his eyes was unmistakable.

"Ugh... This is my problem, isn't it?" Victor squirmed.

"..." Vlad just smiled. He was definitely enjoying the trouble he was throwing at Victor.

"You specialize in women, right? And half of the Goddesses mentioned are your Wives, so you deal with it."

"... Huh? I don't have that kind of relationship with the Goddesses."

"Yeah, look at my face and see if I believe you."

"..." Victor wrinkled his eyebrows.

"Please, Victor, I'm not a fool. How can a natural Playboy like you not touch the beautiful Goddesses? Are you doing the job right?"

'... So petty! Is this the King of the Vampires?' The girls in the room thought in unison.

'Well, he must be very frustrated dealing with Victor's bullshit.' Scathach thought with narrowed eyes. She didn't like Vlad's 'hint' about Victor one bit.

"Haah, I could retort that you could ask your ex-wives that, but that would be low even for me and would also be disrespecting Jeanne and Morgana." Victor sighed as he ignored Vlad's gaze that hardened at the name of his ex-wives.

"Anyway, who are you going to help in South Africa?"

"Oh? Why do you think I would go to South Africa?"

"..." Victor rolled his eyes.

"You specifically mentioned the Amazons first because they are related to me, and you plan to send me there because there are probably more 'things' than just Asuras. As a 'King', I don't think Yama would be so reckless as to let his 'soldiers' act together by themselves."

"Whatever is in that place will need my attention or possibly Scathach's attention."

"Which leaves South Africa for you to deal with, and since you or Jeanne are the only ones who can 'easily' deal with a King of Hell, it's probably you who will."

"..." Vlad looked at Victor with a neutral face, but inside, he was sweating like a pig.

"You really had a good master," Vlad said.

"I didn't teach him that, I told him always to be attentive to details, but someone else taught him that more broadly," Scathach said.

"Look to the shadows, since the one who taught me this was not Scathach, but Oda Blank when he taught me the Art of being a Ninja."

"The lessons of Adonis' Masters are also my lessons... Even though that body hadn't been advantageous in the past, the lessons I received from Hilda, Agnes, and Oda still remain with me."

"..." Agnes looked at Victor with complicated eyes because, for a moment, she didn't see Victor but her ex-husband in front of her. Which was understandable; after all, the being that was once Adonis lived inside Victor.

"Are you losing yourself in your own identity, Victor?" Vlad used the name Victor on purpose.

"As a Progenitor, you understand how complicated it is. I understand I didn't live that 'life', but it's hard not to relate and treat that 'life' as if it were mine when I merged with it and have all the memories from him."

"... You are not wrong. I understand it is complicated, but you misunderstand the situation."

"What do you mean?"

"From the moment you merged, that was 'your' life."

"....."

"Take it as if at some point in the past you were 'Adonis' because that interpretation is not wrong either."

"When you referred to the lessons that 'you' received in the past from Oda Blank, you clearly referred to that as 'me', and that is correct."

"Knowing how to differentiate is good, but at the same time, you must accept these experiences as yours. Conflict is not necessary; acceptance is."

"..." Victor was silently absorbing Vlad's advice.

"Back to the point, what will you do in South Africa, Vlad?" Agnes spoke, this was a very sensitive and complicated topic for her, and she didn't want to hear it now.

Vlad looked at Agnes and understood the woman's intentions, so he spoke:

"I will help a people known as Asanbosam."

"... Asan-Asabo-... Huh?" Eleonor couldn't pronounce it correctly.

"Asanbosam is a group of Vampire Nobles who live in South Africa," Rose said.

"... Why would they go to live in that country? The sun is hot in that region of the planet," Eleonor asked.

"I don't know about that either since they are a very isolationist group," Rose answered.

"... Contrary to what you may think, the Asanbosam are not descended from Vlad's bloodline." Scathach corrected Rose and then added:

"They are descended from an Ancient Vampire Bloodline that predates even Vlad."

"..." A silence fell in the throne room, and shock was visible on the face of those who didn't know this; even Rose was no different.

"You really know a lot of things, Master." Victor smiled.

"Well, I traveled the world in training and found some hidden Vampire groups. I met this group in the past but was not allowed to enter their village, but through a friend I made there, she told me the 'basics' of their history, and that's how I knew they weren't of Vlad's Bloodline."

"... I thought all existing Vampires were descended from Vlad's Bloodline?" Natasha spoke, still in shock by this knowledge.

"Most are, but there are small groups that have survived the passage of time, small groups whose Bloodline predates Vlad's lineage," Scathach replied.

"The Title of First Progenitor is just a Title Supernatural Beings have bestowed upon me. It is a Title that rarely portrays the truth of a Race." Vlad began to speak.

"Each age, a Progenitor of a Race is born."

"So it stands to reason that before I was born, there were other Progenitors of Vampires."

"The only difference between them and me is that... I survived, and I created a strong community for my Race. I made the Vampires prosper and built a strong Faction while they failed to survive and protect their Bloodline."

"I won; they didn't."

"..." The people in the room didn't refute that. Vlad might be a lot of trouble, but that was an undeniable fact that no one could dispute.

"I am called the First Progenitor because I am the best known... And because this man has recently become popular." He pointed at Victor, who just raised his eyebrow.

"Before, I was called The Progenitor, but that Title changed to First Progenitor because another being like me appeared in the same era in which I rule."

"... Returning to the subject, you will go to South Africa and face Yama while possibly recruiting the Vampires to Nightingale, and my group will go to South America to help the Amazons?" Victor asked.

"Wrong."

"... Huh?"

"Eleonor and Victor, you two will create the new city."

"... Excuse me?" The two spoke at the same time.

"Eleonor has the power to shape and create land. Her Clan Bloodline was the one who made those mountains that separate the territory and keep the monsters from invading."

"Victor, I know that one of the powers of World Trees is to control Nature. I have seen this many times in the past, so you, as a Being that merged with a World Tree, should also have that Power."

"..." Victor didn't say anything, not denying or accepting those words.

"You can use that to create wooden houses. Take it as training since you probably haven't explored this Power much yet."

Vlad displayed a small smile, "You two, with those Powers, are ideal masons."

"..." Victor and Eleonor didn't really know what to say when their powers were reduced to just 'masons'.

"I presume that while Eleonor and I work as 'masons', Scathach, along with Aphrodite, will deal with the Demons on the Amazon side?" Victor asked.

"Originally, the Goddesses were supposed to help the Amazons in case of invaders... So yes, you are correct." Vlad didn't refute Victor's words.

"Alexios and his daughter will be responsible for evacuating the two groups. I'm counting on you, Alexios."

"Your wish is my command, My King." Alexios placed his hand on his chest and spoke respectfully.

"... Just out of curiosity, how many Amazons are there?" Natasha asked.

"There were over ten thousand Amazons last time I checked," Vlad answered casually.

"....."

"What about Vampires from South Africa?" Natasha continued.

"I think it's a community of a hundred members. It must have grown over time, but due to Vampire physiology, it couldn't have grown by more than two hundred," Vlad replied.

"...."

It was painfully apparent that Vlad was throwing the heavy lifting on Victor and his group.

"Vlad, spit it out. Why are you giving me 'allies' so easily?" Victor narrowed his eyes.

"... Eh? What are you talking about?"

Victor and the girls rolled their eyes when they saw Vlad's feigned attitude.

"As a King, the logical decision would be to invite the most numerous group of Supernatural Beings to your forces-... Oh." Victor started to explain but stopped when he realized why Vlad refused to go directly to the Amazons.

Vlad's smile grew wider when he saw Victor's face of realization.

"Victor? Do you know something?" Eleonor asked.

"Alucard, could you 'kindly' explain what you have discovered?" Vlad spoke.

Victor narrowed his eyes at Vlad, this old man was quite irritating today. Then, with a long sigh, he spoke:

"... The Amazons are a society ruled by women who have been murdered by men and exploited by them in the past. That hatred is ingrained in their culture; they see men as nothing more than breeding stock or something akin to cattle to exploit."

"Vlad doesn't want to touch that hornet's nest because it would take too much work - possibly years of 're-education' to make the Amazons useful to him, so he left this 'little problem' to a 'women expert' like me."

Vlad clapped his hands several times, "As expected of Victor, you really understand things."

Victor snorted and turned his face away. He could already feel the headache coming from dealing with this problem. He already had problems at home, dealing with several [thirsty] Greek Goddesses looking at him candidly, and now he had to deal with more than 10,000 bloodthirsty, man-hating women?

"Looking at it this way, I now understand why Vlad doesn't want Victor to help the women. He'd kill them." Agnes spoke. She understood very well Victor's attitude toward those who raised their blades against him.

"Scathach, as a woman, and a strong one at that, would receive a far better welcoming from the Amazons than a man," Agnes explained.

"Well, their Queen asked me to help them, not exterminate them." Vlad nodded, "And even though I owe them a debt, I don't really want to interact with them. These women are more trouble than the Queen of Witches."

"Correction... They are 100x more troublesome than Evie."

"Ugh..." Victor groaned in annoyance. If even Vlad didn't want to deal with these women, Victor could imagine their attitude.

"But! Since we have a 'women expert' who even made a deal with the Witch Queen, this job should be easy for him! After all, he even has half of the Goddesses who created that Holy Land in his group. It should be really 'easy' to control those women, right?" Vlad grinned widely.

'... He's really enjoying this a lot.' Everyone thought when they saw the smile on Vlad's face.

"Oh, just for context, Eleonor, you will make the land of the city, and Victor will make the houses with his Power to control Nature. You must not make the houses with earth."

"Why not?" Eleonor asked.

"Earth houses are very... Primitive. It's fine to do that in an emergency, but living in those for a long time is a big no, and these women are 'guests', so a minimum of respect is required."

"..." Eleonor nodded, understanding Vlad's thoughts. She also wouldn't want to live long in an earthhouse, even if it was molded with her power. The feeling was not the same as living in a house of wood or concrete.

Vlad looked at Victor, "Alucard, the houses don't have to be as complex as what that Witch did in the Snow Clan city."

"They are guests, but luxury is not necessary."

"..." Victor nodded, understanding what Vlad meant.

'Basically, don't spoil them too much, huh? Let them take care of themselves.' Victor thought.

"Before making any decisions, I will speak to the Goddesses about this matter... If the answer is yes, where should the new city be built?" Victor asked.

"Where? What a silly question. Of course, it will be in the territory of the Snow Clan." Vlad spoke.

"Ugh." Agnes groaned in annoyance. She could already see the mountain of paperwork she would have to do.

"I refuse! I don't want to deal with a bunch of bitches who think they're superior to everyone else! My Clan and I already have our hands full with the Humans and Supernatural Beings currently in the new city!"

"I don't want to deal with this shit!!"

"..." Everyone was speechless when they saw Agnes' outburst, 'She really spoke with all her heart just now.' Everyone thought at the same time.

"But-" Vlad tried to talk to Agnes and convince her.

"I refuse!! Wasn't I clear enough!? I refuse!" Agnes practically screamed.

"Ugh..." Natasha put her hands over her ears; the woman had a high-pitched scream.

"If you force me to do this, I will burn everything down! Fuck the city, fuck these problems! Everything will turn to ashes!" Agnes threatened, and no one doubted that she would do it.

"I support Agnes. I don't want to deal with this shit." Victor said since he didn't want his Wives to waste any more time on paperwork. They needed to train.

"Why don't we make a city next to the Royal Capital?" Victor suggested softly.

Vlad winced visibly at Victor's suggestion.

"Definitely not! The Royal Capital is a place where everything is supposed to be civil. I don't want these women here, and that would be a stupid political move, not to mention their hatred of men," Vlad spoke and quickly proposed:

"What about the Fulger Clan?"

"I refuse. Due to our recent agreement, we have our hands full, planning how to improve society as a whole." Natasha didn't want to deal with that shit either.

"The Scarlett Clan? As women, they would respect Scathach a lot." Vlad spoke.

"I abandoned my territory." Scathach quickly spoke.

'Good thing I left my territory, or I would have to deal with this shit.'

"...."

If Scathach won't go, then... Everyone in the room looked at Eleonor and Rose.

Seeing the group's gazes, Eleonor and Rose looked behind them for a group, but when they saw no one, they broke out in a sweat like pigs in a slaughterhouse as they pointed at themselves.

"Us?"

"Ohhh! This is perfect! Strong women lead the Adrasteia Clan, so they won't be able to complain much about this setup."

"Wait-." Eleonor was going to refuse, but she heard Victor's voice.

"Actually, that's a good idea. We have those monsters close to Clan Adrasteia, too, so we can use the monsters as 'severe re-education'."

"...." She looked at Victor as if she'd suffered a catastrophic betrayal.

"We can group the Amazons and some men from Clan Adrasteia to go on an expedition together. Maybe with that, they will lose a little of their ego." Vlad said, "That's a good idea."

"In extreme cases, we can just throw those bitches to the monsters. The trauma and desperation of imminent death will fix them right up." Victor added.

"What doesn't kill you makes you stronger, huh?" Vlad spoke.

"Umu. As expected of you, you understand well." Victor nodded several times in satisfaction.

"Then it is decided! The new city will be made close to Clan Adrasteia but at a very considerable distance." Vlad made the decision.

"E-Eh!? Wait! You can't decide that-" Eleonor was going to complain again, but Victor's voice was heard.

"20 KM is a perfect distance. That way, Eleonor can hide her Clan secrets well, and by making the Amazons a subordinate 'village', the Amazons will completely depend on Clan Adrasteia for support." Victor added.

Eleonor looked at Victor with a death stare. 'At the very least, he's trying to ease my Clan's burdens, even if he threw me under the bus.'

Soon an argument ensued, with Vlad and Victor exchanging ideas while Eleonor looked at the two of them with blank stares that surpassed even Natasha, Agnes, Violet, and even Aphrodite.

For the first time in history, the two Progenitors came together for a single purpose.

Their sanity.

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Chapter 629: Those Who Judge Souls.

Chapter 629: Those Who Judge Souls.

Greek Underworld.

"You made a decision faster than expected..." A Goddess with long hair as black as the starry night, wearing an equally black dress, appeared in Persephone's room.

"There was no decision from the beginning, Nyx."

"..." The Primordial Goddess just smiled neutrally.

"And letting foreigners contaminate this place is something I don't want either. This is my home, and I will protect it."

"In that case..." A dark power emerged from Nyx's hand, and soon Hades' Helm appeared:

"Accept your place as the True Ruler of Greek Hell."

"... Before that." Persephone looked seriously at Nyx with her one healed eye.

"Why were you inconsistent when mentioning Erebus? Is he your husband or not?"

"Hmm?" Nyx's face slowly started to darken, "What makes you think I have a problem with him?"

"... When you visited me last time, I was paying attention to every detail, and one moment you called Erebus your husband, and the next moment, you called him Ex-husband with a lot of distaste."

"So, what is the truth?"

Nyx narrowed her eyes, "... Why are you so interested in my personal life, Persephone?"

"Because I am seriously doubting whether you are sane or not." She was frank.

"..." Nyx's eyes twitched a little at that comment.

The two Goddesses were silent, staring at each other for a few minutes until Nyx opened her Mouth:

"He is my husband and, simultaneously, my ex-husband. That's all you need to know."

"...." Persephone twitched her only visible eye.

"Don't tell me that the most loyal Greek betrayed you for another woman?"

Nyx's face showed no signs of changing, but her aura grew much heavier.

"Persephone, my personal business is none of your business." Nyx's tone was neutral but carried a visible hostility.

"Hmm... Interesting. You Primordial Gods like to meddle in other's lives, but you don't like it when others meddle in yours. How hypocritical." Persephone snorted.

Then she closed her eyes and said:

"... Well, I guess that's how the Gods are. I'm like that too, and how you refer to him doesn't matter to me."

To be honest, Persephone just wanted to make Nyx's mood worse. She didn't know why Erebus was a tense subject for the Night Goddess, and she didn't care.

All she wanted was to make the Goddess of The night's mood worse because it was obvious that Nyx was treating her like a pawn, and that wasn't a very nice feeling, but as the Primordial Goddess had said from the beginning, Persephone never had a choice in the matter...

Something that wasn't entirely true.

Persephone was no fool. She could flee The Underworld and leave all this trouble behind her, but where would she go?

From what she understood, the Human World was also in crisis, and she had no support outside Mount Olympus; her hands were tied.

And she couldn't just run away. This was her home, the home she'd fought and bled for, the home that reduced her to this deplorable state, and she would fight for this place. She was The Queen of The Underworld, and as Queen, she must fix her Kingdom... Even if she had to trample on her 'husband' Legacy.

Persephone spat in disgust at the word. She refused to call that man her husband because when his Kingdom needed him, he was not there. He even 'betrayed' his home.

She distrusted the information about Hades' possible betrayal because she heard this information from Nyx, and the Primordial Gods were not known to be trustworthy.

"Give me the Helm, and I'll drive those motherfuckers out of my Kingdom."

Nyx smiled neutrally and without hostility and said, "... That's what I'm talking about." Then, she tossed the Helm to Persephone.

The Queen of The Underworld took the Helm in her hand, asking, "How do I use this?"

"The Helm is embedded with the 'Authority' to Rule Greek Hell. The moment you put it on, that 'Authority' will test your impartiality over Souls. If you pass the test, you will connect with the system that manages all Souls, a boon exclusive to those who Rule Hell."

"...." Persephone nodded.

"Do you know what the function of Hell and Heaven is?" Nyx asked.

"Judging Souls?"

"An incomplete answer, but not entirely wrong," Nyx spoke and added:

"Hell and Heaven exist to recycle Souls. The only ones who can judge Souls are The Judges of The Abyss and, to a lesser extent, the Kings of Hell."

"Leaving aside the Heavenly Paradise that does not matter here."

"Each Hell has its own peculiarity and way of interacting with Souls, but their work remains the same. They receive the 'sinners' that these Beings judge. They are sent to Hell, receive their punishment, and have their Souls recycled. Soon after, that Soul will go to another Primordial Being responsible for Reincarnation and Life, and that Soul will gain a new beginning."

"Everything in this world has a Soul, even a mountain or plant, and these non-sentient Souls will go through Hell when they die and then return to the Cycle of Reincarnation and Life. That part will be done automatically, so you merely need to keep the system running, which is not happening right now due to Hades' absence."

"... I didn't know that... I mean, I didn't know that Hell was so important."

"That is normal. This is something only the King of Hell can know. I'm telling you because I'm sure you'll pass the test."

"I'm curious, what is the purpose of Heaven?" Persephone asked.

Nyx looked at Persephone for a few seconds and decided to explain. It was a valid question, after all:

"... It's the same as Hell, recycling Souls. The 'good' part of a Being's Soul goes to Heaven, and when that Soul is 'satisfied' with its personal Heaven, that Soul will return to the Cycle of Reincarnation."

"Of course, this varies from Heaven to Heaven as well as with Hells."

"For example, in the skies of The Nordic Pantheon, Beings who died with 'honor' would go to Valhalla, and when they die again, they will go straight to the Cycle of Reincarnation."

"Those who died in a normal way, no matter if they were good or not, will go to Norse Mythology Hell and will undergo recycling."

"Although they are called Beings who 'judge' Souls, their job is better described as separating the good and bad parts of a Being and to throw those respective parts in their proper places."

"Only in cases where the Being has a lot of power is that Being truly judged. So, for example, if a Lesser God died by Thanatos' Scythe, that God would be judged by these

Entities, and depending on their judgment, that God may stop existing, or his Soul would return to the Cycle of Reincarnation, and he would gain a fresh start."

"I presume the same is true of strong Mortals, for example, some Vampires and Werewolves?" Persephone asked.

"Correct, but in the case of Mortals, they will still go to Heaven or Hell depending on their actions, something that does not happen to a God because they are essentially a Higher Existence than Mortals; therefore, their judgment is more decisive."

"... If anything is different from Mortals without power, those Supernatural Beings who have strong Powers will go straight to hell or heaven, and their Souls will not be divided."

"Why does that happen?" Persephone asked.

"Who knows? I don't even know why these Entities treat Beings of equal power the same as ordinary Mortals... But I have formed theories over centuries of observing this system."

Nyx looked at Persephone for a few seconds and spoke, "The Soul is the answer. Stronger Beings have a strong will, and despite the incredible power of these Beings, they cannot 'divide' the good and the bad from the Soul of these Beings without causing serious damage to the Soul itself. And if the Soul is damaged, it will not return to the Reincarnation Cycle. Thus, they are judged and thrown directly into Hell or Paradise... At least that's a theory I have developed."

"... That's possible, but I hardly think these Beings would have a hard time splitting a Soul. After all, they are experts in this matter."

"..." Nyx just nodded, having had the same thought.

"Anyway, you shouldn't worry about it; put the Helm on your head."

"Got any advice?"

"Don't be swallowed up by the presence of The Three."

"... Okay." Using her only hand, Persephone put on Hades' Helm, and in the next second, she was elsewhere.

She was on a stone platform, and the entire landscape around her was made up of countless galaxies.

"A new Ruler will be decided."

Three booming voices echoed throughout the domain, and Persephone quickly looked up, and she would probably never forget what she saw.

She saw the 'face' of that Being, specifically just some parts of it.

She saw an open mouth containing an entire galaxy within it.

Giant golden eyes and several hands with the same golden color.

The Being was massive, and Persephone felt small in front of these Beings.

Her body was shaking, panic visible on her face, and she felt like she would be 'swallowed' whole until she remembered Nyx's words.

And that made her open her eyes wide and clench the fists of both her hands...? Wait.

She looked down and saw that she was no longer injured.

Suddenly, something started coming out of the floor.

"Souls are a fundamental part of the workings of The Universe. As an Overlord, it will take wit to differentiate between right and wrong on some occasions." The Mouth began to speak.

Two Beings began to form, and a woman and a man were in front of her.

"As a Ruler, eyes that can see what is needed are important to the job." The voice came from the direction of The Hands.

"This man killed his mistress; she was cheating on him with another man." The Mouth spoke.

"The woman defended herself against a robbery and ended up being shot and killed." The Hands added.

"Now, choose. Who will go to Hell, and who will go to Heaven?" The voice came from the direction of The Eyes.

"..." Persephone fell silent, and only now did she realize why Nyx had spoken to her so much before she came to this place. All that talk was a 'hint' for this occasion.

Persephone looked at the man and the woman. They were both normal, and she couldn't feel any 'power' coming from them.

"Both of them will go to Hell and Heaven," Persephone replied.

"Wrong." The Three said at the same time.

Persephone shivered again.

"You're not us, so you can't judge them like us. Sagacity is important for the job." The Mouth spoke.

With that warning, Persephone realized what she was doing wrong.

The two Beings disappeared as if they had never existed, and soon a woman and a child appeared in front of her.

"Sin is judged differently by us. Rulers don't have the common sense of a Mortal. To a Mortal, what might be considered a Sin, to us might be an act of kindness." The voice came from The Eyes.

"The woman in front of you killed her lover because he constantly abused her." The Mouth spoke.

"The child in front of you killed his younger brother because he was jealous of the attention he received." The Hands spoke.

"Answer me, who will go to Hell, and who will go to Heaven?" The Three spoke at the same time.

"...." Persephone was silent for a few seconds before she answered.

"Both will go to Hell."

"Wrong." The Three spoke at the same time.

"Huh? The two killed, aren't the two guilty?"

"Leave prejudice aside." The Mouth began to speak.

"The act of taking away the Fate and Life of an innocent Soul is crueller and more worthy of punishment than the act of protecting oneself from an aggressor." The voice came from The Eyes.

"The correct answer is, the child goes to Hell, and the woman goes to Paradise." The voice came from The Hands.

"...." That answer left Persephone in deep thought.

'Am I not judging Sin? Am I judging the damage done to Souls? Huh?' Persephone was completely confused.

"Again." The Three spoke at the same time.

Soon three Souls appeared in front of Persephone.

A small child again, a grown woman, and a teenage boy around 16.

"The boy fell into sexual depravity with the instructor from which he learned and died of exhaustion because he could not stand the excessive effort of the act." The Mouth spoke.

"The woman committed suicide because she couldn't stand the pressure of society." The Eyes spoke.

"The child fell victim to starvation, and to survive, he practiced cannibalism among his peers." The Hands spoke.

Persephone winced at the last one.

"Now, who will go to Hell and to Heaven?" The three asked.

"..." Persephone took a few minutes to answer before she opened her mouth.

"The teenager will go to Paradise."

"The woman and child will go to Hell."

"Why?" The Three asked.

"The teenager's act itself is not a Sin. He exercised his free will, and he died exercising his will."

"The woman committed suicide, and, regardless of the reason, she took her own Life and Destiny in a cowardly act."

"The child committed the greatest Sin by committing cannibalism."

"Wrong," The Hand said.

"Correct." The Eyes and Mouth spoke.

"... Huh?"

"Wanting to survive is not a Sin. On the contrary, this is a privilege for all living Beings. The boy was caught in an uncontrollable situation, and he exerted his will to survive." The hand said:

"Look at him, is his Soul defiled?"

Persephone looked at the boy, who had at some point transformed into a translucent form, and she saw that he was completely 'clean' of impurities.

"... But he-."

"Leave your prejudices aside; impartiality is necessary."

"The teenager and the woman are correct." The Eyes and the Mouth spoke.

"Every Soul is born with free will. The option of suicide is only ignored by us when the Soul really has no choice but suicide to alleviate its suffering." The Eyes spoke and continued:

"In that situation, context is important in deciding your judgment."

"... What choices did she have?" Persephone asked.

"The woman came from a wealthy family. She suffered from pressure from society and her parents since she was a child, but she had many resources available."

"... She could have run away from it all, decided to live her life elsewhere, or used the money to try to improve her situation."

"Correct. She had several options out of this situation, but due to poor willpower and weak mind, she chose the easiest option."

"Suffering is not bad. The Soul endures suffering as it is tempered and grows stronger, so it is when the Soul is nearing its end that it demonstrates its true potential."

"Excessive happiness leads to sloppiness; the Soul becomes weak and without temper."

"Balance is necessary."

"... I assume that if the woman didn't kill herself, she would've somehow acquired the 'happiness' she wanted so much?"

"Correct."

"The correct judgment in this situation is the child will go to Paradise, and the teenager too. In the woman's case, you should have asked for a context for her story. Accepting what we said without questioning the veracity of the words is not a sign of intelligence." The Three spoke.

"..." Persephone wasn't offended; she just listened to everything as a lesson to her.

"Wit is important; the morality created by Mortals does not matter, but the acts committed by the individual's Soul do." The Mouth repeated and gave advice.

"As Ruler, you judge a Soul's actions when the Soul was about to meet its end, not the morals behind it." The mother spoke.

"Again." The three spoke at the same time.

'Ugh, this is going to take a while.'

This time a grown man, a teenage woman, and a grown woman appeared.

"The man is a war hero and killed his fellow men for his country." The Mouth spoke.

"The teen is a murderer who aimed to kill rapists." The Eyes spoke.

"The adult woman is a psychopath who took pleasure in killing men." The Mouth spoke.

"Now, choose. Who will go to Hell, and who will go to Heaven?" The Three spoke at the same time.

"..."

.....

Territory of the Snow Clan, in an isolated location set apart only for the Goddesses.

Before letting the Goddesses meet with the other groups, they had to learn to treat everyone respectfully. Unfortunately, because of their Status as 'Deities', they were very arrogant with Mortals.

This setup was planned by Aphrodite and Hestia, who understood what their compatriots were like.

Victor, along with Violet, Sasha, and Ruby, were looking at a group of Goddesses after he had just finished explaining what had happened.

The group consisted of Aphrodite, Hestia, Rhea, Demeter, and Nike. The other Goddesses were still in the process of being advised and documented.

"What do you think?" Victor asked.

"We will help," Hestia spoke.

"That land is under our protection, and we will not ignore it, even if our situation is unfavorable..." Demeter spoke.

'I wonder why we didn't get any distress calls. It must be because we're on another planet? If so... The probability of Athena and Artemis being in that place is high.'

"Not to mention that having the Amazons as allies is a big plus," Aphrodite added.

"..." Victor squirmed visibly.

Aphrodite looked at Victor and felt his emotions:

"Darling... I understand what you're feeling, but they're not that bad... Probably."

"... How long has it been since you interacted with them?" Victor asked.

"A long time ago, the last time I visited them was on my travels."

"And what were they like?"

"....."

Aphrodite's silence was all Victor needed to confirm his thoughts:

"Probably, the first generations of women you helped wouldn't be so extremist, and after a while, we could even rehabilitate them, but those women don't exist anymore. As time passed, the 'hatred' that the first generation had was passed on to future generations."

"Hate for 'men' has become 'normal'. Hate is deeply rooted in their culture, and this hate has turned into prejudice, leading them to see men only as cattle or slaves."

"Ugh." Aphrodite couldn't deny Victor's words.

Victor looked at Hestia and said, "Hestia, are you strong?"

"Even Zeus would have trouble fighting me seriously, and since it's Demons we're going to be dealing with, my Fire is a countermeasure to their Corruption," Hestia spoke.

Victor nodded again, "According to what you said, of the Goddesses present here, only you, Nike, Aphrodite, and Thetis would be a military 'power'."

"So, will you be the ones to go with Scathach?"

"Hmm, it's up to them. Even though I'm the 'Leader' of this group, I won't force anyone to make a decision."

It was decided internally that Aphrodite would be the representative of the Goddesses, she would represent the Goddesses in the Faction, and Hestia would be the 'Leader' of the Goddesses working together with Aphrodite.

An arrangement that the Goddesses readily accepted. Many Goddesses had some personal grudges towards Aphrodite, but these grudges stemmed from Aphrodite being more 'beautiful' than them.

And they had no words to refuse someone who got them out of that 'annoying' situation they were in. It was better to obey Hestia and Aphrodite than to die pointlessly in a civil war they really didn't want to get involved in.

The fact that Rhea, the Mother Goddess, accepted this arrangement also made it easier for the other Goddesses to decide. Because of that, there were no real problems with adding Goddesses to the group.

"Hey, I can fight too! I fought in the Titan War, you know!" Demeter defended herself.

"..." Violet squirmed visibly when she heard the voice of Demeter, and the room began to heat up a little more as the white-haired woman looked at the plump Goddess with a look that promised to barbecue her like a steak.

Ruby and Sasha just lightly tapped Violet on the shoulder.

Violet looks at her friends.

"Violet..." Sasha murmured with a serious look.

"I know, Sasha... I know... But she's her mother, right? That bitch."

"Yes, she is, but even Aphrodite confirmed that Demeter had nothing to do with Adonis' situation. That was all done by Persephone. She assured us of it. You and Agnes were close when it happened; even our Husband confirmed it, and you know no one can lie to him."

"What you are thinking of doing now is just unjustified violence."

"..." Violet gritted her teeth.

'Haah, this is why I didn't want to bring her here.' Sasha thought while tightly gripping Violet's shoulder, a thought that was shared by Ruby now.

Demeter looked at the white-haired Vampire with complicated eyes. She could clearly feel Violet's hostility from the moment she arrived. This girl and her mother always looked at her as if they would kill her for any little reason if she weren't careful.

Despite that, Demeter could understand the feelings of the two; her daughter hurt these two a lot.

Usually, she wouldn't care about a Mortal's grudge, but it was hard not to when that Mortal was of the same Faction and had the power to drive her from this place. Demeter wasn't foolish enough to believe that she would be safe if she went to Earth. After all, a war was going on on that planet.

Victor looked at the plump Goddess and spoke to change the subject and improve the situation; he couldn't afford to have them fight each other now:

"Hmm, when was your last fight?"

"... In the Titan War," Demeter replied slowly until she returned to her usual tone as she turned her gaze to Victor:

"I was quite revered at the time, you know?" She humphed proudly.

"Hmm, but that also means that you haven't known what it's like to fight for thousands of years."

"Ugh." She couldn't deny it.

"I will too."

Victor turned his gaze to the elegant-looking Goddess and realized who she was:

"Nike..."

"Oh? Do you remember?"

"It's hard to forget the Goddess of Victory. My first name has the same meaning, after all."

"... Victor, huh..."

"Indeed, from the word Victorious."

"Fumu, in that case." Nike faced Victor and reached out to him; soon after, Victor's body glowed softly.

"Oh...?" Victor started to feel that feeling again.

"May your path be laden with Invicta Victoria."

Hearing those words, Victor felt something rising inside him, a strange feeling of confidence and courage?

Make no mistake, Victor was already confident and courageous, but it looked like that feeling had been boosted even further.

"..." Victor looked at Aphrodite, wondering why the Goddess didn't protect him, but the Goddess of Beauty just laughed and shrugged.

'It seems that Aphrodite planned it, huh.'

"A Blessing, huh... Not that I'm complaining; it's nice to have the Goddess of Victory as an ally, but why so sudden?"

"You are the Leader. Therefore you are the pillar that supports everything. If you lose, we will lose, and that is a big no for us, whose situation is very delicate."

"... A logical thought."

'But it's a shame it's a lie, at least until the last part, which states that their situation is quite delicate.' Victor thought.

"The Blessing I have given you is my Complete Blessing, a Blessing which increases your Courage, Determination, and Confidence... And at certain times, the Blessing will change an inevitable 'defeat' into something positive, like an escape, or even Victory."

Victor opened his eyes wide when he understood what that meant.

"Isn't that Causality Manipulation...?" Sasha asked in shock.

"On a small scale, but yes. You are right." Nike did not deny Sasha's words.

"That's one of the reasons why Nike doesn't give her Blessing easily and why the male Gods fawn over her so much. If you have the Goddess of Victory on your side, you're unlikely to find a situation where you 'lose'." Aphrodite smiled proudly.

"This is a whole new level of bullshit..." Violet muttered as Ruby just nodded.

'How do you fight someone who can 'win' every time?' Ruby thought.

Victor looked at the pink-haired Goddess and narrowed his eyes a little; then, he understood something.

"Indeed, indeed, I convinced the Goddess of Victory to give her Blessing to you. Otherwise, Nike wouldn't give you her Blessing. So treat it as payment for keeping them all 'safe'."

'I wanted Tyche, the Goddess of Luck, also to give her Blessing, but that would make a bad impression on the Goddesses... Perhaps, I should convince her another time... Although just the presence of the Goddess here will guarantee that 'luck' will be on our side, and I don't want to anger the Goddess of Luck either... Hmm.' Aphrodite was making plans for her fellow Goddesses.

"..." Nike was silent because there were no words to refute Aphrodite, the Goddess of Beauty, was correct. So, essentially speaking, Nike was 'sacrificed' by the group.

Victor just nodded, having guessed that was it.

"Oh, a warning. Beings misunderstand my Divinity and Concept. This Power does not bring perfect victory; it is limited by the scope of reality I find myself in."

"For example, if I face Ares, what do you think will happen?"

"You will lose," Demeter spoke without hesitation.

"Correct. He is stronger than me, and he will defeat me, but... If he makes a mistake, lets his guard down, or thinks I am weak, my Divinity will act and allow me to achieve Victory."

"....."

"The key word here is 'Victory'. Victory can be achieved in many ways, winning a contest, winning a debate, beating someone just by touching the blade to them, etc."

"If I fight Ares now, my Divinity will affect him and guarantee 'Victory', but I will hardly kill him or harm him due to our strength differences."

"... I see... As he is much stronger than you, the very act of touching his flesh with your blade can be 'considered' a victory." Ruby explained.

"Correct."

"That is an outrageous power," Ruby muttered.

"What do you mean, Ruby?" Violet asked.

"Just think about it. What if Nike was stronger? For example, if she had Vlad's strength?"

"Nobody could fight her, nobody could touch her, because her Divinity would guarantee her Victory in any situation. She literally has a cheat code that allows her to always win, as long as the condition that she is 'superior' to the opponent is fulfilled."

"..." Sasha and Violet were even more shocked by this prospect, and they couldn't help but look at Nike.

"That is correct, but this Power cannot be given to someone through a Blessing; it is exclusive to me... And higher Concepts of Existences like 'END', 'DEATH', and 'DESTRUCTION' can nullify the effects of my Divinity."

"And unlike the Divinities I mentioned, my Divinity does not protect me from Aphrodite's Charm, for example, or negative influences from the evil Gods and their hellspawn. My Divinity is not invincible."

"Nike, Beings who possess the aforementioned Divinities can be counted on one's fingers, and most Gods outside of light-related Gods are weak against the Miasma of Hell... Don't underestimate yourself too much." Tyche, the Goddess of Luck, spoke in a neutral tone.

"..." Nike was going to say something but just closed her mouth and nodded.

"...What is your reason for telling us this? After all, I presume this is something secret, right?" Victor asked as he felt Demeter, Hestia, and Aphrodite's shocked feelings, proving they didn't know that.

"So that you don't unreasonably send me to the battlefield in hopes of gaining something or force me to give more Blessings. I may be a warrior, but I learned to fight only to defend myself, not to harm other beings." Nike was completely honest as she looked at Victor.

'The Goddess of Victory is a pacifist...' Everyone thought at the same time.

In some ironic way, it suited her quite well.

"..." Victor stared at Nike for a few seconds until his smile grew wider:

"Hahaha."

Nike and the Goddesses looked at Victor strangely. What was so funny?

Slowly his laughter began to die, and he spoke with the same smile on his face, "... Nike, I guarantee you, that situation will never happen."

"So you can put your caution aside and be honest with me. I prefer people like that."

"..." Subconsciously, Nike sighed, feeling a little relieved. She hadn't even realized that she had become so tense. To be honest, she didn't like making a deal with Aphrodite to pay the 'rent' when that rent was the Blessing she gave Victor.

It's okay that she had to give something; after all, they were protecting her, but giving someone a Blessing was very personal for a God. Because of that, she was very nervous and thought that she would be exploited in this place.

She feared she would be forced to fight. She was not against killing or anything like that; she was a warrior, after all, but she wouldn't intentionally harm anyone. She considered herself a pacifist.

She only learned to fight so that the Gods who looked down on her did not attack her for her body. Although such a situation never happened. Everyone feared the 'curse' that the Goddess of Victory could cast.

What is the curse of the Goddess of Victory? The curse of never again achieving 'victory'. A curse that makes all the efforts of the Gods, no matter what, fail.

A curse she cast on a God who tried to rape her, and thanks to that curse, he 'failed' to achieve his goal.

But all those concerns died with Victor's words.

"I won't force you to do anything, but I also won't let you get weak and be a leech."

"... Huh?"

Victor's face became serious: "If, in the likely future, someone attacks us, I want you to defend us. What do you think about that?"

"... Well..." She was silent for a few seconds thinking about her following words. "I can accept that, but I will not initiate conflict with anyone."

"Fine by me." Victor smiled gently.

And that smile caught the Goddess of Victory off guard as she became completely lost in his smile.

"I look forward to our future training."

Nike gasped as Victor's words registered in her brain:

"... Eh? What do you mean train!?"

"Exactly what I mean. I won't let you be a leech, and you've agreed to that, which means you're going to train with me, right?"

"Huh!? Where did you get that twisted logic!? I did not agree to this!"

"Ehh? But you said you weren't going to be a leech."

"Yes, but that doesn't mean I'm going to train!"

"So, how do you plan on getting stronger?"

"...Tending the garden?"

"..." Everyone didn't know how to react to those words.

"Isn't that Demeter's job?" Sasha spoke.

"Oyy! I am the Goddess of Agriculture! FARMING! Not the Goddess of Gardening!"

Sasha put her hand to her ear, "Okay, okay, I get it! No need to scream, ugh."

"It's good that you understand. This misunderstanding always happens, and it's annoying." Demeter snarled as memories from the past began to appear in her head.

"...She seems to have a past about it," Violet muttered.

"Back to the point, I would be happy to train with you, Nike," Victor spoke.

"Huh!? Won't you just forget about it!? Just forget it! I will not train!"

"...." Victor just smiled at her.

"So you plan on being a leech? You said you wouldn't be one."

"Ugh."

.....

"Huh!? Won't you just forget about it!? Just forget it! I will not train!"

"...." Victor just smiled at her.

"So you plan on being a leech? You said you wouldn't be one."

"Ugh."

Nike felt someone touching her shoulder and saw a mature woman, a Goddess with long golden hair and violet eyes, Rhea, The Mother Goddess.

"Just give it up, Nike. He won't give up until he drags you into a dark place and makes you train with him." The Goddess spoke with a gentle, motherly tone.

"..." Everyone sweated at the words that could cause a lot of misunderstandings.

"Lady Rhea..." Nike muttered and slowly turned to look at Victor.

And just now, she saw the way he was looking at her. He was excited, looking at her like he would devour her at any moment. Yes, he was excited... And not sexually speaking; he just wanted to fight her.

'Fuck, he's a battle maniac!'

Nike felt like she had dug her own grave when she talked about her Power. It was obvious that someone with that personality would want to fight her.

Seeing that he wouldn't give up, she tried to seek help from her fellow Goddesses, but the women just looked away. Even Aphrodite looked away!

'Traitors!!'

"Ugh... Fine, I'll train with you."

'YES!' Mini-Victor started running around in Victor's mind. He was excited! The proof of that was his smile which grew wider in an even more predatory way.

Nike winced a little at that smile. 'I made a mistake, didn't I? I should have fought harder!'

"Fufufu, you can't back out now, Nike!"

"Ugh, whatever." Nike gave up.

The surrounding people smiled when they saw this interaction, a smile that did not escape the Mother Goddess's eyes.

'... I see. I understand why he attracted so much attention from Aphrodite and so many women...' The maternal Goddess looked at Victor with a twinkle in her eyes:

'His Charisma is so great that it can make even arrogant Goddesses let their guard down and relax as if they were equal with him... The jovial attitude of a child who is in pursuit of a goal... A warrior's honor, but also not blinded by the dark side of the world, and more importantly... A Family man and a man of his word.' In that little interaction, the Mother Goddess, who was once the Queen of Olympus, understood several things about Alucard.

'He has the necessary qualifications... And he also has 'it'.' Rhea sniffed the air a little. She knew that smell, which couldn't be hidden from someone like her who had lived for so long.

The smell of Nature, and not just any Nature, but abundant Nature, as if man's own body were bathed constantly in the vitality of a planet.

Something that could only be seen with:

'A World Tree... He has connections to a World Tree... Is it this planet's World Tree? Or is it Earth's? But isn't that woman missing?'

It was remarkable that Rhea's interest was awakened, and she decided to take a closer look at the man who made the Goddess of Beauty his Wife.

"..." Victor lightly smiled as he felt the Maternal Goddess's interest flare up. The Goddess didn't change the 'gentle' face she was displaying, but he could see the woman as if she were an open book.

"I am curious, Nike," Ruby said.

"What?"

"You say you won't intentionally attack others, but why are you proposing to go?"

"This disposition of mine does not extend to Demons, Evil Creatures, or Beings that seek to harm everyone for sadistic pleasure."

"I see."

"It's good to know you're not stupid," Victor said.

"Indeed." Violet agreed with him.

Veins bulged on Nike's head, and she looked at the two of them with visible annoyance on her face.

"Are you thinking I'm stupid for being a 'pacifist'?" Nike asked.

"Yes," Violet confirmed.

"No," Victor disagreed.

"..." Victor and Violet spoke simultaneously, looked at each other, shrugged, and then looked at Nike again.

"Don't look at me like that. I just think it's stupid to be a pacifist in this Supernatural World we're in. After all, strength speaks the loudest in this world." Violet spoke gracefully as she added, "But knowing that you are not ignorant of the nature of our world, I have changed my opinion of you."

"... I'm not foolish enough to believe that everything can be resolved with words, but I also don't like to attack others voluntarily. I just want to stay in my corner in peace."

"Umu, I can understand you. After all, I also consider myself a pacifist." Victor spoke while nodding his head. He could completely understand what Nike was saying.

"..." As if the entity of silence itself appeared in the room, everyone fell quiet.

Literally, everyone, even the Goddesses, who just encountered him and knew him for the shortest time.

'Whoaa, I've never heard so much bullshit in my life in just one sentence.' Sasha, Violet, and Ruby thought at the same time.

"...Y-You? A pacifist?" In shock, Nike stuttered a little.

As she could tell, the impression Victor gave her was not of some 'pacifistic', something all the Goddesses could agree on.

Even Rhea, who always had a kind expression on her face, was looking at Victor in a daze.

"Yeah."

"Unbelievable."

"..." Victor twisted his lips a little, "Why don't you believe me?"

"I mean, are you talking about 'pacifism'? Killing everyone so that there are no conflicts. If there are no people, there is no conflict... That kind of 'pacifism'?"

All the Goddesses nodded their heads in agreement with Nike.

"..." This time, it was Victor's turn to look at Nike in surprise:

"Just what kind of impression do you all have of me?"

"...A devilishly handsome man who will commit mass genocide if necessary?" Demeter spoke.

"I mean, you're not wrong, but I'm not like that! I am a pacifist!"

"Uhum, and I'm strong enough to blast Ares into a million pieces," Nike said with pure sarcasm in her voice.

"It may be hard to believe, but Victor here really is a pacifist," Sasha spoke out in defense of her Husband.

"..." The Goddesses, except for Aphrodite, looked at Sasha with an unbelievable gaze.

"As long as you don't harm someone close to him or try to do something against his Family, Darling won't do anything. He's like a Dragon who only acts when provoked."

"...But he's a battle maniac..."

"Calling me a maniac is rude... I just enjoy fighting; I enjoy the 'battle' itself, especially when I fight someone stronger and feel myself getting stronger from that fight. It's an amazing feeling~" Victor spoke in a dreamy tone.

'That's what you call a battle maniac!!' The Goddesses thought internally.

"...Then how would you satisfy that urge to fight without provoking conflict?" Rhea asked.

"Isn't that what duels are for? Not to mention that the battle doesn't have to be to the death, just until near death, where the two opponents use everything they have with each other! That is magnificent, isn't it!?" Victor spoke with a broad, predatory smile across his face.

Rhea's gentle smile got a little tenser, "... Hmm, I don't know about that, but you are probably correct."

"Umu." Victor crossed his arms and nodded, "Apparently, you understand me."

Ruby, Violet, and Sasha smiled gently throughout Victor's 'passionate' speech. After all, this was the Victor they knew. He may have changed a bit, but his essence remained the same.

"... Apparently," Rhea said, a little confused and uncertain.

Victor's amused face changed to a serious expression, "Unfortunately, that kind of mentality can only be held for so long. Trouble will come to you whether you like it or not. It's the kind of world we live in, and because of that, I decided to be more active."

"By facing us again, the enemies will understand what consequences will befall them."

"After all..." Victor smiled a little, a smile that caused a shudder in all the Goddesses present; the reason? Half of his face had disappeared into pure distorted darkness, and only his smile could be seen.

"There are Fates worse than Death itself."

"Aren't there?"

"...?" The Goddesses blinked, and in the next moment, his face was back to normal, as if everything they saw was an illusion.

But they definitely knew that wasn't an illusion.

"Girls...? Are you alright?" Victor asked with concern.

"Y-Yeah, we just felt a little cold," Demeter responded with a strained smile.

"Oh? I'll go get some heaters later."

"Thanks."

Cough.

Aphrodite coughed to get everyone's attention, then spoke.

"Back to the point, does anyone else want to go with Hestia and Nike?"

"..." The Goddesses fell silent.

Hestia, Nike, and Aphrodite all looked at Thetis, a blue-haired Sea Goddess, but the Titan Goddess just turned her head away and started whistling. She definitely didn't want to go.

"Wait, Aphrodite, aren't you going?" Hestia asked.

"Hmm, I decided at the last minute that I wouldn't go anymore."

"Huh!? Why!?"

"Well..." Aphrodite squinted at Victor, and her pink eyes sparkled a little, "I remembered I forgot to do something important."

"..." Victor's smile grew as he felt Aphrodite's lust.

One thing was true, the Goddess of Beauty had her priorities right.

"And someone has to keep an eye on these Goddesses, so they don't cause trouble."

"..." The Goddesses at least had the decency to turn their heads to the side. They knew that, from a Mortal's point of view, they were difficult to deal with.

"And don't worry about Athena or Artemis. I'm sure Scathach and Hestia can handle it."

"You're putting a lot of trust in me, Aphrodite."

"Fufufu, those kids are no match for you, Hestia."

"..." Hestia just smiled, not affirming or denying anything.

"Anyway, I'll leave you guys alone. Make sure you don't cause too much trouble." Victor spoke.

"Okay~." Most of the Goddesses except for Hestia, Nike, Rhea, and Aphrodite spoke.

Victor nodded in satisfaction and started walking towards the exit.

"Violet, Sasha, Ruby, are the girls ready?"

"Yes, we prepared everything," Violet said with visible animation.

"Oh? Are you so excited that you are going to get my Bloodline?"

"What a silly question, Darling. Of course, I'm excited! I will feel closer to you! You don't know how jealous I am of Roxanne and Aphrodite!?"

"Ugh, I hope this helps me reach Godhood!"

"..." Sasha and Ruby's eyes widened when they heard what Violet said.

"... Oh? Do you want to be a Goddess?"

"Obviously! I want to be a Goddess of Fire so I can perform a Soul Marriage with Victor! Then, even death will not separate us!"

Victor could only smile gently with a sweet feeling in his heart at that statement from Violet.

"I will support you in everything."

"Umu!"

Victor looked at Sasha and Ruby, "You too, just do what you want. I'll always be there for you."

The two smiled gently and spoke at the same time:

"I know. You don't have to tell me, Darling."

"Nah, I'll make sure to say it as many times as necessary."

"..." They melted even more when they heard what he said and felt his emotions pouring into them like a Tsunami.

"Hmm, about the last conversation, Darling. Is it a good idea to threaten the Goddesses?" Violet asked.

"Hmm, I don't know, but they need to know who they're dealing with, so I won't act in front of them, and I've been completely honest. I have a feeling they'll be the group's core in the future, just like the Witches we brought from the Human World."

"... That is something I can agree with," Ruby said after recovering from her stupor.

"The Goddesses assembled here are very helpful, particularly Nike, Aphrodite, and Rhea."

"Nike and Aphrodite, I can understand, but why Rhea?" Sasha asked.

"She is a Mother Goddess, Sasha. She was The First Queen of Olympus."

"And... there are rumors that Mother Goddesses can create Life just like the Gods of Creation."

"Create Life...?" Sasha spoke in shock.

"Yes, although I don't know how true that rumor is. After all, I learned that from the myth of Tiamat, who was both a Mother Goddess and a Dragon. Rhea has to tell us personally, I guess." Ruby spoke.

"... Create Life, huh... I guess it can't be done so lightly these days. After all, there are Primordials who manage 'Life'." Victor spoke.

"That's true, but it's still impressive," Ruby answered.

"..." Victor nodded along with Sasha.

"Hmm, there's no use thinking about it now. Let's focus on getting stronger! I want to know how my Husband's Lineage will change me! Hehehehe~"

"..." Victor, Sasha, and Ruby looked at Violet and felt her excitement infect them. Soon the three smiled and continued on their way.

...

In a secret room exclusive to the Snow Clan Leaders only.

A group of people gathered there.

Practically all of Victor's group was here, with the obvious exceptions of Mizuki, Leona, Edward, Liena, Andrew, Fred, Anna, Leon, and Hilda, as well as the Scarlett sisters and the Maid of Clan Scarlett, Luna.

"Hmm, I was thinking of doing this in the bedroom."

"We have to keep this as secret as possible, Vic," Agnes said in a scolding tone.

"The political chaos that could ensue if information about this leaked is not funny."

"...." Victor just kept silent. He didn't want to argue since Agnes was correct.

"Anyway, let's get started." Victor assumed a serious expression as he walked to the middle of the room, which had a giant red Ritual Circle.

"Maria, Roberta, and Bruna come here."

.....

Unknown place.

"Congratulations, you passed the first test." The Hand, the Eye, and the Mouth spoke at the same time.

"....." Persephone nodded. Honestly, she didn't expect the test to be so easy.

"The second test will start now." The three spoke.

The atmosphere of the place slowly began to change, the Souls that Persephone had recently judged began to disappear, and soon the entire area was silent again.

"As a Ruler, impartiality is necessary, and wit is necessary, do not forget this fact." The Eyes declared.

Suddenly two silhouettes started to form in front of Persephone, and the one who stood in front of her was...

Adonis, at least, the human version of him.

Demeter, her mother.

When Persephone saw the two, she started to get a bad feeling about the situation.

"Faced with any situation, the Ruler must act unbiasedly. A choice must be given." The Hand spoke and added:

"Impartiality is required; those who take sides are not worthy of being Rulers."

"Now, choose. Who lives and who dies?" The mouth spoke.

This time, the question wasn't who goes to Hell or Heaven.

A grim realization dawned on Persephone's mind as she processed the Primordial Entity's words:

"... Huh? What is the meaning of this!? This test has nothing to do with me!"

"This test is all about you." The Eyes countered.

"Judging Souls is your job as Ruler, even the Souls of those you love most." The mother spoke.

"Favoritism is forbidden; impartiality is necessary." The Hand and the Eyes declared simultaneously.

"Choose. Who lives and who dies?" The Mouth repeated.

Persephone gritted her teeth. This decision was too difficult, but when she looked at Adonis and Demeter better, she realized that they couldn't be real; after all, the Adonis she knew was in a Progenitor's Soul now, and her mother was on Mount Olympus somewhere safe.

"Are you sure they aren't real?" The Mouth spoke.

Persephone opened her eyes wide when she heard those words and looked up towards The Mouth, which contained an entire Galaxy.

"We are the Entity that judges Souls, but one of our responsibilities is to create Souls."

"'Life' creates a form, and we support it with a 'Soul,' which is why we and 'Life' work together."

"Persephone, daughter of Zeus, and daughter of Demeter. In the second test, all Souls are real."

"..." This revelation made Persephone's face look even more horrified.

"Now, choose. Who lives and who dies?" The Eyes and The Hand spoke once more, and they added something to increase Persephone's hopelessness even more:

"If a Soul is not chosen, both will die."

Persephone looked at the two Beings she loved the most, and slowly, with great difficulty, she pointed at the man:

"I choose him." She couldn't choose her mother; she never could. Even though she loved Adonis, her love for her mother was greater.

"The Ruler has chosen! Consequences will follow." The Three spoke at the same time.

"Wait-." Persephone tried to say something, but she stopped when she saw a silhouette appear behind Adonis and kill him.

"Zeus!" She screamed with rage and tried to do something but couldn't move. She just had to watch helplessly as Zeus brutally killed Adonis.

Her mind wasn't able to reason anymore, logic was thrown out the window, and only the feelings of hate and frustration remained with this vision.

As soon as Zeus finished his 'service', he looked at Demeter with a lustful glow in his eyes, and when Persephone saw this sight, a cruel realization struck the Goddess of The Underworld.

'If I had chosen my mother... I would have had to watch helplessly as he brutalized her...'

Suddenly, the three figures began to disappear, and even the flesh that was 'Adonis' also disappeared, and the next moment, two figures began to be created.

Two children, children she knew very well, two children who were her flesh and blood.

She was looking at the younger version of her two daughters.

Children who would one day become Melinoe, a Goddess of Ghosts, and Macaria, a Goddess of Death.

"N-No... P-Please... Don't make me choose between my children!" she pleaded.

But the Primordial Entities were not so kind.

"Now, choose. Who lives, and who dies?"

"I can't! I can't make such a choice! What kind of mother would I be if I chose between my children's lives!?" Persephone exploded, and it wasn't until she stopped talking that she realized what a stupid thing she'd done.

"N-N-No...!"

"The Ruler has chosen! Consequences will follow." The Three spoke again.

"No! Please, NO!"

Two silhouettes appeared behind Persephone's daughters.

Zeus and Hades. They were holding knives and torture equipment, and they both had disgusting grins on their faces.

The moment they took a step forward,

Persephone's body shuddered, fear filled her heart, and when they got close to her daughter, that fear turned to terror.

"Mother..."

"NOO!"

...

Greek Underworld.

Nyx was standing there with a serious look on her face, her flippant attitude nowhere to be seen.

She was looking at Persephone's body on her personal bed; her body was in perfect condition. The moment she put on the Helm, her whole body was restored.

"NOOO! PLEASE!! Don't kill her!"

"I can't choose!"

Screams of pain, despair, and helplessness were heard from Persephone.

Nyx wasted no time. She quickly performed a hand gesture, and the Darkness of The Night enveloped Persephone's body and held her still so that Persephone didn't harm herself or others.

"Persephone... Hold on; I know you can do it."

Nyx bit her lip. 'Perhaps, this test was too cruel for her? When Hades did this in the past, he didn't have any important people, and because of that, he passed with relative ease, but... the Power he gained in return was meager as well.'

Being a Ruler was all about impartiality.

It didn't matter if the ones before you were your lover, daughter, brother, grandson, or close friend; the Ruler needed to be impartial and coolly judge the Soul.

"NOO! Bastard!!"

"I'm sorry... Despina... My sister..."

Nyx bit her lips again harder; it was at these times that she felt disgusted with herself. The reason she suggested Persephone be the new Ruler was only for one reason.

The Goddess had the most loved ones. She had the most to lose, and in this test, whoever had the most to lose had the most to gain.

Equivalent exchange.

Suffering... For Power.

"Hecate... I'm so sorry..." Persephone's broken and pained voice was heard again.

'The Goddess of Magic, huh? Were they close?' Nyx thought.

When Nyx felt Persephone's body sprawl again, she held on even tighter with her power.

"Hang in there, Persephone... If you make it through this, you'll become an existence that even Zeus would shit himself at the sight of."

"But if you don't pass... I'll just have to find another candidate..." Again, Nyx's neutral voice and expression were nothing like she'd been demonstrating a few seconds ago, "I hope that doesn't happen. I don't have better candidates for this job."

...

Nightingale, in a secret place accessible only to the Leader of the Snow Clan.

Victor was looking at Maria, Bruna, and Roberta.

"The three of you already have my Bloodline. Technically speaking, you are already part of my Clan, but officially speaking, you are not yet."

"..." The Maids nodded.

"I will make it official now." Victor's body began to slowly be covered in darkness, courtesy of Kaguya, who was in a location not too far away.

Before everyone could blink, the darkness dissipated, and Victor was in his full armor. His hair had grown down his back. It was wild and messy and defied gravity because it was clearly floating in unlikely directions.

Victor raised his hand, and Junketsu flew into his hand.

Victor slammed Junketsu's hilt into the ground, and with the crash, Victor's heavy, power-carrying voice was heard.

"Maria."

"Bruna Francesca."

"Roberta."

Unconsciously, they all stood up straight and spoke in unison:

"Yes."

"Do you wish to be part of my Clan? Remember, this is a one-time decision, and once you join, you cannot leave."

"... Master wouldn't let us leave anyway." Maria commented softly, and soon her smile grew wider, "And Yes, I accept! I will always accept!"

Victor nodded, satisfied, and looked at Bruna.

Bruna was silent for a few seconds until she opened her mouth, "... From the moment you saved me from those Wolves, you were my God, Master. And I will follow you even if you go to Hell. My answer is YES!"

Victor nodded again. He was aware of the 'cult' Bruna was running, but it was not like it mattered. In fact, he didn't know what to make of it.

'Why are there only women in the cult?' He thought but quickly ignored these useless thoughts and looked at Roberta.

At that moment, Roberta's red eyes changed to those of a reptilian's.

And the girls who didn't know about Roberta's ability just looked at her in shock.

Roberta's long hair began to move as if it had a life of its own:

"You have a contract with us." Her voice came out as if two people were talking at once in an eerie echo.

"You have a promise with us."

"And to the one who has earned our trust, we will offer everything... As long as the promise is kept."

Victor slammed Junketsu's hilt back into the ground, and with that simple move, 'Life' began to spring up all around.

"I do not go back on my word." Victor's eyes glowed blood red.

"Poseidon and Athena will fall to my blade, and I will hand them over to you to do as you wish for all eternity."

"The promise will be fulfilled."

Medusa/Roberta's smile grew monstrous and predatory. A savage killing intent started to erupt from her body, and the woman's hair began to react to her murderous instinct, becoming even more animated.

"HaHaHaHa~" With a laugh that had the duality of a gentle voice, and a voice filled with hate, Roberta's body started to change once again. Her body became paler, and dark 'cracks' began to grow near her eyes.

"I see you haven't changed even after so many turning points, Master~,," she spoke the word Master with a seductive and, at the same time, dangerous tone.

"Time may pass, and I may change and get stronger, but I know who I am, and that won't change because who I am is my Pride."

"Good, Good!" Medusa nodded several times in satisfaction.

"If you are so willing to go to such lengths for me, I must do the same. I have watched you for a long time, and you have my trust."

She stamped her foot on the floor, causing a giant green Magic Circle to appear in the room.

"I am a Heroic Spirit; my name is Medusa!"

"But I am also something else."

"I am a Gorgon; I am The Queen of The Gorgons."

Women of various colors with scale-like skin and snake hair started to come out of the ground, dressed in a very tribal fashion.

There were 10 women in all.

"Despite being a monster, I am not unreasonable. Despite having my family members hunted by the Heroes of Olympus, and even myself being hunted by the same,"

"While those hypocrites laughed at me and desecrated my body,"

"They didn't know that in my death, I achieved greatness."

"I am a Heroic Spirit, but I am also a Divine Spirit."

"And the Concept my Soul imposes upon is the Beginning of a Race."

"..." All those present opened their eyes wide when they heard that. They looked at the 10 women that literally sprouted out of nowhere and then looked at Victor as if he were a rare animal.

'Seriously, this is unfair! How is he so lucky? What the fuck is this?' Everyone thought at the same time.

'Did Tychee Bless him, and we didn't know?' Scathach thought.

Victor broke out in a cold sweat as more women, who were looking at him in a predatory manner, appeared. 'The Universe must be fucking with me.'

"That means..." Maria, who was nearby, spoke.

"Correct, I am Medusa, Queen of The Gorgons, a Divine Spirit, and a Progenitor."

'Bullshit!' Ruby, Violet, and Sasha thought simultaneously.

.....

Chapter 633: Medusa, Queen of the Gorgons.

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"That means..." Maria, who was nearby, spoke.

"Correct, I am Medusa, Queen of The Gorgons, a Divine Spirit, and a Progenitor."

'Bullshit!' Ruby, Violet, and Sasha thought simultaneously.

Seeing everyone's looks of disbelief, she nodded in satisfaction and spoke with a face that was neutral but held a subtle smugness that couldn't be hidden.

"Y-You are a Progenitor!?" Bruna practically screamed; she never thought her friend and fellow Maid had someone so strong inside her.

Yes, they knew about Medusa. Roberta often showed Medusa's abilities like Petrification etc. But they never thought that Medusa was so ridiculous!

She looked at her fellow Maids and realized she wasn't the only one feeling so incredulous; even Kaguya and Eve had their mouths open in shock.

"Indeed. As the most famous of the Gorgons and the one who achieved greatness in Death, I achieved Progenitor Status. But, unfortunately, I am also a Divine Spirit that currently resides within my descendant, whom you know as Roberta."

"I don't have a body of my own."

"..." Again, the girls looked at Victor with visible disbelief.

"... What?"

"Were you born with your ass to the moon or something, Victor?" Scathach spoke.

"... Huh?" It was apparent that Victor did not understand what she meant.

"There was a tale in an Ancient Civilization I visited that the fortunate children were those born with their asses to the moon. I thought you were someone like that."

"...." Victor's smile trembled, 'what was this weird tale?' he asked himself and added to Scathach:

"I don't know about that. You should ask my mother."

"Hmm, I will."

'Is she really going to ask that!?' Victor was incredulous.

"Victor."

Victor turned to face Medusa, who called him and saw her serious look.

"I am Medusa, The First Known Progenitor of the 'Gorgon' Species."

"And I bow to my Master." She knelt on the floor with her long hair falling to the floor.

Following Medusa's example, the 10 women did the same as Medusa.

"From today onwards, for all eternity, my Fate, and that of my kind, will be tied to the Fate of Victor Alucard."

The girls behind Victor shuddered slightly when they heard what Medusa said.

'Sneaky woman!' They all thought. They clearly understood that Medusa was doing the same as Aphrodite, a Soul Marriage!

A small smile appeared on Medusa's face, a smile worthy of a 'snake'.

Despite being surprised by the events that even he didn't expect, Victor quickly regained his composure and continued:

"Good, your opinions were heard, and I appreciated them."

"I accept your Fate, Medusa."

Medusa's smile grew as she felt her Spirit connecting with the man in front of her, and she could clearly feel his emotions.

[Are you sure about this, Medusa?] Roberta asked.

[Didn't you suggest this?] Medusa spoke.

[Yes, but I want your opinion too.] Roberta insisted.

[... He is a trustworthy man.]

[...] Roberta was silent. She knew Medusa well enough to know that this was the highest compliment she could give anyone. After all, someone who had been betrayed was especially sensitive to others.

[And to think you were going to marry him right away.] Roberta sighed.

[Attitude is necessary, and I will not allow us to remain as merely 'Maids'.] Medusa spoke.

She got up from the floor and stood, along with the other 10 women who were silent the whole time.

Victor narrowed his eyes as he felt a spike of irritation come from outside.

'Aphrodite...' Victor thought. He already felt the headache coming from the possessive Goddess; she could sometimes surpass him in possessiveness... Not that he didn't like that side of her. In fact, that was the side he liked the most, and he loved her for it.

[Hmm...? What the hell is this? Snakes!?! Kyaa!] Victor ignored Roxanne's voice.

Victor looked at the women in front of him.

"Understand that the Principle of my Clan is..."

"Family comes first; it always comes first."

"The rules are also simple, don't betray the Clan. Of course, if a misunderstanding occurs, you can fight it amongst yourselves to resolve the matter, but killing and abusing another Clan member is tantamount to an act of treason. After all, we care for each other."

"If you accept this rule, you will be members of my Clan from today onwards."

"... Master, do you plan to extend these rules to the other Clan members?" Kaguya asked.

"Yes, but... I won't make a Clan as big as the Snow Clan."

"... What do you mean, Vic?" Agnes asked.

"I'm saying I won't make a Clan that functions like the Snow Clan or Fulger; it will be more like Scathach's."

"...Oh, you mean that." Agnes understood now.

"Only Family members will join my Clan." Victor declared.

"That is quite restricted," Sasha muttered.

"But it's possible. He's in a better position than us." Natasha said.

"What do you mean?" Sasha asked.

"I'm saying that Clan Fulger, Snow, and Scarlett are bonded with Clan Alucard. Thus, he is, essentially speaking, superior to us. So it makes sense that entry into his Clan would be more restricted."

"...Only the 'Elite' can enter his Clan and have the privilege of being close to a Progenitor, huh..." Ruby opened her eyes wide.

"This is quite clever. If this system is implemented, the hierarchy will split into three powers. Clan Alucard at the top, our three Houses second, and the third will be the 'servants' who have no name and need to prove themselves to enter one of these Houses in the future."

"Although you don't have a 'Clan' like mine or Snow's to manage, and I don't see Scathach's changing in the future..." Natasha squinted at the redhead, and the woman remained neutral, proving her point...

"Then these servants will most likely join the Adrastella Clan... Although the criteria for joining that Clan is more severe than ours."

Sasha was speechless when her mother included Clan Adrastella into their plans. 'Is she that confident that Eleonor will accept the Alliance?'

However, when Sasha thought more deeply about the matter, she thought of Victor.

A man like Victor, if a woman weren't careful, could easily be as addictive as a drug. Thus, when she thought of Eleanor's relationship with him, she could understand where her mother's confidence in the matter came from.

"You're misunderstanding something."

"Huh?" The women who were commenting looked at Victor.

"I don't plan on adding any outsiders to my Clan. Only my Family will be included; by Family, I mean my Wives, children, and parents."

"... Huh? But what about our allies, like the Goddesses, Fairies, etc.?" Violet asked.

"They don't need to be from my Clan to be my allies, right?"

"Well, you're not wrong, but isn't it easier that way?" Violet spoke.

"Right, and because of that, the Leaders of the allied Races will be married to Darling," Ruby spoke with a calculating smile.

Sasha, Natasha, Violet, Agnes, and Scathach's faces twitched for a few seconds. They knew it, but they still didn't like the proposal.

"The Vampires will be led by us, the three Clans of Vampire Counts, and Victor as their Progenitor."

"Haruna will lead the Youkai."

"The Goddesses by Aphrodite."

"The Werewolves for Leona."

"The Humans for Mizuki."

"The Fairies by Roxanne."

"The Gorgons by Medusa."

"And so on. Each Race will have a female Leader who will be Victor's Wife. That way, everyone will be Alucard's 'Family'."

"Fufufufufu~" Ruby smiled with a twinkle in her eye.

'Damn, she's so hot when she's like this!' Victor thought with a slight smile on his face.

The girls who were connected with him turned their heads toward Victor and stared at the man for a few seconds, snorted, then turned back to look at Ruby.

"I already said I don't like this shit. That means he has to marry unknown Bitches, and even I have my tolerance limits. So don't blame me for turning these women to ashes."

"..." Agnes nodded in agreement with her daughter.

"Huh? Who said he needs to marry someone?" Ruby's smile grew a little.

"Eh? But you just said that!!" Violet snapped.

"Use your brain, Violet." She spoke in a very serious tone, "If a Race is subordinate to one of the Wives, he doesn't need to marry anyone!"

"... Huh?"

"For example, if Agnes conquers a Fire Spirit Race, the Fire Spirit Queen doesn't need to marry Darling!"

"..." Literally, all the women's eyes in the room started to glow blood-red; they were determined.

'... Why does she already think that the Spirits in the picture will have a 'Queen' as their Leader?' Victor couldn't help thinking.

"Hmm, I know a Race of Demons that I need to take care of... Maybe, I should have a 'conversation' with Lilith too..." Morgana, who had been silent throughout the entire speech, began to speak.

"Can you beat Lilith?" Jeanne asked, "She's a Demon Goddess, and a Progenitor, you know?"

"Probably. I say this because I don't know what kind of benefit I will receive from Victor's Bloodline. I assume it will be similar to what Kaguya experienced, that it will boost my current Bloodline, but I wasn't a Noble Vampire originally, so I can't say ..." Morgana spoke.

"Hmm... I think it won't be enough; Lilith is on the same level as a God King, you know?"

"Well, she's not invincible, the proof of that is that Diablo is controlling her, and that plan to conquer the Demons is more in the future when the war ends, hopefully with the defeat of the Demons."

"Interesting... Maybe I should annihilate some Angels? I feel like I can be the Leader of the Angels. It suits me better too." Jeanne spoke her thoughts aloud.

"That sounds like fun... Let me know when you guys decide to do that, and I'll come too." Scathach spoke.

"Okay, I will let you know." Jeanne and Morgana spoke at the same time.

"..." The girls broke out in a cold sweat when they saw the two being so casual about it. It was like they were going to buy food at the supermarket or something!

"Come to think of it, I know quite a few communities of Supernatural Beings..." Agnes spoke aloud.

"Mother, we just need to get those Races that are in the new city," Violet spoke.

"Oh, that's true," Agnes spoke.

"Mother... How about taming those Demonic Beasts?" Sasha asked.

"..." And the answer she got from her mother was just a big smile, followed by a question:

"Where are we going to put the beast?"

"We can just leave them in the forest, but we will control everything and use them when necessary," Sasha spoke.

"Hmm... I'll go talk to Victoria about it. Maybe Hecate has some Magic to help with that. She's the only Witch currently available after Arcane closed." Natasha said.

Ruby had to contain her smile when she heard the girls' discussion, and she couldn't help but think: 'All according to plan~, Good~'.

Deciding it was a good time to continue the matter at hand, Victor looked at his Maids:

"Back to the point, do you accept?"

"Yes!" Medusa/Roberta, Maria, and Bruna said at the same time.

No hesitation was seen in their eyes.

Victor smiled broadly in satisfaction.

"Kaguya."

"Yes, Master." Kaguya approached the girls, and they were given various documents.

"Here, your paperwork and wallet."

"Eh? When did you prepare this?" Maria spoke.

"Since I became Master's Wife. I needed to organize his Clan and make it exist in reality," Kaguya spoke in a monotone.

"..." Victor rubbed his cheek, "Due to my problems, I barely had time to think about my Clan..." He really appreciated having Kaguya by his side now.

"I know, so I'll take care of it for you, Master. That's a Wife's job, as well as a Maid's."

"Thank you for that..." Victor thanked him sincerely.

Sasha, Violet, Ruby, Agnes, Natasha, and even Scathach looked at Kaguya in cold sweats.

'Isn't she taking our position?'

The one who felt even more threatened was Violet. After all, that was the Main Wife's job! It was her job! But she couldn't do that because she literally had so much to do in those weeks, and now that she'd finished with that job, she was going to have to train non-stop, thus having no time to help Victor!

As if sensing Violet's concerns, Kaguya looked at the white-haired woman and spoke:

"Don't worry, Lady Violet."

"Huh?"

"After all, I am a Maid before a Wife."

Violet narrowed her eyes. She didn't like what she heard; out of all the women present, Kaguya was the one she was closest to by far.

"But you are also his Wife, correct? So that job is in your charge, and you've done it splendidly. You don't need to tell me that."

"..." Victor opened his eyes slightly in shock, a shock that the other women present shared.

'She really grew up...' The girls thought.

Victor looked at Jeanne, and the blonde snorted in pride as if to say, "Look at the Queen I'm raising! She was looking at Violet as if she were her greatest creation.

'Queen, huh... Looks like I have to think more deeply about this. My 'Queen' can't be weak.' Victor looked at Violet with a violent crimson glow.

If Violet weren't too focused on Kaguya right now, she would have realized what kind of hole she'd been thrown into when Jeanne and Victor's casual exchange took place.

Victor looked at Sasha and Ruby, too, as the glint in his eyes intensified, and plans began to form in his head.

He didn't just want a 'Queen', for one simple reason, he understood that Violet sometimes couldn't see things, things that only Ruby and Sasha could.

Ruby, with her wit and cunning.

Sasha, with her nobility, her charisma, and her kindness.

And Violet, with the strong leadership understanding as she demonstrated with Kaguya, and in the future, the Power she would have. After all, her personality made her more prone to evolve faster.

The three were necessary and would be the three pillars if Victor wasn't here.

And then there were their mothers; Victor looked at the older women.

'Agnes, Scathach, and Natashia are needed to deal with the darker matters; they are used to it after all, and they probably wouldn't let their daughters into that snake pit.'

Kaguya displayed a small smile and said, "I know."

"But I still prefer being a Maid."

Only when Kaguya spoke those words again did Violet understand what she meant.

Kaguya wanted to be a Perfect Maid, and she wouldn't give that up just because she 'married' her Master. She was a Maid before a Wife.

A Maid Wife.

'Damn, her Maid fetish is extreme.' Violet felt terrible for calling Kaguya's dedication a fetish, which was why she didn't say those words out loud... though she thought about it internally sometimes.

"Just do what you want. It's your right as a Wife." Violet spoke.

"I will." Kaguya replied, "After all, as my Master's personal Maid, I have to be with him 24 hours a day."

Violet's eyes widened when she heard that.

"Y-You..." Violet pointed her finger at Kaguya as she trembled. She wanted to scream, 'Is this why you don't want to leave the position of Maid? Is that it!? This place is full of snakes and cunning foxes!'

"Now that the Maid part is over... Let's start the next ritual." Victor looked at his Wives with genuine curiosity. He wanted to know what they were going to get.

"First, Agnes and Violet."

.....

The mother and daughter of the Snow Clan were in front of Victor, looking at him with serious faces.

"You guys know the effects of the Ritual, right?"

"Increases loyalty, we know," Violet spoke for Agnes.

"An effect that won't be a problem for us. After all, we're already loyal."

'And that's exactly the problem... With the Snow Clan's predisposition that further heightens emotions, and your personalities, you will become too loyal, a loyalty you only see in maniacs or fanatics...' Victor thought internally but didn't say it out loud.

The reason? Because he didn't hate that extreme loyalty; in fact, he liked it a lot. For him, the crazier, the more insane, and loyal, the better.

'... Fumu, I really have some problems in my head.'

[Hahahaha! Problem!? That's a quality, King! Don't despise yourself!] Alter Victor laughed insanely.

[After all, we like good women!]

'...Hmm, you're right.' Victor nodded in satisfaction. 'Wait, we?'

[Indeed, I am your Power after all; you are me, and I am you.]

Victor narrowed his eyes even more.

[Bruh, are you seriously getting jealous of yourself?]

'You're not me... Not completely, so yes. I'm jealous.'

[Ugh, now I really do think you have a problem.] Alter Victor grumbled and added, [You don't have to be jealous. After all, I'm a genderless Being, despite identifying as male because... Well, I'm you. But my interests are more aligned with struggle and power. After all, I am that part of your Soul, the part that desires power above all else, your ambition.]

[Therefore, King. You have to get stronger! I want to feel that heady feeling again! That feeling when you use our Power! HAHAHAHA~]

Victor pursed his lips internally; the quest for Power never seemed to end.

[Of course not! This desire is in our instinct! We fight, war, shed blood, and grow stronger! We are the Apex of our Species; we are at the top of the food chain!]

Victor rolled his eyes and ignored Alter Victor's voice, even though he agreed with him on some things. [Most of them.]

Victor looked at Agnes:

"The Ritual consists of giving my blood to you two, but you've already drunk my blood, so the blood is already in your bodies... At least in Violet's body."

The older woman flinched a little at Victor's predatory gaze as she felt her insides heat up from that gaze; it was so intense!

"As it's been a while since I gave you my blood, Agnes, the blood has already mostly dissolved, so you need to drink more; come here."

"..." Agnes looked at Victor for a few seconds in hesitation, but that hesitation died when her daughter nudged her arm.

She looked at her daughter and saw her saying with her eyes, 'What are you waiting for? Hurry up! We don't have all day!'

"..." Her lips squirmed a little, and she wondered how she could understand her daughter so well? Was it because they were so similar?

With an almost imperceptible little sigh, she started walking towards Victor. With each step she took toward that man, she felt her heart beat faster, like she was back in adolescence! A highly complex feeling.

Because, after all, if it were Agnes as a teenager, she would have already kidnapped Victor, locked him in her basement, and made him her lover...

And she wanted to do that, but she knew that if that happened, she would end up being the one sitting in the basement, not Victor.

After all, she could tell the man was quite strong in this kind of situation and could gain the upper hand easily.

'Although that situation is also welcome...' She displayed an imperceptible small perverted smile as she imagined herself in a basement and Victor' taking care' of her.

Violet, Sasha, Natashia, and Ruby rolled their eyes as they felt Agnes' emotions and lust; it was pretty obvious what she was thinking.

"Focus, Agnes."

Agnes opened her eyes wide when she heard Victor's voice. She had utterly forgotten that they could feel her emotions!

'Ugh, I'm not used to having this connection with multiple people.' She mumbled, still embarrassed.

Victor displayed a small smile, "You're really hopeless..." Then, Victor's body began to be covered by darkness again, and his armor changed into a black suit similar to the one he was wearing before.

"....." The girls looked at Kaguya with raised eyebrows, but when the Maid felt the girls' gaze, she just smiled.

A competent Maid should know her Master's wishes in any situation, and Kaguya knew everything there was to know about her Master.

She was indeed a hardworking Maid.

"You always lost yourself easily when it came to things you liked..." Victor gently hugged Agnes.

Agnes' body trembled involuntarily when she heard those nostalgic words:

"Vic..."

"It's like Vlad said. From the moment that event happened, he became a part of me. His life became mine, at least a part of it..."

"... What do you mean...?" Agnes' body shook even more, and she felt limp as she looked into Victor's violet eyes.

"I don't have Violet-related memories, as you know."

"..." Violet raised her eyebrow when she heard Victor say that.

"I wouldn't know what to do if I started seeing Violet as my 'daughter', so he didn't 'give' me those memories, and I didn't fight for them either..."

"..." Agnes was silent and didn't know how to react to this. It was all very confusing for her. The look he was giving, his gestures, his gentle voice, it was all the same with the man she once married, but while it was the same, it was also very different.

The intensity in his gaze, the intensity in the feelings that made her feel overwhelmed, the willingness to not remain submissive to Agnes' authority but to face her as an equal, was something else entirely.

He was the same, but at the same time, different.

And it was confusing!

'Ugh, I feel like I'm falling into that loop again! Why is everything complicated when it involves this man!? Can't things be simpler!?' Agnes lowered her gaze, and frustration surged through her body.

Unfortunately, things were never simple... Not with Victor.

Victor's gentle smile grew a little, and he hugged Agnes a little tighter than before. Thanks to his fight with Scathach, he could control his strength so as not to break the woman accidentally.

"Just look at it this way."

Agnes looked up into Victor's eyes.

"I am Victor, and at some point in my life, I received the memories of the man known as Adonis, and I lived his life as if I were him, but even though I received those memories and feelings, I am still Victor." He slowly brought his face closer to Agnes'.

Agnes opened her eyes a little in realization when she heard Victor's words, and her heart beat faster when she saw his face getting closer.

'He's going to kiss me!? Here!? In front of everyone!?' Her thoughts were getting more chaotic and...excited.

But to Agnes's disappointment, he stopped inches away from her face and spoke:

"Take your time to think about it. I will always wait but know that from the moment you decided to marry me; I will never let you get away from me."

Agnes was delighted by Victor's possessive, gentle, and loving tone, her feelings were in chaos at that moment, but all that chaotic rationality was thrown through the window when she saw Victor showing her his neck.

Immediately her gaze turned blood red, her fangs appeared, and she bit his neck!

Tink.

Sounds of two metals colliding were heard.

"Ugh..." Agnes felt pain in her teeth; the skin on his neck was very hard.

"Fufufu, did you forget about how tough my body is now? You need more than that if you want to pierce my body." Victor chuckled in amusement, and his smile grew even wider when he saw Agnes's sulky look.

"You tricked me!"

"... Eh? But I didn't say you could bite me~." He said with a shit-eating grin on his face.

'Seriously, this man is being very provocative! He is worse than Adonis! What did Aphrodite create!? Fuck!' Agnes began to get irritated at being denied something rightly 'hers'.

Victor chuckled in amusement as he felt Agnes' emotions; she really did have a severe case of bipolar disorder.

Victor raised two of his fingers, and those two fingers changed to become sharp claws, and he pierced his neck. The Strongest Shield can only be pierced by the Strongest Spear, and in this case, The Spear was The Shield itself. His body became a deadlier weapon than before.

Soon the smell of blood filled the entire room.

All the Vampires present took a big breath of air and unconsciously held their breath. It was a unanimous reaction! Everyone did it at the same time!

That smell was just too delicious!

They felt like they had been starving for several months, and the smell of food was suddenly experienced for the first time. It was intoxicating!

And the most affected by this smell were Agnes and Violet, who were closest to Victor. Their brain literally became a white screen, and at that moment, the blood dripping from his neck was the only thing visible to them.

Victor controlled his regeneration to prevent the hole he made in his own body from closing, a relatively easy feat. Since he'd gained this body, he could control his body much better alongside his racial abilities. Besides that, he could already shapeshift just as easily as Vlad.

"Come on, Honey."

Agnes wasted no time and started drinking the blood from Victor's neck.

Victor closed his eyes and felt the blood in Agnes's body strengthen.

'So it begins.' Victor's eyes began to glow blood red.

"... Huh?" That was Violet's reaction when she felt her body start to heat up; something was happening inside her.

"That's enough, Agnes." Victor moved away from Agnes and let his body regenerate.

"Ugh...~" Agnes hugged her body with both hands, and a red blush grew on her face as she looked at Victor with a lost, passionate, and possessive look, the same look that Violet was giving him now.

Victor ignored that since he was very focused on his work right now. Just like he did with Kaguya, he was making his blood change the girls' ancestry.

And since he was already somewhat proficient at it, thanks to Kaguya and the Maids that he transformed into Vampires, the effects did not take long to appear.

Soon two pillars of Fire burst from the two women and smashed against the roof's protection.

Scathach and Victor narrowed their eyes, and both raised their hand at the same time. A resistant layer of Ice then covered the entire place, and a transparent shield of Ice was created where the girls were.

The reason for the shield? The place was getting hotter with each passing second.

Master and student looked at each other for a few seconds and smiled when they realized they had the same reaction.

"Did the same thing happen to you, Kaguya?" Ruby asked.

"Yes, I couldn't control my power when the changes began." Kaguya raised her hand, and a ball of Fire appeared in her hand.

"That's..." Ruby and the girls next to her opened their eyes in shock.

"Correct, the Bloodline of the Snow Clan. My Master's Blood enhanced it, so I can now use both the Blank Clan's Shadows and the Snow Clan's Fire."

Scathach looked with interest at Kaguya's flames, "That means Victor's Blood increases the potential and potency of any Bloodlines in the receiver..."

"That is dangerous..." Ruby quickly realized the dangers of this information if it were leaked out.

"Indeed, now I understand why Victor didn't want to bring outsiders into the Clan," Sasha commented.

"..." The girls nodded in agreement with Sasha.

"I guess we should've expected this since Victor isn't exactly a normal Progenitor. After all, there has never been a Progenitor in history that merged with a World Tree." Jeanne spoke.

"The Energy that sustains a planet can add many variables; this is uncharted terrain for us." Jeanne finished.

"I wonder how his Bloodline will change us." Morgana commented with a maniacal look, "If it empowers existing Bloodlines, I hope my Demonic side gets stronger. If that happens, I can use my illusions in battle, too~."

"..." Jeanne opened her mouth to deny such a possibility but closed it at the same instant as she realized that such a thing could really happen.

'After all, Infernal Beings are the opposite of Gods. They are Evil Spirits, which means that if an Evil Being has a child with a Being of The Night like a Vampire, a Natural

Hybrid will be born, and probably such an event can happen with the Power of a Progenitor as well.' Jeanne thought.

"Power up the dormant Bloodline, huh...." Natasha spoke with a twinkle in her eye.

"Are you thinking of our Ancestor?" Sasha asked.

"Yes." Natasha didn't deny it.

"I also had the same thoughts. If we could use the Lightning Spirit Power more, we would become much stronger than before." Sasha spoke.

Natasha just nodded her head.

"It's ending..." Scathach spoke with a neutral look.

The show of power lasted two full minutes, and when it was over, the two pillars of Fire disappeared as if they never existed; then Agnes and Violet appeared entirely without clothes, the way they came into the world.

Noticeable changes were not seen; they looked the same, but if you looked closely,

Agnes had a more 'refined' appearance than before. She became more beautiful, and her golden eyes permanently changed to a blood-red hue; her skin became less pale as well, and a glow of 'Life' could be perceived.

In Violet's case, the change was even less imperceptible. After all, she was the one who drank Victor's blood the most. The changes had already been taking place slowly, but one thing was visible.

Her eyes acquired an even more intense violet glow as her Vampyric eyes were changed entirely.

Victor narrowed his eyes when he looked at Violet. He could see that her feelings were 'far away', and when he saw Violet's gaze, that familiar violet glow, he opened his eyes wide.

"VIOLET!"

"!!!!!" Violet's body shuddered, and she opened her eyes wide. Then, her eyes stopped emitting the violet glow and acquired a more neutral hue.

The girls were taken aback by his sudden outburst but didn't say anything when they saw Victor's serious look.

"Y-Yes!?" Violet responded.

"Pull yourself together, don't get caught up in the vision."

"..." Seeing Violet's stunned gaze, he spoke in a gentle but stern tone:

"Remember, this Power is not perfect, and the future is always changing. Our decisions today affect tomorrow's future. Destiny is yet to be written."

"...Yes..."

Agnes opened her eyes wide when she heard what Victor said, as she quickly looked at her daughter and saw her downcast expression, an expression she knew very well.

"Don't tell me..." Her face was horrified at the mention of this Cursed Power, and she asked worriedly, "What did you see, Violet?"

"... The silhouette of a man with Angel wings and the horns and tail of a Demon...?"

"..." A serious look appeared on everyone's faces.

"I couldn't see everything because Darling woke me up."

"An Angel-Demon hybrid?" Morgana spoke.

"It is possible, but it should be impossible; the Primordial responsible for Balance will not allow such an existence to be born... Not to mention that a Being cannot contain Positive Energy and Negative Energy in excess," Jeanne spoke.

"..." Another silence fell over the place.

"We'll think about it later." Victor took the lead in the situation.

The girls looked at Victor.

"Kaguya, take care of their clothes."

"Yes, Master. I already have everything prepared here." Two pieces of clothing appeared in Kaguya's hand, and she walked toward Agnes and Violet.

"Agnes."

"Yes?"

"Report everything I told you about my power to Violet; she will need to know."

"Are you sure...?"

"Yes, she must understand her Lineage."

"Ugh, to think that Cursed Power was awakened in my daughter," Agnes grumbled.

"Can you guys stop talking like I'm not here?" Violet snorted.

Agnes looked at her daughter, specifically her eyes: 'And to make matters worse, her Power must be stronger than Adonis at the time because she is not weakened like him. So her Power to see the future probably only loses to Victor's, and that's bad. Extremely bad... Dealing with Time and Fate is something Mortals shouldn't mess with, or it will unleash a lot of shit we don't want to deal with'.

Agnes squeezed her hand tightly. She would teach her daughter as strictly as possible since she didn't want her to use that Power carelessly.

"..." Victor didn't say anything, but he agreed with Agnes. Part of him also thought that Power was Cursed, but another felt that Power was Power. It just depended on who used it and how it was used.

But these two parties agreed never to use this Power to see the future. Why? There were several reasons.

But the main thing was...

He didn't like spoilers.

And that Power was unstable. The future visions that Adonis received were perfect and always happened, but they always happened because Adonis didn't have the power to change that future.

But Victor was different. He had this Power, and with his actions, he could change the future, whatever it was.

But the problem was, from the moment you know that X situation could happen, that situation would definitely occur. That is, by envisioning this future, the timeline would converge to that situation, and it would become more challenging to change that X thing from happening.

'Fortunately, the girls burning down the Royal Capital can be avoided thanks to me knowing about this vision from Adonis' memories, but this vision clearly taught me the dangers of this Power.'

There was a saying: 'Don't mess with Time and Space'.

Something Victor learned from watching movies. Every time Beings messed with Time and Space, shit got more complicated than they should be.

Time Paradoxes.

Timelines that shouldn't exist.

Other worlds being created by messing with Time.

Enemies of the future that came to the past because someone messed with Time.

Victor didn't want to deal with that shit!

The scarlet speedster taught Victor something: 'Don't mess with Time, or Time will fuck you up in every possible way imaginable.'

'...Wait, Violet saw that man, right? Of Angels' wings, and Demon horns and tail... FUCK!' Victor just realized the shit he was in for now.

'Ugh, maybe because I knocked her out of the vision, we can avoid that?' Victor wasn't optimistic about this situation.

Sighing visibly, he thought about leaving the problem for later because he had to deal with the issues of the present, not the future, so he said:

"Next, Natasha and Sasha."

.....

Chapter 635: Sasha and Natasha's changes.

Chapter 635: Sasha and Natasha's changes.

Natasha and Sasha Fulger were standing in front of Victor with neutral gazes.

"I will start." Victor's eyes began to glow blood red, and he focused on his blood in the two women's bodies.

"Ugh." The two groaned as they felt something shifting inside them.

And when that feeling started to amplify... Just like Violet and Agnes, they lost control of their Power.

Rumble, Rumble.

Lightning started coming out of their bodies and began erratically striking the area around them.

Expecting something similar, the girls didn't leave from behind the shield that Scathach and Victor created.

What about Victor, who was close to the explosions of power? ...Well, that power couldn't damage him. He didn't even feel anything to tell you the truth.

The golden glow started to get brighter, and the feeling of Power began to rise along with the light's intensity.

"Ugh, my eyes," Morgana grumbled; she could feel her retinas aching.

Roberta, who was watching this event, also had to turn away and looked at the 10 girls she'd summoned.

The appearance of these 10 girls, put simply, was exotic...

They had reptilian eyes and scaly skin ranging from yellow, red, green, and dark blue. In addition, they had hair that contained several snakes, and on top of that, they wore tribal clothing.

They were utterly different from Roberta when she used Medusa's power, which was expected. After all, Medusa was not a normal Gorgon.

"You can go back if you want."

"..." The Gorgon girls looked at each other and nodded.

"We will head back. Call us if you need us, Lady Roberta." The woman who had yellow scaly skin spoke.

"I will." Roberta smiled gently.

A Magic Circle appeared underneath Roberta, and soon the girls began to disappear.

"I'm curious. What is this Magic Circle?" Morgana asked.

"Calling it a Magic Circle is incorrect. I am not using Magic."

"... So what is it?" Ruby asked.

"I am invoking my subordinates through a link that only we have."

"...." The redhead and the succubus were silent for a few seconds until Scathach broke the silence.

"I see... Medusa gave her Blessing to the girls, right?"

"As expected of a Master; you have sharp eyes." Roberta exhibited a small smile and began to explain:

"Master Scathach is correct. Even as a Spirit, Medusa is still a Goddess. A low-level Goddess, but a Goddess nonetheless. She can Bless her own kind and create a 'Link' with that Blessing, allowing her to summon our subordinates."

"Therefore, it is more correct to say that this is a Technique derived from 'our' Concept, that is, it is 'Divine Power', not 'Magic' like the Witches use."

"..." The girls nodded as they remained silent; it took a while for Roberta's words to sink in.

"...I have a question, Roberta."

"Did you plan to reveal this secret?"

"I did. Medusa was against that idea."

"..." Kaguya, Maria, Bruna, and Eve narrowed their eyes.

"Don't look at me like that. It's hard to trust someone when you've previously been betrayed so deeply."

"..." The Maids' eyes softened a little. They knew of Medusa's 'Myth', and upon thinking about it, they began to understand Medusa's reasons for being silent.

"I presume Medusa held no ill will towards my Master, right?"

"Hmm, she didn't bear him ill will. In fact, she admired him. After all, he was one of the few who offended a Titan Goddess like Aphrodite, something she couldn't do at the time."

"...Oh, that happened, huh..." Ruby had already forgotten about that incident.

"Indeed. Medusa started to observe Victor more closely from that moment on..." Roberta spoke in a nostalgic tone and continued later:

"Everyone has a right to their secrets, Medusa and I are no different. Since we are an endangered species, staying silent and hidden is the best choice. Even now, those 10 women live on an island isolated from everyone."

"..." The girls just nodded. They understood Roberta's motives and understood that Roberta wouldn't harm Victor and that the older woman was very fond of him.

But it was still a complicated feeling that she hid this 'military' power all this time.

"Don't think about nonsense, Girls." Scathach began to speak in a neutral tone.

"It doesn't matter if she hid the Gorgons or not. That was Medusa's right as a Progenitor. She protected her Race, and nothing would have changed even if those girls had come sooner. Victor would do the same things he's always done."

"... He is very independent and irresponsible, although that small defect has improved with time, and he relies on us more now." Scathach ended.

"..." The girls realized that Scathach's words contained many truths. Roberta/Medusa were just protecting their Race.

Roberta smiled softly; she really admired the influence Scathach had on the girls.

"So what happened?" Violet asked.

"..." The girls looked at Agnes, Violet, and Kaguya.

"It's nothing. What were you doing?" Ruby asked as she noticed that Agnes and Violet wore an outfit similar to each other.

"My mom was just bugging me about something pointless." Violet snorted.

"..." Agnes' eyes glinted dangerously at Violet.

Violet squirmed as she felt the killing intent of her mother.

"You will listen to me on this, Violet... Or I will tell Victor, and I guarantee he agrees with me on this matter."

Violet shivered visibly. She looked like a child caught doing something bad, "Humpf, that doesn't scare me. I guarantee my Darling won't do anything to harm me."

"...So you want to go without sex that badly, huh."

Violet's eyes opened wide, and her body shook in horror, "W-Witch! You dare threaten me with that!"

"I guarantee I will make it so that Victor will not touch you for a month."

Violet's eyes were wide with pure disbelief. She couldn't believe that her mother would use such a low method to get her to behave.

When Violet thought about going a month without that addictive pleasure... Her body shuddered again, this time in denial. She wouldn't accept this ending!

"F-Fine, I will behave myself."

"Umu, that's a good girl."

A vein bulged on Violet's head when she saw her mom's smug face, "Tsk, don't think I accepted it because of your threat or something. I was already planning not to use it carelessly. I just wanted to upset you."

Another vein bulged on Violet's head when she saw her mother's face, which alluded to the fact that she didn't believe any of the words that came out of Violet's mouth just now.

"..." Jeanne and Morgana, who didn't have a good time with Victor yet, just reacted as if they couldn't understand why she was so horrified.

The Maids didn't say anything. They were within Victor's shadow when the man 'subdued' the Strongest Female Vampire, so they could understand why Violet reacted so intensely.

"Isn't that a very cruel punishment, Agnes?"

"!!?" Jeanne and Morgana were stupefied that Scathach actually found this a 'cruel' punishment.

Scathach found it a cruel punishment!? Scathach, the woman with training that would make Spartans cry in fear!?

"Humpf, I know my daughter very well. She has the brain of a chicken. If I say something today, tomorrow she will forget it."

"Oyy! I-." Before Violet could say anything, an explosion was heard, which caused the entire group to look at the noise, and all they saw was bright golden light.

As the light began to fade, everyone could see Natasha and Sasha as they came into the world. Both of them had stunned looks on their faces.

Victor stared at the two women for a few seconds, looking for some kind of trouble.

'Oh...?' His smile grew a little as his gaze fell on Sasha.

As with Violet and Agnes, the two didn't have drastic changes in their external appearance. Instead, they just acquired permanent blood-red eyes and became prettier, like their beauty was 'refined'.

'It seems that increased beauty and blood-red eyes were the main characteristics of my Clan.' The reason Victor thought that was that all the Beings he transformed had

permanent blood-red eyes, and after gaining the Blessing of Aphrodite and merging with Roxanne...

The Beings he transformed began to become more beautiful.

"Kaguya-."

"I'm already here," Kaguya spoke before Victor could finish.

"As expected of you." Victor smiled gently.

Kaguya displayed a small, proud smile, and soon two changes of clothes appeared in her hands.

"How are you feeling?"

"...I feel more... powerful...? I feel that my Power output has increased dramatically." Natasha answered.

"Hmm, I feel that way too." Agnes nodded.

The girls didn't react much to this information. Although it was shocking for an Elder Vampire to gain so much power, they just took it as expected; it was the effect of being close to Victor.

"Why do I feel... Heavy?" Sasha turned her head in confusion.

Scathach appraised the two women with eagle eyes.

"Hmm... I think that might be..." When Victor finished speaking, he took a step and vanished, reappearing in front of Sasha and giving her a 'light' punch in the stomach.

"Cough!?" Sasha felt her breath go away for a few seconds.

"Vic!?" Natasha unconsciously screamed at such an event, "What are you doing!?"

"As expected..." Victor and Scathach spoke at the same time.

"Look closely at Sasha, Natasha," Agnes spoke.

Natasha listened to what Agnes said and looked at her daughter. What she found surprised her. Sasha was completely fine, she just reacted as if she was out of breath unconsciously, but she didn't suffer any harm.

"Just for context, I didn't use all my physical strength in this attack. Instead, I attacked 'lightly'."

"But even if this attack were 'light', it would've usually sent a Vampire like Sasha flying several meters away, and she would be out of breath for a few seconds, but... Nothing happened to her." Scathach completed.

"Which means her father's Lineage was improved, and she gained more 'endurance'," Victor added.

'It also proves that if I turn existing Noble Vampires into members of my Clan, my Bloodline will only strengthen what they already have, and not add something new like the Maids who were once Human, or another Species... I wonder why that happens.' Victor thought.

"....." Natasha was silent for a few seconds as she thought, 'Father? Did Sasha have a father? Wasn't Victor Sasha's father?' She was confused for a few seconds.

... This woman forgot who Sasha's father was!

Natasha closed her eyes and tried to search her memories, but all she could think of was:

Victor, her sister, Sasha, and her future children...

'Yep, I can't remember him.'

"There were other ways to test that, you know," Sasha grumbled.

"Yes, I know, but this was the most efficient." Victor's smile grew.

Sasha grumbled about abusive husbands:

"You will pay for this; I will kick your ass in training."

"Fufufu, that will be fun."

"Tsk." Sasha had forgotten that threatening Victor would only get him excited.

Kaguya decided to appear at that moment and offered the clothes to Sasha. The golden-haired blonde accepted the clothes and thanked the Maid.

"Does she have the same level of endurance as you...?" Natasha asked after sighing in relief over the sudden event. The thought of Victor harming one of them never crossed her mind. She knew he did it for a reason, but... She felt a little ashamed of having entertained such a thought for a few seconds.

'Looks like I need to improve my woman-in-love mentality. I can't lose to Violet or even Agnes!' She thought.

"Impossible. My resistance is fueled not only by her father's Lineage but also by my Progenitor Blood and Roxanne."

"That is, he is using cheat codes, so there is no point in comparing her with a cheater." Violet groaned.

"..." Victor displayed a strained smile as he scratched his cheek.

Receiving the changes of clothes from Kaguya and thanking the Maid, Sasha asked:

"Could it be that my father's Bloodline was also improved...?"

"What was your father's Lineage?" Victor asked.

"It was a low-level Bloodline that heightened one's perception of Time, allowing members of his Bloodline to see things much slower and in more detail. They were a merchant clan because of this Bloodline."

'Hmm, I can understand that. This power is instrumental in the hands of an experienced politician, and because of that, when I want to understand someone's body language, I use that power a lot.' Victor thought.

"...Oh, you mean the thing I experience when I use Lightning, and Time seems to slow down?" Victor asked while thinking internally:

'I never thought it was a Bloodline, but rather it was something that came with the Power of Lightning.' Victor

"Yes, that was my father's Lineage. My mother hand-picked him so her next children would be born with better potential. After all, that Power combined very well with the Lightning of the Fulger Clan."

"In the past, the way my mother used Lightning wasn't the same way we use it today. The reason was that she didn't have the 'advantage' that we have."

"She used her Power more brutally."

"Hmm, she didn't focus on constant speed like us but on explosive speed and Lightning Power, huh," Victor spoke.

"Yes."

Victor fell into thought as he watched Sasha and Natasha dress themselves.

'Perception, huh...' A thought popped into Victor's head.

Victor waited until Natasha was fully dressed before he spoke.

"Natasha, get ready."

"... Huh?"

"I said; get ready."

Rumble, Rumble.

Lightning covered Victor's body, and soon he disappeared from sight.

In the blink of an eye, he was already in front of Natasha, his arm hitting the 'air' near Natasha's face.

"... What was that speed!?" She asked in shock. She was taken entirely by surprise, even though she could barely react in time.

Victor ignored Natasha's question and spoke, "Hmm, with that, we have our answers. Your perception has been enhanced too."

"The reason? You previously wouldn't have been able to dodge that attack in your Base Form. You'd have had to enter Vampire Count Form for that."

"..." Natasha and Sasha looked at Victor speechlessly. Isn't he getting too ruthless lately? As if they were dealing with Scathach... Wait, Scathach? The two Fulgers looked at Scathach with accusing eyes.

"What?"

"It's your fault!" The two spoke at the same time.

"Huh?" Scathach looked at them in confusion.

"You made him ruthless! He would've never attacked us like that before!" The two said.

"..." Scathach had the decency to turn her face away and whistle.

"Scathach!"

"Ahhh! I just convinced him that love 'hurts'. So he needed to be stricter with the people he loved, or they would get weak! And the incident with his parents just convinced him of that thought!"

"This crazy woman! What did you do?! Return our kind Victor!" Sasha snapped.

"Right, Right! Give him back!"

"Stop talking like I stole something!" Scathach snapped back.

"Hmm, Master...? Won't you stop this?"

"They are just toying with each other. And even though I agree with Scathach's thinking about being stricter, I will only do that in training, so they get stronger."

"Besides, those two attacks I did on the girls wouldn't have done any damage to them. They're stronger than you think."

"..." Kaguya just nodded and continued to watch everything in silence while in her head, she thought.

'Respect, huh... I think this is Victor's way of respecting Sasha's efforts. He doesn't want to treat her like a fragile little girl since it would disrespect the Heiress's efforts. The same applied to Natasha. The woman is a Countess, and she is not fragile.'

Soon Victor's voice was heard again.

"Next, Jeanne, Morgana, and Ruby."

.....

An Ex-Succubus, Ex-Saint, and a Vampire Noble Heiress were looking at Victor.

"Hmm, I may be exaggerating, but isn't Jeanne already very strong? She could fight Scathach easily, right?" Violet spoke while looking at this scene.

"...Oh~? Who can fight me~?"

Violet shuddered slightly at Scathach's gaze but didn't try to hide it and continued, "You heard, right? She's the Guardian of The Universal Tree; she's basically an unheralded Primordial Entity."

"Don't casually compare someone to these Entities. Yes, Jeanne is strong, but I don't think she is on the level of these Beings. Plus, she also lacks something fundamental." Agnes spoke.

"What is she missing?" Violet asked.

"... She's like Victor, isn't she?" Sasha joined the conversation.

"Yes," Agnes confirmed.

"Like Darling...? You mean she has a lot of Power, and her body can't handle it?" Violet spoke.

"Yes," Sasha confirmed.

"Jeanne's original form is spiritual, much like the gorilla. Her flesh limits her ability to use her full power but enables her to have a life." Scathach explained.

"Jeanne really is in a privileged and cursed position," Natashia said.

"What do you mean, Mother?" Sasha asked.

"For her to be somebody related to a Primordial Entity that keeps existence itself alive, she will live forever; she literally cannot die." Natashia continued.

"In a way, she has true immortality because no matter how she 'dies,' she will simply return to the Being that maintains all Life in existence," Agnes added.

"That is her blessing and, at the same time, her curse. She has trouble forming bonds because her lifespan is longer than even the Gods," Scathach spoke.

"... don't Gods live forever?" Violet asked.

"Yes, but they can still die. Meanwhile, Jeanne is free from Life and Death. I believe she can only truly 'die' if her Soul is completely destroyed, but even that feat is incredibly difficult. After all, as a Guardian, her Soul is linked to a Primordial Entity."

"...Oh..." Violet now understood how 'privileged' Jeanne was.

"Back on topic, with a body of flesh, Jeanne can have a life, which means she can have children, a family, etc., something her original form couldn't do." Scathach continued.

"As the Highest Level Spirit, she could only have something 'normal' with Gods, or other High-Level Spirits, for example, Elemental Spirits."

'Actually, this is just speculation. After all, Jeanne's existence is of a much higher caliber than even the Gods themselves; probably only the Primordial Gods of each Pantheon could relate to her.' Scathach thought.

"I see, and because of that, she's going to do this, huh?" Violet spoke.

"Huh? Of course not." Scathach refuted.

"Eh?"

"She's just doing this because she likes Victor and wants to get closer to him. Can't you see her look of a woman in love?"

"..." Violet looked at Jeanne, and seeing the look in the blonde's eyes, a look she knew all too well, she just sighed.

"In response to your cheeky claim that she's stronger than me..."

"Ugh." Violet cringed when she heard what Scathach said.

The redhead ignored Violet and continued, "Jeanne definitely has more raw Power than I do. She's similar to Victor in that, and I recognize that, but... She's a disaster in everything else."

"Even Victor is better than her in some ways."

"..." The girls remained silent as they listened to Scathach and looked at the event in front of them.

Just like before, Victor started turning girls into members of his Clan.

An icy aura surrounded Ruby.

A green aura surrounded Jeanne.

And a malevolent, dark-red aura surrounded Morgana.

The Power the three women were giving off was incredible, especially Jeanne.

Scathach continued, "Ever since she turned into a Vampire, she's never trained again. After all, she didn't have to worry about anything with Vlad around. She may have regained her memories of who she was and how to use her Power, but her use of that Power is definitely not refined neither is her control over it smooth."

'She probably never needed to train either. Like it or not, her Power, even without training, is enough to face most Beings. All she's needed so far were her instincts.'

Scathach stopped her smile from growing.

'Seriously, ever since I met Victor, strong people have been appearing like fruits you can find anywhere~. Being by his side was the best decision I ever made~. After all, things never get boring around him.'

Scathach continued to point out Jeanne's flaws, "She lacks the basics, she lacks discipline, she lacks a lot, and until she fully masters these aspects, she can never defeat me, even if she has more Power than I do."

"Even Agnes, and especially Natasha, could trounce Jeanne now."

"Hmm... I would just have to attack fast enough and not let her use her Energy. With my speed, that's easy." Natasha spoke casually.

"In my case, I think it would be easier. My Fire is the weakness of her Mortal Body; I'd just need to attack with Fire and use Fafnir's Blade to finish her off. After all, her Energy can nullify my Fire." At least Agnes thought so, as it was an Energy that came directly from a Primordial. She was going with the mindset that everything she did would be useless if it took too long.

In other words, speed was the answer.

"And that's us using our Base Form. If the battle were to get more heated, we could use our Vampire Count Forms." Natasha added.

"..." Violet and Sasha didn't know how to react to that.

"A battle between High-Level Beings is not all about Power Levels. Having more Power than your opponent doesn't guarantee victory. What good is having a Power equivalent to several nuclear bombs if you can't control or do what you want with that Power? What's the use of having so much Power if you can't apply that Power to another aspect like Martial Arts or something similar?" Scathach assumed her teacher's tone.

"That doesn't mean that Jeanne is weak or anything like that. On the contrary, she can obliterate an arrogant God-King like Zeus from the face of the planet easily. After all, the man is very careless, and if Jeanne lands a hit at the right time and without hesitation, goodbye, God-King ."

"That's the potential of the Energy she carries. But cautious Gods like Odin, Indra, and Amaterasu can absolutely defeat her."

"These Gods have a lot of hidden tricks they use in battle, and Jeanne is very straightforward. She doesn't know how to play dirty."

'Although, even these Gods would have trouble facing Jeanne head-on in her Spirit Form. The Energy that Primordial Entities use is much purer than the Divinity of a God that derives directly from Negative and Positive Conceptual Entities.' Scathach thought.

And even with that, the analysis of the fight she imagined would still leave Jeanne at a disadvantage. She was the perfect example of Being with a lot of Power but not knowing how to use that Power properly.

But despite not fully Mastering that Power, it would still be troublesome to fight if you let her use too much.

'I also didn't think about the fact that her Mortal body has some ability to withstand that kind of Energy as well.' Scathach thought.

But... For all the speculation Scathach was making right now, she was sure of one thing.

'All these flaws can be corrected easily with training... And when the time comes when she Masters everything, she will become a terrifying existence.' Scathach's smile grew; it seemed that she had to keep an eye on the blonde.

'Not just the blonde...' Scathach's eyes went to her daughter and Morgana.

'My daughter will take a while to put up a satisfying fight for me, but... Morgana, with that Energy Level, I definitely have to keep an eye on her.'

"...You speak as if you've seen them fight before," Violet spoke.

"I haven't seen it myself, but I've seen accounts of their struggles through other Gods in my travels."

"...With only rumors, you can imagine how the fight went?"

"For an experienced warrior, this is possible since the fight between two Beings hardly changes in its essence. Only the scale of the battle becomes bigger."

'Yeah, I call bullshit.' Violet and Sasha thought at the same time.

The conversation was going to continue, but they stopped when the Power emanating from the three women began to wane.

And soon, the women were seen, and as a repeat of previous events, they were as they came into the world.

This time, Kaguya didn't say anything or wait for the order. Instead, she simply walked up to the three women and offered them clothes.

The three women awoke from their stupor, accepted the clothes Kaguya offered, and started getting dressed.

And as they dressed, the surrounding group looked at them with appraising eyes.

As expected, Ruby and Jeanne did not undergo significant changes.

The two got prettier, and their eyes turned on a permanent red color.

The reason for not including Morgana in this?

Well, because she was the one who changed the most, externally speaking.

Morgana's Demonic features became more prominent. Her tail grew a bit longer, and her horns took on a black hue. Just like the girls, she became even prettier than she already was, and she had an 'erotic' charm that invoked other beings' lust. Her appearance became decidedly more deadly to men.

'Is this the effect of a High-Level Succubus with traces of Aphrodite's influence?' Victor thought.

One way to describe Morgana now would be: 'Devilishly sexy'.

Finishing getting dressed, Morgana looked at Victor with explicit desire on her face and a seductive smile. She wasn't hiding anything anymore, and those red eyes with black scleras watched the man as if she wanted to eat him here and now.

"...Holy fuck..." Victor muttered as he looked at Morgana in disbelief. He quickly approached her and felt all over her body as if he was looking for something.

"Hmm~." She moaned seductively when she felt his hands on her body.

Bonk.

"Ouch." Morgana held the top of her head, looked at whoever hit her, and saw Jeanne's neutral face.

"No horny. Behave. Can't you see he's being serious?"

"..." Morgana pouted and snorted.

"What happened, Victor?" Ruby asked.

"As expected..." Victor muttered in disbelief. The entire time he touched Morgana, he felt her very Soul.

"Stop the suspense, and spit it out!" Violet didn't like the thriller genre.

"She's become a perfect Demon-Vampire Hybrid..."

"... Huh?" Everyone thought they heard wrong.

"No, it's wrong to call her a Hybrid. It's not as simple as having half of each Race in one Soul... Her Demonic and Vampyric sides are perfectly melded together, working in sync, and changed into something totally new. She's transformed into a new Race."

"..."

Victor pulled away from Morgana and looked at her with pure shock written all over his face.

"Because of that, she underwent so many changes. Her Demonic and Vampyric sides merged and turned her into a Demonic Vampire. She is a completely new breed of creature."

The first to awaken from her shock was Scathach:

"...Victor, are you absolutely sure about what you're saying?"

"Yes, her Soul has completely changed. It is not an exaggeration to say that she has just been reborn." Victor responded with the same seriousness as Scathach.

"..." Scathach was silent, thinking about what she had just heard.

"W-Wait, does this mean I can use my Demonic Powers more efficiently?" Morgana asked with happiness welling up in her heart.

"Probably. Theoretically speaking, you definitely can use Demonic Power more efficiently. You can probably do much more than you did before, but not everything is rosy. Theoretically speaking, you might have acquired the weakness of both Races as well."

"The Fire, the Sunlight, and the Magic of the Vampire Hunters. As well as Artifacts of Light that are used to kill Demons."

"The two Races are quite similar. It's not an exaggeration to say that they have similar weaknesses; what worries me the most is that these weaknesses might have gotten stronger due to the fusion."

"Stronger as...?" Ruby asked.

"For example, if someone strikes a match near her, will she be burned like a fragile piece of paper?"

Morgana shuddered as she swallowed hard.

"... That's not possible, right? Not even Noble Vampires aren't so weak against fire! After all, we are alive, and since we are living beings, we can acquire resistance to the Element that harms us. Just look at Scathach! The other day, Agnes released a fireball at her, and she just laughed like she wasn't hurt!"

"..." Victor was silent.

Morgana started sweating like a pig about to be slaughtered now. The happiness of being able to use Demonic Power to use her old Techniques in all their glory was thrown into space now.

Noticing Morgana's fear, Victor said:

"As I said, I'm not sure. You are a new Race created from my Progenitor Blood, so it is quite likely that my influences have lessened your body's weakness, but it is hard to say. Tests are required."

"..." Those words didn't comfort her one bit.

"Huuu... Don't worry. Regardless of whether the weaknesses have gotten stronger or not, it's nothing that training can't fix." Victor smiled 'gently'.

Morgana, for the first time in her life, was in equal measure delighted and, at the same time, terrified by such a beautiful smile.

What complicated feelings...

.....

Chapter 637: Subspecies?

Chapter 637: Subspecies?

"Darling, I think the correct term is not a 'New Race'." Ruby began to speak while looking at Morgana as if she were a lab rat.

A look that made Morgana unconsciously cringe.

"Oh? What do you mean?" Victor asked.

"You know about the Ghouls and the Adrastella Clan, correct?" Ruby spoke.

"Yes... Oh." Victor now understood what Ruby was hinting at.

"Is she a Noble Vampire Subspecies?"

"Yes, if she were a New Race, as you said, she would have become the Progenitor of that Race just like Medusa, but she didn't. So I believe it's more accurate to say that she is a Subspecies of Vampires just like Clan Adrastella and Ghouls," Ruby confirmed.

"... A Progenitor is The Beginning of an Entire Race and the Sub-Species derived from it. Morgana was born from you, a Progenitor of Vampires since she evolved when she came into contact with your Bloodline. So it is fair to say that you created a new Subspecies of Noble Vampires derived from Demons." Scathach added.

"Mmm..." Victor made sounds as if he was thinking about something. Then, he approached Morgana again and watched her closely; this time, he carefully observed the Core of Morgana's Soul, something he hadn't paid attention to before because he was very excited about his discovery.

"... This is..." Victor opened his eyes wide when he saw Morgana's Soul Core.

"What did you see?" Ruby asked with a serious face.

"... You know that the Core of the Soul is usually unchanging, correct?" Victor spoke.

"Huh...?" Ruby didn't understand.

"For example, the Species you were when you were born is what your Soul 'Core' represents. Even if you changed Race through outside influence, 1% of what you were before would still remain, and that 1% contains all the information like external appearance, personality, etc."

"Look at Maria, for example," Victor said as he pointed to Maria.

The girls looked at the Maid.

"... Me?" Maria pointed to herself.

Victor approached Maria and started touching Maid, investigating her Soul:

"She was a Human who, due to Sasha's mistake, became a Ghoul. When that happened, her Soul was 1% Human, 99% Ghoul."

"When I turned her into Vampire Noble, the percentages became: 1% Human, 1% Ghoul, and 98% Vampire Noble."

"Because of that 1% Ghoul that still existed in her Soul, she can use the Powers she had when she was a Ghoul."

"And since Ghouls are a Subspecies of Vampire, it is correct to say that this 1% became Maria's Bloodline. Because of that, this Power did not weaken as it did with Morgana's Demonic Powers as Morgana was a Demon who became a Noble Vampire, not a member of the Vampyric Subspecies."

"Maria's Power grew stronger because it merged with her Noble Vampire side, thus creating a new Bloodline allowing her to create and control new members of the Subspecies of Vampire known as Ghouls."

Looking closely at the Core of Maria's Soul, Victor spoke, "As expected, it's the same..." He muttered in realization.

'Her Soul became entirely one of a Noble Vampire. Her Human and Ghoul sides merged completely with her Noble Vampire side... I wonder what caused the change; she wasn't like that before. Was it because of my influence or because she got stronger?'

"You guys know about the nature of Demons, right?"

"... Demons are creatures born in Hell through the 'bad' parts of the Soul of a Mortal. We cannot die because we are already dead, so when someone kills a Demon without using its weakness, it will return to the Hell it belongs to." Morgana spoke.

"Correct. Because of this nature, it is more accurate to say that Demons are something similar to Evil Spirits, similar to the Gods in essence. After all, if you removed the 'Concept' of a God, all that would remain would be a High-Level Spirit."

"..." Victor remained silent for a few seconds to allow the girls to absorb the things he said; he then continued:

"Now comes the interesting part, Vampires and Demons are the same in essence."

"... What do you mean by that?" Sasha asked.

"He means we're 'evil', on the same dark side of the scale," Ruby spoke, and soon her eyes fluttered open.

"Seems you've understood, Ruby."

"What happened here was the same thing with Viviane, only through a different method..."

"Natashia said that Viviane was born of a God and a Fairy. She is a Demigod, and such an existence only came to be born without problems due to the very nature of the Gods, being that they are technically High-Level Spirits; because of that, she is a Perfect Hybrid."

"You are right but wrong at the same time," Victor spoke.

"...."

"The cases are similar, but the circumstances are completely different."

"Morgana came into existence as a Demon and subsequently gained the Mortal flesh called a 'Vampire' through Vlad."

"When she absorbed my Bloodline, what happened was this: Her Vampiric side absorbed her Demon side, making her a new Subspecies of Vampire."

"A Demonic Vampire."

"She is not a Hybrid like Viviane, but a Noble Vampire who subsumed the Traits of a Demon and took that Power for herself, much like what happened to Clan Adrastella."

"..." Ruby, Scathach, Natashia, Jeanne, and Agnes opened their eyes wide as they realized the consequences of what Victor had just said.

"Hmm, I heard everything and understood nothing," Violet spoke.

"Same here." Sasha also spoke.

"I gave up halfway through," Morgana added with a proud smile.

"..." Violet and Sasha just rolled their eyes.

"Put simply and easily to understand; my Bloodline forced your Vampire side to subsume your Demonic side, and in doing so, you acquired the full characteristics of your Demonic side without suffering any kind of damage because your 'Core' that represents 'you' was merged seamlessly."

"Essentially speaking, you have been reborn as a Pure Vampire Noble. You are no longer 1% Demon and 99% Noble Vampire but a complete Vampire Noble with the Traits of a Demon," Victor explained.

'Just like Maria, only a little different; after all, Maria completely absorbed her Ghoul and Human sides. She's become a 100% Pure Noble Vampire, and her Ghoul Powers became something like a Lineage and not Traits from another Race like members of the Adrastella Clan and Morgana. Is this because Ghouls are closer as a Species to Noble Vampires? After all, if we're going to talk about hierarchy, Ghouls are even lower than Vampire Slaves, hmmm....'

'Yes, this is definitely my fault. Is it because of my Blood? I think it's more likely than my influence. After all, Blood has a clearer result... hmmm... I should check the other girls too, and Nero, just in case.' Victor thought.

"This isn't as simple as being reborn or anything like that, Darling. Your Blood basically replicated what Clan Adrastella did, but in a very short timeframe."

"You basically skipped over 2000 years worth of evolution in just a few seconds, and in that way, you achieved the same result that Clan Adrastella had. Eleanor will cry blood if she hears about this...." Ruby finished explaining.

That was why the women who understood what Victor said were shocked; Victor once again broke their common sense.

"....." Morgana just looked at Victor and Ruby as if they were speaking incomprehensible words to her.

Yes, she still didn't understand anything, just like Violet didn't either.

"Haaah, just think that your Vampire Noble side has become you entirely after absorbing your Demonic side, thus creating a new Subspecies of Vampire Nobles derived from my Blood."

"Ohhhh, now I get it." Morgana and Violet spoke at the same time.

Victor just facepalmed. He thought it was adorable, but it also gave him a headache at the thought of having to explain it to the two of them later.

Wait... Two?

Victor looked at Sasha.

Seeing Victor's gaze, the blonde snorted, "Humpf, I already understood after the second explanation. I'm not as slow as Violet and Morgana."

"Oyy! What do you mean by that, Bitch!?" Violet and Morgana spoke at the same time.

"Humph, you heard me! Or are you going deaf?" Sasha snorted.

"What!? You want to fight!?" Morgana snapped.

"Let's Fight!" Violet screamed.

When Sasha was going to say something to try to reduce the tension she had created, she heard from Victor:

"No violence; just use words."

"Okay~" Violet and Morgana readily agreed.

"W-Wait, Vic, you have to help me here!"

"..." Victor just smiled kindly at Sasha and didn't say anything.

"Ughh!" Sasha groaned in frustration.

"Tsk, the dumb blonde is no biggie. She had to ask Victor for help." Morgana spoke.

A vein bulged on Sasha's head:

"Who are you calling a dumb blonde, bitch!?"

"..." Jeanne, Agnes, and Natashia just shook their heads when they saw this scene.

"Tsk, this feat just opens the door to a bunch of shit. If Demons really are like Gods, does that also mean Demons can acquire Concepts? Something like Famine, Plague, etc.?" Ruby spoke.

"I don't think that's possible," Jeanne said.

Ruby looked at Jeanne.

"Although they are similar, Gods are different from Demons, and it's not about them being good or anything like that, but because their very existence is conducive to encroaching their Will upon a Concept, whether that Concept is Positive or Negative."

"On the other hand, Demons are just the remains of a 'complete' Soul that split in two and was thrown into Heaven and Hell."

"A Demon cannot harbor a Concept until its Soul is complete."

"... What if they have a complete Soul?" Ruby spoke.

"..." Jeanne opened her mouth to say something but closed it.

"For example, Morgana. She is no longer just any Demon that was an incomplete Soul. Vlad gave her a Mortal body and a complete Soul by turning her into a Noble Vampire, and Victor gave her the potential he had in his Bloodline."

"... You're pretty smart, huh. Yes, what you said is likely to happen, but only in the case of Morgana."

"But even if she turns into a God upon encroaching upon a Concept, she will be a Vampire God, not a Demonic God like Lilith."

"Because essentially speaking, she's not a Demon anymore, but a Noble Vampire, huh..." Ruby spoke.

"Correct," Jeanne spoke.

After a few more seconds of silence, Ruby sighed in relief, "That's good. I wouldn't know how to deal with Demons turning into God-like Beings. That's a lot of shit I do not want to deal with."

"You overthink things, Ruby. You don't have to deal with everything that happens in the world either."

"I don't want to deal with everything that happens in the world either. It's too much work."

"... Huh?"

"I just want to make plans and countermeasures for all sorts of Species and Entities to protect my Family."

"..." Jeanne opened her eyes wide, and seconds later, she displayed a small gentle smile:

"If that's the case, I can help you. I gained a lot of knowledge in my travels."

Ruby opened her eyes a little; she didn't expect those words, but they were welcome, so she smiled gently and said:

"... Thanks."

"You're welcome. You are my Family now, after all."

Victor, Scathach, Agnes, and Natasha, who were nearby, just looked at this exchange with gentle smiles. This kind of interaction was quite lovely to see.

Mainly on Scathach's and Victor's part. The two liked to see Ruby getting along with other people, which was rare due to her cold nature and being a person of few words.

Sasha, Violet, and Morgana didn't see this because they were arguing with each other in the background.

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Chapter 638: Changes completed, and Yandere Goddess.

Chapter 638: Changes completed, and Yandere Goddess.

"Ruby and Jeanne, how are you feeling?"

"... Hmm?" Ruby awoke from her thoughts and looked at Victor. Then, when his question registered in her mind, she spoke:

"I don't know. I don't feel much different," Ruby said.

"Me neither." Jeanne spoke, "Unlike Morgana, my Spirit is too high a level for your Power as a Progenitor to affect it. The only thing that has changed is that my Mortal flesh has become stronger and more resistant... Oh?"

"What is it?" Victor asked.

"The influence of The Heavenly Father's Blessing has greatly diminished. In fact, the Power has been completely erased..." Jeanne raised her hand, and a green orb of Energy was created in her hand.

"It's become much easier to use my Energy now..." Jeanne smiled widely.

'I also feel some Energies inside of me that have gotten stronger than before...'
Focusing on those feelings, she saw a warm and kind flame: 'Hestia's Blessing, huh... It seems that the more I see him as my Family, the stronger the Blessing becomes, hmm....'

"Well, isn't that bad?" Victor asked, not knowing what to comment.

"Not really, The Heavenly Father's Blessing only gave me a few things, and if I were going to use the Blessing as extensively as I did in the Demon invasion, I'd need his permission, which he usually only gives when it comes to Hellish creatures or sinners who have committed much evil."

"Oh."

"To be honest, I'm quite satisfied. After all, when I got my memories back, I always wanted to discard that God's Blessing."

'Although it didn't happen that way, I couldn't help but feel cheated when I realized that I was under the influence of someone other than my brother.' Jeanne could not fully trust anyone other than her brother when it came to her own existence.

'Perhaps Victor too. After all, I know that his own nature does not allow him to harm those he cares about.' Jeanne thought sweetly.

"And this isn't a loss for me either. Now that I can use my Energy more easily, which is of a higher level than even that God, I can produce the same effects as his Blessings only by using my Energy now."

"... Does that mean you can use all the judgments you've used in the past?" Scathach asked curiously.

"Yes, I remember the feeling of each one, so I can easily recreate it."

"But how are you going to do that?" Natasha asked, confused, "As far as I know, you can't control other Elements, right?"

The Heavenly Father's Judgments were Execution Techniques based on his historical deeds of 'Trials'.

The flood of Noah's story.

Israel's Judgment by Fire.

The 'banishment' of the traitorous Angels to Hell.

Every judgment The Heavenly Father ever made was reflected in an entire set of different Techniques that could only be used when Jeanne asked his permission.

Throughout Agnes, Natasha, and Scathach's existence, the three Countesses only saw some of these Trials.

"The Energy I use, derived from my brother's Power, is much like the Energy Victor uses now, thanks to Roxanne. Only my Energy is purer, more volatile, and denser, which means that as long as there is a source nearby, I can amplify it."

"For example." Jeanne picked up a stone on the ground and threw it in one direction. A few seconds later, that stone had grown to 10 meters in diameter.

"...."

"Hmm, something like that. My brother's Energy is related to Life and the entire World Tree Species, and since it's very powerful, I can weaponize my surrounding environment."

"... Does this mean you can use all of Nature to your advantage?" Agnes asked.

"Basically, yes," Jeanne spoke.

"...Yes, with that ridiculous Power, you could easily replicate the 'Judgments' of The Heavenly Father..." Agnes spoke.

'After all, these Judgments are based on incidents that 'restarted' an entire civilization.' Agnes thought.

"Yes." Jeanne nodded, "But I will use this Power more in the form of Energy. Although it is a neutral and peaceful Energy, as it is an Energy that comes from a Primordial Entity, it is more destructive to Beings below it, which basically means everyone who is not a Primordial Entity."

"Not to mention that using this Power to 'shape Nature' around would be counterproductive for me. After all, I don't have someone helping me in this process like Victor, and if I overdo it, I will probably cause more damage than help."

"... What kind of damage?" Scathach asked.

"I could forget about limiting my Energy use and end up moving the earth around. Or I could happen to accidentally affect tectonic plates, earthquakes, and tidal waves will be the least of our concerns."

"..." Everyone around her broke into a cold sweat upon hearing about it.

"This has a lot of potential for indiscriminate damage, and I don't want to kill innocent animals or people, especially children on the other side of the planet who have nothing to do with our fight. Not to mention that I'm already used to using that power in the form of Energy; I used it that way in the past..."

"Although I will still recreate The Heavenly Judgments Techniques and other Techniques to increase my arsenal even more."

"In Victor's case, I suggest using this Energy as a support for his body and using the 'Nature' around him. After all, he has Roxanne to support him when he uses this Power."

Victor nodded; he was already planning to do that, "I'm working on it, but it's still complicated to move rocks and solid objects from the ground."

"This is due to the very nature of The World Trees. Can they shape them? Yes, but it takes longer than if you were affecting trees, plants, and anything 'green' in general."

"..." Victor nodded. Of course, he knew that, but it was still 'possible'. And if it was 'possible', it probably meant that if he trained, he could mold 'solid' nature more quickly.

Victor had a firm belief that with training, anything was possible.

"Something The Universal Tree has no problem doing, but the scope of Energy is too ridiculous to know. For example, I only used a water droplet's worth of Power on that rock, and it grew by 10 meters."

"That's bullshit." Victor, Natashia, and Agnes said at the same time.

Jeanne smiled gently. "Because of that, I better not recklessly use this Energy on the surrounding environment... At least until I have full control of my Energy."

'In the past, I never saw the use of training. I was already stronger than everyone else just by existing, and my brother would protect me as well if something happened, not to mention that I've been wandering aimlessly for thousands of years...'

Despite living for a long time without purpose, Jeanne's personality was kind in nature. Thus, perhaps out of boredom, pity, or even kindness, she would occasionally save people and beings on her travels. These gestures led her to take on the burdens of the original Jeanne D'Arc.

'I wonder if that girl lived a good life...' Jeanne thought wistfully.

"..." Everyone nodded in agreement with her.

"Anyway, back to the point. Ruby," Victor looked at the redhead.

"Try some of your Techniques."

"Okay." Ruby raised her hand and tried to create an Ice chair, but she was surprised when a Water chair was created.

"... Huh?"

"What's the problem?" Victor asked.

"I didn't try to use water, but Ice."

"Hmm... Can you turn the Water into Ice? Try." Victor spoke as he felt the approach of the girls who were far away.

Ruby tried to turn the Water into Ice, but nothing happened.

"... What is happening?" She narrowed her eyes, as confusion was seen in her expression; she didn't understand anything.

"Daughter, try creating another Ice structure," Scathach spoke somberly.

"... Okay." Realizing that her mom was in teacher mode, she readily accepted her guidance.

She dropped the Water chair she had just created out of thin air and tried to make an Ice weapon now, but just like before, Water was created, not Ice.

"... That's..." Scathach narrowed her eyes.

"Yes, and to think that could happen too...." Victor spoke with a sigh.

"You two seem to have a clue what's going on. Mind explaining?" Ruby asked.

"... Hmm, Ruby. Try to create a structure, but this time don't think about using your Powers separately. Just let it flow." Victor didn't answer her and just gave another instruction to his Wife.

"..." Ruby looked at her mom to see if she had anything to add.

"Just do what he says," Scathach said when she saw the look on her daughter's face.

"Okay."

Again, she let the Water spear fall to the ground and tried to create another structure, but this time, she did what Victor suggested. She didn't force the Ice to appear but instead let everything 'flow'.

In a matter of seconds, an Ice Spear was created.

"I did it!" Ruby sighed in relief. She thought she had lost the Power she was so used to. That would have been a disaster.

Scathach and Victor just approached Ruby and looked at the Spear with appraising eyes.

"... As expected, there is water inside the Spear," Scathach said.

"Indeed, and the Spear seems more robust than simple Ice structures." Victor continued.

"It must be because the water can deal with stress better? After all, the water is in constant motion." Scathach deduced.

"Probably... But that's amazing, and to think the same thing happened to her...." Victor spoke up.

"..." Ruby and the girls just watched Victor and Scathach talking in their own world, a conversation that seemed like no one could enter.

"Okay, that is enough. Explain what's going on!" Ruby spoke with a serious face.

Victor and Scathach stopped talking and looked at Ruby at the same time.

"What happened, Ruby is that your two Bloodlines have merged completely," Victor replied.

"... Huh?"

"Before, you used your two Bloodlines separately, and the two Powers never came together naturally. You had to work hard to use both at the same time intentionally. That was the training I had you focus on for over two years." Scathach completed.

"But now, you don't need that. You've become just like Victor."

"What do you mean 'like' Darling...?"

"Look." Victor raised his palm up.

Soon various Powers formed in front of him like a solar system; the Blood Sphere in the middle was the Sun, orbited by Fire, Ice, and Lightning Spheres, representing planets.

The Ice Sphere with Water inside represented the Power he'd gained from Ruby that fateful night. There was also a green sphere with the feeling of Nature and a golden sphere that was very small compared to the other spheres.

"This is the representation of all the Powers within me. The Elements are quite explanatory, the green orb is Roxanne's power, and the golden orb is the Blessings of the Goddesses that I have."

'The Power of Magic is also there, but it's so small that it can't even be called a Power,' Victor thought as he looked at a small light blue sphere.

"....."

"As expected, he is using cheats. What kind of bullshit is this?" Violet, who had stopped fighting, pointed to the solar system of Powers in Victor's hand, "Just with a brief count, he has more than five powers! Ugh, I already knew he had them, but it's still hard to accept, haaah." She just sighed at the end.

Sasha and Natasha patted Violet's back in understanding; they had the same thoughts as Violet.

Victor didn't comment on what Violet said and continued as if nothing had happened:

"...After my rebirth because of Roxanne, all my Powers, except for the Blessings of the Goddesses, completely merged with me. Before, when I entered the Form of a Vampire Count of the Scarlett Clan, for example, I could only use the Element of Ice and could not use the other Elements actively. I could only use them as support and at low output, much weaker than what I could manage in my Base Form."

"Even when I used my Fire, Ice, and Lightning Powers in fights, I had to 'control' the percentages of each Power output that I wanted to use in my attacks, or even balance the percentages of each that I should keep in my body."

"Usually, I kept the output to 50% of Lightning directed to my legs, 10% of Fire in my hands, and the remaining 40% was with the Ice to the rest of my body for reinforcement. But, of course, the percentage exchange happens quickly, all thanks to Scathach."

"What did she do?" Violet asked.

"What she does best, tort – Cough, training," Natasha answered.

The older redhead just looked at Natasha with a narrowed gaze.

Natasha turned her face away and started to whistle.

"Master trained me until I had excellent control over my own Powers so that the changes and possibly temporary fusion would happen naturally and quickly," Victor replied.

"The same happened to you, only in a simpler way than me. After all, not even I can completely unite all my Powers because some of them are of opposing nature."

"I could only do this with Water and Ice because they complement each other. I was working on adding Lightning in the sphere of Water and Ice to use these three Powers as one, possibly creating a new attack or even a new element. But, unfortunately, it's not as easy as it seems." Victor commented with a slight frustration in his tone.

'Although Lightning and Fire combine very well, too. It's a pity that I can't fuse them... yet.' Victor thought, but he wouldn't give up so easily.

'Maybe, I can use Magic too... I stopped training that when I acquired Roxanne's Energy...'

"..." The girls gulped, 'Does he plan on pooling these Powers to create a new Element? Is he crazy? This Power comes directly from his Lineage!' They thought.

What Victor said was unbelievable to Vampires because he was basically saying that he was trying to merge Bloodlines within to create new Bloodlines, which was ridiculous thinking.

"Huh, your thoughts are getting more and more insane. Merge Elements to create new ones? This isn't Naruto, you know? We don't have an Energy called 'Chakra' for-... Oh." Ruby stopped talking when she realized something.

Victor smiled a little, "I just started testing Element Fusion recently. I believe I could succeed thanks to the 'Nature' energy of a World Tree."

"If it were before, I wouldn't have even thought about it because I would hardly have something to stabilize the Energies, but now that I have it, I want to explore it to the fullest.." Victor concluded his reasoning.

'...Maybe he can create a new element in the future...' Ruby sighed as she realized that her husband was getting increasingly ridiculous in his insatiable pursuit of Power.

"Leaving that discussion aside, the point is; You weren't able to use your Ice before because you were thinking of using them separately like before, which was incorrect. They are not separate anymore; they are one now."

"... I understand," Ruby spoke.

"Umu, anyway, guys, the show is over. You need to get used to your new bodies and Power."

"Yes!"

"Scathach, I'm counting on you to teach them. I'm sure you've been looking forward to this moment."

"... Eh?" All who accepted the change didn't know what to do, as they just looked mechanically at Scathach.

Scathach's smile grew predatory, her hair began defying gravity, and a thick killing intent kicked in all around her.

"Hahaha, Victor, you know me very well."

"Of course."

"W-Wait, Master. I don't need to go through that, too, right? I'm already used to it!" Kaguya, who usually remained silent like an exemplary Maid, stammered upon realizing her impending fate...

"Eh?" The other Maids looked at Kaguya as if she were a traitor.

Victor displayed a small smile and said, "Only Eve, Maria, Bruna, and Roxanne are free to go. You and Roberta need to stay here to train."

"M-Master!" Roberta wanted to protest, but she felt a cold hand touch her shoulder; she looked back, startled, and saw Scathach's smile.

"Fufufufu~, I wonder how strong the Progenitor of the Gorgons is. I wouldn't have held back in your training if I had known from the beginning that you had this."

"How in the hell were you holding back!?" Robert screamed.

"Wasn't it obvious?"

"Impossible!" Roberta was in disbelief.

Victor looked at Agnes and Natasha and nodded. The two women nodded to him as well, indicating that they understood what he was talking about, then the two women looked at their respective daughters.

There were no better specialists in each Clan to train the Youngest Heirs than their mothers.

Violet, Sasha, and Ruby looked at Victor with resentful eyes.

A look that only made Victor's sadistic smile grow:

"Good luck~." Victor turned and started walking, accompanied by the Maids, who would not participate in the training.

'I'm going to visit my daughters. I need to see Nero's condition.' Victor thought.

Veins bulged on the heads of the three girls.

Violet snarled and screamed, "Darling... I swear to god when I get out of here, eu-... GAAAH!"

"Huh!? Mother, what are you doing!?"

"It's time to train, daughter."

"Bitch, this is hard feelings, isn't it!? You're angry, aren't you!? GAAHH!"

Rumble, Rumble.

"M-Mother!?"

"Fufufu, my dear Sasha, don't lose concentration on the battlefield."

"We are not on a battlefield!! AAAH!"

Victor ignored the explosions and the noises of Lightning that occurred behind him. He didn't even want to know what was going on. After seeing so many 'diamonds' to polish

in a secure place, Scathach looked like a child who had just received several birthday presents.

The moment Victor stepped outside the establishment, he saw the lifeless gaze of a pink-haired Goddess.

The Maids froze, and he swallowed hard when he saw Aphrodite's look.

"Darling~, I wonder what this new connection I'm feeling in your Soul is...?" She tilted her head with a hollow smile, "I thought you said I'm the only Goddess you could ever have."

Seeing the pink-haired Goddess act like that only put a satisfied smile on Victor's face.

'...She's perfect~'.

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- Chapter 639: Love Is In The Air. |

Chapter 639: Love Is In The Air.

Chapter 639: Love Is In The Air.

"Girls, can you leave us alone?" Victor asked neutrally with no hint of feeling threatened; in fact, he seemed to be enjoying it a lot.

"Y-Yes, Master," Eve replied, stuttering a little under the Goddess's gaze.

'As expected of the Goddess of Love, her love is heavy... If any man other than my Master had won that affection, he would have already given up on her.' Eve broke out in a cold sweat as she imagined a Goddess like Aphrodite mad because of love.

[Idiot! You must not leave! This is the time you declare your dominance!] Alter Eve complained.

And as usual, Eve ignored her. She returned to a neutral expression and spoke:

"Girls over here, let's go back to our room." Eve took the lead.

Bruna and Maria just nodded and followed Eve.

When the Maids walked away from Victor and left the couple alone, Victor couldn't hold back anymore.

His smile grew wider, his eyes became even emptier than Aphrodite's, and the emotions of Love, obsession, and gratitude flooded Aphrodite's existence like a tsunami.

"...H-Huh?" Aphrodite was taken aback, her eyes returned to normal, and a shocked expression covered her perfect face.

Victor was a Master at hiding emotions. Even with a connection as strong as Aphrodite's, he could still suppress his emotions.

Yes, the correct word was suppress, not hide. This was because no matter how proficient he was at hiding emotions, emotions would still show; it was something natural, after all.

Even in a completely emotionless person, there would still be a spark of emotion within that being.

And that's what Victor does. He just suppresses everything because if he didn't, the girls connected with him would feel overwhelmed whenever he was around them.

'What is this? Is this all for me? These feelings...!' A wide smile appeared on Aphrodite's face, and hearts appeared in her two pink eyes as her Love Divinity was going mad.

'This is the feeling of being completely loved, not fake love, but real love...!' Aphrodite, for the first time, felt 'really' reciprocated.

She already knew that Victor loved her, she could feel it, and their connection didn't lie, but this... this intensity.

'Amazing~' She felt like she was being sucked into a bottomless abyss known as Victor, and she didn't mind that fact one bit.

She may be a Goddess, a Yandere Love Goddess, but... Victor was naturally a greater Yandere than she was in that sense.

How would a Master of his craft lose out to a beginner who had just learned what love is?

Hah! This would never happen.

While Aphrodite was taken aback by the emotions she was feeling right now from Victor, the man approached the Goddess, grabbed her arm, and pulled her to his chest.

Only when her voluptuous breasts hit Victor's chest did she wake up to reality.

And the sight of Victor's kind and loving face was the first thing she saw when she returned from her stupor.

"You've done so much for me in such a short amount of time... So many things!"

"I-." She tried to say something, but Victor didn't let her:

"Which I didn't even get a chance to thank you for properly."

"You married me in a hurry, and we haven't even 'enjoyed' our relationship."

Aphrodite took a deep breath and inhaled Victor's intoxicating scent. Of course, she could smell the scent of the other women who were always close to him, but as if it were a different perfume, Victor's scent stood out even more from them.

Unlike the smell of blood, it had a more 'natural' smell, like a forest in the middle of summer; it was... comforting.

Aphrodite's body was starting to feel warm, and the feeling of anticipation began to build in her, and that feeling only grew when she blinked her eyes and saw that she was now lying on a soft bed with Victor on top of her.

Seeing Victor's face in front of her, feeling his breath on her skin, lust began to build in her body. Aphrodite knew what was going to happen next, and that knowledge made her completely forget about what she was feeling earlier. That absolute certainty of what would happen next unconsciously activated something in her body.

"Aphro-..." Victor stopped saying Aphrodite's name halfway through and opened his eyes wide as he felt a sweet scent spread rapidly.

A smell he remembered clearly, a nostalgic scent that evoked a memory that wasn't his, an ancient memory of a man walking in the woods and meeting a beautiful Goddess, the Divinity of Aphrodite's Sexuality was activated. And it was attracting Victor like a female in heat attracts a male, only much more potent.

And the Goddess of Beauty did not even notice this.

She had been waiting so long for this moment that all her limitations had gone out the window.

Aphrodite closed her legs around Victor's waist and shifted positions so she was on top of him.

Victor opened his eyes wide when he saw the sight in front of him. With a seductive expression, and pink hair flowing as if defying gravity, her whole body had pink Energy covering it.

Her cheeks flushed, and her breathing got heavier and hotter.

She was stunning.

She deserved the Title of The Most Beautiful Woman, and everything about her was perfect. Of course, Victor already knew that, but now he was sure she was the most beautiful Goddess. Why?

The smile she's wearing now. That smile was enough to categorize any woman as the most beautiful, a smile all his Wives had in common.

The strangely sweet smell grew even more robust.

"Darling~." She ripped off Victor's suit with minimal effort, lowered her center of gravity, and smelled him even more. Her body shuddered in pleasure, and the sweet smell in the room grew even more substantial.

Aphrodite had utterly lost the 'shackles' that bound her before; she was in a berserker state.

The Goddess held on for a long time; she wanted to have sex since the two weren't enemies anymore, but she knew she couldn't. She knew it would ruin everything, she also didn't know how she felt before, and even though she really wanted to have sex and leave the consequences of her actions for later, she instinctively knew she would regret it if she did.

And she was correct. The current Aphrodite was very grateful to her past self for making a sensible decision; it was because of that feeling that she understood what she was really feeling.

"..." Victor narrowed his eyes as he looked at the room completely covered in pink Power and realized that this reaction was much stronger than what he'd seen in Adonis' memories.

Which made Victor very pleased.

After all, it was proof that Aphrodite felt more for him than Adonis. Sometimes having two memories is inconvenient, primarily when he associated with individuals who were once lovers of the man of said memory.

And Victor was extremely possessive about this particular issue.

Victor focused on his Ice Power and isolated the room.

"Haaah" She let out the breath she was holding and raised her center of gravity again. She looked at Victor with a crazed look, and her smile grew even wider.

"Get ready, Darling~. I've been waiting for this for a long time~, and I don't think I will be able to restrain myself~."

Proof of these words was the pink atmosphere getting even denser. The Divinities of Love and Sexuality were working like crazy and evolving simultaneously.

It was funny that Love was driving Sexuality, and they didn't even do anything yet. That was more than enough proof of how much the Goddess of Beauty was waiting for this moment.

"Even though you are you, if you are not careful, you will die~."

A drop of cold sweat fell from Victor's face, but this was all acting, while inside, he was thinking:

'That doesn't seem like a bad thing.' Victor got even more excited, and his smile widened:

"...Heh, you're underestimating me too much."

"Fufufu~, you're overestimating yourself. I'm the Goddess of Sex-... Ahh~?"

Victor interrupted the Goddess by grabbing the perfect ass of the Goddess of Beauty and using it as a support to change position, and then he was on top of her again.

Victor learned a lot from 'fighting' Scathach, and even though he knew he couldn't defeat the literal Sex Goddess, that didn't mean he was going to be passive.

Getting back on top of her, Victor tugged on Aphrodite's dress but was surprised when it didn't rip.

Aphrodite's seductive smile turned into a more motherly tone, "Fufufufu~, this is still a Divine Raiment, you know? It is enchanted in many defensive ways; this dress will not break so easily." She spoke like a mother teaching her child.

Which, in a way, she was. After all, she already had several kids.

Victor's eyes glowed blood red.

"Ahh~"

Feelings were overwhelming her, Victor was showing all the feelings he had for Aphrodite, and the Goddess's senses were being overloaded because of them.

And to make her situation even worse, her Divinities were reacting strongly to this whole situation and evolving on their own, and that sensation left her senses even more overloaded.

And just with those pure feelings, she came.

"..." The Goddess took a deep breath with a face redder than before; she couldn't believe she'd come with just that.

"Heh~, someone is very sensitive." A condescending smile appeared on his face.

A vein bulged on Aphrodite's head, "Humpf, you are a freak of love. How can your love be greater than mine? I'm the literal Goddess of Love, you know?"

"You may be the Goddess of Love, but I embody the very word called 'Love'." Victor smiled playfully and gently began to remove Aphrodite's dress; then, those perfect breasts were on display.

Aphrodite's heart fluttered even faster at the sight, and the atmosphere around them grew even denser. The entire room was alight with pink Power.

"Knowing you, I wouldn't doubt that those words are the truth, as Ruby calls it, Yandere~, right?"

"Ahh~" She shuddered and came again when she felt her breasts being caressed.

'W-Why am I so sensitive~!? Is it because I haven't done this for so long? Or because he's doing it?'

"Poor Goddess of Love~" Victor touched Aphrodite's entire body, exploring every inch of the Goddess of Beauty. He was delighted with the sadistic pleasure of seeing the perfect Goddess writhing under him like this.

"You are the Goddess of such a beautiful Concept, but you never got love back."

Aphrodite shuddered at the words she heard from Victor, she wanted to refute them, but only moans came out of her mouth. She was entirely at his mercy, and she didn't care one bit.

Her Divinities were acting crazy, as if she had aphrodisiacs flowing through her veins, and her whole body was sensitive and overwhelmed.

"I, your Husband, will show you how much I love you and thank you for all you've done."

"H-Humpf, you only say that because I helped you~."

"You had no obligation to help me. You did it because you wanted to, and I am grateful for that gesture." He lowered his hand to the entrance to the 'Temple' of the Goddess of Beauty.

"Ahh~."

"But that's not all. I'm not going to do this just because I want to thank you, but because I love you, and since we got married, many things have happened to us and got in the way~." He bit her ear lightly, and she shivered.

"A-Ahh-...~" And once again, she came.

In the preliminaries alone, she came more than five times!

'This is impossible! I'm not that weak. Is this because of 'Love'?'

Licking her neck with a spontaneous gesture, Aphrodite squirmed again, and he spoke in a gentle tone that carried all of his love.

"My Wife, I love you."

'Wife...? Wife... Love...? Love... Love?' She repeated the words in her head as if they were something familiar yet unfamiliar.

She'd heard those words a few times already, and every time she'd heard that word spoken to her, it had always been in an arrogant, lustful, or malevolent tone.

But Victor's was so different. He was more loving; he was more possessive; he was more precious.

It was so much more... Genuine.

Soon her eyes opened wide. 'Yes, I am his Wife! He is my Husband! My Love!' Her smile grew wider.

Her pink Power practically doubled in potency.

And before Victor could make it out, he was down, and she was straddling him again.

"My Darling~" The hearts in her eyes were bright and pulsing as if they were alive.

Victor's smile grew in satisfaction at that sight and the feelings he was getting from her.

The purest love and the most genuine obsession.

'She's fully awakened... Finally... Finally, she's completely mine~' The wait was worth it; Victor got what he wanted.

He turned the Goddess of Love into someone like him, the proof of which was that the Goddess's 'Love' was growing to become equal to his... Wrong; it was easily surpassing his Love.

Victor so wanted to laugh in satisfaction, but he couldn't because his mouth was filled with the Goddess's luscious lips.

Victor's satisfaction when her lips touched his was much greater than the act of sex itself.

Their feelings were connected in the purest and most genuine way and flowed between them, causing delicious sensations.

A simple kiss that could evoke sensations much stronger than sex, all because of the various existing connections the two had with each other.

Even though she was feeling the same thing as Victor, the Goddess was thirsty. She wanted her insides filled with the seed of her most beloved right now!

Because of that, the close act was quite natural.

She simply evaporated her and Victor's clothes with pure power and straddled him.

"AHHH~" She released a genuine cry of satisfaction as she felt her womb being invaded and filled completely.

And that genuine scream was followed by another, more hysterical scream, along with the feeling of her insides being filled.

She unconsciously squeezed her entrance, making the grip feel as if she wanted to devour Victor's tool.

"Ugh..." Victor writhed with the sensation of having the tool being squeezed, along with the sensation of his orgasm and the feeling of connection; it was like a very addictive drug.

The two of them were literally in a world of clouds for several seconds. Their physical bodies and Souls were in a literal state of ecstasy.

They weren't doing something simple like 'sex'.

This connection, their deep feelings involved, that sense of fulfillment.

The two were making 'Love', a love that the Goddess of Love potentiated.

Putting all these feelings and motives together, the following action was quite natural.

Rationality was thrown out the window, and all that was left was their instinct, and like two irrational animals, they looked at each other hungrily and attacked.

On that particular night in the Snow Clan's territory, there were several reports of citizens declaring their 'Eternal Love' to any person/object they loved.

Some Younger Vampires finally plucked up the courage and went to propose to their mothers.

"Mother! I love you! Please marry me!"

"... Huh?"

Some Elder Vampire couples took a new honeymoon to rekindle their lost passion.

"Honey, today is a special day, right?"

"I believe so?"

"Indeed, it's the day we were married in 1569. So why don't we have a new honeymoon?"

"... That's a good idea~."

Some men and women of different species met and declared their love.

"I know you're a Youkai, and I'm a Vampire! But I don't care; I love you!"

"... Adrian... I love you too!"

Some Noble Vampires, who were bound by tradition, finally worked up the courage to declare their love to their longtime friends.

"Old friend. How long have we known each other?"

"469 Years, Master."

"So long, huh... We wasted so much time stuck to these stupid traditions, huh."

"...."

"What do you think, old friend? How about moving to Clan Fulger territory."

"... I think it's a good idea."

Some Humans in the new city finally dared to declare their love.

"I know I'm just a 'useless' Human, as you say, but please let me love you, Senpai!"

"... Idiot, this is not a Japanese romantic comedy! And you're not even Japanese, Fred! Stop bowing!" A Young Vampire screamed in embarrassment.

"Please, Senpai! As a man of culture, it's common sense to bow your head and ask for love!"

"You have a twisted way of common sense! And again, you're not even Japanese!"

"I am Japanese at heart! Wrong, I was Japanese in a past life!"

"Ugh... You're attracting attention! Come here!" The woman grabbed the black-haired man and pulled him into hiding.

Love knew no prejudice; love had no barriers it could not cross.

Religion, customs, limitations, age, none of that mattered to Love, and Love wasn't as simple as just a lover's love; it had many forms.

"Father, Mother, are we going out today?"

"... I'm busy-... That's what I would normally say, but... Yes, let's go out, My Son."

"Are you serious!?"

"Of course, your father never goes back on his word; that's not chivalrous."

"Are you coming too, Mother?"

"Obviously."

"Yay! I'll go get my things!"

Standing on top of a building, a woman with long red hair and flaming eyes was looking out over the city.

"So many new homes are forming today..." Hestia looked at a specific house that was the source of all this chaos.

"Lady Hestia, we have managed to stop Aphrodite's influence from expanding further, but the damage has already been done, and we cannot lessen her influence."

Hestia fell silent when she heard the Goddess's voice.

"... It's okay. Love's influence isn't bad; after all, there isn't just one type of love." A woman's maternal voice was heard.

"Lady Rhea," Hestia spoke while looking at who had arrived.

The First Queen of Olympus looked at the Snow Clan's land with a gentle gaze, and soon after, she looked at the very place that was the source of all this chaos.

"She is a lucky woman."

Hestia was silent for a few seconds as she looked at the other Goddess and said, "Explain what has happened to Agnes Snow, and say that we have already contained everything."

"Yes!"

When the Goddess left, Hestia looked at Rhea:

"What does Lady Rhea mean?"

"I have only seen such a phenomenon once in my life."

"This event took place in the Egyptian Pantheon, and those responsible for that event stayed together until the end. They loved each other unconditionally... A love that lasted until the end of their existence." A wistful look appeared on Rhea's face.

"... How were they erased?"

"Their own family erased them."

"...."

"Something that won't happen to this Family, thanks to your Blessing... But even without your Blessing, I feel like that man would be fine. He's very different from Kronos or any man I've ever known." Rhea then added:

"He is more genuine."

"Is that why you said Aphrodite was lucky?"

"Indeed, someone like him is rare. No one can love another being unconditionally forever; not even Gods are like that, but... He makes this impossible act seem easy. I really envy Aphrodite."

"M-Mother!?" Hestia stammered.

"Fufufufu, you finally called me Mother."

"..." Hestia squirmed, not knowing what to do.

"I know I wasn't a good mother, but calling me Lady Rhea is too much, right?" She pouted.

"Ugh."

"Come here, my daughter. Let me give you a hug."

"... Mm."

"You too, Demeter."

A Goddess who was hiding in the bush appeared as she looked wistfully at Rhea, but 'driven' by the 'Love' in the air, her actions were more natural than she expected.

And before she knew it, she was hugging her mother.

"... I'm sorry I wasn't there for you, Demeter... I should have protected you from your brother."

"..." The Goddess of Agriculture flinched visibly when she heard her mother's words, and right after, she just hugged her mother tighter.

"Apologies won't change the past...." She commented in a cold tone that made Rhea cringe a little, but then added in a gentler voice, "But thanks for your concern, and for your words... I apologize too..."

"... Huh?"

"Of all the civil wars that took place in the past, you were undoubtedly the one affected the most, and we siblings completely ignored you... Only Hestia stood by you."

"...." Rhea didn't say anything, just like Demeter or Hestia. The three women just held each other in comfort, enjoying each other's silence and presence. They knew that any more words would only worsen the feeling of peace, and they didn't want that.

.....

Chapter 640: A remarkable experience.

Chapter 640: A remarkable experience.

53 hours later.

325 : 39.

That was the result... If one were only counting how many 'orgasms' each had, Aphrodite would easily lose.

... But if you look at the result of the 'war'.

Victor lay looking up at the bedroom ceiling, his body a little thinner than usual, while Aphrodite was glowing. [Literally]

... Aphrodite beat Victor easily.

The Sex Goddess kept her record as invincible. Even if she lost in the orgasm department because she was too sensitive, she was the one who won the war!

Victor felt like he had reached nirvana now. He felt like he had transcended into a higher plane of existence. He could swear he saw the image of several Angels with trumpets applauding him for entering Heaven.

'Wait, I won't die!' Suddenly that image disappeared, and Victor snapped back to reality.

Victor broke out into a cold sweat. For a moment, he almost went to paradise. [Literally.]

"Haaah." He sighed deeply and went back to being relaxed again.

While his body was going through 'peace' after sex, his mind was in chaos.

'How in the Seven Hells is this possible?' That was the question that passed through his head.

He wasn't upset about 'supposedly' losing the 'fight' he was in; he was pleased about it. The woman in his arms was utterly full of his seeds, and she was entirely his. He couldn't care less about such a small thing. He was just very competitive with Scathach because that was how Scathach's personality was. With others, he preferred to enjoy the flow of things more.

And that's what he did with Aphrodite; after all, like him, she didn't want to compete or anything like that. She just wanted to enjoy every moment, and believe me... they enjoyed it... A lot. This was undoubtedly the best 'Love' and 'Sex' he'd had. It was on the same level as the first 'Love' experience he'd had with Violet and the 'Sex' experience he had with Scathach.

Victor was satisfied; everything was perfect. He managed to transform the Goddess of love into someone like him. The wait was worth it.

... But now comes the million-dollar question.

'How the fuck am I so tired? Shouldn't I have inexhaustible Energy or something? And why did it all end after only two nights?' Although he knew it was only two nights, he felt that the time they spent practicing was much longer; the whole experience felt quite surreal.

Victor thought this must be some Divine nonsense because it couldn't be anything else. He had the longest, most intense 'fights' at night with Scathach, Natashia, and even Violet, Sasha, and Ruby. Yet, even after those fights, he never felt so exhausted; after all, he had enough Energy running through his body to keep active for years if he wanted.

The night he had with Scathach, it was understandable that he was exhausted. He didn't have the Energy of a World Tree sustaining him yet, and the woman was stronger than him physically. He could understand that.

But with that Energy constantly swirling through his body, he doubted he would ever get tired again in a nightly fight, and Aphrodite quickly shattered that certainty from him.

Confused was how Victor was feeling right now.

Luckily, Roxanne was around to enlighten Victor with knowledge:

[Darling... Having sex with a God is very different from having sex with a Mortal.]

"..." Victor raised his eyebrow.

[What do you mean?] Victor asked Roxanne.

[Just think, where did Adonis get the Power to see the future?]

[...Through sexual relations with the Goddesses... Oh.]

[When a God has sex, it's not just something carnal. Depending on the intensity, situation, and feelings involved, the Soul can get involved too, and this contact can develop several strange things for weaker Mortals. There's a reason Human Beings were the most commonly elevated Mortals.]

[And since you have a deep connection with Aphrodite, a connection that became even more united in this intimate moment... Well...] Roxanne was silent, not knowing how to explain this.

Fortunately, Victor could understand Roxanne's feelings, and he wasn't stupid enough not to understand where things were headed:

[... You mean it's not my body that's tired from these activities, but my Soul that somehow got in on the action with Aphrodite's Soul?]

[Yes.]

'What kind of nonsense is this?' Victor couldn't believe what he was hearing.

'Two Souls fucking? Huh?' He never thought the Supernatural World could get any weirder.

[Your body is completely fine; I guarantee it. Your body's Energy hasn't even expended 0.00001% of your current capacity.]

[...But your Soul...] Roxanne looked at the representation of Victor's Soul within him. As she was merged with Victor, she could easily enter the deepest corners of his Soul, and what she saw was a red Soul that contained multitudes of eyes all throughout it, eyes that represented the Souls that Victor consumed. The sight was grotesque and imposing.

And that same imposing Soul was sitting on the ground panting. It looked like a marathon runner who had to run in the desert without water for several days.

Or even a Boxer who'd fought strenuously and collapsed in his corner of the ring, utterly exhausted.

[Your Soul is weakened...] Was all Roxanne could say without explaining the 'sight' before her.

Roxanne approached Victor's Soul, yet it did not react at all. It just remained in the same tired position. She pointed her palm toward Victor's Soul, and a soft green glow began to emanate from her hand.

'With my help and consuming some Souls in his body, it is possible to increase the recovery time...' Roxanne thought.

[Don't tell me it will always be like this?] Victor asked. If he was going to feel like this every time he did it with Aphrodite, wouldn't he really die from doing nocturnal activities?

'What a wonderful way to die~.' Victor chuckled in amusement.

[I think so... As I said before, sex with a God depends a lot on the situation in general, and the feelings involved, after all, to make a child, a God needs to unite a piece of their Soul with a part of their partner's Soul for this child to be born.]

[...Wait, does that mean Aphrodite might have gotten pregnant because our Souls fused together for too long?]

[Yes.]

'Holy fuck...' Victor was incredulous.

[As you've said, Master. Gods, if disconnected from their Concept, are basically High-Level Spirits. And like all Higher Entities, they don't 'mingle' with the flesh, but with the Spiritual part of things.]

"..." When Victor thought more calmly about it, he realized Roxanne was right.

[At the time when you and Aphrodite were having sex, your Souls tried several times to create a new life, but due to your opposing natures, such a thing was not possible. Progenitor or not, Goddess or not, a Being who belongs to the 'Dark Side' of the scale cannot have children with a Being belonging to the 'Light Side' of the scale, and since Aphrodite embodies many 'Good' Concepts, she is on the 'Light Side'.]

[Due to this process, the entire situation became exhausting for your Souls.]

Victor was silent for a few seconds.

'From Roxanne's account, I am able to trust a theory, the theory that there is a Power that prevents 'Beings' that break the 'Balance' from being born... If I want to procreate with Aphrodite, I must become a God. Then, regardless of my Concept, we will be able to have a child. After all, the child that will be born will be a God, and they will automatically gain a Concept on either side of the scale, be it 'Good' or 'Bad'.

[The reason I was so tired wasn't because of the act of sex itself, it was because our Souls were trying to procreate, and with each failure, it urged us to keep trying, which resulted in our Souls getting unnecessarily tired.]

[Correct. But the one who suffered the most was you, not Aphrodite. Your Soul is massive, Darling, much bigger than a Goddess's like Aphrodite, but your Soul still loses in quality to a Goddess as old as Aphrodite, who has several High-Level Concepts for Divinities.]

Victor didn't comment on that because he knew Roxanne was correct.

[One question, how do you know that?]

[Natural knowledge I gained from being a World Tree. It's similar to the instinctual memory of the Progenitor and Dragons... I also read some books in Aphrodite's personal library.]

Feeling Roxanne's concern, he realized that the woman must have taken the books without Aphrodite knowing.

'Something I consider impossible due to Aphrodite's awareness of her surroundings. She must have allowed it and not done anything since it was Roxanne.'

[Hmm, no need to be so worried. She won't complain if you do something like that. Just ask her later.]

[... I will... Cough, returning to the subject, in my case, I received this knowledge directly from my 'father'.]

[Jeanne's brother?]

[Yes, although I don't know whether he gave me the knowledge directly or if it's something programmed for each World Tree that grows up to a certain age. After all, in most scenarios, the World Tree is always alone with only her Guardian on the planet until she grows big enough for Life.]

[Due to our Energy traveling all over the planet we inhabit, we can indirectly influence the Life that is growing there. When Life starts to grow, the World Trees need to know what they can influence and shouldn't to prevent any disruption in the 'Balance'. Because of that, multitudes of information of various kinds are in my mind right now.]

[I see... That's convenient.]

[Indeed.] Roxanne didn't deny it, so she added: [I was luckier than my sisters because I found you. Now I will never be alone; Big Guy and I will follow you no matter where you go!]

Victor just smiled gently and lovingly at the cute statements from Roxanne:

[I will always be with you, Roxanne.]

[Fufufu, I know] She nodded, satisfied.

A comfortable silence descended in the room; Victor just stared at the ceiling as he listened to the breathing of the Goddess beside him. Then, slowly, his body regained its former appearance of vitality, a testament that his Soul was recovering quite quickly.

Something that was only possible thanks to Roxanne, who was helping his Soul.

[...Speaking of which, where is that gorilla? I haven't seen him in a while.]

[He's changing...]

[Still? It's been a long time.]

[Yes, I also made some changes for him to be a more suitable Guardian. He can't be a giant gorilla all the time.]

[Can you do that?] Victor asked in shock.

[Of course, the Guardian is part of my Soul, technically speaking, but he is not entirely merged with my Soul. He was born to protect me and always be with me; because of that, I can change some things about him with each evolution. It's the same symbiotic relationship I have with you, only I have more control over it.]

[Oh... That's amazing. I wonder what appearance you chose.]

[Fufufufu, it's a secret, but I'll show you when he wakes up.]

[Okay.]

'Wait... Now that I think about it...wasn't Roxanne in the anime-watching group that Ruby and Pepper formed?' A bad feeling began to fill Victor's heart; this malaise was not for him but for the gorilla.

For a moment, he could have sworn he saw the appearance of a man with a monkey's tail screaming and his hair turning blond.

Victor shook his head a little to perish the thought and mused: 'It's okay; he's a gorilla, not a monkey. The two look alike, but they are different species!'

Victor's foreboding grew stronger.

'I don't know what will happen to you, but be strong, Big Guy.' He sent his condolences to the gorilla.

...

The Goddesses, Vampires, Human, and Alpha werewolves in the room all looked at Aphrodite with wordless gazes.

The Goddess was glowing, literally speaking.

Her big gentle smile seemed to light up even the darkest darkness; her happy expression could make everyone around her feel happy. The aura she was emitting was like everyone was in the middle of spring with various exotic animals. It was a sight that was both exotic and relaxing.

"Cough." Scathach coughed, which snapped everyone out of the trance they'd unconsciously been in.

"She's glowing... Literally!" Violet exploded, "Her aura is like she exists in a plane of existence completely different from us, even though she is in front of us!"

"Thanks for stating the obvious, daughter." Agnes rolled her eyes.

"Don't be mean, Mother! What kind of sex makes someone literally glow!? I don't know what she had, but I want it too!"

"..." The girls who had a physical relationship with Victor just kept silent. They agreed with every word Violet spoke in that sentence.

"To answer your question, Violet... It was the best sex I've ever had." Her smile grew, as did her gentle aura.

The Goddesses opened their eyes wide and looked at Victor with a predatory look and one of respect...?

'He was so good that the Sex Goddess herself said so... I want it too!' Demeter thought.

A similar thought passed unconsciously through several Goddesses.

Before the Goddesses could fall into the world of their imagination, they felt the 'warm' atmosphere become dark as if the abyss itself descended on them.

"Perish such thoughts from your heads."

The dark, emotionless voice of the Goddess took everyone by surprise, including Hestia.

The Goddess of the Home didn't want to brag or anything, but she'd known Aphrodite for quite some time, and she'd never seen the woman act like this before.

Looking at Aphrodite's lifeless gaze and empty smile, Demeter and the other Goddesses who had such thoughts furiously nodded.

"Good, I don't want to accidentally 'kill' my teammates. We are few, and we should care for each other, right?" Aphrodite looked at Demeter.

"Y-Yes!"

Victor, at this moment, had tears of happiness falling from his eyes. He looked like a mother who saw her son grow up and graduate from college.

'They grow up so quick~.' He sniffled.

"..." Violet, Sasha, Ruby, Natashia, Agnes, and Leona looked at Victor dryly.

"What did you do, Vic?" Mizuki asked the question that was on everyone's mind right now.

Even the Goddesses, especially Rhea and Nike, were questioning this now, so they couldn't help but look at him curiously.

"I made her better..." A smile appeared on Victor's face, "So Much better."

Leona tried to hold back, she swore by all that was Holy that she tried to hold back, but she ultimately failed to hold back the urge to roll her eyes and spoke:

"Great, he's raising Yanderes now, ones even more psychotic than Violet and Agnes."

"Oyy!" Agnes and Violet screamed, but Leona didn't care.

"And to make matters worse, his most recent project is the literal Goddess of Love! She even has pink hair and everything." Ruby added.

"...Fuck." Leona and Sasha spoke at the same time in a monotone.

Victor smiled proudly when he heard them talking about his 'achievements'. Then he looked at the other girls with the same twinkle in his eyes.

Mizuki and Leona felt a shiver down their spines. They looked around and tried to look for the source of that shiver but found nothing.

Natashia, who was watching this interaction, only displayed a small smile. 'As expected, my decision wasn't wrong! He's perfect for my Clan, fufufufu~'.

Victor looked at Natashia confused: 'Why is she so happy and hopeful? Huh?' Even though he could read body language and feel emotions, he couldn't read Natashia's mind if she didn't want him to.

After all, the Wedding Ritual was a two-way street, not to mention that Natashia was very chaotic regarding Victor.

"Anyway, it's time for you to leave, Girls. I will visit Eleanor's territory to do my job."

"Ugh, I had forgotten about those women." All of Aphrodite's happy mood disappeared when she realized she had work to do.

"Don't complain; we should do this," Hestia spoke.

"Fine~... Haha, I feel like this is going to be a long day. Let's go, Scathach, Nike, and Hestia."

"Mm, I wonder if I'll be able to fight someone strong there...." Scathach spoke as he started walking towards the exit.

'I must finish this quickly and return to training with the girls. They have acquired a lot of potential, and Medusa's Power to petrify everything is quite interesting to explore.' Scathach was planning how to train the girls, training that would be like torture, obviously.

"Okay," Nike spoke as she followed Scathach.

"Wait, didn't you say you weren't going?" Hestia spoke.

"...Oh." Aphrodite's smile returned, "That's right, isn't it? Someone has to stay and watch these delinquents. I had forgotten about that; good luck, girls~." She waved at the women with a big satisfied smile on her face.

The Goddesses just looked at Hestia with a neutral look, a look that said: 'Did you seriously have to say that? You just had to open your mouth, didn't you?'

Hestia just rolled her eyes when she saw the Goddesses' attitude, and soon she walked toward the exit along with Nike and Scathach.

"..." Violet, Sasha, and Ruby looked at Aphrodite with dry looks:

"She just raised a flag, didn't she?" Violet brought up Aphrodite's earlier casual comment.

"Yes, she did," Sasha replied.

"Yep." Ruby agreed.

"Fuck." Violet groaned.

.....

Chapter 641: A New Ruler Born.

Chapter 641: A New Ruler Born.

"Ahhhhhh!" Persephone opened her eyes and looked around in a panic; her lifeless and desperate eyes were analyzing everything around her, hoping this was not another test of those beings.

"... You woke up."

The moment the Queen of The Underworld saw Nyx, anger flashed in her eyes.

"Did you know about that!?"

"Yes, I knew."

The instant neutral response only made Persephone's anger amplify even more. She gritted her teeth and glared at Nyx in utter disgust.

Her body started to shake, the rage that could burn Hell bubbling up in her heart, and in the blink of an eye, her atmosphere changed, followed by her words:

"...I knew I shouldn't have trusted a whore like you! I should have chosen fucking death!" An overwhelming surge of power followed Persephone's scream.

Now, who stood before Nyx was not just a Queen with an empty Title but a True Queen with a Power that could support such a position.

Nyx was now looking at a Ruler of Hell.

Far from being irritated by Persephone's insults, Nyx smiled coldly:

"Trust? There wasn't something like that in us from the beginning."

"The Underworld needed to be controlled so that foreigners wouldn't make this place their playground, and you were the most likely candidate to succe-."

"Stop lying to me!" Again, Persephone screamed, this time with hatred shining in her eyes.

Slowly, her nightgown began to be replaced by black armor that seemed to be a mixture of armor and a black dress. Then, a helmet resembling the Helm of Hades appeared on her face, and in the next moment, when the helmet appeared, it morphed into a dark crown with a red jewel in the center.

The entire Underworld trembled before the new Ruler's Power, and that Power alerted every being in the Underworld currently.

They felt the presence of the New King of Hell.

"Lady Persephone?" Thanatos, who was standing guard at the gate of the mansion, quickly entered the mansion towards Persephone's room, but he was surprised when he saw the barrier constructed of Darkness similar to the cloudless night sky.

'Mother!?'

"Thanatos, what is-... Mother!?" Hypnos immediately understood what had happened; their mother must have done something again.

"What should we do!? We cannot cross that barrier." Hypnos spoke.

"... Exactly. We can't, and Lady Persephone shouldn't either, but... That doesn't seem to be the case anymore."

"..." Hypnos opened his eyes wide as he also realized that fact.

'What did you do, Mother?' Thanatos asked himself.

"We can't just stand here like fools; we must do something!"

"Do what? Only our father can cross this barrier."

"... I don't know! But we cannot stand still!" Hypnos screamed.

"..." Thanatos was silent. He agreed with Hypnos' words but didn't know what to do.

"Rally all troops, and keep the Castle secure. Tell the Furies to keep an eye on Lady Persephone's children and ask Hecate to see the future of-."

"Our mother can hide from that kind of sight too, Brother. She has the Title of Mother of Concealment for a reason." Hypnos reminded his brother.

"... Ugh, just execute the first two orders; I'll take care of the rest."

"Okay, I will do that; keep me updated!"

"I will."

Inside the room, Nyx was looking at Persephone in shock.

'...She got past my barrier?' It would be an understatement to say how incredulous Nyx was.

Nyx was The Mother of Concealment; she could make any place inaccessible with her Authority. If she wished to hide or hide something, no one would find it, but during that

burst of Power, Persephone only broke the barrier for a few seconds, a feat that only a Primordial God should be able to do.

"You knew this all along! You knew about the test! You knew what I was supposed to do, what kind of... Atrocities, I was supposed to do!" Persephone ground her teeth in rage.

"You chose me. You only chose me because I had the most to 'lose'. In this test, those who have the most to lose are the ones most likely to gain Power. You think I don't know that!?"

When she passed the test after deciding countless times about the life and death of her loved ones, Persephone received a whole set of memories that represented the Ruler's work, what the Ruler's existence was, and how they were chosen...

And those memories were proof enough that Nyx was sacrificing her for a reason she didn't know.

"..." Nyx was silent as she looked neutrally at Persephone.

'This is bad... I miscalculated. She gained more Power than I anticipated... I would never have expected her to surpass Hades in Divine Power.'

Was Nyx scared? The answer was no. She wasn't. But... She was anxious, and the reason for that was mentioned.

The other reason was that the Ruler had the same Authority as a God King in the Underworld, like Zeus on Olympus. That Authority came with the benefit that Hell itself would support the Ruler's existence.

'If the Power gain were at least at the level of a High-Level God, the situation would be perfect; after all, I predicted that she would have this Power.'

Before the test, Persephone was just a Low-Level Goddess. Despite having many Concepts for Divinities, she wasn't proficient in them. She was just a decoration Queen; the one who held the real power was Hades.

Because of this, Nyx thought she would merely gain the Power of a High-Level God, but that's not what happened.

Persephone, who was now in the realm of a God-King and backed by all Greek Hell, was an existence even Nyx had to be wary of.

This wariness was because Nyx could no longer control Persephone as she would like and not because Persephone was a threat to her.

"From the beginning, I was just a pawn!" The Underworld Goddess roared.

"...Interesting, you say it as if it wasn't obvious before." Nyx rolled her eyes.

Persephone's eyes narrowed even further, and a dark Scythe appeared in her hand.

"Don't play the victim, Persephone," Nyx commented naturally without worrying about the Scythe in the new Ruler's hand. Why? The Death of the Greek Pantheon could not kill the Original Primordial Gods of the same Pantheon, not to mention that the owner of that Scythe belonged to Thanatos, the son of Nyx.

Thanatos would never harm his own mother, and even if he wanted to, he couldn't. Only beings with the Concept of 'The END', the Primordial Entities that regulate Existence, or Primordial Gods from another Pantheon could harm Nyx.

"You knew the whole situation, and yet you accepted it. You had no choice but to accept it; your anger is irrational."

"..." Persephone's gaze intensified; she gritted her teeth angrily. She wanted to refute what Nyx had said, but she couldn't, but someone angry hardly followed rationality.

Proof of this was Persephone's following action. The Ruler swung the Scythe towards Nyx, who was unconcerned. She had 100% confidence that nothing would happen to her.

And that trust was easily betrayed.

FUSHHH.

"... Huh?"

Nyx looked down at her left arm flying away from her body in utter shock.

'... Just what happened? Did my son's Scythe cut me...?' She looked at the Scythe in Persephone's hand and widened her eyes with a changed look: 'That's not my son's Scythe... Is that her Divine Weapon? Did she receive that too? How?'

Nyx was very confused right now. She couldn't understand the events that were happening in front of her; after all, this wasn't how she'd imagined things would happen.

The more significant Power gain than she'd expected, and now even unknown Divine Artifacts?

"... You are correct. I knew what I was getting into. I knew that no Primordial God could be trusted. You are all trash who believe they are superior and like to play with

everyone, as well as your 'descendants'." Persephone commented with the same hateful tone, this time directed at herself and all the other Gods.

The Scythe she was holding was covered in a dark Power, and the next moment, it completely disappeared as if it didn't exist.

When Nyx saw this Power, her eyes widened once more.

'... The Helm of Hades... She turned the Helm into a weapon!? Huh!?' The Primordial Goddess reached out her hand, telekinetically pulled her severed arm towards her, and reattached it. However, her eyes never left the Scythe's last location. She knew that the Scythe had not disappeared; it was still there in Persephone's hands, only invisible.

'I thought The Helm of Hades became the Crown that's on her head now... She tricked me...?' A feeling of anger began to rise in Nyx's heart.

She didn't care about her arm being cut off; it needed much more than that to harm her. During this attack, she felt nothing; she was just surprised that the Scythe had managed to cut her.

She understood all of that, but... She hated being deceived. She was the only one who could deceive others. No one should be able to deceive her; after all, she was The Mother of The Night. Everything about the Darkness of Night was her Domain. She knew everything, and nothing could be hidden from her.

Persephone turned with grace and nobility and sat in her chair: "Like any God, you took advantage of my state. You knew I couldn't refuse and used me." Slowly her hateful tone changed to something cold and emotionless. Persephone's lifeless eyes looked at Nyx with indifference; then, it was her turn to release her pressure that began to ease as if it had never existed in the first place.

"Something any God would do the same if they were looking for something."

"Hilarious," Persephone spoke dismissively.

"Calling our kind Gods is an insult to True Gods like Hestia, who is kind to everyone. We are just another species of opportunistic, greedy, lustful, and naively prideful Demons."

This abrupt change in Persephone's personality caught Nyx even more off guard. She didn't mind Persephone's rambling one bit; she was calmly analyzing everything.

'Just what happened in that Trial for such an abrupt change? This doesn't make any sense. Not even Hades changed that much after the test. Is this all because she had more to lose? Or was it because The Three Primordial Entities that regulate Souls held a special test for her?' Nyx thought this was entirely possible.

Knowing that she should keep the conversation going to learn more about Persephone's change, she spoke:

"How rude... Aren't you a God too? Are you calling yourself a Hellish creature?" She spoke as she opened and closed the hand that was cut off.

"A God...?" An emotionless smile appeared on Persephone's face, her skin began to become paler, and her hair took on darker shades of black.

"I am not a God... Not anymore."

"I am a Ruler; I am the one who judges all Souls, including the Souls of Gods. I am above a God."

"..." Nyx just received that statement with surprise, a surprise that didn't show on her neutral face. Persephone's statement spoke volumes about her personality right now.

'She doesn't see herself as a God anymore. Just what kind of brainwashing has she suffered?'

There was a reason why Hades was so feared by the Greek Gods on Mount Olympus, and that was simply due to the fact that he was stronger than Zeus.

Not only in strength but also in wealth. The Treasures of Mount Olympus could not be compared with those of The Underworld.

And now, that fear would be given a new name.

Persephone, the Queen of The Underworld, the one with Power greater than Hades.

'What a mistake... This was all a mistake; I just gave power to an enemy who now hates being in my presence, an enemy I can't control.' Nyx thought.

"And that judgment includes you too, Nyx."

"... Huh?" Nyx couldn't contain her confusion: "What kind of nonsense are you talking about? You cannot judge me; I am a Primordial God." She spoke in disdain.

"Even Primordial Gods will die one day, regardless of the reason for that death. I only know that on that day, I guarantee you, my judgment of your Soul will be impartial." Persephone's empty smile grew:

"I'll enjoy every second of this possible scenario when the time comes, but until then..."

"You are banished from The Underworld." Like the declaration of a Higher Being, Nyx was cast out of The Underworld and found herself staring at the open doors of the Underworld.

"Thank you for your services and for making me stronger. Your intentions may have been nefarious, and you may have been trying to control me, but it is a fact that without you, I could not have gained this Power, and this is the only thanks I can give."

BAAM.

The doors to The Underworld were closed.

Nyx didn't even try to reenter. She knew it was impossible. The Underworld was the new Ruler's territory, and when the new Ruler declared something, it was Law. The King of Hell had that privilege.

The only way to return to The Underworld now was by 'dying', or through Persephone's permission.

Nyx gritted her teeth in rage; she'd failed spectacularly today.

'If I'd known she was going to gain so much power, I would have acted friendlier.' Nyx thought in disgust.

The Primordial Goddess of The Night turned around, her face as neutral as ever, but inside, she was in chaos.

'What should I do? I can't control the Ruler, but I achieved the goal of strengthening Olympus... Thanks to that, foreigners won't make this place their playground... But can I settle for that?'

'... Of course not...' Nyx's eyes gleamed slightly, and she faded out of existence and appeared above Mount Olympus. She stood there amid several Gods, but no one could see her. That was the Authority of The Mother of Concealment:

'I must be able to use something or someone to achieve the desired result.'

Looking around, she saw several Gods. When her eyes fell upon Zeus, her eyes widened when she realized something:

'That fool! He closed Mount Olympus! He basically declared death to all the Gods present!' Nyx felt this situation had become even more troublesome; she looked at the monster who was the son of Tartarus and Gaia.

The monster was still in Tartarus, but soon, it would reach The Underworld and would come to Mount Olympus. Nyx was sure that Persephone would not do anything against the monster; she believed that for two reasons.

No matter how strong Persephone had become, she had no hope of fighting against the Concept of 'END'.

And the last reason was that it wasn't her job. Her job was to keep the system running, and that system started working the moment Persephone inherited the position of Ruler. The only thing that mattered to her was the functioning of the Underworld and her family now.

'Tsk, Mount Olympus will not fall. Gaia is not so foolish as to let that happen. She knows the consequences of this act, but because of her foolish revenge, she will let all these Gods die due to her grandson's mistake, who used his Authority, and prevented these Gods from leaving Olympus.'

"We have a problem, Artemis, Athena."

'Hmm?' Nyx looked at Hera, the Queen of The Gods and Official Wife of Zeus, [aka the woman with a green hat the size of a galaxy.]

"More problems? Was Aphrodite not enough? That whore took quite a bit of treasure." Artemis spoke.

"What happened?" Athena asked with a serious look when she saw Hera's gaze.

"The Amazons are in danger, the Asuras are attacking them, and they have summoned the ancient pact," Hera announced.

'Oh?' Nyx took an interest in the conversation and decided to listen.

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Chapter 642: The one from which nothing can be hidden, Nyx.

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"The Amazons are in danger, the Asuras are attacking them, and they have summoned the Ancient Pact," Hera announced.

'Oh?' Nyx took an interest in the conversation and decided to listen.

"... Huh? Aren't the Asuras the Demons of Hindu Hell? What are they doing there?" Artemis, the Goddess of The Moon and the Hunt, spoke.

"Probably due to the war that loathsome creature created in the Human World. They must be allies," Hera said.

"That statement makes absolutely no sense. Assuming they are allies, like you said, what does Diablo have against us? Everyone knows that the Amazons are allies of Mount Olympus, and we haven't done anything to them." Athena said.

"Not to mention that we also have nothing against the Hindu Pantheon, specifically its Hell."

"It doesn't matter now," Hera spoke in disdain.

A vein bulged on Athena's head.

'Their relationship is as beautiful as ever.' Nyx thought in disdain.

"What matters is that the Amazons are in danger, and they are our people. Therefore, we must help them and call them to war afterward." Hera declared.

'Talk about backward priorities, but her thinking is correct.' Nyx chuckled.

"... Will you summon Mortal women in a fight of Gods?" Artemis spoke with her eyes narrowed, not liking this information one bit. After all, what Hera said was the same as throwing the Amazons to their death, something that Artemis did not approve of being one of the Goddesses who blessed the Amazons.

"I don't agree with that either. Mortals shouldn't get involved in this fight." Athena said.

"The realm between Mortals and the Divine can be lessened with Divine Artifacts created by Hephaestus and the Blessings of the Main Gods of Olympus. We are short of numbers, and we need to fix that," Hera said.

"Tsk, you know, giving a Mortal a Divine Artifact is dangerous. They can't handle the Artifact's recoil. They will die pointlessly! Only Demigods can use these Artifacts with minimal proficiency, and even they suffer if used for too long." Artemis pointed.

"..." Hera made a disgusted face. The topic of Demigods was sensitive to the Queen Goddess, all because of her husband and his eternal quest to fill any hole.

"Regardless of what we do next with the Amazons, it doesn't matter now. They summoned the Ancient Pact, and we must help," Hera stated.

"Even if we want to help, we can't leave here," Athena commented in a dry tone showing her disapproval. "Your genius husband closed Mount Olympus."

"Not to mention that we are in the middle of a civil war, and a monster is coming to devour us, a monster that was created thanks to Zeus's greed and paranoia."

"... Hmm...? Oya? Was this whole situation not caused by Zeus?" Artemis commented.

"Now that you mention it... That's true." Athena spoke in a false realization.

"The King's action does not need the Queen's support. I have nothing to do with the problem." Hera spoke.

"....." Artemis and Athena just rolled their eyes when they saw how shameless the Queen of Olympus was.

'...This place is a snake pit.' Nyx thought in amusement, enjoying the show, as plans started to form in her head.

'The Amazons are in danger, and they have summoned the Ancient Pact, which means that Aphrodite, Hestia, and Demeter felt that call too. And, knowing the gentle Goddess Hestia, she's definitely going to try to save the Amazons, and possibly Aphrodite will also go to try to recruit the Amazons to her Faction...' A small smile appeared on Nyx's face.

'It might work with this method, and maybe I can even influence Persephone as well.' Then, with a snap of her fingers, the entire place where the Goddesses were was hidden and sheltered.

The three Goddesses immediately readied themselves; Athena drew a sword and shield, and Artemis pulled the bow from her back, and they stood with their backs to each other as she looked around cautiously.

"... That Power," Artemis spoke with a severe face. A stunning ivory bow shone with a white glow in her hands, much like the moon's light on a dark night.

"Nyx..." Athena spoke as she raised her sword and shield that had the image of a Gorgon's head, specifically Medusa's.

Hera stood between the two women, not knowing what to do; she was a non-combatant.

"Fufufu~, I overheard an interesting conversation." A shadow rose from the ground and revealed Nyx in all her eternal glory.

The girls immediately tensed up when they saw the Embodiment of The Night before them.

"No need to be so tense, girls... I came here to offer you a deal."

"...What business does a Primordial Goddess have with us?" Athena asked cautiously. She knew she couldn't quickly deny Nyx, and risk the Primordial Goddess's wrath, therefore, talking was necessary, and luckily, she was an expert in that matter.

"Saving a Race from extinction, and the possibility of finding the 'traitors'."

"..." The Goddesses narrowed their eyes.

"What do you think?" Do you want to talk now?" Nyx's smile grew.

"Didn't you hear the news? Zeus closed Mount Olympus so that no one could leave or enter. Not even a Primordial God can circumvent that decree."

"A problem that can be easily fixed. After all, Zeus won't deny a personal request from me."

"...Will my foolish, stubborn husband listen to you easily? Hah! Tell another joke! This one is not funny." Hera snorted.

"My dear Hera, I am called the Mother of Concealment for a reason~. No secret can be hidden from me, not even Zeus'." Nyx looked at the three women with playful eyes, eyes that said. 'I know your deepest secrets.'

"..." The three Goddesses shuddered visibly when they remembered that fact.

The one in front of them was a Primordial Goddess who could possibly know the dirtiest secrets of the three women present.

"And now, are you interested in this deal?"

The three Goddesses looked at each other for a few seconds and nodded as a tacit agreement was made between them.

"... Speak." Athena took the lead again.

'Easy~' Nyx laughed internally:

"Sure~."

...

"Father!" Ophis and Nero jumped toward Victor.

"Hey, Girls, I came to visit you." Victor opened a broad smile as he hugged the two girls.

"Mm! Are you going to stay long?" Nero asked as she shook her head from side to side as if trying to absorb as much of Victor's scent as possible.

"Unfortunately, I have things to do."

"... Oh."

"..." Victor felt a slight pain in his heart when he saw the sad face of Nero and Ophis.

"But! If you want, you can follow me to my next destination since it's not that important, really." He quickly added; he was a doting father, after all.

Nero and Ophis opened their eyes wide.

"Yay! I will go with you, Father!" Ophis spoke a complete sentence, very different from usual, as she hugged his neck like a koala.

"Mm, I'll come too," Nero added as she hugged his belly,

Victor smiled even more gently, causing an image that critically hurt the women and even some of the men present.

'Perhaps, I should give Ophis a present as well, but... I didn't want to give her a weapon like Nero; she's too young... Something for her to defend herself with if necessary?' Victor wanted to wait until Ophis was at least 14 years old to give her some kind of weapon.

'Hmm, something made to protect from most blows... I'll ask for Scathach's help with that. She's very good at Runes.'

"Weak," Tatsuya spoke while huffing in an attempt to control his feelings.

'I'm normal, I'm normal, think of Hecate naked in bed...' Tatsuya's face slightly reddened at his own thoughts.

"Humpf, you will understand when you have a child."

"Probably not. I will teach him to be a proper warrior." Tatsuya snapped.

"I don't think that's a good idea... Forcing someone down a path they haven't chosen is a bad choice, speaking from experience." Adam, the Son of Jeanne and Vlad, spoke.

As one of Vlad's sons, he'd been under a lot of pressure to live up to his father's expectations, and that was a burden he didn't wish upon anyone.

"... Mm, I will take those words into consideration when I have a child," Tatsuya said.

As he patted his daughters on the head, Victor glanced at the strange group.

Adam Tepes, Jeanne's son.

Tatsuya, a son of Victoria Fulger, his Wife's sister.

Yuki Snow, someone who was being trained to be Hilda Snow's right-hand woman.

Lilith and Elizabeth Tepes, Daughters of Morgana and Vlad.

Ophis Tepes and Nero Alucard, his two daughters.

Not counting the Maids that were scattered around.

Victor looked at Kaguya and Eve.

Seeing their Master's gaze, Kaguya took the lead and spoke:

"Initially, we were only teaching Ophis, Nero, Tatsuya, and Yuki, as discussed before, but these extras decided to come and learn as well."

"Oyy!" Those who were not in the mentioned group spoke at the same time.

"Since we had no reason to refuse, we accepted," Eve added.

"Mm." Victor nodded as he looked at Lilith, Elizabeth, and Adam:

"Is there a reason you decided to come?"

"Bored." Lilith and Elizabeth responded.

'Lie... At least Lilith's answer was.' Victor looked at the woman with a neutral gaze.

'Apprehension, desire, despair, and lust? Hmm, familiar feelings. She fell under the suspension bridge effect, huh.' Victor analyzed.

"I thought learning how to control a Clan would be a good idea. I might need it in the future." Adam answered.

"Oh? Are you planning to make a Clan?"

"Mm." Adam nodded.

"Interesting... What is your Power?"

"..." Adam looked at Victor with a strange look.

"What?"

"I'm surprised you don't know that when you're so close... to my mother." It was noteworthy that Adam felt complicated about this particular involvement, but he tried not to think about it too much. He knew how his father neglected his mother, something that did not seem to happen here. After all, he'd never seen his mother so happy in his whole life.

"Well, I never had an interest in you guys." Victor was honest. Of Vlad's group of children, he only had a fondness for Ophis and a little for Elizabeth, but the rest were only minimally known.

Victor's statement didn't affect the siblings much, except for Lilith, who shivered a little and lowered her head, her body language indicating disappointment.

Something Victor clearly saw, but he didn't care. He had rather lenient thoughts toward Vlad's older children.

Even though they were Elder Vampires coming from a Progenitor's direct Bloodline, they were all too weak.

'I wonder where Vlad went wrong in raising them...' Victor vaguely thought. Of all of Vlad's current children, only the youngest ones had the potential to get stronger.

Elizabeth, Ophis, and Adam being obvious examples.

Adam was only 500 years old and had recently gone through his strength boost; he still had time to train and get stronger with the proper guidance. Ophis and Elizabeth hadn't even gone through that yet and were like blank slates that could still be shaped.

In comparison, Lilith was 1500 years old. She had been through three strength boosts of the Vampire Race, and even then, she was far too weak by Victor's standards.

Yes, compared to Humans, she was powerful. Being an Elder Vampire, she had a natural advantage over them, and coming from Vlad's direct Lineage, she also gained some benefits, not to mention that she was the daughter of Morgana, a Demonic General...

But even with all these advantages, she couldn't even kill a High-Level Demon, possibly not even a Demon Duke of the lowest ranks.

Something that Sasha and Violet achieved. Even Ruby could do the same feat if given a chance and not facing a Demonic Duke who merely wanted to talk and waste time like last time.

Despite this being Victor's assessment, he didn't judge the woman very much. He knew that everyone had the potential to improve, but to say that he was not disappointed would be a lie.

'Being weak is not shameful... Remaining weak even knowing your shortcomings is shameful.' Victor thought.

"Haah." Adam sighed and said, "Well, a genius like you wouldn't be interested in ordinary people like us."

Victor and his Maids present narrowed their eyes at Adam's statement, and even Tatsuya narrowed his eyes at it.

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Chapter 643: A different perspective.

Chapter 643: A different perspective.

"Funny. You're calling me a genius and ignoring everything else like it's a simple thing."

"... What do you mean?" Adam narrowed his eyes.

"What I mean is that no matter how talented you are, if you don't strive to improve, you'll never amount to anything."

"... Huh?" Adam didn't understand.

Victor restrained the urge to sigh and decided to set an example, "Take you two as an example."

"You are children of Vlad, a Progenitor. Just by being born from the direct Lineage of a Progenitor, you are already superior to common Vampire Nobles."

The three flinched visibly.

Victor continued looking at Adam, "Not to mention that your mother is the Saint of Orleans, someone personally recognized by The Heavenly Father, a God of Creation on the same level or even greater than a God-King."

He then looked at Lilith, who swallowed hard at Victor's stern gaze:

"As for you, your mother was once the Strongest Demon General that the very Mother of Demons, Lilith, recognized."

"You have the best Bloodlines available and a background that allows you to get strong easily. With just a request to Vlad, I'm sure he'd help with anything to make his children stronger."

"... But even with all this in the palm of your hand, you are still weak... You are a great disappointment."

"....."

"Violet, Sasha, and Ruby, who are of the same generation as Elizabeth, are stronger than the two of you by a massive margin. Even though they are considered Baby Vampires, they are as strong as an Elder Vampire."

Victor was perhaps being unfair to Lilith and Adam. After all, Violet, Sasha, and Ruby had the support of his blood, so their training gave more results. Victor knew this. But the facts still remained unchanged.

Violet, Sasha, and Ruby tried harder; Victor gave them the opportunity, and they took it, trained harder to Master their Powers, and consequently became stronger.

If Victor didn't exist, such an outcome would probably be impossible for the three girls in such a short time. Maybe only Ruby would be stronger than Adam and Lilith. After all, she had Scathach to direct her path, but such a thing was difficult to say, considering that the girl preferred to be more of a scientist and an intellectual than a warrior like her mother.

But it was no use talking about a 'what if' situation; the current reality would not change with these thoughts.

Just like Ruby, Violet, and Sasha have had Victor to lean on and aid them in gaining strength,

Adam and Lilith have always had Vlad, and they never took advantage of that boon.

Maybe out of fear of Vlad himself.

Maybe because of their incompetence...

Perhaps due to other factors that Victor was unaware of.

"Talent, you have. Genius, you may be... But everything else is a disaster."

"You lack discipline; you lack commitment; you lack suffering."

"Ever since I became a Vampire, I have spent more time training than doing anything else. Whenever I can, I train and look for ways to make myself stronger."

"Yes, I'm a genius, and yes, I'm a Progenitor too, but summing up all my strength in just these two criteria is an insult to all the effort I've put into myself since the beginning."

"Efforts that you didn't put into yourself."

"Tsk, talk is easy. Lecturing us on how superior you are is easy when you have the talent of a Progenitor and the luck of a devil. We all know that as a Progenitor, everything comes easy to you, and we all know why. And because of your luck, you found several extra factors that added to your strength; even Scathach's training helped you immensely."

"You trained with Scathach too," Victor spoke in disdain and added with a blood-red gaze that seemed to pierce both of their Souls:

"And what did you do? What did you do, Adam?"

"....."

"Let me guess; you ran away when training was 'over' because it was too 'hard'."

Adam and Lilith shuddered as flashbacks of Scathach's training came to their minds.

"Let me clear up your misunderstanding."

"Misunderstanding? What misunderstanding?" Lilith asked, confused.

"The training you had with Scathach was not real training. It was just a test for her to know whether you were worthy of being taught by her or not. If you passed, she would've taught you to the best of her ability, but if you failed, she would just say that her training is over."

"... Huh? Does that mean..." Adam shuddered.

"Correct. The suffering you had was just the tip of the iceberg. Scathach's true training is 1000x worse than what you, or any disciple she deemed unfit, endured."

The two swallowed hard.

'... He's kidding, right? There's no way that training could be any worse.'

"I was tortured to get my Vampire Regeneration to where it is today. I had my body utterly eviscerated several times so that the 'Basics' of the Martial Arts that Scathach created would come naturally to me. She attacked me with a Vampire's weaknesses so that I would gain resistance to them."

"I once asked for a count of how many of my internal organs were removed from my body, a training she called 'learning' from pain."

"A training that makes you endure pain like a warrior."

"It's no exaggeration to say that during every training session I had with Scathach, I've died multiple times because if it weren't for Vampire Regeneration, that's what would have happened to me."

"....." Adam, Tatsuya, Lilith, Elizabeth, and Yuki looked at Victor in horror.

'That is much worse... much worse than I've experienced.' Lilith and Adam thought.

'He went through all that... No wonder he's strong... Perhaps, I should ask for Scathach's teachings too? With that, maybe I can get even closer to his strength.' Tatsuya thought with realization.

Had Victor heard Tatsuya's thoughts, he would have given the man a proud look; few beings would seek Scathach's training after hearing what they had heard just now.

'Master went through all that... No wonder he's so strong.' Yuki thought with a twinkle in her eyes, as admiration bordering on devotion was seen in Maid's eyes.

"..." Victor's Maids, who saw Yuki's gaze, looked at each other and nodded. With that gesture, a rapid conversation took place between them.

A conversation that only the Maids understood because they were very close to each other.

"No pain, no gain. You have to suffer if you want to get stronger, and through physical suffering, I did. And I overcame it. It is why I voluntarily chase after Scathach to train with her."

Everyone shuddered when they heard this.

"... You are insane and crazy," Adam muttered in disbelief.

"Wrong, I am strong." Victor countered.

"I stood up like a man and faced difficulties I had never experienced before in order to become stronger. I voluntarily jumped into the abyss, even though I knew that this act

could break my spirit. I did it by force because I knew that in this world, only those with the strongest fist are right; this act is called determination! It's attitude and determination that makes you stronger."

"It is this desire that separates exceptional men and women from the ordinary and mediocre."

"Talent and potential are important, but if you have a weak mind, if you shy away from challenges, no matter how much potential you have, in the end, it will be useless."

"...." A hush fell over Vlad's children as everyone thought deeply about Victor's words.

A few seconds passed, and when he realized that his words had actually reached them, Victor's eyes softened a little:

"Unlike you, when I started training, I had only recently been an ordinary Human. I was thrown into this world suddenly, and I had little time to adapt, but even so, I didn't run away from my reality. Instead, I walked with my head held high and took Scathach's training head-on, training that even 'proud' Noble Vampires shy away from in fear."

"...Now, that same woman who trained me will be my Wife in the future."

"... What...?" Everyone was taken aback by this abrupt change in the topic of conversation.

Victor smiled broadly, "I earned her trust with my persistence, her admiration with my desire to get stronger, and her desire when she saw me getting stronger. She's mine. And when I defeat her, she will be completely mine, body and Soul, forever and ever."

"...." Adam, Lilith, Elizabeth, Yuki, and Tatsuya flinched at Victor's expression.

Although he was smiling widely, his eyes were empty, like a black hole that sucked in everything and left nothing behind.

That sight was...disconcerting.

"Father..." Ophis called out to him as she tugged at his shirt.

"... Oh...? I'm sorry, Daughter." Victor smiled gently. His expression changed as if what he'd displayed was nothing more than a passing mirage.

"Mm." Ophis just hugged his neck tighter.

Nero hugged Victor tighter. She had been watching Victor's whole 'speech' with admiration, and her eyes lit up even more when they saw his blank look.

With her face hidden in Victor's belly, Nero's smile grew much like Victor's, and her eyes flickered between lifeless voids and the sparkle of life.

There was a saying: Be careful what you show your child. After all, one day, they will follow your example.

Without even knowing it or being aware of it, Victor's little speech, which was supposed to be a lesson for Vlad's children, greatly influenced Nero and Ophis.

Victor smiled gently and stroked the head of Ophis and Nero, who was hugging his belly.

"Anyway, what is your Power, Adam?"

"..." Adam awoke from his stupor and looked at Victor with a bit of admiration on his face.

'Now, I understand why my mother is so fond of him...' The man who could smile while walking on a thorny path was a man who could be admired.

"I inherited the same Power as my mother... At least partially."

Adam raised his hand, and a sphere of air began to form above it.

"I can control the wind, whereas my mother can create and control it."

"... Wind, huh... That's a lot like her." Victor laughed as he thought about the characteristics that the Wind had.

"What do you mean?"

"Your mother is a free Spirit; that's what I meant." Victor smiled.

It was a Power very similar to her personality. Although she didn't need to, Jeanne took on a responsibility that wasn't hers just because she wanted to; even if she didn't need to, she traveled to many places and helped those in need.

Many might mistake her for a responsible woman, but she just did what she wanted in a very Victor-like way.

'I guess she didn't need to use that Power too much because the Power she has is already much stronger than that, huh...' Victor thought.

Assuming the tone of a teacher, Victor spoke, "The Power of a Bloodline can be trained." He lifted his finger up, and a Fireball appeared:

"The Ancient Houses of Vampire Nobles proved that fact long ago."

"Take the Snow Clan Bloodline, for example. In the past, it was just a weak Bloodline of Immunity to Sunlight and minor Control of Fire. Although Sunlight Immunity is something significant for a Noble Vampire, without Power, that Bloodline wasn't worth much... However, Violet's great-great-grandfather, the First Leader and Creator of the Snow Clan, took that Power to a new level."

"A new level that was passed down through the next generations of the Snow Clan, and through that repetition, the Bloodline reached the Power we all know today..." The heat in Victor's fireball began to rise, maintaining the same heat everyone who had faced Agnes knew very well.

"But that is not all."

"Daughters, please."

"Mm." Ophis just nodded and jumped to the ground.

"Yes, Father." Nero backed away from Victor.

"..." The group closely watched Victor's actions; he was obviously trying to teach them something, and no one here would miss that. Victor was known as the greatest monster that ever existed in the Vampire Noble Race, and this exaggerated Title was not without foundation.

"Power is important. Without it, creating this fireball would be impossible, but... When a Bloodline develops to the known limit, power will no longer be the key factor."

"What truly makes a difference is..." Then, the fireball began to rotate horizontally slowly, and little by little, the color of the fireball started to change.

It went from a red-orange to a bluish-orange, then to full blue, and finally, a white flame.

"..." Everyone started to sweat from the unbearable heat in that white fireball.

"Control."

.....

Chapter 644: A differentperspective.2

Chapter 644: A different perspective. 2

"What truly makes a difference is..." Then, the fireball began to rotate horizontally slowly, and little by little, the color of the fireball started to change.

It went from a red-orange to a bluish-orange, then to full blue, and finally, a white flame.

"..." Everyone started to sweat from the unbearable heat in that white fireball.

"Control."

"Bloodlines always have room to develop, especially Bloodlines that focus on Elemental Powers." Slowly the sphere of white fire began to shrink until it completely disappeared.

And as if everyone had come out of the trance, everyone started breathing heavily, as if they had completely forgotten to breathe.

The only ones who weren't so affected were the Maids, Ophis, and Nero.

"Giving up halfway through, even knowing Bloodlines can evolve, just speaks volumes of you, Adam."

"Ugh..." Adam felt an arrow pierce his heart at Victor's words.

"Adam, you weren't born with a lesser version of your mother's Lineage. Such a thing is impossible coming from a Progenitor's son."

"Huh...?" Adam looked at Victor, confused. "What do you mean?"

"Vlad's blood empowers any Bloodline; that's a basic trait of a Vampire Progenitor."

"The same applies to me as the Second Progenitor."

'Although this basic trait of mine has been potentiated to the extreme thanks to my set of powers.' Victor thought vaguely to himself.

"...."

"So the right way to think about it is that your Lineage has not been fully explored due to your own lack of work; tell me, how was your training these years?"

"... I focused more on how to use the Racial Powers of Vampires and my Power as support." Adam humbly replied. When he saw that he didn't get his mother's full Power, he felt like a failure, so he just focused on the Racial Aspect of Vampires and used his Power as a support rather than a primary Power.

He even considered 'evolving' his Lineage, but he felt it was a wasted effort; he preferred focusing on more 'concrete' options.

"What a foolish thing to do." Victor shook his head in disappointment.

"..." Adam flinched at that comment.

"Your Power has the ability to be as destructive as the Bloodline Powers of the Four Vampire Count Clans. If you are strong enough, creating a damn hurricane in the middle of the battlefield is not impossible."

"I can't create wind out of thin air, I can only control it, and even then, I can't control large amounts of wind, so creating a hurricane is impossible!" Adam snapped.

"Tsk, that is the mindset that's holding you back."

'How can anyone give up before even trying?' Victor couldn't understand such a concept.

"You must not think that it is impossible, but that it IS possible and that you WILL do it! You lack motivation, Adam!" Victor spoke with a clenched fist towards him as his eyes flashed blood red with a mad smile.

"Ugh, I'm not you. I can't get motivated all of a sudden." Adam growled.

'... Is this man really Vlad and Jeanne's son? He lacks hunger for power; he lacks motivation; he lacks everything! He's just doing the basics and getting by with it. He's completely lost and aimless.' Victor's disappointment was immense.

"Haah, just keep practicing your Lineage from now on and get your mother's advice. I'm sure she can help you with many things, and you will progress more steadily with her help."

"But... I don't want to bother her."

A vein bulged on Victor's head, and he spoke in a heavy tone:

"Just do it."

"... Y-Yes..."

Victor looked at Lilith and Elizabeth, "The same goes for you two, especially you, Elizabeth."

"Eh...?" Lilith was surprised that her name wasn't called.

"... Me?" Elizabeth pointed to herself.

"Yes, you're still a Young Vampire, Elizabeth. If you work hard now, you won't be as weak as your older sister in the future."

"Ugh." Lilith felt this damage deeply, but she couldn't say anything. After all, it was true.

"... Hmm, I'll go talk to my mother later."

"Good... Now, let's go, Nero and Ophis."

"Yes, Father!" The two shouted at the same time.

Wasting no time, Nero jumped on Victor's shoulder and grabbed him like a baby monkey.

"... Mm..." Ophis looked at Nero with a pout on her face and eyes glowing blood red.

Nero smiled at Ophis as if she were saying, 'I won today.'

The little girl just snorted and grabbed Victor's hand.

"Wait, Victor."

"Hmm?" Victor looked at Tatsuya, and when he saw the gleam of determination and motivation in Tatsuya's eyes, Victor raised his eyebrow in an interested manner.

"What do you want?"

"Can I train with Scathach?"

"What...?" Adam, Lilith, and Elizabeth all looked at Tatsuya like he was crazy.

"... That question shouldn't be asked of me."

"I know, but I just want your opinion. Do you think she would accept me?"

"..." Victor was silent for a few seconds as he looked at Tatsuya until he spoke:

"I think she will. You have talent, but that's not the problem; rather... Do you have the determination to go through her training?"

"I do." He spoke with determination.

'And those were his famous last words.' Victor thought in amusement.

He might seem to be playing with Tatsuya's resolve, but that wasn't it. Even if Victor tried to 'scale' how difficult Scathach's training was like he did in the previous

explanation, in the end, he couldn't accurately get across just how 'demanding' Scathach's training really was. It was truly insane.

Only people who had gone through this training truly understood the difficulty.

In video game terms, Scathach training is like an MMORPG player fighting a level 1000 Monster Boss while being at level 1 with all negative statuses and only regeneration sustaining the character's existence.

When you enter the Boss room, the level 1000 monster will torture you in every possible way so that your stats go up to the point where the monster can teach you something.

'Few endure Scathach's real training, and by Scathach's own words, I was the only one who completed her training in its entirety. Even her own daughters still have yet to complete their training.'

Victor thought of Eleonor, who Scathach also trained. 'The case of Eleanor is very similar to Vlad's children, with the only difference being that Eleanor really wanted to train with her, but Scathach wouldn't because Eleanor already had two Masters at home ready to train her 'properly'. Because of that, Scathach merely focused on establishing Eleonor's basics.'

The Leader of Clan Scarlett's standards were very high, and she didn't accept mediocrity. She put off training her daughters because they weren't ready for the final part yet; probably only Ruby was prepared to finish her training.

The rest of the girls still had a lot to improve.

"You're going to need that motivation when the time comes," Victor said after collecting all his thoughts about this situation.

Victor turned around again, "If Scathach accepts you, and you train with her... Remember your motivation to get stronger, no matter what it is. That determination will take you further than anyone else."

"....." Tatsuya just nodded his head as he absorbed Victor's words.

While still walking with his two daughters, Victor said, "Remember control, it works for all of you girls too... But, mainly, Yuki and Kaguya, don't forget that."

"...." The two women opened their eyes wide in realization.

'Did he specifically demonstrate the Snow Clan's Lineage because of me...?' Yuki thought, 'He did it for me...'

... She conveniently forgot about Kaguya; Natasha's syndrome was spreading...

'As expected, that's why he did that... He even demonstrated it slowly so we could see each step properly... Master...' A small, imperceptible smile appeared on Kaguya's face.

"Fufufu, Master is very kind, isn't he?" Maria displayed a knowing smile. However, inwardly she was thinking about the lesson her Master had taught just now.

'Control, huh... Could this be used with the Ghouls?' An evil smile appeared on Maria's face.

"That's obvious; there is no being kinder than him," Bruna spoke for Kaguya as she patted her chest, causing her full breasts to swell.

Kaguya remained silent, committing all the processes she saw into her memory.

"AHHH! I just realized it was that same light that we saw that day!" Elizabeth screamed suddenly.

"... Was he the one who lit up Nightingale...?" Lilith swallowed hard.

"..." The three siblings felt a cold sweat break out across their bodies when they realized Victor's level. Being able to produce such great power was ridiculous from their perspective.

The Maids merely displayed proud smiles when they saw the siblings' scared faces and Tatsuya's incredulous face.

[As expected of our Master. He's the best!] Alter Eve internally screamed.

Eve nodded in agreement with Alter Eve. Victor was one of the rare occasions that the two agreed on something.

[That demo gave me an idea, we should test our other Power, Eve.]

'What are you planning?' Eve asked.

[Perhaps if we use the other Power, we can amplify the destructiveness of our Dark Flames.]

'Hmm, it doesn't hurt to try.'

[That's the right attitude!]

When Victor left the room, he found Jeanne with her arms crossed and her back against the wall. The blonde had her eyes closed, a gentle smile on her face.

"Oya? Were you listening?"

"Mm." Jeanne nodded, opened her eyes, and her red eyes met Victor's violet ones.

"I hadn't noticed you were here."

"Liar. It is impossible to completely hide from someone connected to Nature." Jeanne laughed and walked elegantly over to Victor.

"Well..." Victor scratched his cheek with a vacant hand. He didn't refute her words because Jeanne was correct.

Thanks to Roxanne, he could feel Nature all around him, not to mention that he could also feel people's feelings even if they were not in his field of vision.

That is, it was virtually impossible to catch him off guard, but Victor never let his guard down. After all, some beings could hide in other dimensions, like Agares, out there.

"I'm sorry if I-... Mmff!?"

When Victor was going to apologize for being too hard on Adam, the woman invaded his personal space, grabbed him by the collar, and kissed him passionately.

Victor awoke from his stupor, took Jeanne's waist with his free hand, and kissed her even harder.

The tongue war only lasted for a few seconds, and soon the blonde pulled away from Victor with a seductive smile on her face as she licked her lips to savor the taste of 'Victor'.

"So this is your taste~, the Blessings of the Goddesses on your body, and Roxanne have left you utterly delectable. I love it..."

'I should have done this much sooner.' Jeanne thought internally.

"..." Victor didn't really know what to comment on that statement, so he just said, "Thanks, I guess?"

"Father..."

"Hmm?" Seeing Ophis's gaze, he understood everything she meant, "Of course, Ophis. Just let me talk to her, okay?"

"... Mm." Ophis nodded, but she was clearly displeased, as the little girl looked at Jeanne with a neutral gaze and hugged Victor's leg as if to say, 'Mine.'

"Fufufu~, you will be a great father in the future, Vic~. You handled Adam perfectly yourself."

"Aren't you upset by what I said?"

"No, Adam needed that." A melancholic expression appeared on Jeanne's face, "It pains me to admit it, but thanks to my condition, I really couldn't be around him as much as I'd have liked..."

"Not to mention that due to Vlad's 'greatness' as a King and Progenitor, his children would always seek his approval." Jeanne looked at Ophis with a kind expression. She could see that this was not Ophis's condition anymore; she didn't need attention because she already had Victor, and Vlad had improved a lot compared to the past. Moreover, the Prime Progenitor always was more considerate of Ophis due to Otsuki Hana, Ophis' mother.

"My son was no different from his brothers, he always sought his father's approval, but you know how Vlad is."

"Yes, I know..." Victor sighed. He still couldn't understand how someone so old could be so clumsy at something he considered 'simple.'

"Because of that, I'm glad you had this conversation with Adam since the opinion of someone like you is pretty important, considering that you're the only Vampire in our society who can be 'equal' to Vlad." Jeanne chuckled as she tucked her hair behind her ear.

"And you are technically his father, even though he is 500 years older than you."

"No, he isn't." Ophis quickly denied it.

"He's My Father."

"Don't forget about me, little sister," Nero announced.

"..." Ophis nodded her head with a blank expression.

Victor and Jeanne had gentle expressions,

"What Adam needs is not a father but someone to guide him. He is lost and aimless, and even his own desire to get 'stronger' is not concrete. He will never find strength like that."

"A goal, a motivation is necessary; only with these factors, determination, and obstinacy is strength born," Victor said.

"Hmm, I never thought about it that way... Perhaps, you are correct." Jeanne spoke as she thought about it.

Victor's gaze went to Jeanne. The woman wore black leggings, black boots, and a simple white blouse that left her navel showing; she was dressed very modernly.

"You look beautiful, Jeanne."

Jeanne opened her eyes wide at the sudden compliment. She felt her heart flutter as if she were having a heart attack, but she wouldn't act like a little girl just for that! She was not that weak!

Jeanne quickly managed to control herself and assumed a satisfied, playful smile:

"... Oh? Are you looking at me? What a surprise. Normally, you ignore me and just look at your Wives."

"I'm always looking, Jeanne; I just keep silent and keep my opinions to myself."

"Don't you know women like compliments?"

"Compliments are good, but too much praise is just exhausting for women who are beautiful and know they are beautiful. Complimenting at important moments is key." Victor laughed.

"Spoken like a true playboy, fufufu~."

"Playboy? How rude. I was never a playboy; I was always faithful. Besides, women used to look down on me." Victor snorted

"..." Jeanne rolled her eyes, "Who is the stupid woman who will ignore a man as beautiful as you and one who cares so much about his Family? You really don't understand how precious you are to the women of the Supernatural World, huh? Most men, with your power level, are more concerned with how much more power they will gain or their own 'Kingdom'. So they completely ignore what they have."

"... Well, it's good that you're with me now, right~?" Victor pulled Jeanne.

"Oh-... Mmff?"

Just as Jeanne suddenly kissed Victor, he did the same.

"That way, you won't need to worry about things like that~." He said between kisses.

"Jerk, don't do that kind of thing all of a sudden~." She responded between kisses.

Victor just laughed, but when he noticed that Jeanne's lust and desire started growing, he lightly bit Jeanne's tongue.

"Ugh, what is this? Why did you bite me!"

"Remember where you are now.."

Jeanne looked at Ophis and Nero, who were staring at her with murderous looks on their faces, "... Oh."

'I can't believe I almost lost it in front of the kids!' Jeanne screamed internally, a slight blush appearing on her cheeks.

Victor was delighted with the embarrassed expression of the woman who was older than many civilizations out there, so he added in a gentle tone:

"I have to go. I am counting on you to keep everything in order."

"Mm, have a safe trip. On the way here, I saw Natalia waiting for you at the entrance to the mansion."

"Thanks, Jeanne."

"You're welcome, Vic."

Victor turned and left with Ophis and Nero in tow. Jeanne continued staring at his back, but Victor's amused voice was heard before he had gone very far.

"Be careful of the Demon hiding behind the pillar."

"Demon...?" Jeanne turned her head in confusion until realization hit her, and she quickly looked towards a pillar of the mansion. She directed her 'Energy' in that direction and found something.

"Morgana..."

Slowly, Morgana's appearance started to become visible, it was as if she was invisible, but in reality, it was all just an illusion.

"Morgana... You can use Illusions now!"

"Yes, but it's still not as strong as when I was a full Demon. But, at least it's better than it was before... But putting that aside for now."

A dark pressure fell on their location:

"Bitch...you did it, didn't you?" Morgana's distorted voice mixed with the horns, wings, and tail and the black sclera eyes glowing blood red caused a frightening image.

Jeanne stammered a little, "M-Morgana, listen to me."

"You did it!"

A vein bulged on Jeanne's head, "You were taking too long! I have needs, too, you know!?"

"Traitor! Horny, bitch!"

"Said the excited Succubus!"

"Oh, don't hurt yourselves too much, girls." Victor's voice resounded through the room.

"Okay." The two responded simultaneously and soon returned to their 'fight'.

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Chapter 645: It's time to buildhouses! It's Fun, Right? Right...?

Chapter 645: It's time to build houses! It's Fun, Right? Right...?

Victor was standing in front of a vacant lot with a serious look on his face. He took a deep breath and brought his hands closer together, and with inhuman speed, he started making hand signs.

"Wood Style-."

"Stop!!" Roxanne materialized beside Victor and hugged him, preventing him from saying anything.

"Roxanne?"

"Idiot, do you want to be sued for copyright!?"

"Just use your Power normally! Stop messing around!"

"Ugh, fine."

Roxanne looked at Victor with suspicious eyes but slowly backed away from him, but soon a vein bulged on Roxanne's head when she saw Victor's next gesture.

Victor clapped his palms together and said:

"Mokuton-."

"Stop!!"

"Eh? But, I spoke in Japanese now!"

"That is much worse!"

"Ugh."

"And for starters, you don't even need hand signs or anything; just use this Power like you use your Bloodline's other Powers!"

"But hand signs are cool!"

"They are useless!"

"Tsk, don't you appreciate the beauty of making a hand sign and spitting a wave of fire at enemies! Just like Madara!"

"Ugh, making you watch anime was a mistake; Ruby completely messed up! Consuming that media just made your battle-maniac brain go even crazier!"

"How rude. Just because I like characters who smile while fighting just like me, it doesn't mean I'm crazy or anything!"

"Oh really? So tell me what this wallpaper is!" Roxanne approached Victor, took his cell phone, opened it, and the photo as his wallpaper was very familiar.

Victor looked at the image of Unohana Retsu, a character from Bleach, or rather Kenpachi Yachiru, in her 'killer' mode.

Victor snorted, "Only a fool would not like this woman. She is a Waifu, and it is a pity that the author did not know how to develop her character. Then, just when she seemed to become an interesting character, she died! It's such a waste!"

Roxanne rolled her eyes, "She's a psycho, sociopath, crazy, battle maniac, and possibly obsessive. What's so good about her!?"

"That just makes her even better!"

"GAAHHH!" Roxanne screamed in frustration as she pulled at her own hair.

"..." Eleonor, Natalia, Ophis, and Nero, just looked at this scene with neutral eyes alongside Leona, who was kidnapped by Victor while on her way to visit her brother.

"He is bored," Leona said. As someone who grew up with Victor, she could tell his emotional state very well.

"Yes, he is bored," Eleonor spoke while nodding. Just like Leona, she got to know Victor very well in the days they spent on the expedition.

"Father, bored?" Ophis spoke as she tilted her head to the side in confusion.

"Indeed, he's bored," Nero said.

"Yep, he is definitely bored," Natalia said.

"Out of boredom, he is acting just like Fred," Leona added.

"It's more like a form of entertainment. After all, there's nothing here but wasteland..." Eleonor spoke while looking around.

"He probably wants to be fighting right now, but he's stuck here... So he's having fun with Roxanne." Natalia added.

"Indeed." Everyone nodded in agreement.

The girls looked at Victor performing a very familiar hand sign and said:

"Fire Style-."

"I said, STOP!" Roxanne jumped on Victor and knocked him to the ground with her body while covering his mouth with her hand.

"No speaking the forbidden words here!"

"HmmHm" Victor tried to say something, but it was muffled by Roxanne's hand.

"Yes, we should ignore it." Leona nodded.

"Indeed." Everyone spoke at once.

"... Hmm? Oh, they're back at last." Eleonor spoke.

The girls looked in the direction where Eleonor was facing and saw a group of 7 women in full armor, each one had different armor, and they were being led by the woman in front who had a western sword on her waist and burgundy hair.

"Lady Eleonor, all monsters around this area have been annihilated-..." Rose trailed off and looked at Victor lying on the ground with Roxanne straddling him.

"...Should I even ask?"

"Just ignore them; they're just bored."

"... I see. He has sex when he gets bored, huh."

"Yes-... Huh? Wait! Of course not! Look closely!" Eleonor yelled, "They're just playing because they're bored!"

"I know, I know. No need to say it twice."

"I already told you that's not it! They are just having fun!"

"... Ohh... Good. I thought that one completely lost his shame and was doing it in front of kids."

"How rude; I would never do something like that." Everyone heard Victor's voice, and the girls looked at him and saw him separating from Roxanne.

Soon, they saw him helping Roxanne up and dusting off his clothes. He cracked his neck a little, and a neutral expression appeared on his face.

"You apparently have a rather low opinion of me, huh."

"Of course not. I think you're an amazing man... Just very horny; how many women do you have anyway?" Rose asked with a smile on her face.

"Well, in my defense, I was Blessed by a Sex Goddess, and she is my Wife, not to mention that you saw how proficient I am in night 'battles' during the Natasha incident... So..." Victor displayed a small smile. He didn't need to explain because the girls' imaginations were so wild.

"..." The Valkyries, Rose included, gulped.

A woman with short blond hair approached a woman with long light brown hair and obsidian eyes:

"Anrietha, is that plan about Solomon's Harem still standing?"

"...Of course not, Dorothy. After all, Lady Eleonor finally accepted her feelings... But I was thinking of revitalizing that plan again."

"Hmm, I completely support it," Dorothy agreed.

"Ahem."

Dorothy and Anrietha opened their eyes wide and looked at Eleonor, who was smiling gently at them.

"What were you talking about?"

"N-Nothing."

"I see. That is good, then."

"..." An imperceptible smile appeared on Victor's face when he saw Eleonor's attitude. But as fast as that smile appeared, it disappeared just as quickly; the only ones who caught that smile were, Ophis, Nero, and Leona, who were watching Victor the whole time.

'This man... He really is going around raising Yanderes.' Leona was condemning the past Leona for showing the anime with the pink-haired girl to Victor.

'I know it wasn't because of that anime, but something he already had in him, but even so, I should've kept him away from that anime!'

"Back to the subject! We can begin now that the monsters have been eliminated," Eleonor announced.

"Hmm, let's finish this quickly. I still have something to do later," Victor spoke while looking at Leona, who blushed slightly and turned her face away.

'I wondered why he kidnapped me... Will t-that happen?'

Nero sniffed the air and looked at Leona with disdain: 'Bitch in heat.' She snorted.

Nero wasn't as innocent as all the girls had hoped. After all, her past forced the girl to grow up. Although she was more 'calm' now and happy because of Victor's influence, it didn't change the fact that she'd seen the darkness of this world, and that experience marked a person forever.

"You make the structures, and I'll make the houses like Vlad said?"

"Yeah. I will make the land they will live on."

"Okay, let's step aside, Girls," Victor spoke as he grabbed Ophis and Nero by the arms, jumped into the air, and began to float.

Roxanne just disappeared as if she never existed, back inside Victor.

Rose approached Natalia and supported the Maid's shoulder.

"Thanks."

"You're welcome." Rose smiled, and soon she jumped up and started floating in the air too.

Dorothy approached Leona, intending to help her, but Leona just said, "I do not need help." in a neutral tone.

In the next moment, the girl started to change, her features began to get wilder, as white fur and claws grew on her arms and legs, and soon she was in her Hybrid Form.

Leona looked at Victor and jumped in the air, a small crater in the shape of a spider's web appeared below her, and the next moment, she was next to Victor with her arms crossed, an almost imperceptible white Energy leaking from her body like an aura.

"...I forgot that Wolves could do that."

"Humpf, this is basic stuff. Wolves who can't control their Bloodline are just failures."

'It seems that the personality becomes more aggressive in this state too...' Victor thought.

"Bloodline, huh..." Victor spoke while observing Leona's Hybrid Form. He had few interactions with 'high-level' Wolves with special Bloodlines like Leona. The last ones he remembered were Anderson and his father.

In the Anderson fight, he didn't have the senses he had today, and with Volk, the King didn't show his Werewolf side.

'Interesting... What is this Energy?' Victor wondered while looking at Leona.

[Hmm, it's very similar to my Energy, are they Nature beings?] Roxanne wondered.

[Nature beings, like Fairies?] Victor asked.

[Like Fairies and Elves, yes.] Roxanne agreed.

[Hmm... Could it be that the Progenitor of Werewolves came into contact with a World Tree in the past?]

[Probably. The Energy that Leona is using to strengthen her body is very natural and very similar to mine, only in a much lower purity, and mixed with other things, probably the 'Bloodline' she talks about.]

[Hmm... Interesting... I really should go to Samar someday.] Victor looked back at Eleonor, who was alone now on the floor.

[I agree, I'm also interested.]

"What?" Leona asked as she looked at the one looking at her with very concentrated eyes.

"It's nothing... Just curious."

"Hmm... Okay."

Before Eleonor could start anything, Rose spoke, "Eleonor, when making the structures, make them strong enough to withstand an invasion of monsters, but don't make them as strong as The City of Babylon you used in our expedition."

"Why not?" Eleonor asked.

"Precaution," Rose responded with a serious look.

Seeing her teacher's gaze, Eleonor understood that the woman had a good reason.

'Probably distrust of our new neighbors, considering that the reputation of the Amazons is not very good.'

"... Okay," Eleonor said as she looked straight ahead.

She took a deep breath, and Eleonor's presence grew exponentially.

"... Oh? She's gotten stronger."

"Of course she has. She can't stay on the same level forever, right?" Rose smiled.

Victor looked at Rose, who was holding Natalia.

"That's not what I meant."

"..." Rose's smile trembled a little as she understood what Victor meant.

"You are becoming as boring as Scathach about these matters."

"Well, she is my Master," Victor spoke.

"... Dragon...?" Ophis turned her head in confusion.

"She reeks of reptiles..." Leona and Nero spoke at the same time.

The two didn't even look at each other and just kept staring at Eleonor.

"What is happening?" Natalia, who didn't understand anything, asked.

"Eleonor got stronger, but not in the normal way. Her presence is more 'overwhelming', almost 10x stronger than before; increasing that in such a short time is impossible with only training. There are only two ways to increase that killing intent, become a Higher Existence, or do like me and kill thousands of Beings."

"Most likely, what happened to Eleonor was the former."

"Are you saying she changed her Race or something?" Leona asked.

"It's something like that. You remember about Clan Adrastea, right?"

"Hmm, the Snow Clan library says they are Vampires who have acquired the characteristics of monsters for themselves..." Leona's eyes widened.

"Correct. Eleonor's monster characteristics have become more prominent, and since her monster is a Dragon, it strengthens her pressure. After all, even if they are deadly, some Dragons are feared even by Gods of a High Level."

"...What happened, Rose?"

"This is a secret. Only when you marry Eleonor will you be able to know."

"... I see. There is a way for monsters' characteristics to become stronger, huh."

"...." Rose's eyebrow rose a little for milliseconds, and the feeling of anxiety grew in the woman, and that was more than enough reaction for Victor to confirm his theory.

"This method is probably quite risky too and cannot be done multiple times."

"...I hate it when you do that."

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Chapter 646: When Demons Cry.

Chapter 646: When Demons Cry.

"...I hate it when you do that."

"Few things can be hidden from me; you know that." Victor chuckled at Rose's frustrated expression and then looked back at Eleonor.

Eleonor slammed her hands on the ground and said:

"Creation!"

The earth began to shake violently as if an earthquake had started.

Suddenly, the whole terrain began to change as if it had become fluid. The lands became flatter, the earth swallowed up everything useless, and all that was left was a great plain.

"... This is bullshit," Leona spoke in exasperation.

"Creating mountains of Ice, summoning Lightning storms, creating a gigantic Fireball... You've seen it several times and are still surprised by this?" Nero asked.

"The Bloodlines of the Vampire Counts are all nonsense," Nero said.

'And my father is even more absurd to have almost all of them,' Nero thought.

"Don't you understand? Those Bloodlines are excellent too, but Clan Adrastella's is more deadly and versatile."

"... Why?" Nero asked.

"Because she can change the entire battlefield whenever she wants, and that destroys any advantage the enemy might've had. If Eleonor Mommy reaches her full potential, probably only Father, Sasha Mommy, Scathach Mommy, or Natasha Mommy could defeat her. Natasha Mommy and Sasha Mommy are only included because of the Power of Lightning," Ophis said.

"..." Absolute silence fell over the place; even the noise of Eleonor shifting the terrain to create giant walls wasn't enough to break everyone's shocked silence.

"O-O-Ophis!?" Nero looked at Ophis as if she were a strange creature.

"Mm?" Ophis looked at Nero with the same emotionless face as ever.

"What was that?" Nero asked what everyone was thinking.

"... Explanation...?" Ophis answered in the same confused way as she tilted her face a little.

"Not that! You spoke in complete sentences!" Nero swore that this was the first time she had heard Ophis speak such long sentences. Even in the Japan incident, she didn't say as many words as she just had.

And by the reaction of everyone, even Victor, it was fair to say that even they didn't expect this.

"You ask?" Ophis spoke while pointing to Nero, then she pointed to herself, "I answered." She finished with a satisfied nod.

"..." That doesn't answer anything!! All, except for Victor, shouted internally.

Victor looked at Ophis with a gentle smile.

'As expected, she also inherited this.' Victor felt proud of what he was witnessing:

'She inherited that spark that made Haruna unify Supernatural Japan and the spark that made Hana become very strong... I guess it makes sense. She is, after all, the daughter of Haruna's sister and the girl who has 50% of a Progenitor's blood.' Of all her siblings, Ophis was born with the most potential.

"Victor, it's your turn!"

"..." Victor turned from observing Ophis, who was in his arms, and looked at Eleonor and saw a large plot of land with walls that easily reached 10 meters in height.

An acceptable height considering a weaker Behemoth was the same size.

The group in the sky descended to the ground, and the moment Victor and the group landed, he felt everything around him slow down as his instincts exploded.

Lightning flashed in Victor's eyes, and he looked around quickly; soon, he saw dark portals begin to appear all around, and all these portals were being created in people's blind spots.

And in that small portal opening, he saw a completely white Being with only a mouth full of teeth. It looked like a humanoid monster.

'An enemy...' The moment that thought appeared in Victor's head, Lightning flashed throughout his body, speeding up his reaction time even more.

Victor picked up Ophis and Nero with just his right arm, then with his left arm, he pulled Leona to his body and ran towards Rose. He placed the three close to the woman, then ran towards Eleonor and pulled the woman into his body before a claw appeared and tried to pierce Eleonor's neck.

Again, he placed Eleonor close to Rose and ran toward the Valkyries now.

With just a glance, he identified which Valkyrie would suffer the attack, and realizing Dorothy and Anrietha were the first ones, he quickly ran towards the women, grabbed

them both by the waist like a sack of potatoes, and released them into Rose's group. He repeated this same action with all the Valkyries.

And soon, his perception of time started to return to normal.

RUMBLE, RUMBLE.

The sound of Lightning and land being destroyed burst out in a shockwave.

"... Huh? Why am I-." Eleonor was confused, but she didn't have time to ask when she heard Victor's voice:

"Don't lose focus. It's an enemy attack!"

"!!!!" The Valkyries, Leona, Eleonor, Natalia, Nero, and Ophis quickly looked around and saw several small portals with clawed hands attacking where they were before.

And that's when they all realize that Victor saved them again.

"Tsk, this is not what I was told about your speed, Alucard." Then, the creature without eyes or a nose with only a mouth spoke.

"An Alpha." Eleonor snarled as her eyes grew more monstrous.

"Do not compare me with those inferiors." The Being spoke in disdain.

"...." Rose and Eleonor narrowed their eyes at that statement.

'An Elder God? No, he's different from the ones Vlad fought. So what is he then?' Rose thought.

"Watch your backs; there's still more around here," Victor spoke, his blood-red eyes shining. He raised his hand, and something came flying from the horizon, and a few seconds later, that something fell into Victor's hands.

It was Junketsu, the Progenitor's Blade.

ROOOOOOAR!

The group felt their spines shiver at the roar in the distance.

The Valkyries looked into the distance and saw an immense horde of monsters, Behemoth, Minions, Ogre, and even a swarm of Wyvern.

"That's impossible. We had annihilated everything." Alexa spoke with a tremor in her voice.

"It's a trap! Valkyries, you know what to do!" Rose screamed.

"Yes!"

As the Valkyries spread out, assuming their formation. The hair on Leona's body began to stand on end, and an expression of disgust appeared on the woman's face:

"Grr, that weird smell, what is it?" Leona spoke with an annoyed face as she looked at an unseen location.

Rose opened her eyes widely, pulled her sword, and slashed the 'air' in the direction Leona was looking; soon after, blood exploded in the direction she'd slashed, and everyone saw several bodies being sliced.

"Predators!"

"Natalia, open a portal to Warfall!" Victor, while not taking his eyes off the white creature, ordered.

"I can't. Something is stopping me!" Natalia said.

"Did you really think we wouldn't have countermeasures for the Clan we hate the most? Descendant of the Alioths, you, as well as Alucard, will die today." More portals began to appear around, and Beings similar to the invader in front of Victor started to appear.

Victor's eyes started to shine even brighter when he saw this. He judged the situation as very dangerous, with a horde of several monsters behind and unknown beings with unknown Powers in front.

His hair grew down to his back, and an overwhelming pressure fell on everyone around as Junketsu was bathed in blood, the blade turning completely red.

"Rose, take command of the Valkyries."

"Leona, protect Ophis, Nero, and Natalia."

"Eleonor... Mess them up."

"Very Well."

When Eleonor was going to make a move, one of the white creatures ran toward Eleonor.

Rumble, Rumble.

Victor appeared before the creature and pointed his finger at it.

Lightning built up on the tip of his finger and shot toward the creature, effectively making the creature disappear into plasma.

During the entire moment, Victor never took his senses off the creature that attacked first; he knew it was the most dangerous Being.

Soon he disappeared again when he saw the other white beings scattering around.

'I'm not feeling the same feeling when I kill someone in them... Clones? Puppets? What is this?' Victor thought as he ran around the battlefield.

Victor looked to his left and saw more portals appearing, and within those portals, more white Beings like the ones he was facing began to appear.

ROAR!

Hearing the monsters scream and seeing them approaching, "Anrietha, battle tactic A!" Rose ordered.

Anrietha took the ceremonial staff from her back and spun around while hitting the ground and speaking words incomprehensible to everyone.

Soon blue energy fell on everyone present, followed by green energy, and then red.

"Done."

"Eleonor!"

"Creat-." Before she could complete her technique, the eerie sound of something shooting was heard.

Seeing a dark projectile crossing the air towards Eleonor very quickly, even for someone who saw things more slowly, Victor felt a bad feeling, and he ran.

Rumble, Rumble.

Beside the projectile, Victor sent a blast of Lightning towards it in an attempt to destroy it, but he was surprised when nothing happened. The projectile's dark energy was acting as a barrier.

'Can't this thing be destroyed...?'

When that thought popped into his head, an instant decision was made.

Overcoming the projectile's speed, Victor removed Eleonor from the front of the Projectile, and he got out of the way too.

But something happened that made him open his eyes wide.

The projectile going in a straight line suddenly made a 90-degree turn towards him, specifically speaking towards Eleonor, who was behind him. The dark power that was in the projectile grew more potent. The speed of the projectile increased severely.

Victor thought quickly, his brain going through the Powers at his disposal that needed milliseconds to annihilate the projectile... And he realized that he didn't have it.

He couldn't grab Eleonor and run even further, either. He simply didn't have time since the projectile was less than a palm width away from hitting his body.

'Fuck.' Not being able to risk the safety of Eleonor, he grit his teeth and stood in front of the Projectile, banking on his newly developed stamina.

[Roxanne!]

[I know!]

A slight green aura covered Victor's entire body.

Cough.

Victor spat blood on the ground and fell to his knees.

'... Huh...? What is this feeling of sudden weakness-'

At that exact moment, Victor felt, with his senses, the humanoid monsters running towards them without anyone noticing, taking full advantage of the group's low guard.

"Ugh!" Victor pointed his hand toward the direction of the invisible monsters coming, gritting his teeth as Fire was produced in his body, and a few seconds later, that Fire turned completely white.

"Burn!"

FUSHHHHHHHH!

The Fire erased all the predators that were coming from existence.

Judy, a Valkyrie with blue hair and brown eyes, looked at Victor and then looked at the predators. Then, grabbing her gun from her back and pointing it at the predators, she took several shots, effectively killing the recovering monsters.

"Victor/Father!" Nero, Ophis, Natalia, and Leona screamed.

"Eleonor, snap out of it. Wake up!" Rose screamed as she went back to ordering the Valkyries.

"... Huh...?" Eleonor opened her eyes wide when she saw Victor before her. Bad memories started to appear in her mind, and the feeling of worry took over her body.

Rose looked around and saw several white Beings approaching, taking advantage of Victor on the ground.

"Get away!" Using her sword, Rose attacked the air several times, and several beams of power flew toward the monsters, making cuts that left them in pieces, but just like before, they just started to rebuild...

'Even with my sword, these white monsters can't die?' Rose was incredulous, but she didn't stop attacking and tore the monsters to pieces, effectively buying time.

'It's like I'm fighting an Elder God again. They have the same regeneration problem-... A servant of theirs! Or Messengers.' Rose opened her eyes wide when she realized this.

'Fuck, this got troublesome! We have to locate the Priest who is holding their immortality.' Rose looked at the humanoid monster standing there while the others did their thing.

Theorizing that it might be him, Rose didn't hold back as her sword began to take on more monstrous features, as did her arm, and she sliced through the air toward the monster:

"First move: Dawn."

The humanoid monster just looked at Rose's incoming attack and displayed a smile:

"As expected from the eldest, you are wise, but unfortunately..." A line appeared on the monster's body, and its body began to fall in half: "You are incorrect." Seconds later, his body began to regenerate at high speed.

'Tsk, they won't keep the Priest so openly, huh.' Rose grumbled inwardly.

Victor saw this happening and wrote the information in his head, then he looked at Eleonor and said, "Do it, now!"

Eleonor shuddered with Victor's heavy tone. She woke up from her state, and a determined look appeared on her face as she slammed her hand on the ground and screamed with rage.

"Creation!"

Quake, Quake, Quake.

The land around them began to change as the enemy group was driven away, and the ground under the monsters sank; a mess was created on the battlefield.

It was as if a superior entity decided to play creator and easily made new mountains and valleys.

Victor felt the annoyance of the utterly white Being.

While this was happening, the platform the group was on was filled with a sense of worry.

Anrietha, who took on the role of the group's healer, approached Victor and started running a diagnosis on him, "I don't know what it was, but it pierced his armor easily-..."

"Victor, your face...!" Leona screamed in horror.

The girls looked up and saw a vision of a paler-than-usual Victor with several black veins running down his face.

.....

Chapter 647: When Demons Cry.2

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"Victor, your face...!" Leona screamed in horror.

The girls looked up and saw a vision of a paler-than-usual Victor with several black veins running down his face.

Victor spat black blood on the floor and said:

"I'm fine. Whatever it was, it didn't completely pierce my skin, the armor delayed the projectile, and my body withstood the attack."

[Victor, that's not the problem. You've been poisoned! Your body is deteriorating at an alarming rate.]

Cough!

"Victor!" The girls quickly supported Victor and held him back.

"Anrietha!" Eleonor shouted.

"I'm doing what I can! His body is dying and regenerating at an insane rate!"

Victor shuddered when he felt the pain in his body. If the poison reacted like that in his body which was much stronger than normal, he didn't even want to think about what would've happened in Eleonor's body.

Despite feeling this excruciating pain, he was grateful for following his instincts at that time; he knew that projectile was dangerous.

[Roxanne, can you handle this?] He got straight to the point.

[Yes, I am using all my available Energy to keep your body intact. The wound has healed, but the poison refuses to leave your system. I will solve this problem in 5 minutes! Good thing your body got stronger. If it were the old you, you would be incapacitated and possibly in a coma for several years. Try not to get hit again by that poison.]

When Victor was going to speak mentally with Roxanne again, he heard Nero's voice:

"Father... Please don't leave me..." Nero spoke with an expression on the verge of tears.

"Daddy..." Ophis, with a similar expression, spoke. Although she didn't say more, that word contained all the meaning everyone needed to know.

Victor's stern expression softened, and he smiled gently at Nero and Ophis:

"Don't worry; I won't die anytime soon..." Victor ignored the pain he was feeling in his body and stood up with a big smile on his face as if everything was fine, "It's nothing." He pushed away the girls, who let him go rather reluctantly.

"I am stronger than I look, and as my daughter, you two are strong too, right?" He stroked their heads.

A sense of comfort went to the two girls.

"... Mm." The two nodded.

Victor nodded in satisfaction and looked at the women, mainly the Valkyries and Rose, who, despite being aware of her surroundings, still looked at him several times as if she was checking his safety.

"You too. Don't lose focus over something like this; remember, we're still on the battlefield." Victor spoke sternly as if everything he'd demonstrated before was a lie.

An act that could have fooled everyone if it weren't for his face, which looked like it would crack at any moment.

Those words made everyone involuntarily snap back to reality as they took a defensive stance, but their gazes were still occasionally straying toward Victor.

Nero slammed her palms against her face. 'He is correct. We need to get out of here to help my father....' A look of determination appeared on Nero's face as she took the two Deagle from her holster. She knew that only weapons made by Clan Adrastella could deal with the monsters, so she brought them with her just in case.

Ophis bit her lip and remained silent as she looked at Victor's face, which seemed worse than before.

'Father...' Tears started to form in her eyes. She felt useless now, a feeling she didn't feel even during the Japan incident; after all, she could still do something in that incident.

Victor smiled wider and chuckled, "I told you, don't worry, Ophis. I am fine."

"..." Ophis just nodded, but her face showed she didn't believe him.

"Victor, don't leave before you take me, or I'll kill you myself," Leona growled.

"Hah, death won't have me any time soon. It still has a lot to dance with me for a long time to come." Victor snorted.

"Jerk, don't make fun of Death. It's a dangerous thing, you know!? What if she falls in love with you?"

Victor rolled his eyes, "That's impossible. You're ridiculously overreacting."

"Humpf, you say that because you have no idea how charming you are."

"Of course I know how perfect I am~."

Leona managed not to punch Victor's smug face.

"But as far as I know, death has its own tastes... I'm not her type."

"Impossible. You are literally the type of every woman and Species in existence."

"Stop; my ego can only grow so large."

"Humpf."

Seeing the casual exchange between Victor and Leona, the group's tension faded further, and they sighed in relief.

Victor was fine... For now, if the indication of his face getting even paler and the black veins becoming more prominent was any indication of his current status.

[3 minutes remaining, Victor.]

Victor felt the pain in his body lessen considerably; now it was at the level he trained with Scathach, a manageable pain because he was used to it.

Victor looked at Eleonor, "That projectile was poisoned."

"What-"

"The poison is destroying my body, but my regeneration is dealing with it."

"If you had received the attack, you would have died," he added.

"..." Eleonor opened her eyes wide.

"I'm only alive because I'm more robust than usual and because Roxanne is helping. Pay attention to that projectile."

'...Is it the same thing Vlad's son used?' Rose thought when she heard the conversation. As one of the oldest and strongest Vampires, coming from a Clan that knew most about the 'natives' of the planet, she was sought out by Alexios to find out about some kind of cure for the 'poison' that Theo gave to Vlad.

Unfortunately, Clan Adrastea didn't know of a cure for the problem, but she managed to identify the poison, a deadly poison that contained all of a Vampires' deadliest weaknesses.

With the Hunter's Magic, the poison produced by a Vampire-Werewolf Hybrid, and Monster Poison, it was apparent that this poison was created to deal with stronger than normal Vampires, specifically... Someone like the Progenitor.

Eleonor was having the same thoughts.

Rose asked, "Are you okay...?"

"Clearly," Victor spoke.

"Natalia, can you create the portals?"

"I've been trying to do that since the beginning, but I haven't succeeded yet."

"Don't stop trying. We must get Nero, Leona, Ophis, and you out of here."

"Victor-." When Leona would have protested, Victor cut her off by saying:

"I know you can fight, but... You don't have weapons that can deal with these Beings. They are immortal, and only Clan Adrastella's weapons can handle them. That's the case for the big monsters, but that white humanoid monster is anyone's guess."

"..." Leona fell silent at the valid argument; she bit her lip in frustration and worry. Victor's appearance didn't seem to be improving.

"Eleonor, stop using the Technique to mess up the terrain. Getting tired now is useless; we escaped the trap, and that's enough for now."

"..." Eleonor nodded her head, stopped using her Power to mess everything up, and looked at Rose. The older woman just shook her head, indicating Eleonor to be silent as if she had said. 'It's not the time for that now.'

"Let me see you." Anrietha approached Victor and looked intently at him.

"I am good-."

"One of our best fighters cannot be incapacitated now; his health is important both for our survival and our mentality."

"..." Having no way to argue with that, he stayed silent and let her do whatever she wanted while his head thought of strategies to deal with this situation. But there was one thing he could be sure of.

'They're after me... Maybe it's because of that white fireball incident that lit up this planet for two whole hours?' Victor thought: 'They judged me as dangerous... And they also took the opportunity to try to kill Eleonor and Natalia...'

A green light came out of the hand of Anrietha and entered Victor's body.

A few seconds of silence passed with the group arguing about what to do and Victor resting quietly until Anrietha said, "You saved us again..."

"Even stood in front of a bullet meant for Lady Eleonor."

"I would do it again without blinking," Victor answered absentmindedly.

Anrietha's body shuddered at Victor's instantaneous response, "... You're really irresistible..." She mumbled in the voice of a mosquito.

'It's like he said, his body is a mess, but his regeneration is handling everything well... My Enchantment is helping too-...Huh?.' Before she could continue her thoughts, she found herself being grabbed by Victor.

Victor pulled Anrietha into his chest and jumped back a few times as a dark claw emerged from the ground.

"Tsk, slippery." A voice different from the previous one was heard.

The same white Being as before started to get out of the ground and said:

"Impressive."

"You received a major dose of something that could cripple even the King of your filthy Race, yet you remain completely fine as if you suffered nothing."

"You really are dangerous, Alucard."

Another Being came out beside the white one, and it was someone similar to him, only completely black, with red eyes, a mouth full of teeth, and several gold tattoos scattered around its body and tail.

The group was agitated and looked at the two beings in front of them with severe and focused expressions...

Except for Victor, who was looking at a completely different place.

Having experienced fighting alongside Victor, the Valkyries were prepared to deal with whatever it was that Victor was looking at right now. They knew that few things could pass through Victor's senses.

"Your senses are irritating, Alucard." The utterly black being spoke with eyes glowing bright red.

Victor held Anrietha even more firmly and jumped back several times:

"Alexa, Dorothy, Judy, get out of there!"

The aforementioned girls didn't even have to think twice; they followed his orders as if Rose or Eleonor had given them.

The moment they left where they were, they saw several white claws sticking out of the ground.

"There are various creatures underground!" Eleonor shouted as she stepped on the ground and controlled the earth to squeeze the creatures.

'Tsk, they're still alive!'

Victor landed close to the group again and made them separate at a reasonable distance so that each one could react to the unexpected.

"Rose, don't walk away from the girls. You're the only one after me with senses strong enough to react to them if necessary." Victor spoke to Rose.

"I know..."

'That's why I'm acting passively.' Rose thought with a bit of frustration, but even if she felt that way, she couldn't risk the girls' safety, especially Eleonor and the innocent children.

"Eleonor, keep an eye on the land around us."

"Okay."

Victor looked back at the white creature, "... Annoying? I get told that a lot." He released Anrietha and let the woman move away from him.

"I bet you have. You made a lot of enemies with that annoying effect of lighting up half the planet."

"Oh? It looks like you guys saw it, too, even though you were so far away." He spoke with false surprise.

The creature with the golden tattoos just snarled in annoyance but did nothing.

And that passivity made Victor suspicious, especially when he sensed their anxious feelings.

'Why are they standing still? Are they expecting something...?'

Victor's eyes suddenly glowed violet, and a scene appeared in his head; his entire current group was dead, and him kneeling on the ground in a barren, red land.

He was looking at the bodies of his loved ones with a lifeless gaze, and suddenly a dark power took over Victor, and the vision ended with a roar of a monster coming from the darkness that was Victor.

When Victor returned to reality, his eyes flashed with anger and hatred.

FUSHHHHHHH!

A red pillar rose into the heavens, and the oppressive atmosphere bent several times as if gravity had suddenly changed.

The two were in front of Victor, and the one hidden in the spot that Victor had looked at earlier shuddered.

'Did he figure out the plan? How? None of these attackers should have seen this Technique before.'

Despite being very angry, his rational mind was analyzing the scene, and even if it hurt his heart, he needed to do this.

And realizing that the current terrain wasn't here, it wasn't Nightingale, and it was a completely different location, retracing the whole encounter he had before, an obvious answer came to Victor's mind.

Mass teleportation. Considering the powers they've demonstrated so far, such a thing wouldn't be impossible.

'I don't know what they're planning, but... It's not going to happen!' Then, a golden bolt of Lightning fell from the sky on Victor, and soon he was in the Fulger's Vampire Count Form.

[Go ahead, Victor. Let me deal with the recoil. Destroy them!] Roxanne screamed with a wave of anger similar to Victor's.

Every action so far didn't even take four seconds; everything was so sudden.

The glint of madness was unmistakable in Victor's eyes. They'd awoken a monster.

He needed to eliminate them, he needed to erase them from existence, or they would all be in danger! Victor didn't care about anything anymore. He just focused on erasing them from existence.

"Damn it-." White Beings started coming out of the ground where the white humanoid monster was, while the black humanoid monster tried to disappear.

Yes, the correct word is tried.

Again, time began to slow down from Victor's perspective.

And in the span of a millisecond, Victor appeared in front of the two Beings and attacked them with Junketsu with the full intention of making them disappear from existence.

He slashed and sliced several times, all in the blink of an eye, and soon the two Beings were cut into thousands of pieces. Then, not satisfied, he summoned pure plasma from his hand and attacked their bodies.

BOOOOOOOOOM!

Victor hadn't held back; in his anger, such a luxury was impossible. The result?

Everything in front of the plasma was utterly obliterated, with nothing, not even ashes, left.

'Impossible! That speed is on par with that woman! And this Power is much greater than expected! That's not what they said!' The last one who was hiding thought in horror.

'... But it's okay. As long as I live, they will come back to life. I need to get away from here-.'

Victor glared at the place he had looked before and disappeared again. In the next moment, he was holding another humanoid monster of white colors, with black designs scattered throughout the creature's body.

He was clearly very different from the two, some strange and unknown symbols were also drawn on his body like a tribal tattoo.

The humanoid monster shuddered in fear when he saw that creature covered in golden lightning looking at him with blood-red eyes.

"You will disappear." Victor held the monster's head, and raw power began to gather in his hand.

When Victor was about to evaporate the monster from existence, he heard the disdainful voice, "Holding me was foolish. The Technique was already complete from the moment we arrived here. You just helped complete our objective."

A dark liquid came out of the humanoid monster's black parts and started covering Victor's body.

"From the beginning, the target was you, Alucard!" A maddened gleam was seen in the humanoid monster's eyes.

"I know." That's all Victor said before throwing the monster to the ground, and with Junketsu, he did the same attack he did before, but not before hearing:

"All Hail Our God! Our Savior! The accursed invaders will die for our God!" Soon Junketsu evaporated the monster from existence, but even after it was killed, the black stain did not stop growing all over Victor's body.

Suddenly, Victor's eyes shined violet again, and he saw the same vision as before. Furthermore, he was in the same arid terrain, but this time he was alone, which made Victor sigh in relief.

He didn't mind being in danger, but his loved ones were a big no.

'I must reassess my opinion about Adonis' Power... I need to Master this Power in case something similar happens in the future, but I must keep an eye out to not fall into the paranoia that this kind of Power can cause.' Victor thought.

"Victor, you-..." When Leona was going to ask Victor something, she was interrupted by Victor's orders.

"Rose, don't hold back when the monsters come! They haven't died yet! I see several centipedes and Predators hiding in the rubble and several minions regenerating as we speak. They are rising to the surface now."

"We don't know what kind of plans these Beings have or if more of them are hidden!"

"Vic-." Rose was going to say something too, but Victor didn't have time, so he continued to issue orders:

"Eleonor, as soon as you get back to Warfall, equip Leona with monster weapons, and let her fight the invasion."

"Natalia, take my daughters back to Nightingale and tell everyone what happened, and tell them I apologize for putting myself in danger."

"If they yell at you, tell them I said it was better for me to be in danger than for them or anyone else here."

"..." Natalia just nodded her head with a quivering expression of pain.

"And daughters..." Victor displayed a small smile.

"Be strong. You are my daughters, the daughters of Victor Alucard. You are my pride."

"Father-."

"Remember, Girls, I will not die over something simple like this."

"I'll see you later, Girls." Those were Victor's last words before the black liquid completely engulfed him, and he disappeared.

"Father/Victor!"

...

Victor's vision suddenly changed, and he was in a barren red land, just like in his vision.

"Well, that Power comes in handy in situations like this." He reaffirmed his thoughts of Mastering that Power.

Victor looked at the black liquid on the floor starting to disappear. He tried to take some of this liquid as a sample, but it disappeared even after holding it.

'Tsk looks like Ruby won't be getting a present.' He grumbled inwardly.

[Roxanne, are you there?]

[Of course, I'll be with you wherever you go, Darling. After all, my Main Body is in your Soul.]

[It's comforting to hear that, how is my body?]

Victor felt a buzz and looked at his hand, and he felt Junketsu complaining to him.

"Hahaha, I'm glad you're here too, Junketsu."

Junketsu sent happy feelings to Victor.

'Looks like she gained more sentience,' Victor thought.

[...You are completely healed; the poison has been removed.] Roxanne informed after a few seconds of checking his body.

[I see... Looks like you saved my life, Roxanne.]

[Fufufu, spoil me a lot later!]

Victor smiled, [Of course.]

[Yay!]

"Now, where am I...?" Victor patted his clothes to remove the dust, looked around, and, as expected, only saw a desert of red sand.

He looked up to the sky and saw a gigantic golden door in the Heavens that was wide open with millions of creatures heading towards it.

"Well, this is a new one."

[... Darling... This place... This Negative Energy.]

"Yeah..." Victor looked into the distance towards the creatures in the sky, his eyes began to zoom in as if they were a camera, and he saw several familiar creatures.

"Demons..."

"We are in Hell... literally speaking."

'And to think that that weird Power was able to throw me into a dimension that only the dead can enter...' Victor thought.

ROOOOOOOOAR.

Victor heard a roar in the distance and saw thousands of Demons of various sizes, and types, all looking at him as if they were looking at prey.

Victor took a few moments to absorb what he saw until:

"...HaHaHaHa~" His crazed, amused laugh echoed across the entire battlefield.

His face darkened utterly, and only his predatory smile and blood-red eyes were visible:

"I don't know who planned this, something I'll definitely find out, but I have to say this is the best welcome home party I could ask for; Hahahaha ~."

Victor slowly removed Junketsu from her sheath and said:

"Let's Dance, Demons!"

ROOOOOOAR!

.....

"What did you say!?" Agnes, Morgana, Natasha, and Violet's angry outbursts were heard at the same time.

"How the fuck could that happen!? Victor isn't with you!? What do you mean by missing!?" Natasha exploded, and Lightning could be seen crackling all over her body.

"A trap!? A Trap for My Darling!? Those motherfuckers are trying to shorten their lifespan! I will kill them all!" Violet screamed in fury.

"Tsk, I was supposed to go with him! I would have pulverized those motherfuckers out of existence! How dare they!" Morgana screamed as her eyes glowed a bright red, literally.

"Natalia, explain what happened! Don't be silent!" Agnes roared with fury, just like her daughter.

"..." Unfortunately, no words came out of Natalia. The woman was shaking a lot; after summarizing what happened to Victor and what Eleonor and Rose said, she was inconsolable.

"You four! Make room for Natalia to breathe! Can't you see the state of her!?" Sasha screamed angrily.

"..." Just when Sasha spoke, the four women stopped what they were doing and looked at Natalia, who was on the verge of tears.

They felt awful seeing her like that and quickly apologized to Natalia.

Even if they were furious, they were still mindful. So they moved a little away from Natalia and let the woman breathe and calm down...

"...Are you okay, Ophis?" Sasha asked as she held the little girl's hand through her gloves.

Unlike the other girls, she was more worried about Ophis. Did that mean she wasn't concerned about Victor?

Of course not. That couldn't be further from the truth. She was worried about her husband but trusted the man with all her heart. She knew he could handle anything thrown at him.

So Sasha focused all her attention on Ophis, the little girl who went through another stressful situation, something a child shouldn't go through.

"... My Daddy, h-he... he is not here..."

Sasha felt an ache in her heart, the ache of worry, so much concern for her Husband, who was in an unknown location now caught in an enemy's trap. So much concern for Ophis, who was in a horrible mood and depressive state, something very rare coming from the usually very stoic girl.

Sasha crouched down to eye level with Ophis, "Don't worry, Ophis. Your Father is strong, very strong. He won't die from something like this, don't think the worst, okay?"

"... Mm..."

Sasha wanted to hug Ophis right now but couldn't because of the little girl's unique condition. She had no choice but to take her gloved hand and squeeze it tightly to demonstrate that she was there for her.

On the other side, a similar scene occurred with Jeanne and Nero.

"Nero? Talk to me, don't be silent. Are you alright?" Jeanne spoke gently as she crouched down to Nero's eye level. Just like Sasha, she was more focused on the children who went through this traumatizing situation than on Victor now.

She knew this was what Victor would want.

Nero's body shook visibly, and tears began to fall from her eyes, "My Father... H-He...-"

'Be strong. You are my daughters, the daughters of Victor Alucard. You are my pride.'

When Victor's words resonated in her heart, she clenched her fists in frustration: 'I need to get stronger.'

She wiped the tears from her eyes with her hands, and a determined expression appeared on her face:

"I don't want to go through that again... Even though I'm not as strong as my Father, I don't want to be so useless."

"...." Jeanne bit her lip in frustration to the point that they hurt when she heard those words.

In her opinion, children shouldn't be fighting enemies or in battles. That was something that should be left to adults.

Children were supposed to be children and just live carefree, staying entirely away from the dark side of the world until they were old enough to do so.

Unfortunately, Nero was not normal. From a very young age, she was exposed to the dark side of the world, which was the source of Jeanne's frustration.

Because of this, the next decision she made, despite being painful for Jeanne herself, was necessary as much for Nero's feelings as for the situation in general.

With the current state of affairs, the girls needed to learn to stand up for themselves.

"Okay, I'll get you everything you need and proper teachers until Victor or Scathach returns home to train you personally." Jeanne had no confidence in her ability to teach someone as unique as Nero properly. She could teach normal Noble Vampires, but Nero had a unique transformation ability that only capable teachers could help her with.

And none were better than Victor or Scathach; unfortunately, both were unavailable.

But there were people who were trained by them here. 'Ruby, Lacus, Siena, and Pepper can help her better than I can.' Jeanne thought.

'For now, I will personally teach her the basics. As for the advanced subjects, the Scarlett sisters can take care of it.'

"Master... I should have been with him..." Kaguya muttered in frustration as she clenched her fist in anger, a sentiment shared by all the Maids if their expressions were any indication.

As a Wife, Maid, and someone who swore to always stay in Victor's shadows to help him, she felt she ultimately failed Victor.

Now, he was in an unknown place, possibly surrounded by several enemies, entirely alone...

'Roxanne and her Guardian are still with him... He's not completely alone.' That thought brought comfort for her but also frustration. It was her responsibility to be with him! She was, after all, his shadow!

"Tsk, why did this happen right when my mom isn't here," Siena grunted in annoyance, concern visible on her face.

"Vic..." Pepper mumbled with a tearful tone.

"I don't think the natives of this world are working alone. Do you have any idea who else could have done this?" Lacus asked while looking at Ruby, who was silent from the beginning.

As Ruby's older sister, Lacus could see the cogs in Ruby's brain turning at full speed.

Unlike the hot-headed people like Violet, Agnes, Natashia, and Morgana, when a unique situation presented itself to Ruby, the first thing that happened to the red-haired woman was her brain completely cooled down into a cruel coldness that easily rivaled the coldest regions of the Hell of Norse Mythology, Helheim.

This quirk was what made the sisters trust Ruby entirely because she was the most rational of all.

A pink glow appeared in the room, and soon Aphrodite appeared in the room, accompanied by Rhea.

As Hestia and Nike weren't here, Rhea acted as Aphrodite's adviser. After all, as a Former Queen, she needed to be well-versed in politics with the other Pantheons for a while. Her advice couldn't be ignored completely, not to mention that Aphrodite wasn't in the best state right now.

The topic of Victor was too sensitive for her, so Rhea was here for Ruby and Jeanne to act as the voice of reason.

"I heard what happened..." The sound of grinding teeth was audible from Aphrodite, "And trust me. Heads will roll when I find out who was behind this." The Goddess of Love's psychotic tone sent shivers down Rhea's spine, but the Mother Goddess continued with a neutral face, even though she was very uncomfortable.

When Aphrodite entered the room, Ruby, for the first time hearing the news about Victor, spoke, and her response went to Lacus, who had asked her something earlier:

"Yes, Sister, I do. Victor has many enemies, but few enemies have the necessary workforce and connections to be able to contact a native of this world to help them with whatever plans they have. I was able to narrow them down thanks to that and make some assumptions."

"But before I talk about my assumptions. Natalia, I know how you're feeling, I really understand, but you have a job to do. Focus on that for now. Explain everything that happened from the beginning and the 'reports' Rose and Eleonor said about the incident related to Vlad's ex-Wives and the mysterious poison capable of harming a Progenitor." She had only overheard this because of the state of Natalia, who was very shaken.

Natalia bit her lip, took a deep breath, and wiped her face, which had occasional tears of frustration and worries falling down. She held back the emotions she was feeling right now deep in her heart and focused on just carrying out Victor's last orders.

'Ruby is correct. Victor said that I must tell them everything, and I must do it perfectly... Only then can I lament my impotence and do something about it.' She thought somewhat disparagingly and with determination.

"..." Jeanne raised her eyebrow when she heard those words from Ruby.

'Why was Vlad mentioned in this matter?' She wondered mentally.

Agnes ground her teeth in frustration when she heard Ruby's voice. The room began to grow hotter just from the Countess's irritated presence.

"This is not the time for this! Victor has fallen into a trap, and we must do something!"

"And to do something, we need to be calm," Ruby responded in the same cold way as before. No emotion could be heard in her voice, just pure coldness.

"While we are discussing here, he could be-."

"Dead?"

Agnes shivered visibly.

"First, Aphrodite and Medusa are connected to Victor's Soul. If something like that happened, they would know about it immediately. Despite being shaken by what they heard, they have yet to show any kind of reaction that would indicate that such a thing has happened."

The girls looked at Aphrodite and Roberta, who, just as Ruby said, were shaken, but didn't display any emotion that a loved one had died. Medusa herself also didn't manifest yet, choosing to leave Roberta in control of the situation.

"Second, my Husband..." The coldness in Ruby's tone seemed to triple, even the ground around her was frozen solid, proof that she wasn't as in control as everyone thought, but even so, she didn't freak out, saying to everyone:

"My Husband won't die from something as simple as a trap. It will take a lot more than that to kill him, and since he's alone, his leeway is much greater than if everyone in his group disappeared along with him. And, knowing my Husband's personality and analyzing his last words to Natalia, I can tell he foresaw that something like this would happen. Because of that, he made sure to pass messages to everyone."

"Right?" Ruby looked at Natalia.

The blonde Maid just nodded her head and replied with a neutral tone, "When he killed those bastards, Victor had a visible expression of relief, and while that weird liquid was covering his body, he spoke to all of us and passed on orders."

"..." Ruby nodded her head.

"You said that in a moment of the fight, he exploded in rage, and he didn't hold back anymore. He reacted the same way he does when an imminent danger is approaching one of us."

"Yes, there was a burst of crimson power, then Lightning fell from the sky, and he entered the Vampire Count Form of the Fulger Clan." Natalia elaborated further on the explanation from before.

"My guess is that Adonis' Power of foresight was used unconsciously in that battle, showing a horrible future to Victor. Because of that, he completely ignored his guard and went on the attack."

"..." Agnes and Violet shivered visibly, both for different reasons.

Agnes because she hated that Power that caused so much suffering in her life.

And Violet for understanding [due to her mother's constant explanation] that the Power to see the future was dangerous because the moment you 'saw' a future, the chance of it coming true was very high, and Victor knew that. Which was why he acted so recklessly against unknown enemies.

"Natashia, what is the Fulger Clan known for?" Ruby looked at the older woman.

"... For its speed."

"And Victor has this Bloodline in him. After you, he's the fastest Mortal currently alive, not to mention he's not alone. Roxanne is with him, along with her Guardian, so... stay calm; exploding in emotions now won't bring our Husband back. You can do that when you meet the enemies who set this trap for him and almost killed the whole group in the process."

Now, that was something they could all relate to if the sadistic and dangerous glare of all the women in the room was any indication.

Not only did Victor's enemies get a very angry Progenitor hunting them down, but they also got all of said Progenitor's psychotic, possessive Wives after them.

Rhea looked at Ruby with a look of shock: 'She's really good... She managed to make everyone calm down and focus their goals on just one thing. Vengeance.'

Surprisingly, Violet was the first to calm down, something everyone would have found impossible given her relationship with Victor.

Violet's glare changed to a neutral glare that carried a fury capable of engulfing an entire planet in flames of destruction, a glare that only needed a trigger to explode fully.

"Ruby, you are correct. We need to calm down."

"But-." Agnes tried to say something, but Violet cut her off by saying:

"Mother, we need to calm down." She spoke in a harder tone, followed by a warmer, gentler tone:

"Darling won't go down that easily. He has my father's resilience in him."

"..." Agnes gripped the hilt of her sword in frustration; that was the biggest reason why Agnes was so emotional. She felt like she was experiencing the same things that happened to Adonis all over again.

"Mother... Calm down, and trust more in the man you chose to spend eternity together with."

"..." Looking into her daughter's violet eyes, Agnes' grip on the sword's hilt began to soften until the heat in the place started to subside and then disappeared altogether.

Seeing that the atmosphere was calmer, Ruby looked at Natalia:

"Speak."

Natalia nodded and explained everything from the beginning again, this time in more detail.

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Chapter 649: The wives want vengeance.2

Chapter 649: The Wives want vengeance. 2

"Speak."

Natalia nodded and explained everything from the beginning again, this time in more detail.

Everyone listened in silence; the gnashing of teeth from Sasha and Jeanne was heard clearly as both women heard that Nero and Ophis would almost have died if not for Victor.

For the two gentle women, that was enough to bestow whoever the enemy was with torture worse than Hell.

A feeling that was shared by all the women present.

All who related to Victor looked at Nero and Ophis as if they were their own daughters, and knowing that someone attacked their children did not make a mother very calm.

With even greater coldness than before, showing the icy anger that was inside her, Ruby commented:

"A poison that uses the properties of a Hybrid, the Hunter's Magic, and the poison of monsters... A dangerous weapon that was able to weaken The Vampire King, Vlad Dracul Tepes, temporarily... And a strange skill that was able to seal away the skills of the Alioth Clan. They know Vampires and their weaknesses very well."

Nero shuddered when she heard the first part Ruby spoke.

'Father suffered this because of me...?' Memories of the time she spent in that laboratory started to play in her head, which made her expression even more depressed, and her feelings were visible to everyone.

Just as she was about to fall further into that bottomless pit of self-pity, she felt an icy hand touch her shoulder.

"Calm down."

"... Ruby..."

"You're not the only Hybrid out there. Could they have created this weapon with the experiment you underwent? Maybe, but it's not your fault. You are the victim of this situation."

"Never think that Darling suffered this because of you. He protected you, his daughter, which any Father does for his daughter."

Ruby's cold and sharp words were a strange form of comfort. Ruby didn't speak flowery words of comfort, she was direct and cold, and that helped Nero more than she could imagine.

'... What a strange way to comfort someone, but... I guess that's Ruby's style.' Sasha thought with amusement.

Ruby, while still holding Nero, looked back at the girls:

"Hybrids... I only know of two groups that have them."

"Niklaus Horseman, I'm sure he still has a Hybrid with him."

"Next is the Ex-General of The Inquisition, James; it's possible he also has a Hybrid."

"When Nicholas fled from Nightingale, he went to the monsters' territory. I remember at the time, I wanted to get rid of the man completely, and I had my sister send some swift members of Clan Fulger to follow them." Natasha said.

"Theo used the same poison on Vlad. Was that the work of Nicholas too?" Jeanne asked.

"Theo was possibly influenced," Sasha said.

"What do you mean by 'influenced'?" Violet asked.

"I'm saying I think the King of The Vampires, Vlad, would find it very difficult to ignore a snake in his own garden, whether that snake was his son or not. He did not strike me as someone who acts out of sympathy and kindness where Nightingale is involved."

"Other individuals could have influenced Theo, and the King kept him close to discover who they were."

"Keep your friends close and your enemies closer, right?" Sasha spoke while looking at Ruby, who fell back into her thoughts.

"... And you are correct about that. Anyone who threatens Nightingale is an enemy to Vlad, even if they are his children." Morgana spoke in disdain.

"He's a King before a father. That's the responsibility he has for everyone..." Jeanne added, and when she felt Morgana's gaze, she continued, "Although it's not fair to his own family."

Morgana snorted and turned away.

"But that doesn't explain him not doing anything about his wives cheating," Agnes spoke.

"Vlad is a flawed dragon." Jeanne started to explain, seeing that she had everyone's attention, she continued:

"He's a dragon because he likes to keep 'treasure' close to him, but he's 'flawed' because he lets someone covet that treasure and doesn't really care for it; he just hoards it and leaves it in his territory. But if someone dares to remove the treasure from his field of vision, he will get angry."

"... That is complete bullshit; just what kind of mentality is that?" Maria couldn't help but say something that Violet and Agnes ultimately agreed with.

'He allows someone to touch his treasure, but does not allow them to remove it from his field of vision...? Huh? What sick mentality is this?' Kaguya thought.

"I can't imagine anyone being like that..." Eve murmured.

"People are different, and some are more broken than others. For him, he is right, while for us, he is wrong. It's a matter of perspective." Roberta spoke.

"But even so, letting someone touch your 'treasure' and not doing anything? It's something I can't imagine. At least Master would never do that." Bruno spoke.

"Of course not. He would kill everyone who approached us with that intent." Maria declared proudly.

The girls weren't dumb. They knew that the 'treasure' analogy here referred to everything Vlad owned, including his own wives.

"Probably, he just didn't care about his wives anymore. Who knows? I will not stand here trying to predict the mentality of a 5000-year-old Vampire who is mentally handicapped." Morgana grumbled and added:

"We have more important things to do."

"And that is something I can completely agree with," Aphrodite spoke.

The girls looked at Aphrodite. "While you were arguing, I tried to use our connection to discover Victor's location."

The girls opened their eyes wide.

"You can do that?" Ruby asked.

"Yes, I can. Essentially speaking, I'm just using Victor's Soul Fragment in my Soul to locate his Greater Soul. That way, I can know where he is."

"Although it is somewhat difficult to use because it requires precise control of your Energy and Soul."

"Something that is not a problem for a Goddess as Ancient as Aphrodite," Rhea added.

"So? Where is Darling? Stop talking nonsense and get straight to the point!" Violet asked.

Aphrodite wasn't mad at Violet. On the contrary, she completely understood the feelings she was going through right now; after all, she was going through the same thing.

"Victor is in Hell."

"...Eh?" Everyone was taken aback by that statement; of all places, they didn't expect it to be Hell.

"Precisely speaking, he's in Biblical Hell. Whatever that liquid was, it was powerful enough to send a living Mortal straight to Hell, where only bad Souls, Gods, or Demons can enter."

Morgana broke into a cold sweat, "Wait, Wait! Hell is extremely toxic to anyone alive!"

"!!!!" The girls opened their eyes wide:

"Morgana, explain," Ruby said.

"It's like I said, the Hell I came from is extremely toxic to the living. There's a reason why only Demons and Evil Souls are the inhabitants of that place. That's because Hell is basically a dimension full of Miasma."

"There are places in Hell that even the strongest Demons cannot carelessly enter because of the ridiculous concentration of Miasma. It is an extremely hostile place for the living."

"Will V-Victor be okay?" Pepper asked with a worried expression.

"Remember, Roxanne is with him. She is a World Tree of Negativity, so Hell is literally a second home to her." Kaguya spoke, and Pepper visibly calmed down, but what Kaguya added next made some even more worried.

"The problem is the other World Tree. I don't know how World Trees react to each other. As I understand it, the Seven Hells are derived from the Negative World Tree of Planet Earth."

"As for that, it's not a problem. It's strictly forbidden for two World Trees to harm each other. My brother made that rule unspoken."

"... But that doesn't mean that other people ordered by the World Tree can't harm Victor, right?" Kaguya added.

"...." Jeanne was silent, proving Kaguya's point.

"That's a possibility; I won't deny it. But it's pretty unlikely because, as far as I know, Victor hasn't done anything for a World Tree to be mad at him."

"He hasn't YET... Don't underestimate my Husband's ability to stir up trouble. We must consider all possible scenarios, even those that are impossible."

"...Ugh." Jeanne felt a headache coming on when she heard what Kaguya said.

"Hell is extremely toxic, anyone who isn't a special type of Being entering there will die from the Miasma, and there are places where even the strongest Demons can die from this Miasma... I see. Now I understand what happened." Ruby muttered.

"Ruby? What did you discover?" Natashia asked.

"Retracing all the steps from the beginning from Victor's point of view, I discovered a few things."

"By having a 'bad' vision of the future, he acted without thinking about the consequences, only with the aim of killing all enemies."

"When the final enemy died, the enemy said that the target was Victor all along."

"We can also understand that everyone else was also a target. What better way to harm Victor than by killing his loved ones?"

"Therefore, I can assume that, from the very beginning, the enemy's objective was to send Victor's entire group to Hell because, in that place, the environment itself would kill those who are not resistant to Hell. Thus taking less effort to eliminate several troublesome enemies."

'Consequently, they would save a lot of manpower and strong warriors to kill their enemies.' Ruby thought.

"This situation activated his future vision, showing the death of the members of the group that Victor was in, and this vision made him act without caring about anything to change such a 'possible' future."

"Probably, in a bad future, only Victor would have survived this trap, but the vision of the future helped him change the bad result. That is a very powerful ability... And dangerous." Ruby looked at Agnes, then at Violet.

'Now, I understand why Agnes was so hysterical when she discovered that Violet had awakened that power.' Ruby thought.

"..." The room was silent for a few seconds absorbing what Ruby said until she continued:

"The enemy is smart. They know a lot about Victor and have planned something that could easily kill an 'abnormal' Progenitor like him. Of course, even a Progenitor like Victor can't survive Hell in a normal case, but... They didn't know something."

"Victor's ability to Evolve... If this tactic had been used before, Victor would have died along with the group, but... Roxanne is with him now, so the enemies sent Victor to a location that is basically his second home ."

Ruby facepalmed and started laughing coldly, "... Hahahaha~." It was a genuine laugh, extremely amused and relieved.

"They thought they were sending him to his death, but they ended up sending him to a place where he can get even stronger. I really don't want to be them right now."

"..."

"...Ruby, that doesn't change the fact that they attacked us, and they will pay for it," Sasha spoke in an extremely venomous tone, very unusual coming from one of the nicer women in the group.

"...That I completely agree with you." Ruby's cold gaze returned.

"Our enemies are Niklaus Horseman, the former General of The Inquisition, James, and possibly a few more unknown individuals who have an influence with the other Races."

"... Do you think they banded together and made an organization or something?" Violet spoke.

"It is a very high possibility they all have a common goal, either with Nightingale or with Victor himself. This poison cannot be made without the influence of several powerful people of many Races. So possibly we have an individual from the Werewolves and Demons too."

"Why Werewolves?" Bruno asked.

"A Werewolf bite is also a very bad thing for a Vampire. Although it won't kill the Vampire if it doesn't hit a vital spot, it still causes a lot of internal damage."

"And the Demons are very obvious since Miasma is harmful to any Mortal in very high amounts."

"Eleonor didn't say anything about the poison having the essence of Werewolves or Miasma...." Natalia murmured.

"Maybe because she couldn't identify the correct properties. This is a poison that uses all of the Vampires' weaknesses, so I won't ignore anything until I have a sample in hand... If I had a sample, maybe I could find something, but since I don't have it now,"

"I will act on assumptions."

"Girls, from now on. Treat everyone we don't know as an enemy, and always exercise caution when interacting with other Beings."

"Yes." They all spoke at the same time.

"Scathach and Haruna must know what happened, and we must send reinforcements to Eleonor," Sasha spoke and added:

"I will help Eleonor."

"We will, too," Ruby spoke for her group, which consisted of her own older sisters.

'I need to investigate the fight location; maybe I'll find something that might be useful.'
Ruby thought.

Sasha looked at all the Scarlett sisters and nodded.

"Daughter, take it." Natasha threw two golden daggers at Sasha.

Deftly enough, Sasha picked up the daggers and said, "Thanks, Mother."

"Monsters cannot die from these daggers, but it exponentially increases your basic Powers, including speed and reaction time. Use them if necessary."

"I will."

"Vlad also needs to know what happened. I don't particularly like the man very much, but he will leave in a few hours for South Africa and fight someone at the level of a God King. He should be aware of possible traps." Jeanne spoke.

"Do you think Vlad will die?" Aphrodite asked.

"No, but he will possibly be weakened, and if he is weakened again because of his arrogant stance, it would be very troublesome for all of us as a Species. Like it or not, Vlad's existence prevents several arrogant God-King Level Gods from invading Nightingale. His strength is very well known."

"..." The female Vampires present nodded their heads in agreement with Jeanne.

"I will open the portal to Clan Adrastella and the Royal Capital," Natalia spoke while extending both hands, and soon two portals appeared.

"The one on the left leads to Warfall, and the one on the right leads to the Royal Capital."

Sasha and the Scarlett sisters wasted no time and quickly jumped into the portal that led to Warfall.

The portal closed, and another instantly opened in place.

"This portal leads to Scathach's current location in Brazil."

"I will go," Agnes said. She couldn't bear to be passive now.

"Me too," Natasha spoke with the same feeling as Agnes.

Soon the two Countesses passed through the portal to join Scathach.

"I will stay here. Someone needs to protect everything if an invasion happens." Aphrodite spoke.

"I will stay too. I can't leave the kids alone now." Jeanne spoke.

The two women looked at Morgana.

"...Fine, I'll go see the bastard."

"Calm your temper, and try not to attack him," Jeanne spoke.

"I know, I know." She huffed, "I'll be back in a few hours."

"Open a portal to Japan. I'll go talk to Haruna." Kaguya spoke.

"We'll go with you," Eve spoke for the group of Maids.

Kaguya just nodded, and when a portal appeared, the Maids quickly jumped toward it.

"Natalia, you should get some rest. The women will take a while to return, and... Don't overexert yourself. No one could have expected the Alioth Clan's Powers to have any countermeasures." Jeanne spoke in a gentle tone.

"No, my Clan and I have become very complacent over the years. We need to resolve this issue as soon as possible; we can't have our greatest weapon being denied by the enemy... I'm going to visit my father."

Natalia opened a portal and jumped into it. Soon she appeared in front of her father in the Alioth Clan's house, in a place that members of the Alioth Clan could only access.

"We need to talk."

Alexios shuddered, "... The last time I heard this, your mother almost castrated me, and you have the same expression as she did back then... What did I do?" he joked.

Unfortunately, Natalia had no time for jokes and got straight to the point, "A native of this planet nullified my ability to create portals."

Alexios' face changed to a serious expression:

"Sit down, and explain."

Natalia nodded.

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Chapter 650: When Demons Cry. 3

Chapter 650: When Demons Cry. 3

Amazon, Brazil.

When Natasha and Agnes arrived in front of Scathach and began to explain what happened, the Strongest Female Vampire's reaction was frightening.

"... What did you say...?" First came disbelief, then came acceptance, and with acceptance came icy cold rage.

"... They really are growing some balls..." The ice-cold expression alongside her tone carried murderous intent and made the surrounding air suffocating.

"Bastards." Scathach squeezed her spear tightly, and Runes started to glow all over the spear due to Scathach's silent rage.

"Let's finish the job here and go home. We need to find a way to get Victor back. We know he's in Hell, but we don't know how to get him out." Natasha spoke with an expression similar to Scathach's.

"Victor will come back, even if I need to go to war with Vlad to force Alexios to use his full Power; I will make sure to bring Victor back. I won't let him rot in Hell." Scathach declared.

"..." Throughout the discussion, Nike and Hestia were silent, not wanting to touch that hornet's nest.

Though all the while, a gleam of curiosity was visible in the eyes of Hestia, and the reason was:

'My Blessing is shining brightly... It's amazing how strong their bonds are.' It was noteworthy that Hestia had never seen such a strong Family Bond before. The three women in front of her were more than just rivals, Leaders of different Clans, or even Wives of the same Husband.

They were a Family.

Practically sisters.

Although none of them would say it out loud, Hestia could easily see it.

She was the Goddess of The Home for a reason.

"Why are you waiting out here?" Agnes asked.

"... We are looking for the entrance to the dimension. So much time has passed that all of the nature around us has changed, as well as the entrance."

Scathach just looked at Natasha.

She understood the look from the redhead, so Natasha looked at the Goddesses and said:

"How do you identify the entrance?"

"I just need to get close, and the dimension will open automatically. After all, their realm was Blessed by me too." The moment Hestia finished explaining, she felt a bad feeling come over her, which intensified when she saw the flash of Lightning shine in Natasha's eyes.

"Very Well." In the blink of an eye, Natasha appeared in front of Hestia and lifted the woman like a princess without asking permission or anything.

Fearing what would happen next, Hestia tried to protest, but it was too late:

"Wait-."

Rumble, Rumble!

Trails of golden Lightning began to run across the forest, creating a rather unique image.

Those Lightning trails only took six seconds to find the entrance and return to the same place they were before.

Six seconds of pure torture for Hestia, the proof of which was that when she came back, the Goddess just got out of Natasha's arms, then quickly fell to the ground and started vomiting.

"I found the location; it's underground near a river. I'll take you there."

"...Did you have to be so rude?" Nike asked while patting Hestia's back.

"Get over it. She's a Goddess; she should be used to this speed." Agnes snorted in disdain.

"I apologize for my treatment, but we are running out of time here. We will resolve this issue as best we can and return home." Natasha spoke gently, knowing what she did was wrong, but she didn't have the empathy to care now. Victor was more important.

"... The best way? What are you going to do?" Nike asked.

Scathach declared:

"Use force."

"If the Queen doesn't want to come, she will be beaten until she says, Yes."

"If the Amazons are a nuisance, they will be beaten into complete submission."

"If the Demons intervene, they will be exterminated."

"If the other Goddesses intervene, they will be wiped out too."

"The time for kindness is over."

"Fun time is over."

"..." Nike swallowed hard as she looked at the three Countesses with their blood-red eyes gleaming dangerously.

At that moment, all Nike could think was:

'Messing with Victor was a mistake... May the Primordial Chaos have mercy on the Souls of those fools because these women sure as hell won't.'

"Nike, carry Hestia. We are going." Agnes spoke.

"... W-Water-... Cough." Hestia coughed a few times in an attempt to clear the queasy feeling.

'Just how fast was that? Everything felt so slow. Ugh, I get dizzy just thinking about it.'

"Wait, I can walk by myself. I don't need to be carried!" Hestia spoke as she got up from the ground.

"Again, I apologize for the treatment, Lady Hestia, I shouldn't have done that to a Goddess who blessed our Family, but we are in an emergency situation right now. I also apologize for Agnes' behavior... She is just angry and worried, and those feelings are also strengthened by her own Power, making her an even more obnoxious whore." Natasha said.

"Oy!"

"It's okay... Just let me know the next time you do that."

"I will." Natasha nodded.

"About the Goddesses, I ask you not to kill them yet. If they are there, let me talk to them."

"As long as they don't get in the way of our goal of kidnapping the Amazons, I don't care," Scathach spoke.

'... Kidnap...? Kidnap!? Wasn't the goal to help them!? Huh!? When did the goal change!?' Nike thought.

It was quite obvious that the three women were having homicidal thoughts now, and the option of 'running away' or being 'gentle' no longer existed for strangers.

'By touching Victor, these psychotic women became even more sadistic and crazy! Ugh, if I find the idiot who did this, I'm really going to curse the idiot who planned all this shit!'

Nike would show why her curse was so feared among the Gods.

...

New Dawn headquarters, outdoor area made for visitors.

"Acthingggg"

Niklaus looked at the man with a neutral gaze, "... What was that weird sneeze, James? Did you get sick?"

"I don't know... Someone must be talking about me, I think."

"Hmm, you are probably correct..." Niklaus spoke in a disinterested tone.

Soon the silence fell around them again, and that silence continued until a dark portal appeared near them.

"Finally." James commented with a twinkle in his eye, "I hope I have the Progenitor's body for research~."

"..." Niklaus managed not to roll his eyes. If killing a Progenitor, especially a freak like Victor, was that easy, it would have happened before.

A humanoid monster with a smooth white reptilian tail, a body with black coloring, and small red tribal tattoos stepped out of the portal with a look of rage.

'Yep, they failed.' Niklaus thought when he saw the look of the humanoid Being.

"The mission was a success."

The Declaration from the native of the planet of Nightingale brought a smile to James' face and a shocked look to Niklaus.

'Oh...? He died...? Really...? It looks like this is where Victor's journey ends.'

"But, there were complications."

'... Of course, there would be a 'but'.' Niklaus didn't hold back this time and rolled his eyes.

"The target was stronger than you reported. He even took the shot of your 'ultimate weapon to kill powerful Beings' at close range and acted as if nothing happened."

"... Huh?" That was the unanimous reaction of the two men.

'Did he resist that...? Impossible! That is something not even Vlad would take lightly! And that was a stronger version than what was used on Vlad!' Niklaus thought in disbelief.

A thought that James shared.

Seeing the shocked look on both men's faces, the creature understood that they hadn't withheld information on purpose and that even they hadn't expected this result.

"That bastard annihilated three of our members."

"And casualties!? How many died!?" James quickly asked.

"No one from the Progenitor's side died."

"... What...?" James couldn't take it anymore and fell to the floor, sitting in disbelief.

'Did he manage to overcome a trap specially made for him and make sure no one died...? Just what kind of bullshit am I hearing...?' It was worth mentioning that not even Niklaus was confident of surviving a trap they set.

'This... This is impossible... Just what went wrong?'

"Explain what happened. It must have been Rose Adrastella, right? After all, she has a Sword Martial Art that surpasses even Scathach. She was the one who did this, right?" James was denying reality.

"Wrong, Rose Adrastella was protecting the group members. Because of her presence, I didn't have opportunities to intervene and kill some of the members."

"...."

"Target Victor Alucard was stronger, faster, tougher, more powerful, and cunning than you said."

"In the final moment, when he killed all my squad members, he used what you guys call 'Vampire Count Transformation' and reached the energy output level of a God-King. I theorize that he can surpass that level of energy if necessary."

"His combat prowess level has increased to the level of a mid-level Combat God, and due to the Bloodline of speed he was using, I predict that only High-Level Combat Gods can handle him in that Form."

"My squads didn't stand a chance. They were completely eradicated..." The creature spoke through the creaking of teeth.

"..." The two men just stared at the creature as if he had spoken the biggest nonsense of their lives.

'... This... This is beyond abnormal. He's a monster... He's a freaking abnormality! Just how old is he anyway? How can he be so powerful? This doesn't make sense!' Niklaus completely lost his composure.

Was Vlad powerful? Of course, he was, but the damn Progenitor took millennia to reach his level of power.

Niklaus knew that Vlad was at the level of a God-King. He was undoubtedly one of the strongest Mortals out there, and even the God-Kings were wary of fighting Vlad all because of the Progenitor of Vampires' ability to destroy Souls.

And this creature was saying that someone who wasn't even 500 years old had already achieved half of Vlad's results?

Results that took 2 millennia!?

Even if it was just pure energy, it was still... Bullshit!!

Another portal appeared near them, this time darker than the last, and soon Baal, the 1st Rank Key of Solomon, came out of it.

And unlike his usual playful smile, as if everything was under his control, his face was completely serious.

"You guys need to see this." Baal wasted no time and snapped his finger, and soon a floating screen appeared in front of them, showing the vision of Hell.

Literally.

Several hills of corpses, rivers of blood, flesh, and bones of Demons scattered around, and the Progenitor, Victor Alucard, was sitting on top of the most prominent hill of corpses.

Completely covered in Demonic blood, he was wearing a bored expression, his head resting on his hand, his long black hair was blowing in the wind, and a weapon that looked like a Katana with an enormous blade was stuck in the corpse beside him.

"Alucard!!" James yelled with mixed feelings ranging from anger, confusion, and shock.

"Shouldn't he be in Hell?" Niklaus asked, trying as much as possible to return to his neutral expression.

"And he is in Hell, precisely speaking, he is in the Middle Level of Hell, the place where Demonic Territories from ranks 20 to 50 exist," Baal spoke, shock evident in his tone.

"Those corpses are..."

"Yes, Demon corpses... All the Demons are dead, permanently dead."

"...."

Victor's blood-red eyes stared at a gigantic creature. Correction, a female Demon with red skin, eyes with black sclera, blood-red irises, large horns, and wings. She was eight feet tall, a giant compared to Victor.

And this giant was kneeling down as tears flowed from her eyes. Her body was thoroughly damaged, and several cuts that didn't seem to want to heal were scattered all over the woman's body.

Victor looked neutrally at the Demon, who was only alive because of her combat prowess, her interesting power, and that she'd quickly surrendered when she saw the monster she was dealing with.

She had long black hair that reached down to her buttocks area, she was wearing something resembling red armor, and next to her was a gigantic axe.

"... A Demon... Crying...?" James never thought he would see this sight in front of him.

"Have mercy, spare my life. I didn't know a High-Level Demon was here!"

None of the men commented on the irony of a Demon mistaking a Vampire for a High-Level Demon because the sight they were seeing seemed to cause that misunderstanding.

"... What's your name?"

"This humble Demon is the 45th Rank Key of Solomon, King Vine. I command 38 legions of Demons... Or commanded...." She looked at the corpses around her,

corpses that were her subordinates, and some children that she had. Yet, even looking at these corpses, no emotion was seen, only disappointment at losing something useful.

'Humble...?' Baal refrained from rolling his eyes. This woman was the most arrogant Demon he knew; even in front of the Highest Level Demons, she didn't control her arrogance, which owed to her prowess. She had the Power to control and create storms.

"Vine... I have a proposition for you."

The female Demon looked up curiously, and what she saw sent chills through her entire body. The man's face had disappeared entirely, and only his eyes and a mouth with a big sharp-toothed smile were visible.

'Is this his True Form...? Just what kind of Being am I dealing with?'

"What proposal...?"

"First, let me isolate this place. We don't want to spoil the surprise, right?" Victor looked up with his red eyes.

"....." James broke out in a cold sweat when he saw Victor looking at him.

Victor's monstrous smile only grew as if he was aware of his 'watchers' fear, and with a snap of his finger, a dome of pure blood began to be created around them.

"He knew about us...?" Niklaus asked.

"That's impossible. I'm a Rank 1 Demon, and my Authority in Hell is second only to my King right now, not to mention other Demon Pillars were also watching the place."

"He must have felt them."

"That is not important!" James practically screamed.

"The trap we spent months preparing for this monster just turned into something that can make him stronger! We need to do something and fast!"

"..." A hush fell over the place, a hush that Baal broke.

"He is in Hell, that place is the territory of Demons, and he is completely alone... He is a strong beast, but he is alone. No one survives alone in Hell; that is why we make legions of Demons."

"The Demonic Realm is 100x the size of Earth, a dimension where the Greatest Evils in existence are, and my King controls all of these Beings."

Baal smiled, "So the solution is simple."

"We'll call in the Deadly Sins and erase Alucard's existence. Each of them has a unique and troublesome ability that even I find difficult to deal with at times."

"... Ohhh! I had forgotten about the Deadly Sins; maybe they can do something."

"..." Niklaus and the creature just stared at the screen with similar thoughts.

'Will that be enough...?'

Niklaus and the creature felt otherwise.

Especially Niklaus, who accepted a small fact.

The fact that Victor's potential was more significant than he had previously anticipated.

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Chapter 651: The Path of Power.

Chapter 651: The Path of Power.

Vine looked at the blood dome curiously; she knew this kind of ability was exclusive. Blood was the Soul's currency, after all, and only Progenitors of a specific Race had this ability and the ability to devour Souls.

Vine opened her eyes wide as she realized something. Several Elemental Powers, an extremely handsome man, the Power of Blood, and the ability to devour Souls.

'Alucard...'

She couldn't be one of the Pillars that were tasked with the new 'conquest' of Diablo, the King of Demons. After all, she was a 'traitor' who was allied with Lilith, but she was definitely aware of the list of dangerous individuals that Diablo himself created. His informants in the highest hierarchy were exceptionally competent, and on that list, this man was at the top of it.

Everyone knew it; all the best-informed Demons in Hell.

'Am I going senile? Was I too blinded by my lust? The evidence was blatantly in front of me.' When Vine had first set her sights on the beautiful 'Demon', she thought about taking him for herself. She had thought he was some variant of Incubus or something since he didn't have wings, a tail, or horns that Incubuses had.

'... I was foolish...' She thought bitterly.

Well, she was a Demon, so committing sins was her essence, and she didn't want to admit that Demons were often 'lost' in their own sin.

In her case, the Sins of Lust and Pride were more predominant.

'But... If he really is Alucard, how is he here...? Did he die? And if he died, who killed him?' Vine could be described as a cunning Demon; everyone who'd reached the Ranks of 72 Pillars was.

Of course, some of these Pillar Demons excelled in the matters of Cunning, and one of those names was Baal, and a Rank 61 Demon named Zagan. That Demon was an unknown variable even to his fellow Pillars.

Vine considered herself one of the most cunning because she always knew how to take advantage of everything and everyone. However, this trait was usually overshadowed by her desires, which she had a handle on most of the time.

...But something about this man made it impossible for her to control her inner desires... He was immensely attractive to her! It was as if a very juicy piece of meat stood before her, and she couldn't control herself.

His look, his smell, his strength, everything about him drew her like a moth to the flame.

Demons weren't Beings one would associate with restraint. They are actually the opposite of that, and because of that, she couldn't resist.

Vine quickly shook her head internally and tried not to think about it right now. She kicked her horny side away and forced her rational side to act.

'... He doesn't look dead to me; he's not like those Evil Spirits about to become Demons at any moment. He's very much alive... But how is he here? And the most important question, how is he still alive?'

'Progenitor or not, he should be dead with so much Miasma around...'

"Vine..." With the same neutral expression, with the same relaxed posture, he declared:

"Serve me forever, body and Soul."

"...Eh?" Any thoughts going through Vine's head were thrown out the window. She was stunned. As a Mortal, and a Progenitor Vampire, she never would have believed he'd associate with her Race. She thought Victor just wanted information or something like that, an attitude similar to the old Progenitor.

"And in return... I will give this to you." Victor raised his hand, and a red wave of Energy formed above his palm:

"Power."

Vine's entire body shuddered visibly. She looked at the red Energy in his hand with greedy, obsessive eyes.

'... Now I understand why I wanted him so much... He has so much Energy inside him; I was drawn to it.'

The only way to grow as a Demon is through Energy Cannibalism. Of course, training was also possible, but it was easier and more beneficial just to kill a stronger Demon and absorb that Demon's Energy into herself.

This was how the Demonic Pillars were born. This was how the strong Demons, considered legends today, were born.

As the Keeper of Roxanne, a World Tree of Negativity, Victor was a full-course meal for Demons due to the ridiculous amounts of Negative Energy that his body constantly absorbed.

If it were before he came to Hell, Victor wouldn't be able to do this; he wouldn't be able to use the Pure Energy of Negativity as he'd just demonstrated. But being in his 'element' and feeding Roxanne with that Energy, such a feat was possible.

He merely needed to draw on Senjutsu Energy as he usually did, and Roxanne would focus on the Negative Aspect of her Energy and voilà.

If he had tried it alone, this would not be easy to do, but with Roxanne's help, it was a straightforward process. After all, the Energy was originally hers.

"This lowly Demon has a question."

"Speak."

"... What is your objective, Alucard?"

Victor didn't show surprise that she knew his name; in his mind, it would be strange if she didn't. Especially considering that he caused a massacre before he ended up in Hell.

"What a silly question..." A sneer appeared on Victor's face:

"What other goal but to conquer?" A predatory smile appeared on Victor's face.

"..." Vine opened her eyes wide.

"I will take this Hell for myself and become its King." He wasn't willing to let this 'comfortable' place belong to someone else. He felt terrific here; Roxanne felt amazing here! Therefore, he would conquer this place for himself and make it his home.

It was common sense.

'This is insanity! Does he even know how many Demons there are here!? The number surpasses 50 billion easily! And most of them are on Diablo's side!'

"Heh, it seems you don't believe I can do this."

Vine winced, "... I-It's not that..." She took a deep breath and explained, "This specific Hell is one of the biggest Hells alongside the Buddhist Hell. One of the reasons for that is this Hell associates with the two biggest Religions of the Mortal World, which have the largest number of believers."

"The number of Demons in this Hell is insane; it's impossible to conquer everything."

What she stated was common sense. It was madness to think that one could control such a vast Hell. No one could completely rule this Hell; not even Lucifer could. Yes, everyone respected him, along with Lilith, but some of the most influential Demons were constantly plotting against the two in the shadows.

That was the nature of Demons. They were Beings of strife. They respected the strong and only the strong, and because of this reason, no Demon King must falter, or his own 'allies' would dethrone them.

"Not even the current King, respected as a Primordial Demon born from All The Evils of Mankind, cannot rule this Hell completely-."

"Just because someone has never achieved it in the past doesn't mean someone won't do it in the future."

"....."

"Common sense and rules don't bind me," Victor spoke in disdain.

"There are no words for limitation or impossibility in my way of life."

"The only thing that stops me from doing what I want is my will."

"If I say this Hell will be conquered, Vine... It's because it will."

"...." Vine opened her eyes even wider, and that's when she understood more of the being in front of her.

He wasn't arrogant for declaring that nonsense. He was merely supremely confident in his ability.

He had confidence in achieving something that no one had ever attained. The Demons were never united under a single banner and will. It was impossible; they were too numerous.

... But maybe...

'A Being capable of making a Demon cry, a Being that broke my pride, a Being that slaughtered all my Demonic Legions and didn't even break a sweat during the feat... Just maybe... Maybe it's possible? '

Vine didn't know if it was because of her attraction to the Power, or the future possibility she thought of, she didn't know for sure, but the words that came out of her mouth were natural:

"I, Rank 45 of the 72 Demonic Pillars," She lowered her head, and her determination was heard in her following words:

"I, King Vine, swear submission and undying loyalty to Victor Alucard."

Those words put an even bigger smile on Victor's face.

"I felt your lust for Power, I felt your conviction, I felt your determination, and I will satisfy you."

Red Energy began to flow toward Vine's body, fueling the female Demon's body.

Her body was covered in that Energy, healing her, improving her, making her... superior.

'This Power is Alucard's Power... ' Her eyes widened, 'It feels so good~.' Then, her eyes shone with a dreamy look.

Soon a pillar of Demonic Energy exploded in front of Victor.

...

A few minutes later, the blood dome disappeared, revealing Vine with apparent differences.

She was smaller; the previously 2.5-meter tall Demon had shrunk to 2 meters tall, and her body, her muscles, everything became more compact.

The bulky and unnecessary muscles disappeared, and her body became wholly defined. Her appearance and beauty had also improved drastically, accompanied by an increase in the area of the buttocks and breasts. The size of her horns, wings, and tail decreased, but these changes in appearance were inferior to what was inside.

Her Energy... had practically quadrupled.

And that fact drove all the Demonic Pillars watching from a distance crazy.

Both those who were at the lowest levels of Hell and those who were at the highest.

This abrupt increase in Power was ridiculous. The only thought everyone had was:

'What did he do!?'

Vine opened her eyes, "That's..." She looked down at her hands with a big smile that made Victor very pleased:

"Power." She clenched both fists tightly.

Feeling several Beings staring at her, Vine narrowed her eyes. Her eyes, with black sclera and red irises that glowed with power, looked up at the sky in irritation.

"Worms, how dare you watch my lord?" She hadn't noticed before because she was so focused on Victor, but now that she was no longer distracted, she could detect the gazes of the other Demonic Pillars.

A gigantic ax with a handle the size of a halberd made entirely of Ice landed in front of Vine. The woman looked at the ax and gripped the handle.

When Vine held the axe's handle, she realized it suited her perfectly; even the weight was ideal.

'This is no ordinary axe...' Vine could feel a ridiculous amount of Energy in the ax in her hands. She was absolutely certain that nothing below her Master's level could damage this axe.

'He did it just with his Power...Incredible...'

A shadow appeared behind Vine, showing off his blood-red eyes and twisted smile glinting with evil. He grabbed the woman's shoulders and whispered in her ear like an evil entity asking the 'innocent' woman to do things most Mortals would tremble in fear at the slightest mention.

"Remember, you serve me and me alone."

"Never bow your head to anyone but me."

"Reserve your pride for me."

"Reserve your lust for me."

"You are mine and nobody else's."

"Hmm~." Vine's body shuddered when she felt Victor's 'gentle' touches on her shoulder and cheeks.

Victor held her cheeks and turned her face towards him, "You are no longer a Demonic Pillar. Abandon that useless Title. You, from today onward, are my General, my sword. If I say to you attack, you will attack; if I say retreat, you will retreat."

Victor's 'affectionate' gestures, the sweet words, and every action were as if he was forcing a mindset shift on Vine, but that was far from the truth. He was simply making the woman in front of him completely his.

"I value obsessive loyalty but despise blind and dumb loyalty."

"You're mine, body and Soul, but that doesn't mean I want a mindless tool that can't think."

"Don't forget, Vine. True strength is not the Power I have given you, but what you devote that Power to."

'What I devote it to...' Vine thought deeply about Victor's words as she lost herself in those dark red eyes that looked like crimson black holes.

"...Now, prove to me that I wasn't wrong in choosing you; prove to me that you can be mine."

"Conquer all Demons from Rank 46 to Rank 60."

"What...?" Vine woke up from her numb state and thought she was hearing things, but the murderous gazes of the Demons spying on her assured her that she wasn't.

"Kill, steal, blackmail, bribe, I don't care how." Victor's smile just grew and grew in a twisted, evil way.

He was more demonic than the Demons themselves.

"I want everyone on their knees before me in less than six months."

"If you managed to complete that task..." Victor's demonic tone changed to a seductive manner, like an Incubus seducing an 'innocent' woman.

Vine shuddered visibly. Her breathing got heavier, her tail wagged, and her wings trembled slightly.

"I will reward you with anything you desire."

"Hmm~." With just his voice, he made the woman reach climax.

A feat that only someone who knew women very well and had the Blessing of Sexuality and Aphrodite's love could pull off.

"Can you do that~?"

Vine's eyes gleamed with lust, determination, and devotion. Her answer to that question was obvious:

"Of course."

"Good."

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Chapter 652: An Opportunity?

Chapter 652: An Opportunity?

Vlad, who was preparing to visit a very Ancient Bloodline of Vampire Nobles in South Africa, was taken aback by Morgana's sudden visit.

"If you're here, it's because something happened. Speak." Vlad was short and to the point.

He didn't want to take too long; whatever happened must have been significant enough for Morgana, a woman who clearly didn't have a high opinion of him, to come here to say something.

"Victor was ambushed along with Eleonor and her squad. Elder God's direct subordinates wanted to kill everyone with a trap, but thanks to Victor's intervention, that didn't happen."

"..." A hush fell over the room.

Of all the news Vlad had been waiting for, this was definitely not one of them.

Controlling the killing intent that rose due to hearing the phrase 'Subordinates of the Elder Gods', Vlad took the most natural action possible:

"Has anyone been harmed severely?" The reason for the question was simple. Vlad knew how dangerous the skills of the natives of this world were. Just as the Adrastella Clan specialized in killing them,

The natives of this world specialized in killing their invaders.

This turf war that started from the moment Vlad set foot on this planet taught both Races many things.

"Nothing happened. My Darling saved everyone at the expense of his safety," Morgana spoke in disdain.

Vlad narrowed his eyes when he heard what Morgana said. Hearing his ex-wife say that in front of him wasn't a very good feeling.

"... I assume you were sent here to keep me on my toes about my visit to South Africa."

"As much as I'd love to see your ass get harmed, I can't jeopardize the safety of my daughters and Family because of my selfish desire."

Knowing full well that the 'Family' she spoke of did not include him, Vlad said:

"Tell me more about what happened." Vlad's priority was to understand what was going on.

Morgana nodded and began to explain from the beginning.

...

Minutes passed, and when Morgana finished explaining the events to Vlad,

The Vampire King had a thoughtful look on his face.

'That description, they are definitely messengers of the Elder Gods, direct subordinates of those bastards. They even brought a servant to channel their 'immortality'... Is Victor being targeted? Why? ...Oh, they're scared of his potential, huh. Having someone with the same level of Power as me in the future is something they don't want. Victor's previous display of Power must have made them rush things...' Vlad deduced.

Vlad knew Victor's casual demonstration of lighting up all of Nightingale with that white fire would not go down well with the natives.

Noble Vampires might be afraid and even respect Victor now as if he were Vlad himself; after all, the Title of Progenitor carried a lot of weight, but that was just in Vampire Society.

The Vampire's enemies would not like to see the Race grow stronger.

Despite feeling conflicted about Victor and having a frenemy-type relationship with him, he understood how important Victor was to society as a whole.

Like it or not, both Progenitors became the point of propaganda for outsiders.

This was one of the reasons that the city built by the Snow Clan was receiving so many refugees. Even with the bad reputation of Vampires with Humans, some Human families linked to Nightingale still chose to fall under the protection of Vampires.

The reason for this was that the Second Progenitor, Victor Alucard, despite his genocidal infamy, was ironically seen as a just man.

After all, news of the genocide he committed only involving people who had a direct or indirect connection to the girl named Ophis Tepes was well spread.

The takeaway from that incident?

Innocents were spared; only the guilty would suffer.

Another reason for this mentality was that everyone knew that if Vlad had gone to Japan, everything would have been wiped out, and a war between Vlad and the Shinto Faction could have ensued.

Victor was the lesser evil in that story.

'But one thing doesn't cease to amaze me. Victor managed to escape a trap of Beings he'd never encountered before... His sense of combat is very sharp.' Vlad decided to give this merit to Victor and Scathach, who taught him so well.

Few could escape from a trap made by these Beings alive.

Morgana looked at Vlad with a neutral gaze. Even after explaining all the events that had transpired, she didn't address Ruby's speculations about who Victor's enemies were.

The reason for this was quite simple. She didn't trust Vlad. She didn't trust that the man before her wouldn't contact these enemies and conspire with them to form a sneaky trap for Victor and his Family.

What better way to eliminate an enemy than to have another common enemy eliminate them for you?

Morgana was once a Demon. She went through twisted schemes like this in the past several times when she was Lilith's general.

Vlad thought and thought, but still, he couldn't understand something.

'...Why Hell?' He couldn't understand that specific point. As someone who had fought directly with the Elder Gods, he knew what kind of powerful Beings existed on the other side of the world, beings that only God-Kings could fight.

If the natives wanted to eliminate Victor and ensure he was ultimately killed, they would not only send their subordinates but an Elder God as well.

If you want a threat eliminated, do it yourself. All the Elder Gods Vlad had encountered in the past lived by that thought.

The trap made no sense to Vlad. He had the feeling that only a specific group wanted to eliminate Victor as quickly as possible, and because of that, they made this sloppy plan.

'Something else is going on... Something involving Victor... And I need to know.' Vlad's eyes glowed blood red a little, and he looked at Morgana, who looked more beautiful than he remembered, not to mention that her Demonic features were more prominent than before.

Vlad narrows his eyes in suspicion: "What happened to you, Morgana?"

"..." The woman displayed a gentle smile and spoke with a voice that could cut through steel:

"That is none of your business."

"....."

"I delivered my message and warned you. If you lose or get your ass kicked in some trap, that's your problem."

Her tone of voice changed to a worried one: "I will go back because my Husband is somewhere in Hell, alone and desperate... He needs my help!"

Vlad just rolled his eyes. Why was she talking like Victor was a helpless child? He was one of the deadliest creatures in the Supernatural World!

"Morgana, have you been out of Hell for so long that you forgot something so simple?"

"... Huh?"

"Time in the Hellish Dimensions and Heaven pass differently."

"...."

"Biblical Hell, in particular, experiences a Time Dilation that changes the deeper you are, all because of the concentration of Miasma."

"...Fuck, I had forgotten about that! I need to warn them quickly!" Morgana ran towards the exit of the office and shouted:

"Natalia!!"

"..." Vlad rolled his eyes. She really hadn't changed that much; she kept missing important details.

'Didn't she realize this is an opportunity for the bastard? He can get even stronger because of this Time Dilation... And even more insane too... After all, Hell is not good for any Being's mentality. The concentrated Miasma will drive any Mortal mad eventually.'

Even if he thought about it, Vlad was sure Victor would be fine; after all, he had that damn World Tree with him. Hell was more his home than the Demons themselves.

A portal appeared where Morgana exited, and soon Alexios emerged from it. The man's expression was severe; even his eyes were open, indicating an urgency.

"My King, they managed to make a countermeasure to my Powers."

"I know; I just got the report of events."

"... This is bad. This way, all your plans will go down the drain."

"That's not true...." Vlad's eyes flashed with a calculating look.

"If they had the means to block your Power completely, they would have already invaded us; they fear your Clan too much."

"Remember that the difference in Power between you and your daughter is like comparing an ant to an elephant."

"The difference is stark."

"..." Alexios' apprehensions started to fade, and slowly he started to close his eyes and returned to his neutral expression.

'He's right; I shouldn't get so nervous.'

"Alexios, can you rescue Victor?" Vlad asked curiously.

"That's impossible at this moment. Hell is completely closed; Diablo has ensured that no one other than himself and his Demons can enter Hell."

"Tsk, the Ruler's Authority, huh."

'I wonder how he managed to bypass the system. What kind of deal did he make with the Judges of The Abyss? It is quite clear that what he is doing now goes against the Balance. He must have done something to ensure my friend does not visit him to throw the Primordial Demon into the Limbo Prison.'

No matter how much Vlad looked for answers, he couldn't find them. Questions involving the Primordial Seven that regulated existence were hard things to find answers for, and the odds of tracking these individuals, who ensured that no traces were left behind, were infinitesimally small.

'Well, if Scathach tries to ask me to use Alexios, I already have the answer prepared.' Vlad thought.

"My King, does this change anything about the trip to South Africa?"

"... Of course not, I'll still go... With more precautions, of course." Vlad added at the end when he saw Alexios' expression change to one of concern.

"I will prepare everything."

"Keep me posted; I'm going to visit a friend. I need answers, answers only he can give me."

"... Shall I open a portal to The Limbo Prison?"

"Yes."

Alexios nodded, and soon a portal appeared in front of Vlad.

"You don't need to look for me; I'll return alone. Meanwhile, prepare everything for our trip..." Vlad looked at the portal with an expressionless look.

"Keep an eye out for Ophis."

Alexios shuddered as he sensed Vlad's murderous intent; he was furious but hid it well.

"I don't want an incident of what happened in Japan to happen again with my daughters. Have I made myself clear?"

"Yes, I will request the Shadows to protect them from shadows should they leave the Second Progenitor's allied protection area."

Vlad nodded and ordered as he walked through the door: "Visit Clan Adrastella. I want more accurate information on what's going on."

"Yes, My King."

The moment Vlad stepped through the portal and the portal closed, Alexios sighed in relief.

"I was wondering why he didn't explode sooner when he discovered this attack from Morgana's mouth... It seems my King has gotten better at controlling his temper...the visits with that Snow Clan lady are helping him a bit... Shall I arrange for her to abandon the Snow Clan name and come here?"

Alexios shook his head and decided that he would not meddle in this. That was not the attitude of a competent servant like himself.

...

"Huh? Why did you forget something this important, Morgana!" Jeanne exploded with rage.

"I forgot! I haven't been back to Hell in years!"

"How could you forget something so basic!?"

"I had more important things to think about than something as insignificant as that!"

"Ugh, you're impossible sometimes! This is no small thing, Morgana!"

"Ahhh! What can I do?! I forgot, alright?! We should focus on what we should do now!"

"..." Jeanne narrowed her eyes in irritation. She was livid. How could someone forget something as crucial as that!? She knew her friend was airheaded about essential details, she always was, but she never thought she would forget matters involving her old home!

Jeanne took a deep breath and calmed her irritation. It was not worth getting angry now.

"Mother Jeanne?"

"...." Jeanne looked at Ophis and Nero, who she was training.

Nero had incredible physical strength and an abnormal proficiency in the Vampire's basic power of shapeshifting. She didn't know if it was because of what happened in her past, but no matter the teachings she was proffering to Nero, the little girl absorbed it all as if she were a sponge.

Not to mention that Nero had a strange Energy inside her. This Energy was very similar to the Natural Energy that the World Trees use, and this energy also significantly strengthened her physical strength and Powers in general.

Jeanne didn't find this strange. At the end of the day, Nero was born a Hybrid, and when Victor turned her into a Noble Vampire, the same thing that happened to Morgana must have occurred in her. Although, this case was a little different; after all, Werewolves were the opposite Race of Vampires.

Nero was using her Vampire Powers to mimic Werewolf Powers. She was basically an imitation of what a Werewolf should be. Jeanne understood that this aspect came naturally to Nero.

The reason for this was that when Victor turned her into a Noble Vampire, her Werewolf side disappeared almost completely, but that 1% that remained in her Soul gave Nero the Energy that only Werewolves had and her basic instincts.

The proof of this was the girl's sense of smell, which was much sharper than a Vampire's, and her almost animalistic sense of danger, characteristics only seen in beings like Werewolves, Kitsunes, and Supernatural Beings that had a connection with an animal.

Ophis was another unique case. The girl, in a nutshell, was a tiny monster. Everything Jeanne taught, she learned in a very short amount of time. Not to mention that she had an extraordinarily unique form of Teleportation with a lot of potential for combat.

Another thing she discovered was that Ophis was much stronger than a normal Noble Vampire Child. Even for a daughter of a Progenitor, she was still irregular in this regard.

Even her regeneration was much stronger than a typical Baby Vampire, something she, unfortunately, came to discover in the worst way.

When Ophis was injured in training, the scent of her blood was intoxicating, and Jeanne felt her Racial urges activated, a reaction that could only happen with someone with a unique blood type.

The blood of the Progenitor.

In a simple way to understand, Ophis had more of Vlad's blood inside her than Vlad's other children, who inherited more things from their mother.

Take Adam, for example. Her son took some of the potential from Vlad's blood and fully inherited her Traits.

Thanks to this merger, he had more advantages than his peers of the same age.

But in the case of Ophis, it was different. She took more things from her father than from her mother, and the combination of the two Bloodlines gave her a strange Power similar to how Haruna used her power.

'Ophis is not a true Progenitor like Victor and Vlad; we'd know instinctively if she were; the signs are pretty obvious when that's the case. But she definitely inherited a great deal of Vlad's Progenitor Bloodline, and that alone puts her on another potential plateau.'

Jeanne was having difficulty training Ophis; the reason for this was due to the peculiarities of her Power. Her Charm was very great, which could Charm even adult men, and she had no control over it.

Another reason was that she couldn't touch people other than those related to the Progenitor's Main Line, like Vlad's children and, currently, all of Victor's Wives who were most closely related to Victor's blood.

After all, if she touched a Being without gloves, all the memories of that Being would be absorbed into Ophis, thus causing a second personality in the girl, something she already knew and wanted to avoid as much as possible.

'This is a problem derived from control too. She has no idea how to control her Power.'

Another oddity that she knew about Ophis was the Power to 'mark' someone. Jeanne didn't know what that Power was, she just knew that Victor had that mark on him, and thanks to that mark, Ophis could teleport next to Victor at any time she wanted.

Something that Victor himself forbade her from doing. After all, it was something dangerous, depending on where he was.

'I don't know if this mark can be used as a tracker or if it has other effects, but one thing I'm sure of... Both girls have a lot of potential.'

"Mother?" Nero called out to her with a bit of embarrassment, something she was getting over as time went on; although it was strange to have 'so many' mothers, she wasn't going to complain about it.

"Sorry, I was just thinking about your training."

"Oh."

"This is not the time for that-."

Jeanne smacked Morgana on the head.

"Ugh, what the fuck Jeanne!?"

"First, calm down. You get agitated easily that it doesn't help at all."

"Second, this could be an opportunity for Victor to get stronger. The longer he stays in Hell, the more he can reach physical maturity and reach the first strength boost that happens when a Vampire reaches 500 years old."

"This Strength Boost will help Victor immensely to balance his body's powers further."

Morgana gritted her teeth, "I know that, Jeanne. I also thought this was an opportunity for Victor, but the problem is... You don't know Hell as I do. It's a horrible place."

"A horrible place for the weak..."

"...." Morgana opened her eyes a little.

"Don't let your bad memories get to you; Victor is not weak. Knowing my Husband, I'm sure he's feeling like a shark back in very familiar waters right now." Jeanne smiled.

A smile Morgana shared, followed by a sigh: "Huh, you're right; I should calm down a bit."

Literally four seconds later, she screamed, "I can't calm down!"

"Sigh..." Jeanne sighed in exasperation.

"Even if he has Roxanne, he's alone in Hell! A hostile place! Ahh~, my little Vic~."

'... Are you a doting mother? He's not even your son!' Jeanne commented inwardly, not expressing her thoughts.

"Ara, the fact that Victor is alone won't last for long."

The two women and two girls looked at a pink light that suddenly appeared, revealed to be Aphrodite.

"Even if Victor were dropped on a strange planet alone, I am 100% sure that in a short time, he would soon be surrounded by allies."

"...."

"Remember, Victor's greatest weapon is not just his strength but his charisma. A charisma that made the Goddess of Love fall in love with him. I guarantee you; he won't be alone for long."

Jeanne flashed a small smile as a thought crossed her mind, an idea she vocalized for all to hear:

"I predict that Diablo will experience a lot of heartache shortly."

"Fufufufu~, indeed, and we should take advantage of it."

"What will we do?"

"Contact the opposite side of the war, the Angels."

"Luckily, our Husband managed to make good relations with the Angels by saving one of the Virtues. Those arrogant pigeons won't chase us away, and if I go with you, this attitude will decrease even more; after all, no one can resist my beauty~."

The blonde and the pink-haired woman flashed a smile that would make both Ruby and Victor proud and start laughing in unison.

"...." Morgana, Nero, and Ophis just watched with emotionless eyes.

"They really get along, huh," Nero spoke.

"Indeed, they are two black bellies just like Ruby."

"Black bellies?" Ophis asked.

"Women who enjoy planning and are sadistic enough to want to see the targets of their planning suffer."

"Mm... Confused," murmured Ophis.

"When you grow up, you will understand."

"Okay..."

"Morgana, will you help us with our training?" Nero asked.

"... Why don't you call me Mother, too?"

"...I don't feel like that's possible..." Nero spoke.

"Why!?"

"I mean, you don't seem like a 'Mother'..."

"What is that supposed to mean!? I have two daughters, you know!?" Morgana burst.

"... Huh, I feel like you're more of a friend than a Mother. You don't have that Mother vibe, you know?"

'Mother vibe? What the fuck is she talking about?' Morgana couldn't understand anything.

Seeing the veins bulging in Morgana's head and knowing her short temper, Nero quickly spoke:

"Don't worry! I also don't call Violet, Maria, and sometimes Natasha Mother either!"

"Why did you only name irresponsible women?"

"..." Nero turned her face and started to whistle. She used her right to remain silent. As Victor's daughter, she had enough political power to exercise that right. After all, this wasn't a democracy, and yes, a dictatorship with Victor at the top!

'Wait, I think it's Monarchy? After all, he's more like a King than a dictator, hmmm...'
Nero thought.

.....

Two lone knights stood atop the high walls of Warfall, the City ruled by the Clan Adrastella.

At the moment, Warfall was experiencing an unprecedented invasion. Something that hadn't happened since the City's founding.

Hundreds of thousands of monsters were swarming in waves. Adrastella Clan's defense systems worked in overdrive while its warriors fought like never before.

Wherever you looked outside the walls, all you would see were monsters of various sizes and species.

Behemoths, Onis, Predators, Wyvern, Minions, and even two damn Alphas were present.

A war was going on.

And casualties were cropping up on both sides.

Although it was obvious that the casualties were more severe for the monsters, what was the cause of these casualties?

Eight women.

Looking further ahead on the battlefield, a section devoid of the regular army soldiers could be seen. This was a 'forbidden' area due to the sheer destruction caused by these eight women.

Leona Elizabeth Lykos, an Alpha of the renowned Clan Lykos, a Clan that had produced several Generals to the Werewolf King in Samar's history.

Demonstrating why her Clan was renowned for creating Generals, she slashed and mutilated all monsters in her vicinity with sharp gauntlets made for close-range combatants. Her physical strength was unreal in her Hybrid Form, evident by how she tossed around a damn 20-meter-tall Behemoth without breaking a sweat.

Leona looked at the other group of monsters, and white energy began to gather in her mouth, and with a voice like a roar, she screamed:

"Die, worms!"

A beam of energy erupted from her mouth and 'evaporated' several Behemoths in the process.

"Leona, don't waste energy on attacks like that! You know they don't die permanently!"

"Tsk, I know." She snarled as her ears twitched, and that strange stench rose again.

"Behind you, Violet!"

Violet covered her body with Fire, raised the bastard sword in her hand, and defended the attack.

Seeing that it was one of those monsters that could turn invisible, she snarled in disdain: "Sneaky bastards!"

Her sword caught fire, and with one swing of her blade, the monster disappeared.

Who was this woman who looked like Leona?

She was Violet Snow, Heiress to the Snow Clan, a Clan of seasoned politicians and diplomats, wielding a Bloodline that struck natural fear in all Vampires Nobles.

"Sasha!"

"I'm on it!"

Rumble, Rumble.

Trails of Lightning arced across the battlefield, and seconds later, slashes appeared on every monster the arc passed through.

This golden-haired woman was Sasha Fulger, Heiress of Clan Fulger, a Clan that mainly dealt with internal affairs and 'food production' that every Nightingale citizen consumed, a Clan that was extremely wealthy due to the nature of its business, a Clan that had the dreaded Fulger Lineage that raised the individual's speed to absurd levels, not counting the Power of Lightning itself.

"Sisters." A redhead spun her spear several times and slammed the butt of it into the ground.

Soon the entire battlefield froze.

"Destroy everything; no monster shall come back alive."

"Yes!"

The redhead was Ruby Scarlett, the blood child of the Strongest Female Vampire, Scathach Scarlett. She was someone who had the most potential to be one of the strongest women of the Vampire Noble Race alongside her mother.

And the women who were behind her were:

Siena Scarlett, the adopted eldest daughter of Scathach. She was a woman renowned for her ability to lead, who boasted incredible power, which was expected of a daughter of Scathach.

Lacus Scarlett, another adopted daughter of Scathach, who, despite her short stature, was considered extremely deadly due to her 'mist' Power which made her a fearsome assassin.

Pepper Scarlett, the youngest adopted daughter of Scathach. She was a woman with the innocent face of an angel... But make no mistake. If you found yourself on the end of her fist... You'd be in for a world of hurt.

None of the daughters of Scathach were considered normal, the proof which being the spectacle that the four of them were causing now.

And last but not least,

Eleonor Adrastella, the Fourth Countess of Vampires, the Leader of Clan Adrastella, and Ruler of Warfall.

"Big targets must not approach the city; this includes Centipedes, Ogres, and Behemoths over 20 meters tall!" Eleonor shouted orders.

"Eleonor, in front of you!" Leona warned away.

"I know..." Eleonor turned away, her face instantly changing to its monster features.

She reached up and grabbed the monster by the neck.

"Disgusting creatures, you will pay for what you did to him!" Green flames burst from her hand, burning the monster's entire body.

A deafening scream screeched out of the monster's mouth, proving the point that her attack dealt significant damage. It seemed even an 'immortal' monster could scream like a bitch.

When the monster turned to green ash, she ordered:

"Everyone jump in the air now!"

Wasting no time, all seven women jumped into the air and began to float.

Eleonor clapped her hands together:

"A Thousand Hands Of Creation."

Quake, Quake, Quake.

The whole earth around began to shake as if an earthquake were occurring, and the next moment,

Thousands of hands made of stone, earth, and all matter contained in the ground, began to rise toward the sky. The hands caught the monsters breaking out of formation and threw them back. They smashed several monsters and pushed them further away from her territory.

Alone, Eleonor managed to fend off hundreds of thousands of monsters.

This was why Clan Adrastella was the Ruler of Warfall and Nightingale's first defense. Only they could handle such a job.

"That Power is ridiculous." Leona can't help but comment.

"Yes, but it's very exhausting..." Violet spoke as she looked at Eleanor, who was evidently more breathless than before.

"What are you waiting for? Kill those bastards!" She ordered with audible hatred seething in her tone.

A hatred that was shared by all the women present.

The eyes of all the women present glowed blood red, and soon they jumped towards the monsters.

These eight women were causing literal chaos on the battlefield.

That fact wasn't all that surprising given the origins of the women. They each had more potent Bloodlines than today's run-of-the-mill Vampires could offer.

But... What was this hate? What was with their angry expressions? What was this massacre?

What the fuck was wrong with these women!?

"... Just what pissed those girls off...?" A knight asked.

"Don't ask me; they didn't say anything to me."

"Aren't you responsible for the Walls?"

"I am still a subordinate. The Valkyries and Sir Walter, the steward of Clan Adrastella, lead the army..."

"BASTARDS! Don't run away from me! Let me see your faces in pain!"

"..." The two knights looked at Violet Snow and her firepower, causing a literal hurricane of Fire.

"Hahahahaha~"

Anger, madness, and hatred were seen in her eyes. She was clearly taking out her frustrations on the 'poor' monsters.

"... Is it wrong for me to feel sorry for monsters?"

"..." The Leader of the Walls remained silent at his friend's question because he was also feeling the same.

"Just what in the name of all the dick-up-the-ass Gods out there could have made them so pissed off! Even the Valkyries are not in a normal mood." He grumbled as he looked at the Valkyries ordering the surrounding troops.

Even Rose, who was observing the battlefield not too far away from him, was in a very bad mood, and she was a woman who was usually very calm.

"..." That was an answer the Wall Leader wanted to know as well.

"Commander Rose, monsters were coming from the west too!" Dorothy, who was taking the role of scout, reported.

Before Rose could say anything, she heard:

"I'll take care of it; focus the Valkyries elsewhere."

Soon someone ran past her, jumped towards the west wall, and began floating in the air.

"ORDER!"

"..." The two knights looked up towards the voice that shouted and saw a woman of oriental origins. She was wearing full leather armor with an Odachi on her back. The woman was floating in the air, with eight talismans glowing in different colors in front of her.

"Susano, it's time! Today is the day! The day of the promised war has arrived! Take my faith, and in return, aid me to kill an army of corruption!"

Rumble, Rumble, Rumble.

Storm clouds started to be created, and torrential rain fell from the skies. Everything was very unnatural because only that area was raining.

Several bolts of lightning thundered in the clouds, and they started to fall toward the enemies, electrocuting all the monsters present. Then the tiny drops of water falling from the sky began to grow exponentially.

And soon, those water droplets grew to a sphere of water two meters in diameter, and all that water was flooding the entire battlefield at an alarming rate.

"Wrath of The Heavens!" By the time the woman finished the incantation,

The water that had scattered across the entire battlefield began to gather and formed eight 20-meter-tall giants with samurai armor from ancient times, and each of the giants carried different weapons. One of them was even carrying a rifle, a damn rifle!

The woman drew her Odachi from its sheath behind her and pointed the blade forward.

"Assemble."

ROAAAAAAR!!!!

With deceptively fast speed, a giant wielding two katanas jumped into the middle of the monsters and started slashing them all.

Then the giant carrying the rifle aimed at a 20-meter-tall Behemoth and pulled the trigger, sending out a concentrated beam of water that flew towards the Behemoth, obliterating it from existence.

Another giant with a bladed spear jumped behind the group of monsters and started fighting a giant centipede.

"Holy Jesus Christ, what the fuck!? That human is insane!"

"... The monsters aren't coming back..." The Leader of The Wall spoke.

"... Huh?" His companion looked at the dead monsters and realized that it was true.

"H-How?"

"If monsters just die with a certain type of property, it's pretty easy to apply those properties to spells."

The two men felt a chill run down their spines and quickly jumped back while grabbing the sword in their sheaths. They looked back and saw a strangely transparent old man.

Ignoring the state of the two men, he pointed to the woman's blade in the air: "Look at the Odachi's blade."

Rose, who was nearby, looked where the old man was pointing and saw that the blade was covered in several talismans.

"This is a blade that Lady Eleanor lent to Mizuki. She's using the Odachi as a catalyst to charge her spells. Think of the Odachi as a Wizard's wand, not a weapon, and voila, you've got the desired result."

"...I see. As she's using the Odachi as a catalyst, her power naturally flows through the blade and carries the blade's characteristic to all of her spells."

"Correct." Abe-No-Seimei laughed with the fan open before him; he couldn't help but look at Mizuki.

'Even at my peak, I could only maintain this Magic for a minute; meanwhile, my disciple can maintain it for more than half an hour... That incident with Victor's blood helped her immensely. She can reach new heights as a human, and that couldn't make me prouder,' he thought.

"Is that the power of an Onmyo mage? Holy fuck, no wonder Alucard likes her so much." Dorothy spoke.

'Well, Victor doesn't like her because he knows about these Powers. He likes her for who she is...' Abe-No-Seimei thought, but he didn't refute Dorothy, but he still said something:

"Mizuki is special even among Onmyo mages, that kind of Power is not normal for us."

'I knew of only one man who could do something similar: Ashiya Dōman.'

...

Across the battlefield, the two Alphas looked down at this chaos on top of a Wyvern.

"Do you understand now, Ken? That's the power of invaders."

"... They are killing all our weapons like it's no big deal... Especially those women. They are very dangerous." Ken spoke in disbelief.

"The intelligence of our Gods identified them as Scions of the most important Clans of the Race of invaders."

"And the one who summoned those humanoid monsters, she is a 'Human', a weak Race native to their original planet."

"... For a weak Race, she has a lot of power..."

"She is an anomaly," Kal replied.

"It's not uncommon for weaker Races to ask stronger Races for support. Beings like our Gods exist on their planet too."

"Impossible, our-."

"Do not be blinded by prejudice and fanaticism."

"...." Ken closed his mouth at his older brother's harsh reprimand.

"I understand you clearly, Ken. I had the same thoughts in the past, and I will repeat what our father said to me."

"Our Gods are powerful, but they are not omnipotent. Faced with an enemy with the same kind of support that our Gods give us, it is understandable that the invaders have so much power."

"...."

"This is a lesson for you to keep an open mind for strange events and know how to deal with them appropriately. Only then can we drive these aliens out and reclaim our planet."

"It is for this reason that our Gods commanded the Village Leaders to learn their language, culture, and history."

"The more we know about our enemies, the less our family members will have to die in this war because we will be prepared for them."

"Know yourself and your enemy. That way, the chance of losing a battle will drop significantly."

"Information is important; never forget that when you inherit my position one day."

"...." Ken bit his lip when he heard that. He knew that the day he inherited his brother's position was the day his brother would die.

"You understand?"

"Yes, Brother," Ken replied with a shaky but determined look.

.....

Chapter 654: Submission or death?

Chapter 654: Submission or death?

Capital of the 44th Demon Rank pillar, Shax.

A 10-meter-tall demon with a face of a horse, the eyes of an owl, two hind legs of a horse, the wings of an owl, and the torso of a muscular man with four arms was staring at the edge of his territory in utter terror.

There, a man with long black hair and violet eyes stood, wearing full black armor, carrying a Katana with a blade too large to be called a Katana in his left hand.

With every step he took towards the city, Shax's terror increased. It was like a goddamn horror movie.

The man wasn't doing anything. He was just walking towards the city with a casual smile as if he were on vacation.

"My Lord, H-He is here." A lesser Demon spoke.

"You think I'm fucking blind!? I know he's here!" The Demon roared.

"What did the Demon King say!? He must already know about the invader."

"His messenger relayed that he asked the Sin of Pride to come to our aid, but he would take a long time because he is currently in the Hell of the Egyptian Pantheon taking care of some matters."

"Fuck, we don't have time! Where are the other elites? The Horsemen? Or the other Deadly Sins!?"

"...I can't say."

"Tsk, I bet Sloth isn't doing anything like usual! She didn't even contribute to the war! She might as well help! Her Power would be useful in stopping this monster!"

"...." The Lesser Demon chose to remain silent; he didn't want to receive Shax's wrath.

Suddenly a tremendous pressure fell upon the entire capital.

And that pressure made all the Demons' fur and hair stand on end and caused them all to turn to face the man instantly.

And everyone could see that he was already in front of the gate.

"He's already here-."

"Demons, I only have two things to say. Only two things to say." Victor held up his two fingers and made the number two sign with his hand, his voice echoing throughout the territory.

The Demons looked at his gauntleted fingers that mimicked sharp claws.

Victor's sadistic smile grew:

"Kneel in submission, or die."

"You have five seconds."

"Five."

"Four."

When the countdown started, the entire territory panicked.

Demons started running around, and yelling at each other, trying to come to a decision.

Those were the most hot-blooded demons who couldn't decide for themselves.

Those wiser Demons quickly knelt on the ground in submission.

"Three."

When the count reached three, Shax awoke from his stupor and commanded:

"Prepare for battle-." He tried to order, but Victor's oppressive voice sounded again.

"Two."

At this number, more than 60% of Shax's territory was on its knees.

Even the subordinate Shax was previously talking to.

Demons were cunning; they needed that to survive, and as they say, people talk. It was the same for Demons, especially regarding an incident with a 'neighboring' territory. The news that all the legions of Vine had died echoed across the Demon World.

This spread of information was because of Victor's effect and because of the Pillar Demons themselves, who commented on it. Those comments passed to their trusted servants, and from the trusted servants passed to another servant, and so on.

Soon everyone knew that there was an invader in the Demon World.

Demons were gossiping creatures and not very trustworthy.

"One."

"Bastard!" Shax could only scream in frustration.

"Zero." Victor pulled Junketsu from its sheath and disappeared, leaving behind a trail of Lightning.

From the perspective of those kneeling Demons, they merely saw streaks of Lightning flashing across Shax's territory. Three seconds later, Victor was back in his prior position with Junketsu sheathed again.

And the next moment, blood spatter exploded all over the territory.

That sight made all the Demons nearly piss themselves in sheer terror.

'What did he do!?'

Was the question on everyone's mind.

Shax's servant just looked at his former Master, who had turned to minced meat on the ground, and his heart was consumed with fear.

'... Is it that easy...? Is it that easy to kill a Demon Pillar like that? Those same Pillars that are considered the strongest by all Demons?' He felt his worldview shatter seeing his former Master's death.

But that death also lit a flame of ambition in him.

'I need to get stronger.'

All Demons, male or female, who saw this sight shared the same burning desire.

"Arise."

Victor's order spread throughout the territory again, an order that no one dared to refuse.

"Follow me." Victor turned and started walking again.

"!!!" The Demons awoke from their stupor and quickly ran toward Victor. Some flew, some jumped, but without exception, everyone was walking behind Victor.

"From now on, you are my legion of Demons, and you obey only me."

"Yes!"

And that was how Victor gained 60,000 Demons under his command, a number that promised to grow as he traversed through this world.

And it was also this incident that placed Victor among one of the fastest Beings in the world. He'd managed to kill over 40 thousand Demons and a Demonic Duke in 3 seconds, exhibiting a speed the likes of which were only ever displayed by Messenger Gods like Hermes.

And Mortals like Annasthashia Fulger, The Leader of Clan Fulger,

Dubbed the fastest woman alive.

On that day, the masses bestowed a new Title upon Victor:

The Fastest Man Alive, a direct competitor to Annasthastia Fulger.

Some expected that at some point in the future, there would be a duel between the two to decide who was the fastest Being alive. They believed it would be an interesting fight.

Little did they know that Annasthastia Fulger and Victor Alucard were having a different kind of 'fight' in bed every night, one that he always won.

Therefore, such a future where the two fought seriously against each other was highly unlikely because, unlike Scathach, Natashia just wanted to love and be loved by Victor. She didn't feel the need to compete to decide who was stronger or, in this case, faster.

...

"... That recording was from 15 days ago in the Demon World."

"..." Diablo looked at Baal with a neutral gaze, but it was clear to Baal that his King was irritated if his glittering eyes were any indication of his mood.

Baal could understand Diablo's irritation. Dealing with matters in the Demon World while in the Mortal World was problematic because Time passed differently. Consequently, there were problems in communication. The same could be said for contacting Diablo's 'Elites', the Deadly Sins, who were currently spread across other Hells and Pantheons.

"How much have his Legions grown?"

"I don't know about his Legions; he doesn't seem to care. He's just moving from territory to territory of Demonic Pillars and repeating what he's been doing."

"Of the Ranks 40 to 44 of the Demonic Pillars, only number 42, Vepar, sided with Alucard. The rest were all killed, and a percentage of their remaining Demonic forces taken."

"The latest number of Demons under Alucard's command is around 500,000, with the margin of error being substantial due to the difference in Time. Therefore, this number could be much higher than expected."

"..." Literal veins began appearing on Diablo's head, bulging out exaggeratedly.

"We cannot forget Vine, the former 45th Rank Pillar. She is currently engaging Ranks 46 to 60."

"Although we don't have information about her yet, she doesn't seem to have made any progress on Alucard's order."

"... How can you not know anything about her? She's just an insignificant Pillar. It shouldn't be a problem for you."

"True, but... I can't find her."

"...Elaborate."

"No matter how of Hell I scour, I can't place her. It's like she's been hidden from my senses; this has been occurring ever since her 'evolution'."

Of the Rank 1's Authorities, knowing the location of all the Pillars was a privilege of the 'King' of the Pillars. Because of this ability, Baal learned of Sitri's invasion of his domain in the past.

An ability only Diablo and Baal know the existence of.

A hush fell over the place. The Demon King was obviously thinking about his next course of action.

'It was for a situation like this that I closed off Hell. I couldn't risk my influence diminished by foreign Beings.' Diablo was aware of the plan of Niklaus, James, and Fanir concerning Alucard.

But he didn't say anything about it because even he had underestimated Victor's ability. He didn't expect a Mortal being capable of surviving the Miasma of Hell.

'All my Elites from rank 1 to 20 are currently in the Mortal World, the Deadly Sins are scattered around doing their quests, and the Horsemen are...' Diablo's eyes gleamed.

"Baal."

"Yes, My King?"

"How long will it take Pride to return to Hell and sort this out?"

"... 2 days in the Mortal World, 30 to 60 days in the Demon World, depending on Alucard's current location."

"...."

"That's too long; I'm sending War and Death."

"My King... is that wise? The war with the Angels could break out at any moment, and we will need them for when the time comes."

"Not to mention that Alucard isn't exactly weak... He's gotten a lot stronger since the time he'd come to rescue the Heirs of the Factions."

A feat that Baal was shocked at. How could a person become so strong all of a sudden? How was that fair? How many people took years to get stronger, and yet Alucard achieved such growth in a short amount of time?!

And it wasn't an ordinary power boost.

Before, he couldn't fight with Agares, but with his previous display of speed and the fight with Vine,

Baal was sure that the man would no longer flee from Agares as before.

"Because of that, I am sending Death and War."

"Both brothers can handle this snag."

"... My King, out of all due respect, I beg you to send all four Horsemen."

"... Oh?"

"Alucard, as you yourself described him, is a 'Hero'. He grows stronger with each adversity he encounters. Sending War and Death alone will be difficult for Alucard to fight, but I'm 90% sure he will be able to defeat them or even run away if things go awry."

"The speed he can currently achieve is extremely troublesome to deal with."

"A combination of Famine and Death will be essential to sealing his speed,"

"While War and Pestilence will be the vanguard that keeps him busy."

"War is an extremely lethal warrior, Alucard will not be able to ignore him and look out for others, and as we know, the brothers work very well together."

"With this formation, it is guaranteed that Alucard will die or, at the very least, be extremely harmed."

"But there is a problem with this option."

"If a possible battle between the Angles occurs, My King will be without his best warriors, and our allies are busy with their respective Mythologies. The only one around to help is King Yama, but as he himself said, he is on 'vacation'. Therefore, you will likely need to sacrifice something for him to help you."

That was a possibility that Diablo thought as well when he'd heard what Baal said.

"...With the four brothers, what do you predict the outcome to be?"

"I would say it's a 30% chance of losing."

"For the brothers?"

"Wrong, My King. For Alucard."

"..." Diablo opened his Demonic eyes a little.

"Do you hold him in such high regard?"

"My King, name one Being that has managed to jump from the level of a Newborn Vampire to being able to fight against Elder Vampires and even completely decimate Demon Dukes like it was the easiest thing in the world in a timeframe of just five years."

"..."

"We all underestimate Alucard's potential. I've never seen a Vampire with such a wide array of Powers and such dedication to getting stronger. His thought process is abnormal. He never seems to be satisfied with his current strength. What those with a common mindset would be satisfied with, Alucard never is. He continuously strives to get even stronger."

"It's like he has a goal to get stronger constantly, and he's pushing his limits every chance he gets."

That was Baal's psychological assessment of Victor. The Rank 1 Demon couldn't understand why Alucard was so focused on getting stronger. It was not like he was at war or had lost someone important and was out for revenge.

The motivation behind Victor's obsession with getting stronger was a very foreign concept to Baal now.

"I repeat your words from before. Alucard is a 'Hero'. He will get stronger the more difficulties he goes through, and Hell... Is a place full of 'difficulties'."

"We need to deal with him now, or this thorn will cease being a small problem and will eventually transition into a much bigger one."

"..." Diablo was silent for a few seconds, until he spoke.

"Very well. Send the four brothers and contact Rank 61, Zagan. I want him to help too. He is currently in Hell, correct?"

"..." Baal's face distorted for a few seconds when he heard Zagan's name, but soon returned to normal. The reason for this was that even Baal didn't like to interact with that troublesome Demon. He was a Joker in all situations.

"Yes, he's there."

"Good."

"I want this quest complete and Alucard dead. In the meantime, I'll take care of the glorified pigeons."

"... Has our spy infiltrated them yet?"

"He didn't make it. The Inquisition has gotten pretty strict, but... One of my informants found out what Gabriel's next mission was."

"And that is...?"

"An opportunity. One I intend to exploit."

"Go do your job."

"Yes, My King."

When Baal left, Diablo felt a gaze on his body. He turned his face and saw Lilith staring at him with lifeless eyes, but he could clearly feel the hatred contained in that dull gaze.

'...Troublesome woman. You should just give up and become my puppet.' Diablo thought in disdain.

The will of the Mother of Demons was strong. She was resisting what had been done to her whenever she could.

'Tsk, if she were a complete puppet, I could have sent Lilith to deal with Alucard. No matter Alucard's strength, he still can't handle someone of God-King level like Lilith.'

"Asmodeus, are the preparations ready?"

A darkened spirit appeared in front of Diablo and spoke in a distorted voice containing several voices within:

"Yes, My King. I'm currently in the lab. The research results involving our 'guest's' gift are available for you to claim at your leisure."

"I will go now."

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Chapter 655: Masters of the Past.

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The Queen of The Amazons, Meya Neyku.

It was a peaceful day today; the weather was clear, and her people were laughing and happy.

Sitting on her golden throne, the woman, 190cm tall, wearing a white dress with gold accents, looked at this sight with her emerald green eyes with pride.

Her long black hair, styled in braids, fluttered in the wind showing off. Women looked at the sight of the Queen with passionate eyes and in awe.

So beautiful was the Queen of The Amazons.

Meya nodded in satisfaction. Her people were happy; her mother would be proud to know that she was performing her role as Queen so well.

Until suddenly, bangs began to be heard throughout the city.

In the face of such a rumble, it was as if a small-scale earthquake was happening. Everything began to shake and fall. Dishes broke, as well as glasses.

"What is this-." Before Meya could ask something, she heard:

"My Queen..."

She turned her face and saw the disheveled and exhausted appearance of her servant:

"Demons... Demons are invading!"

"What-"

BOOOOOOOOOOOM.

An explosion was heard in the distance, causing everyone to focus on the noise.

And soon, they saw it, a 10-meter-tall Demon with red skin, four arms, and a body tainted by the putrid Miasma of the deepest Hell.

Faced with such a sight, the Queen of The Amazons, Meya, responded simply.

"Amazons! Prepare for battle!"

Following that statement, what happened was a spectacle of carnage. Her people died; some sacrificed themselves against the High-Level Demons, some died fighting, and some even died pointlessly.

And even though many proud Amazons fought to defend their home, their sacrifice was futile.

The reason?

The Demons kept coming, and that 10-meter-tall Demon with four arms was still standing there looking at all the Amazons' 'futile' efforts in obvious disdain.

It was apparent that the Demons' goal was not the annihilation of the Amazons because if it were, they would have already done that. Only she, the Queen of The Amazons, could fight against the High-Level Demon, and that was only because she was Blessed by all the Goddesses that made this hidden place.

Blessings that made her much stronger than an ordinary Mortal.

Despite the Blessings of Aphrodite no longer residing in her body, thus stripping her of her flawless beauty and the ability to sense emotions in others derived from the Blessing of Love,

She still had the Blessings of the other Goddesses, and with that Power, along with the Artifacts made by Hephaestus, it would be enough to kill the Demon she was facing.

Convinced that this was what was happening and fearing that more of her people would die in this war of attrition, she set out on her own using all the Artifacts Hephaestus had created that only the Queen's Bloodline could use, and the result...?

... She was wrong... Very wrong.

"So foolish, Queen of The Amazons. Just as our lord foresaw, the current generation is not used to war; you have grown soft."

"Have you not, Daughter of a rape?" The Demon displayed a shit-eating grin as he looked at Meya, who was lying on the ground, bleeding, and defeated.

Everything was a trap, a trap for her.

"Do not call me like that! I'm the Queen Meya Neyku-."

"The woman who was born from rape. A weak human was captured by the Queen when it came time to conceive an offspring, and he was used until a girl was born, and was then discarded along with all the male children of the woman who raped him once he had served his purpose."

"...." Meya gritted her teeth in pain and glared at the Demon.

"Oya? It seems like you already knew you were the daughter of some trash~." The Demon was really enjoying this.

"I think that knowledge comes with the family; tell me, when will the time come?"

"...."

"When will it be time for you, Meya, a woman from a family of rapists, to do the same as your mother did in the past?"

"Shut up!"

"Ironic. Women, who were once saved from being victims of men, ended up becoming the aggressors and doing the same."

"The proud Queen of the Amazons~ is nothing more than the fruit of a rather 'dignified' relationship indeed."

"The irony of this situation is delicious, hahahaha~."

"Shut up!!" Meya roared in rage, and with great willpower, she grabbed her sword and leapt toward the Demon.

But just as expected, she was brutally defeated.

"Don't get me wrong."

"Cough." She spat blood onto the ground as she glared at the Demon with her emerald eyes.

"I don't particularly care what your people do or that you are hypocrites. For me, teasing you is just secondary, part of the entertainment."

A Lesser Demon approached Meya and put his hand on her armor.

"Fool, touching my armor will make you vanish-." Meya opened her eyes wide when she saw the Demon tearing her armor and leaving her in only her underwear.

"Impossible..."

"So foolish, Meya... The Artifacts you are so proud of are just toys for Hephaestus. He purposely made something for Mortals to use, and unlike a Divine Artifact, this armor lacks durability."

"Exposed to a Miasma as dense as mine, you unknowingly weakened the properties of your proud Artifacts."

The Lesser Demon approached the four-armed Demon, giving him Meya's armor, her sword, and her shield.

"... But there is a secret in this Artifact that only the First Queen of The Amazons knew, a secret that she wanted not to be passed on to the next generation." Then, taking the small object in his massive hands, the Demon's four red eyes flashed, and a beam of red energy shot out of them toward the armor.

'Tsk, he made a Bloodline rune. Clever, but easy to change, I just have to add my Soul Essence, and the rune will recognize me, not this useless woman.'

"This armor, despite being weak, is unique. Hephaestus is the God of Forges. His pride would not allow him to do something half-assed or bad. And that's what he did in this armor."

"He created something unique."

"An armor capable of absorbing and transforming Energy according to the user's will."

A red glow so blinding that it seemed to blind everyone around temporarily was seen, and seconds later, everyone saw the same armor wholly repaired and completely black with red Runes and Miasma oozing from the edges.

"..." Meya opened her eyes wide.

"An armor specially made for The First Queen, a woman the Goddess directly blessed. By receiving so many Blessings, she became something similar to a Demigoddess."

"A Mortal Artifact with the characteristics of a Divine Artifact, something only the Forge God could make." The armor started to grow in size; the Miasma began to grow to a level that if Maya didn't have the Blessings of The Sacred Fire of Hestia, she would have already died.

"Perfect~." The Demon smiled in satisfaction when he saw the armor and the giant sword floating in the air.

"... Y-You... From the beginning, you wanted it."

"Yeah, I wanted your armor, sword, and shield. Or rather, I wanted Callisto's armor set, a Masterpiece created by a God for a Mortal, an armor capable of changing with the Energy used. It will be useful to me."

"... Even the name... How much do you know about our Race?"

"I know enough. I have no interest in your little Race of rapists. Even the term 'Human' is better than you guys; I'm glad you don't see yourself as Human because that's not what you are."

"Don't get me wrong, what you do is splendid! We have an entirely separate Hell for men and women who commit these acts. Normally, these Demons are insignificant and weak, but you and your entire Bloodline would be good commanders of that specific Hell, something My King would be very pleased with." Disdain was practically a familiar voice for the Demon now. Obviously, he was disgusted with the woman and all her people.

"My Lord, My Lord."

"Hmm?" The Greater Demon looked at his servant.

"Can I taste it?"

"..." The Greater Demon looked at Meya, who shuddered at his gaze and unconsciously covered her body; even though her whole body was full of wounds, her beauty was still there.

"A horde of hungry Demons will rape the daughter born of a rapist... How ironic."

"Why not? Go ahead; my work here is done."

The Greater Demon's response filled Meya's heart with despair.

"Hehehehe~." The Lesser Demons looked at her with obvious lust.

"N-No, please don't do this to me!"

"..." The Greater Demon raised his hand enough for the Lesser Demons to stop.

The Greater Demon looked at the woman with disbelieving eyes.

"Whoaa, shouldn't you be a Proud Queen? Why are you crying?"

"I've only been the Queen for a short time! And I don't deserve to be deflowered like this!"

"... I am a Demon. We are creatures of sin. Yet even I am not that hypocritical." He rolled his eyes in disdain and exasperation.

"Please don't do this to me! Just kill me!"

"This is an ironic response. Isn't this the same thing your people have been doing culturally for hundreds of years? Why do you fear the same act? Is this act not sacred to you?"

'... this is not something sacred; this is just something to propagate our kind,' she thought in shame but didn't speak out loud because she knew she would suffer retaliation from the Demon.

As a Young Queen, she attempted to change the 'hunting' days of the Amazons, the days when women would go out into the Mortal World in search of men, most often fishermen, to use to propagate their Race.

For her, this was a very barbaric attitude, but the culture was so ingrained that she could do nothing, not to mention that the older Amazons were very much in favor of this act itself.

Also, despite not liking this act and seeing it as barbaric, she was still indifferent to it. She didn't care about Beings other than her people, a mentality that her mother, the previous Queen, instilled in her.

The current Queen's loyalty to her people was undying, just as the people's loyalty to the Queen was.

"...Oh, I understand. You are the ones, right? The Beings who like to do all kinds of evil to other Beings but never thought that something like this could happen to you... Seriously, all your people would make good Demons of Hypocrisy."

"It is not true? Scathach Scarlett?" The moment he spoke, three women appeared with a flash of Lightning.

"Ironic, a Demon talking about doing evil to others."

"Hey, we live in a brutal society. We know that what we do to other Beings, one day, can be done to us too. Most demons are hypocritical, selfish, lustful, and thirsty for power, but... Aren't all Races like that?"

"Look at the Humans and Gods, particularly the Olympians and the Norse. They are the perfect example." He pointed at Meya on the ground, "Look at her Race; she is a perfect example."

"A Demon with a conscience, that's new." A white-haired woman spoke.

"Agnes Snow, most High-Level Demons like me have conscience and principles, you know?" His smile grew

"As does Lilith's former General, who is in that little Girl Band. Or wait, should I say Progenitor's Harem?"

The three women narrowed their eyes for only one reason. He didn't mention Lilith's 'Race', or even stating something that sounded like Vlad's servant or even Vlad's Wife.

He mentioned a 'group', and even quoted Progenitor's Harem as if he knew something else, something that should have been secret.

"Fufufu~, you guys should cover your tracks more; Scathach Scarlett herself, a woman not interested in many things, visiting the Leader of the Youkai, new Faction."

"Annasthashia Fulger herself, the Fastest Living Mortal currently roaming England, a place we know has a The Land of The Faeries there."

"Not to mention the Fulgers are said to be descended from a Great Spirit of Lightning."

"...Interesting, you seem to know a lot about everyone and everything," Natasha spoke.

"I like to read. Books tell the history of the world. They are a source of wisdom; even if I'm not as old as you are, I like to brag that I know many things."

"..." Scathach opened her eyes wide when she heard the Demon's sentence, and soon her gaze changed; she wasn't looking at someone 'unknown' anymore.

'Impossible... It's impossible for you to be him; he wouldn't fall to become a Demon.'

"A Demon who likes to read... Okay, that's the biggest oddity I've ever seen in my life." Agnes rolled her eyes.

"Hey, don't discriminate against Demons so much. Some Demons just want to sleep; look at the Sin of Sloth; she is a perfect example."

"It's impossible to do that when most of you are like that." Agnes pointed to the Lesser Demon, who was looking at them lustfully.

"Fair enough. Well, I'm not an extremist Race advocate, so fuck it." He snorted.

"..." The grip on Scathach's Spear grew even stronger when she heard the frivolous conversation; now, that particular thought couldn't get out of her head anymore.

"That earlier sentence about books... That irritating frivolity... Don't tell me. Is that you, Merlin?"

"...Aya...?" The Demon smiled widely, a satisfied smile, and he looked at Scathach as if he had seen an old friend:

"I thought you wouldn't recognize me, Scathach Scarlett... After all, I've changed quite a bit..."

.....

"Hestia... This is..." Nike stared in horror at the sight in front of her, corpses of Demons and women on the ground.

"A genocide," Hestia replied.

"Just how many Amazons died?"

"I don't know... The last time I contacted the Amazons, their number was around 50 thousand, and that was years ago." Hestia replied.

"Even with the Gods' support, they could not rule over 200,000. It would simply take too much logistics and food, something that this small community would be unable to nurture." Nike rationalized.

"..." Hestia nodded when she heard Nike's analytical voice.

This place, the refuge of the Amazons, was created by the Goddesses. In total, this place was the size of an average city with the capacity to support between 60 and 80 thousand inhabitants, a knowledge that the Queen herself had. Hence, she prevented the population from growing beyond its bearing capacity.

The Amazons were a special group; they had superhuman physical conditioning and could live up to 200 years. When they reached their full maturity, they would age slowly to maintain peak physical condition. They were a warrior Race, and that Race lost this way.

"A High-Level Demon was behind this. It doesn't make sense if it were anything else; if it were an ordinary Demon or even hordes of ordinary Demons, the Amazons wouldn't suffer so many casualties..."

"Hestia, it's not that... Look." Nike pointed to the corpses of Demons.

"They are Low-Level Demons."

"... Huh? Are you sure?"

"Yes, I am."

"...Then why did they lose so many members like that?"

"A large-scale war is not decided by who is stronger, and many factors interfere with the winner of a war. A group of villagers can beat a group of armed soldiers if they know what to do and have a competent leader." As the Goddess of Victory, Nike was quite knowledgeable about the causes of 'Victory'; because of that, she understood how the Amazons could lose so many members.

"You mean..." Hestia opened her eyes wide.

"Yes, the leader of the Demons is quite competent."

"..." Hestia was silent, and a worried expression was visible on the beautiful face of the Goddess.

"Anyway, let's not waste time here. Scathach and the other two women can handle whoever the Demon is; let's help as many as possible." Nike said.

"Yes."

...

Not far away, hidden by a veil of 'Night', was a group of Goddesses.

Nyx, Hera, Artemis, and Athena.

"Nyx, why aren't you letting us out?! Why are we standing here!? I have to kill these motherfuckers! Look what they did!" Artemis screamed.

The Goddesses had arrived here by the time Meya Neyku, the Queen of the current Amazons, had been defeated, and they immediately went to help, but Nyx stopped them.

Nyx looked neutrally at Artemis and spoke in a voice that sent shivers down Artemis's spine:

"Do not speak to me in that tone, Artemis. Or I guarantee I will teach you the meaning of the word 'respect' that your rotten brain seems to have forgotten."

"..." Artemis just gulped and fell silent.

"No matter what you do with Artemis-"

"Oyy!" Artemis yelled.

Athena ignored her and continued: "But she's right about one thing, why are we standing here? What made you make that decision?"

Seeing that Hera also shared Artemis's thoughts, Nyx sighed:

"... Haha, I forgot that you don't see the world the way I do."

"Close your eyes."

"... Why?"

"Just obey me."

"..." The three Goddesses looked at each other and nodded; they were already here. What else could happen to them? They thought and took a leap of faith.

The moment the three Goddesses closed their eyes, Nyx pointed her palm at the Goddesses, and Energy dark as night flew towards them, soon they heard Nyx's voice.

"You can open your eyes now."

The moment the Goddesses opened their eyes, their eyes changed to the same shade as Nyx's.

"That's..." Athena opened her eyes wide.

"How I see the world."

Before the Goddesses, instead of a destroyed city with several bodies on the ground, there was a city covered with white Beings with holes for eyes wandering around.

These Beings closely resembled the dead Amazons on the ground.

Another thing they saw was other completely dark Beings flying towards a deep space of darkness and entering that space in the sky.

"The dark Beings are the Demons that died and are returning to Hell."

"The white Beings are the Souls of the dead Amazons who still wander without life."

"The oppressive and dark atmosphere is the negative feelings of everyone present here."

"... Do you see this all the time?" Hera asked in disbelief.

"Yes, this is my Authority. After all, nothing can be hidden from me; if I want to know something, I will know. I am The Mother of Concealment for a reason... But unfortunately, I cannot interact with this 'part' of the world. Only specific Beings can, Beings like my son Thanatos, the Rulers of Hell, and a Mortal species called the Progenitor of Vampires."

"But that is not why I stopped you from advancing, that is." Nyx pointed to a location.

The Goddesses followed the Nyx's gaze and saw something that made their eyes widen.

"... W-What is that?" Athena stammered in disbelief.

"It's pretty obvious. That's hundreds of thousands of Magic Circles, and each of those Magic Circles has other smaller Magic Circles with structures that support the larger Magic Circle." Nyx explained.

"This is a variation of Strategic Magic used by the Queen of Witches, Evie Moriarty."

"I'm not talking about that! I obviously know what that is!" Athena lost her composure.

"I'm talking about this 'Evil', this 'Miasma'. Why were these Magic Circles leaking this Cursed Energy!?"

The concentration of Energy held in those thousands of Magic Circles made Athena feel like she was in Hell at the lowest levels possible; it was insane.

"Don't ask me something I don't know. I was trying to figure out what it was, but all my Divinity tells me is that it is a variation of Magic."

"Magic shouldn't be this evil... Magic is a more neutral and passive energy, not raging and destructive like Miasma." Hera explained with obvious shock in her voice.

"That's right, which is why I think it was created by the Demon that invaded this place."

"I-Impossible! A Demon shouldn't be able to use Magic!" Artemis spoke.

"That is what the Gods said when they realized that a group of humans were using a 'special energy' in the past and doing similar feats to the Gods."

"...." Artemis fell silent.

"Times change and talented people are born, capable of changing how we see the world. You've seen it many times."

"So something that was 'impossible' in the past can be done in the future if someone talented enough comes along." Nyx's eyes gleamed like the starry night, and she looked out over a scene.

The scene of three female Vampires looking at a giant Demon.

'... Oh? Merlin, this is unexpected. I thought he had died in his Mortal life.' With just a glance, the Mother of Concealment had immediately identified the individual.

Her gaze shifted to the Vampires, specifically the blonde and white-haired ones.

'... It seems their interaction with the Progenitor made their Souls more refined, huh... That's interesting, is this caused by the World Tree? Looks like I have to keep an eye on him even more.'

'It's a shame that whore Aphrodite withdrew my Blessing. If he had my Blessing, I could watch him from anywhere, anytime, regardless of the dimensions.'

Nyx clicked her tongue in internal annoyance, and with a snap of her finger, she withdrew the 'vision' she gave the Goddesses.

"Do you understand now? That Demon hid a Strategic-Class Spell all over this dimension. So if you directly interfere with him, I'm afraid he won't mind using that Spell and putting this place on lockdown."

"..." The Goddesses nodded their heads.

"But we can't just sit here!"

"That, I agree with you, therefore." Nyx gestured with her hand, and soon the Goddesses found themselves flying towards the ground.

"B-Bastarrrrrrd," Artemis screamed as she flew towards the ground.

"Help the people who have received your Blessings." She spoke with a gentle wave of farewell, completely ignoring Artemis's cries.

'Now, let's see what's happening with the Demon and the Vampires.' She flashed a small smile and disappeared from where she was.

...

Nyx appeared in front of the group, still hidden in her veil.

"...Oya...?" The Demon smiled widely, a satisfied smile, and he looked at Scathach as if he had seen an old friend:

"I thought you wouldn't recognize me, Scathach Scarlett... After all, I've changed quite a bit..."

The grip on Scathach's Spear grew even tighter, and her wary gaze rose by several levels:

"...Now, I understand why you were teaching this girl a 'lesson'. Even after turning this way, you still deeply hate the act that her people commit as a culture, huh."

"Those who enjoy this heinous act, whether they be men or women, must be burned in Hell forever." He spoke in disdain.

"And yet, you allowed that Lesser Demon to exploit her," Scathach spoke with sharp eyes.

"That's the fun, Scathach. The sinner must experience the sin committed on the victim." The Demon's smile grew.

"Spoken like a true Demon." Scathach flashed a smirk.

"You see, Scathach, when I became this, I made a point of assuming the position of commander of Hell responsible for sinners who commit these kinds of acts."

"Normally, I would just sweep this filth off the land." He spoke with disgust as he looked at Meya as if her very existence was one big pile of garbage.

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"Normally, I would just sweep this filth off the land." He spoke with disgust as he looked at Meya as if her very existence was one big pile of garbage.

"But I needed to stick to the plan, and now that you are here along with the other Goddesses, it will be impossible to kill her... Haah." He sighed.

"...Yama must be pleased with your efforts."

"Indeed, the former Yama would be, but the current one is just a sadistic brat. Well, he's still useful."

Scathach's eyes only grew sharper.

'Why is he giving out so much deliberate information?' With every word Merlin spoke to Scathach, the woman perceived one or two hidden meanings.

'Ugh, it's always like this. He hasn't changed at all; in fact, he's gotten even worse.' She grunted in inner annoyance. She didn't like dealing with Merlin. She never did because nothing with him was simple, it was all too complicated.

She didn't doubt at all that his becoming a Demon was something he planned himself. Such a thing wouldn't be impossible; he was a rare specimen, the only male Human in history who could use Magic.

The same Magic that the Witch Queen used today, a Magic that was 'supposed' to be exclusive to women, a fact that all Witches have hidden over time.

'I would have completely forgotten about it if I didn't hear his annoying voice.'

"Hmm...? Well, it looks like other Goddesses came along, ugh. I can feel my body shaking with agony from feeling their Divine Power; this weakness is annoying. Though, thanks to this armor, I won't have to worry about that in the future."

'Again, throwing deliberate information, what's the scheme this time, old bastard?'

"Wait-."

"Don't," Scathach warned Agnes.

"... Are you letting him go?" Agnes asked in disbelief.

"Don't be silly. I'm keeping you from walking into a trap."

"If he is who I think he is, nothing with that bastard is simple."

"Look how confident he is. He's standing in front of Natasha, someone with a speed he can't react to, as if it's nothing, just a minor annoyance."

"He knows of the existence of the Goddesses, and one Goddess in particular who has his weakness, and he's still composed."

"If he's the old man I know, I can tell you he only acts like that when everything is going according to his plan."

'It was irritating when he always did that when it came to Arthur.' Scathach thought.

"Heh, it's an honor to be spoken of with such caution by the Strongest Female Vampire."

"Tsk, I didn't want to remember how annoying it is to deal with you."

"Mah, Mah, don't be like that, it may not look like it, but I respect Arthur's sword teacher a lot, you know? Only you made that man grow a pair and fulfill his destiny."

"Something I could never have done..."

'Haah... This is exhausting.' Scathach mentally sighed but didn't let it show on her face.

'Merlin would never admit his faults in public. He only did this once to me, and that act was to demonstrate that he was the real thing, ugh... Just what happened for him to become a Demon and a Demon from a completely different Mythology?'

"Oh, Scathach, do an old acquaintance a favor."

"What?"

"Kill that filth. Just looking at her and the history of these people, I feel bad memories coming back."

"..." A solemn look appeared on Scathach's face:

'Even after he became a Demon, he still remembers her, huh...!' The thought that Merlin, of all people, falling to become a Demon was something planned by the man himself was reinforced again.

"That's impossible... She's still useful."

"Well, I knew you would say that. Not to mention that if I know someone capable of changing a culture's ingrained thinking through force, that someone is you. You have always been very convincing."

"... Just go away, Merlin."

"And remove these damn Magic Traps." Scathach slammed her Spear on the ground. Her Spear was glowing with strange runes, and the moment the butt hit the ground, a Magic Circle appeared and was destroyed.

"How can you use Magic as a Demon?"

"Demon Magic is very useful, you know?" The Demon laughed as several red Magic Circles appeared on the ground. Each of them looked very different from 'normal Human Magic'.

"Demon Magic..." Scathach glared at him, confused.

"I coined the term. Even though I can't use my old Energy, I can do something similar with the Miasma of Hell and the Demonic Energy in my body."

"Don't tell me... You did it again, you old bastard." Scathach looked at him in disbelief.

"Hehehe~, that's not such a difficult thing to do. Energy is Energy; whether it's good or bad, it all depends on the user's Will. However, every Energy has an implicit rule. Without knowing these rules, you can't progress."

Merlin looked at the Magic Circle he had created, "The unspoken rule of this Demonic Energy lacks the subtlety I was used to, but... Beggars can't be choosers."

"..." Natasha and Agnes just looked at the Demon as if it had grown a second, or even third, head.

'Demon Magic? Huh? What the fuck is he talking about.' The two thought.

"Ugh, it's good to know your genius wasn't killed by turning into a Demon."

If before she had doubts that this Demon was Merlin, now she was absolutely sure that it was that old man. Only that accursed old man would be a genius capable of creating a new branch of Magic.

'But that doesn't explain the knowledge he has of our group. How is that possible? Ruby and I are pretty sure we're hiding things... Though he might deduce something from my weird attitude, the way he said it was like he was absolutely sure of what he was saying...' The gears in Scathach's head were working full throttle now; she wanted to understand what was going on.

She, just like Victor, was very overprotective of her people, and she wouldn't let this matter go so lightly.

"Genius? Nah, I'm a hardworking genius, Scathach." He laughed, and soon a dark portal appeared behind him.

'Hardworking genius, my delicious ass. Even someone very hardworking couldn't do what you did.' After all, he wasn't just a 'genius' but an absolute monster in his field of expertise.

"I'll see you in the future. Oh, a little warning, if I see any of these free Amazons out there, I'll be sure to kill them as brutally as possible."

"See-"

"Merlin."

"..." The Demon stopped talking and looked at Scathach:

"Tell me, how did you find out about us?" She didn't know what to think, so she decided to ask the Demon, hoping their past friendship might be worth something.

The four-eyed, four-armed Demon just had a neutral smile. The thought of not telling crossed his mind, but he withdrew that thought. Scathach knowing or not knowing did not interfere with his future plans, so he replied:

"On behalf of our ancient friendship, I will tell you." He held his hand up, showing four fingers.

"There are four Beings and groups that, no matter what you try to do, you can never fully hide things from."

"First, Nyx, the Primordial Goddess of the Night of the Greek Pantheon and the Mother of 'Concealment'. Nothing can be hidden from her, only if a Being of the same rank or greater than her protects her group from her interest."

"Tsk, this little piece of shit! Don't give spoilers! Why are you putting my name in the game!? I should just show up afterward!" Nyx screamed angrily, and even though she was screaming right in front of the group, no one could hear her if she didn't want them to.

Merlin continued to speak, utterly unaware that he had managed to anger the Primordial Goddess of the Night.

"Second, the Primordial Entities that maintain Balance, but they are not interested in the matters of ordinary Beings unless necessary. Their only concern is keeping everything running, so you can relax with those."

"Third, Mortal Beings and Divinities who can see the Threads of The Future."

"...."

"The third group, in particular, doesn't know anything 'detailed' about you. They only know about 'events' that may or may not happen, since the future is not determined yet, and your present choices that shape the future."

"But unlike the first and second, the third group just has information about what might happen, so you don't have to worry about them."

"After all, those who can see the future multiple times are only Gods related to Fate. Weaker Mortals cannot see the future often, or it will cause them too much harm. After all, it is something that should not be observed because It hasn't been built yet."

"Now the problem starts; the fourth group is the most active and dangerous."

"They are a group formed with many common goals."

"They call themselves 'New Dawn', and they have various Races to their name, be they Werewolves, Noble Vampires, Vampire-Human Hybrids, Hybrids of Werewolves and Vampires, Demons and Hellish Creatures."

"Their scope of influence reaches everywhere and everyone. They may not know too much detail about you, but definitely, they are aware of your movements. Fighting in a dueling arena with the current Leader of the Youkai Faction is not something that can be kept hidden from other Supernatural Beings with more than one specific group like that."

"... Well, that wasn't a very well-thought-out move," Agnes spoke.

"Indeed. About that group, recently... A new Race has been added to this increasingly dangerous alliance."

"The Elder Gods, strange Beings who are not well understood by us but have techniques that can spy on people and deal with most situations."

"They completely complement each other, don't they?" Merlin snorted.

Scathach, Natasha, and Agnes grimaced in discomfort when they heard what the Demon said.

They remembered the tiny 'monsters' the Alphas used to spy on them.

'That's impossible. Victor would know if that insect was spying on us... Are they using something else?' Scathach couldn't figure it out, but one thing she was sure of:

'I will further strengthen the defenses against spies.'

"Not to mention that your Progenitor is not well known for acting in the shadows. Despite being a Being of The Night, he looks like a sun that catches everyone's attention."

'... Well, he's not wrong. Victor isn't very subtle about these things.' Natasha thought.

"Scathach Scarlett, what did you teach Arthur in his first combat lesson?"

With Merlin's question, Scathach's dormant memory was reactivated, and she spoke:

"He who knows himself and his enemy can fight many battles and will never lose. A lesson to never underestimate your opponent...." Scathach opened her eyes wide.

'The trap set for Victor, the Messengers of the Elder Gods being more active, the Races that are allies in this new organization, the enemies that Victor didn't kill in the past because they lived in hiding...' The pieces started to fit in Scathach's head.

'Ruby was right. Something was moving in the dark.'

"The grudge of 3000 years will one day have to end, and on that day, believe me when I say that your enemies will be more prepared than you. Unlike you, who fight each other, they are united."

Merlin turned around and continued speaking, "Scathach, the line of good and evil, black and white, right and wrong, the thing we call duality will be tested once again. What the Kings of Hell plan is not a simple war, but a complete change of how things are."

"I'll see you around, Scathach Scarlett, the woman I respect most and will continue to respect."

.....

Pillar City of the 39th Rank, Malphas, a city composed of over 500,000 Demons.

A Lesser Demon stormed through the majestic door of Malphas's Palace and knelt on the ground.

"My Lord! He's arrived!"

"Alucard is here, bringing with him a horde of over a hundred Legions of Demons!"

"...I know. I can feel him even though he's so far away; he's not trying to hide."

"What should we do...?" The Lesser Demon asked the Pillar Demon, who was 7 meters tall and had long Demonic wings, a tail, and horns.

"What a silly question." The Pillar opened their eyes, and arrogance and wisdom were seen in their expression.

"We will fight."

... Maybe, he was not so wise...

"Generals!"

"Yes, My Lord, we are ready."

"How are the preparations going?"

"Perfect, even though Alucard has so many Demons, we've fought worse battles in the past-."

"Demons."

An overwhelming pressure fell throughout the city, and everyone felt Alucard's presence.

Unconsciously, everyone turned toward his direction and saw Alucard standing on top of a mountain of Ice. Next to him was a Female Demon with blue skin, prominent horns, and a long sharp tail; she was 180CM tall, with a slim body that was not too big or too small and perfectly proportioned.

Her eyes glowed an Icy Blue, giving off an ominous feeling because of her black sclera.

"... The rumor is true... Vepar has allied with the invader..." One of the two Generals commented in shock.

"You have five seconds. Those who wish to surrender, leave the city and join my army."

The moment his voice carried across the territory, in the next second, thousands of Demons were seen flying into the sky toward Alucard.

"Five." The countdown began, spurring the Demons to use all their strength to escape the territory.

Some were jumping over the houses, while others ran in the streets.

Some were kidnapping female Demons and running around with them on their backs.

In less than three seconds, all that was left were just Malphas' Legions of Demons.

"...." Malphas and his Generals looked at the spectacle with eyes wide in shock.

"Zero."

Victor's eyes began to flash with Lightning.

RUMBLE, RUMBLE.

The noise of Lightning was heard throughout the territory.

"Vepar, hold Junketsu. Don't touch the hilt, or bad things will happen to you."

"Y-Yes, My Lord." Vepar stuttered a bit as she took Junketsu from Victor.

Victor looked up at the sky, and with an impulse, he vanished and appeared above the city.

A literal storm of golden Lightning began to form in the sky.

"H-Hold on!"

"Hold the fuck on!"

"I need to get out of here too!" The two Generals spoke at the same time.

"I don't want to die with that fool!" The Generals used all their strength and flew toward the sky to get out of the territory as soon as possible.

"..." Malphas just stared at this sight in shock. Were these his most trusted Generals?

Victor's appearance slowly began to change. Lightning covered his armor, his ears became sharper, his eyes glowed a more prominent red, and two gigantic bat wings erupted from his back in the sky, looking like an Angel had come to Hell for judgment.

"!!!" Malphas finally awoke from his stupor:

"Wait! Alucard, Wait!"

That Power was dangerous! Even he wouldn't make it out alive in the face of that Power.

"It is too late." Victor's voice echoed throughout the city.

"I am a man of my word; I only speak once. If I told you to leave, you were to leave the moment I ordered it. You made your choice."

"Live with the consequences of your choice." His sadistic smile was visible for all to see; he was evidently enjoying this.

Victor pointed his finger at Malphas and said, "Kirin."

In the next moment, some of the clouds charged with golden Lightning began to glow, and soon a bestial roar reverberated across the land.

ROOOOOAR!

A Demonic looking beast burst from the clouds and headed toward the ground. The beast didn't look like any known animal but rather an amalgamation of several of them, and the image was simply... Demonic.

"FUCK THIS!" Miasma began to gather in Malphas' body, and the Pillar Demon began to 'grow' in size.

Soon a 20-meter-tall Demon formed of pure Miasma appeared, and this Demon punched the face of the beast that Victor summoned, making the beast vanish into streaks of electricity.

"Do not underestimate me, Alucard! Even before you were born, I was already fighting. You are nothing!" He roared with rage.

"Good, very good...." Victor clapped his hands, "Now." Victor's smile became even more Demonic.

"What are you going to do about these?" He remarked while looking at the clouds.

"... Huh?"

ROOOOOOAR!

Roars of various beasts sounded out, creating a symphony of madness that struck fear in all Demons, even those following Victor.

Malphas looked up to the clouds and saw several giant red eyes.

"...Fuck... is this really allowed? Why is someone of your caliber attacking a lowly Demon like me!?"

Victor didn't answer, saying, "Become dog food, Malphas." And when he finished talking...

Several beasts similar to the previous one emerged from the clouds, racing toward the city at a startling speed.

"Damn you, Alucard!"

BOOOOOOOOM!

...

The 42nd Rank Pillar, Vepar.

That was what she was called for most of her existence.

The reason for this? It was very difficult to rise in the Demon Ranks, and this event only happened once every few hundred years.

Vepar, as the 42nd Rank Demon, understood very well that breaking into the Top 20 Pillars was such a distant and impossible dream. After all, the Top 20 Demons had been around much longer than her; they were the True Ancient Demons.

But... All that is in the past now, a story she would remember in the future.

Vepar glanced at the man with long black hair and violet eyes. He was wearing full armor, and a weapon resembling a Katana with a very long blade was in his hands.

Victor Alucard.

The Second Progenitor of Vampires, a famous rising star in the Supernatural World, a monster that shattered all common sense, an absolute genius who rose very quickly through the hierarchy of the Supernatural World.

Unlike her peers of the same Rank who only cared about Demons and Hell's affairs, she kept her eyes peeled on the outside world. Even if the news was several days or weeks late, she still kept alert. After all, she'd only managed to survive this long thanks to that caution.

The first time she'd heard about this man, she didn't pay it much attention. After all, the world was full of 'geniuses', but... She learned more about his 'accomplishments' with each bit of news regarding him.

She realized how abnormal he was.

Because of this, the moment she learned that he was in Hell and that he wanted to 'conquer' Hell, she quickly surrendered.

And she did this for two reasons.

The first reason was that she'd seen his one-sided battle with 45th Rank Demon Pillar, Vine, and how this man wiped out her Demon hordes so easily.

Even if she were stronger than Vine and had more Demons under her command, the difference between the 45th and 42nd Rank was almost irrelevant for someone like him.

The second reason...-

'Fuck, he's so hot.'

Vepar shook her head and put those thoughts out of her mind.

The second reason was demonstrated in the previous fight. He was strong, stupidly strong, and as someone who has had opportunities to see the Top 10 Demonic Pillars in action, she could deduce that only the Top 5 could 'fight' Alucard.

And beyond the Pillar Ranks, maybe just the Seven Deadly Sins and the Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

Each of these Beings was a force to be reckoned with in Hell.

But...

'I don't see him losing.' Vepar thought.

No matter the situation or circumstance, she couldn't see Victor losing.

Vepar decided to bet, and she bet on Victor, a risky bet because he was going against all of Hell.

If she won the bet, it would change her life forever and leave her as someone high profile in a new society. If she got it wrong... Well, she would disappear.

Again, the image of the previous fight popped into her head and of the 'huge crater' that was a city.

'Yes, I made the correct decision.' She nodded in satisfaction.

She had never seen someone capable of using so much Energy and moving forward as if nothing had happened.

Not to mention there was another secret reason why she was following Victor.

Her lust for Power...

She'd seen how Vine had changed and how the woman had gotten stronger.

'I want that. I want to become stronger...!' She would do everything to become someone trusted by Victor. After all, you couldn't command hundreds of thousands of Demons with just one General.

As he walked before his Demons, Victor flashed a slight smile that no one saw.

[Looks like everything is going according to your plan, Darling.]

[Oh? Roxanne, did you digest all the 'food'?]

[Umu! I did! This place is much more alive now thanks to the nutrients, and consequently, the Souls in your collection already number in the millions.]

[Meh, it's not like I can do much now other than see their memories.]

[Don't judge Souls so much, they will be instrumental in the future, and even now, these Souls are nurturing your existence. They are definitely not useless, and... Walking through Hell as if it were your backyard because of the memories obtained from these Demons is useful, isn't it?] Alter spoke.

[Well, I'm not complaining, just a little frustrated that the Technique didn't work.]

[Give it time, you will soon be able to complete the Technique.]

[Soon? What you are talking about is hundreds of years, isn't it?]

[Indeed.]

Victor rolled his eyes.

[Fufufu, that time might be closer than before, after all, we're in Hell, aren't we?] Alter Victor smiled.

A smile Victor shared.

[That's why we're going to the deepest levels of Hell. The further we go down-] Alter spoke.

[The more significant the Time Difference.] Victor completed.

That was one of the reasons Victor was on a 'walk'. He was enjoying the moment and letting time pass.

The longer he stayed here, the older he got, and the more his Racial boundaries were loosened.

During this whole 'walk' through Hell, he occupied his time with fighting, talking to the Demons, and feeling the feelings of the Demons towards him.

All this was in an effort to not think about his Wives; after all, from the perspective of Victor, more than 1 month had passed.

[If only Kaguya and the girls were here...]

Roxanne spent most of her time working on Victor's body and herself due to the exorbitant amount of nutrients, and she rarely spoke now since her work was very delicate and needed all her attention.

Alter was a boring guy to talk to, and there were times when he didn't want to talk to men, even if that man was himself.

Yes, he was missing the girls.

[Do not falter.] Alter spoke in a serious tone.

[Do not look back.]

[Keep walking.]

[You chose our path. You must not regret it. This is not our way. We need to get stronger, and the opportunity has presented itself; seize this opportunity.]

[Grab it with both hands and keep walking. We have no time for regrets, as the path to becoming stronger is full of difficulties and sacrifices.]

[And your sacrifice is the least of all other Beings.]

[You know it's not a 'simple sacrifice'.]

[I know. For someone with your personality, being far from your love and obsession is like taking part of your heart away.]

[...But it is at these times that your resolve is tested.]

[Do you want to get stronger or not?]

[What a silly question... Of course, I do.]

His hold on Junketsu's grip tightened, and Victor's eyes became more focused.

[Good. You got your eyes back. Now, look, another target has appeared.]

Victor smiled widely when he saw the city in the distance.

"Vepar."

"Y-Yes?" The woman was taken aback by Victor's sudden voice.

"I have a task for you." Victor glanced at Vepar.

The woman swallowed hard when she saw Victor's face and expression.

"Conquer that city. I don't care about the means. I don't care if the Pillar Demon dies."

"Take as many volunteers as you like, and complete the task."

"If you are successful,"

"You will become mine and be reborn just like Vine."

"If you fail..." His smile grew, "Well, failure isn't an option, is it?"

Vepar opened her eyes wide.

'An opportunity has presented itself!' She didn't mind the 'you will be mine' part at all – In fact, that part was the most attractive to her.

BUT! That was not the point. The point was that she would get Power!

"As you wish, My Lord." She touched her hand to her chest and bowed slightly, unable to hide her excited smile.

"You have three days." Victor walked toward a hill, and a Throne of Ice began to be created there. The moment he touched the Throne, he turned and looked at the thousands of Demons.

"You heard me, my Legions of Demons." His voice echoed throughout the gathering.

"I will not force you to fight for me, but I will not have incompetent and useless people in my army. Each one will have a role."

"If you are confident in your strength, you will be a soldier."

"If you don't have the strength, you will go to logistics."

Some Demons sighed in relief when they heard that. Most of them were Lesser Demons who didn't have much strength, although even some of the Demons who were already a little strong were happy about it. They didn't wish to enter as soldiers because they didn't have that much strength. A prominent 'trait' of Demons was that they developed over time, gaining their attributes as they aged, something like a Succubus with the Power of 'Dreams', a basic ability of the Succubus Race.

"In an army, these two pillars are essential, and neither can function without the other."

"I don't value Lineage. I don't care if you are the Son of some Demon Pillar. I value merit and strength."

"...Now, choose."

"Who will invade this city along with Vepar?"

"..." Silence fell over the surroundings for a few seconds until several clearly High-Level Demons stepped forward.

Soon, over 20,000 Demons raised their hands.

"Looks like you have your army, Vepar." Victor displayed a small smile and then sat down on the Ice Throne.

Vepar looked in shock at this sight; the reason for this? It was pretty simple.

'I thought it would be much less... After all, this is an army of several Demons from different cities, but...' She looked at Victor.

'He has great charisma, a natural Leader...'

Vepar was more confident now of her great future. The man in front of her was exceptional!

.....

Gremory Territory.

A tall woman holding a battle ax made of Ice looked down at the city from a hill.

"... Is this the state that Gremory let his city fall to?" Vine spoke in disdain when she saw this sight.

The old city, which used to be the most beautiful despite not being the richest, had been reduced to the ruins of a slum.

"There is no glory to my Master in conquering the weak." Vine swung the battle axe, which slammed into the ground, her vision stretching across the entire territory and falling onto a nearly crumbling palace.

For a moment, Vine saw a flash of red light and felt a mighty Demonic power.

'Oh...? What is this?' Her interest was piqued by something inside the palace.

"Lady Vine, shall we invade?"

"...." Vine stopped watching the city and looked back, and soon she saw whole hordes of Demons. Just like her Master, she'd progressed a lot in her conquest.

At first, she thought it would be difficult, but she'd underestimated how much stronger she had gotten. With the strength of a 45th Rank Pillar Demon and the strength boost Victor granted her, she could easily handle most of the Higher Ranks.

Her armies were nothing compared to her Power to control storms, and she still had this weapon... The Ice Axe was made from her Master's own Energy, a deadly item that, no matter how much she swung around, the Ice itself would never take a scratch.

Vine didn't know how many days had passed; she just knew that her conquest was almost over.

All Pillar Demons from ranks 46 to 55 were all dead, and their strength was taken from them. [At least those that hadn't survived her invasion.]

Previously, during her first invasion, she'd used 'cowardly' means of gaining victory. But, after learning about her strength, she attacked head-on in her successive conquests just like her Master had against her, something she preferred as she was never much for subtleties on the battlefield.

She currently had over 200,000 Demons under her command, most of whom were weak. After all, unlike her Master, she didn't have tremendous 'Charisma' nor overwhelming 'force' to lean on.

Therefore, she had to go the old-fashioned way, defeat everyone and everything, and those who lost would pledge allegiance to her Master.

Now, after several months, she was in front of Gremory's territory.

"We will not attack. Wait for me here; I will talk to Gremory. With the current state of affairs, he should offer no resistance."

"Yes, Lady Vine."

Vine tensed her legs, and with a burst, she jumped towards the city.

...

'Too easy.' Vine thought as she entered the Demon Pillar's chambers with no effort.

'I had heard rumors and news about it, but to think that Gremory had fallen that much, Sitri's blow must have affected him a lot.'

"Who are you?"

"..." Vine stopped walking, looked back, and saw a female Demon. She had long reddish-black hair, two horns, two wings, and a tail. She had pale skin, crimson red eyes, and black eyeliner; if any Mortal saw her, they would find the woman very beautiful.

'I didn't notice her... A succubus?' Vine raised an eyebrow when he saw the Demon's otherworldly beauty.

'Those dead eyes... She's seen a lot of shit, huh.' Vine knew those eyes very well.

"My name is Vine."

"The 45th Rank Pillar? What are you doing here?" The girl asked with a confused voice but with the same dead expression.

"I came here to have Gremory swear allegiance to my Lord."

"We already serve under the same King, don't we?" she asked, confused.

"Diablo is not my Lord," Vine spoke with a disdain that took the girl by surprise, not that the surprise showed on her face.

"My Lord is far more incredible than him~. He was the one who did this to me, and he even gave me a present. Look!" Vine spoke with a dreamy look as she pointed to the axe.

"..." The girl looked at the axe and found herself surprised again.

'So much Demonic Energy... And this fanaticism.'

"Who is your Lord?"

"You do not know?"

"Noooo...?"

"Don't you keep up with the news? I thought all of Hell knew that already."

"Look around. Do you think I have time to listen to rumors?"

"Make sense..." Vine said as she looked at the decrepit palace.

"And if you're looking for Lord Gremory, he's not here."

"Oh...? Did he leave his territory in this state?"

"You do not understand."

"... Huh?"

"When I say he's not here, that means he's not in Hell or anywhere."

"... He..."

"Died? Yes, he died."

"Well, shit." The possibility that the girl was lying to her was very high, but Vine didn't detect any lies or traces of deceit that she would typically pick up on. This entire time the girl was honest.

Did she hide things? Yes, she did; that was obvious. But she never lied.

"May I ask how he died?"

"I don't know. I recently learned of it from an Emissary of The Demon King."

'If the Demon King sent an Emissary, then it's true that he has died permanently.'

"Did Diablo kill him? Did Sitri kill him? Did some random Demon whore kill him? Who knows? I don't know."

Even with her apathetic tone, the tone of disdain was evident in the woman's voice.

"... Who are you, girl?" Vine narrowed her eyes and realized she wasn't talking to an ordinary servant. After all, an ordinary servant wouldn't speak to an Emissary of The Demon King.

"Helena Gremory, heir to this shithole you call a town."

"..." Vine opened her eyes a little.

'Gremory had a daughter? With a succubus? I thought he would never get over his ex-Wife's death...'

"Now that you know, what are you going to do? Kill me? Use me as a breeding machine because I have the 'Gremory' Bloodline?"

'This girl says some morbid things with a neutral expression...' Vine thought.

Vine looked at Helena for a long time, thinking about several things.

'It's obvious that she has been through trauma; her dead eyes prove it. She doesn't seem like a naive girl either, and she revealed her Heritage with complete certainty that I meant no harm to her. She's smart... And usually, people who have gone through hardship, when they gain something for themselves, cling to it with undying loyalty... A loyalty my Lord will love.' Plans began to form in Vine's head until she grew a big Demonic smile.

"Have you heard of Victor Alucard?"

...

Vine, marching towards the territory of the 60th Rank, looked to the side and saw Helena in full armor, a new addition to the army.

After explaining who she was and who she served, Helena readily accepted joining Vine. Even the Demons from her territory joined Helena, allowing Vine to conquer another city easily.

'She's a diamond in the rough.' That was Vine's only thought regarding Helena. The woman was a strategic genius and an expert in the Magic of Succubus' 'Dreams', not to mention that the Gremory Bloodline was strong in the girl.

'The ability to increase and decrease mass at will.' At first, it might seem pointless, but the previous Gremory proved how wrong they were.

Do you want gold? Okay, just give me a piece of gold, and by increasing the mass of the coin, you now have a few hundred pounds of permanent gold.

The Gremory were quite wealthy because of it.

Was it useless for combat? Of course, now! Take any stone and throw it at someone while applying significantly more mass, and that stone becomes a damn meteor.

The Gremory were deadly in combat because of it, and anything in their hands could become a weapon.

Vine didn't know the rules for applying this Power, there was a limitation on its use, something the ancient Gremory made quite apparent to all Pillar Demons, but one thing was certain,

'The Power of Dreams and bulking up combined perfectly.' If Helena could reach the state that Lilith's Former General, The Reaper, and Lilith herself had achieved...

The Power of turning a Dream into reality for a few minutes, that ability would be deadly in Helena's hands.

'Master will be pleased with me~' Vine had the excitement of a child waiting for rewards from their Father.

"Lady Vine, the 60th Rank City is ahead."

Vine awoke from anticipating future events that would happen to her [she was absolutely sure that her hopeful future would come to pass] And looked at Helena:

"I already said, don't call me Lady Vine. With your talent, you will probably be my equal in the future."

"Until that day happens, I will continue to call you Lady Vine." She spoke in the same neutral, emotionless tone.

'Ugh. That's her problem; she's very 'proper'. She doesn't look like a Demon who revels in chaos, but a damn Angel.' That was Helena's only 'flaw' in Vine's opinion.

"What should we do?" Helena asked.

"The same strategy we used previously with 59th Rank."

"I shall announce our terms; if they refuse, I throw several stones at them, got it," Helena replied.

"Hmm, glad you understand. Let's get back to work."

"And you nerds! Don't be inattentive; prepare for any enemy attack!"

"Yes!" The Demons behind her screamed.

"..." Helena looked at this vision with neutral eyes.

'Alucard's Legions of Demons, huh... I was supposed to have researched more about that name when I heard it in the past... Although even if I wanted to, I wouldn't have time for that given the events my 'Father' brought upon us, She thought in disdain.

"Demons!!" She heard Vine's booming voice and looked straight ahead.

'... I wonder what kind of person Alucard is. He must be someone powerful and interesting to make a Pillar Demon of the same generation as my 'Father' so loyal to him.'

"You know who we are. You know who I am."

"Now, choose." Vine's smile grew, and the weather around them started to look like a storm would break out at any moment.

"Submit or die!?"

...

'Heh, not bad... Not bad at all. It looks like Vepar has an innate ability to command.' Victor was extremely pleased.

The entire process took longer than he'd expected, but that was normal; these Demons weren't him.

Victor was looking at the image of Vepar on top of a Pillar Demon's corpse.

The whole conquest process was quite ingenious.

Vepar first made her statement, and with that, several Demons left the city and joined Victor's forces. After that, the process was smoother, and she just had to order the Demons to hit key points in the city and disperse the Pillar Demons' Elites. Then she ordered some Demons to attack head-on, and amid the chaos she created...

She left a copy of herself where she was and single-handedly attacked the Pillar Demon and managed to kill it.

A distraction tactic and perfect murder.

'Clones, huh...!' Victor looked at Vepar, who was ordering the Demons around, and the other, original, Vepar.

'Not perfect like that General.'

Victor once fought a Human who could make clones, but with his eyes, he could distinguish them even though they looked similar to the original.

Vepar's clones lacked substantiality, but from what Victor understood, that wasn't her specialty. The reason for that was that these clones were made from pure Water.

'She's a Water User just like me... Interesting.'

"Your Lord is dead!" Vepar's voice carried across the entire city, and she raised the Demon's head.

The moment the Pillar Demon was declared slain, all the remaining Demons lost their will to resist and knelt down.

'Very Good indeed... Looks like I found my second General... Only one to go.' While Victor enjoyed the view, he wasn't idle and was thinking about the future,

And how his army's power structure would form.

In total, he wanted three Generals and twelve Commanders split between those Generals, making a total of four commanders for each General.

This combat structure was more efficient for commanding so many Demons precisely.

Even though Victor was a genius, he couldn't give orders to thousands of Demons without a very rigid command structure.

'The three Generals will be the Elites. I want them to be at least the level that can fight me and Scathach in our basic forms without breaking a sweat or being outmatched, and the Commanders, I want them to at least take a few punches from me.' He had a basic idea of how the forces of the world were, but since he hadn't fought much with these Beings yet, he could only use him and Scathach as an example.

After all, he knew more about himself and Scathach than the rest.

Victor would not accept mediocrity. He wanted strong Demons beneath his command, and the three Generals must be absolutely loyal to him. Because of that, Victor would take the three Generals for himself.

Unaware that his expectations were ridiculous, after all, he and Scathach were constantly evolving at an insane pace, Victor looked at Vepar, who was kneeling before him.

"My Lord, the head of their Leader," Vepar spoke humbly as she looked up at the hill where Victor's Throne once stood with expectant eyes.

"... Vepar, you have proven to me your efficiency and the execution of plans and dexterity worthy of an Assassin. I am satisfied."

Vepar's eyes gleamed.

Victor looked at the other Demons behind Vepar.

"You all were excellent as well. You followed Vepar's orders perfectly and didn't act with arrogance for the sake of 'glory'. You are true soldiers."

The Demons behind Vepar nodded and kept their heads down, but their small smiles were quite visible on their Demonic features.

"Tell me, Vepar... Is Assassination your specialty?"

"No, My Lord. Although my Powers aren't as strong as Sitri's, I'm an expert in terrain control. I use the Water I produce to my soldiers' advantage."

"Assassination is just a side job I'd learned over my long life."

"I see... How many minor trades did you learn?"

"I've lost count."

"..." Victor's smile grew.

Good at everything, but Master of nothing.' In a way, Victor and Vepar were similar, with the only difference being that Victor's talent was much more extraordinary than Vepar's.

"Looks like we'll have to change that in the future," Victor spoke.

Those words left Vepar completely confused, but she didn't have time to think of anything when Victor raised his hand to speak.

"Cocoon." Pure Ice began to be created beneath the kneeling Demons.

And that caused a little commotion since they thought they had let Victor down on something.

"Don't worry; I'm not punishing you. I'm rewarding you... We just don't want prying eyes watching, right?"

With just those words, he managed to put all the Demons at ease, proving once again how ridiculous his Charisma was.

Soon, all the Demons in front of Victor were encased in a cocoon of Ice along with Victor.

[Roxanne.]

[Leave it to me! I'll focus on the Lesser Demons! We're just giving them a small portion of Energy, right?]

[Indeed, I will focus on Vepar.]

Inside the cocoon, threads of red Energy began to enter the Demons' bodies.

That pure, Negative Energy was changing the Demons, making them...better.

Soon, like a butterfly emerging from its cocoons, the Demons were reborn.

FUSHHHHHHH.

Several pillars of Negative Energy rose to the heavens, painting the entire red sky with an even deeper crimson glow.

.....

On the way to 39th Rank's city, Malphas.

Victor glanced at Vepar, who didn't look much different from before. Her height changed to 186CM tall, and her body acquired more pronounced curves, but what stood out the most about her was her Ice-tipped tail and the horns.

The environment around the woman became much colder as well. It was clear that she had become some kind of Ice Demon.

Victor looked at the Lesser Demons and saw that the change in their appearance was not as intense since he'd given them less Energy than Vepar.

But one thing was sure: these Demons, who'd received less Energy, became Elites, Demons that only an Elder Vampire experienced in fighting could handle.

A ridiculous leap of Power.

It wasn't wrong to say they were now as strong as Demon Pillar Ranks from Rank 60 and above.

But even though they'd gotten so strong, they didn't develop unique characteristics that differentiate a Pillar Demon from an ordinary Demon.

For example, Vepar's Power before was to create and control Water, but now, she could do it with Ice in a way very similar to Clan Scarlett's Power.

'Actually, she might be even better than Clan Scarlett because she's become an existence made entirely from Ice... She's closer to an Ice Spirit now than a Demon... Is it because of Roxanne's Energy?' Victor deduced.

'Demon of Frost is an appropriate name for her because she genuinely has become what the Title refers to.'

[Fufufu, I wonder how the girls will react when they discover you've acquired three more women for your 'Harem'.] Roxanne surprised Victor a little by starting to speak, thus pulling him out of his deep thoughts.

[Three women...?]

[Vepar, Vine, and a future female General.]

Victor rolled his eyes. [I'm not taking them into my Harem or anything, Roxanne.]

[Yeah, Yeah, I know.]

[Right-]

[You're just giving Power to Demons who are power-crazed, you're just demonstrating your 'superiority' to female Demons, which is a trait that makes all female Demons wet their panties in lust.]

[You're just giving female Demons more attention than male Demons, something no other Demon in Hell would do. You're just making them stronger and more loyal to you, practically sealing their fate to live forever being obsessed with you for your attention and touch.]

[...] Victor was silent.

[...When you put it that way, I sound like some kind of villain manipulating women to join his Harem...]

[Ara, Darling just realized this now?]

[...] Victor could clearly sense that Roxanne was a little irritated.

[But, don't worry, Darling. Even if you become the most feared villain in the world, I will still be by your side. And probably the three 'FEMALE' Generals will also be by your side. After all, there is no other villain who is as beautiful as you.]

[...Hey, if I'm going to have Generals who can keep up with me in anything, I'd rather have strong women than bearded, muscular men.]

[...At least you're honest in your desire to have a 'good view' while going to war.]
Roxanne spoke in a sarcastic tone.

[Heh~, but I always have a 'good view' to look at when I'm alone, right? After all, you are always here with me.]

A transparent image of Roxanne appeared in front of Victor, looking at him with a neutral gaze.

Nobody around Victor noticed the woman suddenly appearing; after all, it was just an image for Victor to see.

[See what I said? A good view.] Victor smiled gently.

[...Hmph, if you think that's enough to make me happy, you're sorely mistaken!]
Roxanne snorted as she turned her face away and wrapped her arms around her, emphasizing her developed assets.

Despite her 'hostile' words, the shade of red and her happy smile gave away her true feelings.

[Fufufu~, don't be like that, Roxanne; I still promised to spoil you a lot, right? After all, if it weren't for you, I'd have been dead the moment I set foot in this place.] Victor spoke in a gentle and loving tone.

Roxanne's body visibly shivered when she heard Victor's tone. She glanced at him and saw eyes that seemed to contain a black hole within them.

That look put an even bigger smile on Roxanne's face. [I'll be waiting for my reward]

[I'll try not to disappoint you.] Victor smiled.

Roxanne swallowed when she heard what he said.

'Perhaps, I shouldn't have provoked him so much...' She felt she bit off a lot more than she could chew. Even without 'motivation', Victor was very good at what he did... But now, with the right motivation, the image of Scathach's defeat in bed came to mind.

'...Although this is also good.'

[Hmm?] Roxanne stopped her thoughts when she felt something changing.

[What happened?]

[Alter is losing some of his appearance.]

[That is natural. The more Demons Victor kills and that you absorb, the more his body is refined and the stronger it gets; thus, the more of my Power he can access. Eventually, I will revert to my 'black ghost' form and begin to return to where I belong.] Alter replied.

[... Am I accelerating Victor's evolution?]

[Yes, it seems Victor's 'maturation' time will be shorter than all Noble Vampires in Vlad's Bloodline history.]

[...Well, he's a Progenitor. He's the beginning of his Race, and isn't following another Race's rules pretty pointless?] Roxanne always thought that was contradictory to the name Progenitor.

[You don't understand. Although we are a Progenitor, the trigger that made us what we are today was our Wives' Bloodlines, which, technically, was also Vlad's Bloodline. It's not wrong to say that Victor has Vlad's Bloodline in his body. Even though that same Bloodline was destroyed thanks to our authority as Progenitor, it's still there; It was merely the trigger for the change.]

[Oh.] Roxanne understood now.

[Without your interference, Roxanne, when he completed the First Cycle of 500 years, he would become an adult, and the path specially made for him and his Bloodline would open up... This was what was supposed to happen, but again, we broke this rule.]

[Through refining hundreds of Demon Souls, Demon Blood, and with the help of a World Tree constantly driving our existence forward, we are experiencing an 'Overdrive' State.]

[This is an abnormal situation. No Being, whether they be a God or Mortal, should experience this state, and because of this phenomenon, our existence is forcefully adapting to remain 'Balanced'.]

[Of course, if it weren't for Roxanne's support in holding our body together, we would have exploded from having so much Energy.]

[...I thought my body was holding it.] Victor spoke.

[At first, yes... But Darling, overeating is never good in any scenario... And that's what you've been doing since you arrived in Hell.] Roxanne spoke.

[... You're acting like a filter, huh... Or more specifically, a faucet that holds all that Energy so my body doesn't explode.] Victor deduced.

[That's right, and even though I hold onto your Energy with all my might, you can still create multiple spheres of Power equivalent to a more powerful atomic bomb.]

[...Looks like finding you used up all the available luck in my life, huh... You are too precious.]

[Humpf, did you only realize it just now!? There is a reason why Vlad wanted me so much. With my existence, bringing you to the level of God-King and surpassing that level is something that only takes time and effort. There is no limit you cannot cross with me by your side!]]

[So pamper me! Give me affection! I want love!] Roxanne started to throw a tantrum,

Something that left a happy smile on Victor's face. It was cute to see her 'acting' like that; he knew she was just doing it for fun.

...

In Victor's inner world, Alter looked at his hand, which was losing shape, and becoming the dark phantom hand it once was.

'Good... Soon, I will be united again.' For Alter, it was a blessing to return to where he belonged.

"You look happy, Alter."

Alter looked at Roxanne.

"Of course I am. My other self is getting stronger, your existence is getting stronger, and soon enough, I'll be back where I'm supposed to be... where I should never have left in the first place."

"..." Roxanne just nodded. She had nothing to add to that statement; after all, she knew this was something Alter had wanted for a long time.

"How is his progress?" Alter changed the subject as he looked at a gigantic red lake in the distance.

Roxanne flashed a smile, the smile of a mother looking at her growing child, a very motherly smile:

"He is growing smoothly, and soon, my Guardian will be the strongest!"

"How long will it take for him to wake?"

"...In around three years? This time may decrease if Victor kills more High-Level Demons. Something he will definitely do. So best case, if all goes well, three months, worst case, three years."

"I see... Time is of the essence, huh... Because of that, he's walking deeper into Hell."

"Yes, Time Displacement is all messed up in Hell. I don't know how much time has passed since this place has no day or night."

"...I agree with you. We should-...Oh?" Alter looked up at the sky.

"Looks like Vine did a good job." He smiled.

Roxanne turned her face in the direction Alter was looking, and through Victor's eyes, she saw a horde of Demons with two women walking at the head.

'A Succubus...' She felt her face tighten a little.

"Looks like Master gained the three Generals he wanted."

"Do you think that Succubus..."

"Yes, as Scathach likes to say, she is a diamond in the rough. I can tell clearly just by the amount of Negative Energy surrounding her."

...

"My Lord, I have returned." Vine knelt before Victor, followed by all the other Demons, including Helena herself.

'...She was faster than I thought...' Victor was very surprised, a delightful surprise indeed.

"Your task?"

Vine raised her face. She glanced at Vepar, noticing she had acquired new features. 'Tsk, her too, huh.'

"All Demon Ranks from 46th to the 60th have been completely eliminated."

Victor flashed a satisfied smile, "Good job, Vine."

Vine's face lit up. Then, when she was about to ask about the reward, Victor spoke.

"We'll talk about the reward later. But, first, tell me, were there any Pillars that joined me?"

"Unfortunately not... Ancient Demons are very proud, Master. Few of them have the ability to see reality. Most become lost in the 'greatness' of their past achievements and all they had built. Thus, they would rather die than lose everything." Vine could say that very well. After all, she was like that too. The only reason she hadn't died at Victor's hand was that she was the first Demonic Pillar he'd encountered when he'd arrived in Hell, and he needed allies.

She was absolutely sure that was it.

Victor nodded his head softly, his expression neutral. His gaze soon shifted from Vine to the gathered Demons.

When his gaze fell on a Demon, they, without exception, shuddered.

'... This monster is the Lord of Vine.'

'Someone who subdued a Pillar Demon'.

Thoughts like that were common enough for the Demons who felt Victor's gaze.

Only one Demon showed no discomfort at Victor's gaze: the Succubus beside Vine.

"A Succubus, on this side of Hell?" Victor spoke. With the memories of the Demons he'd absorbed, he had a basic understanding of every place where the 'famous' Races of Demons lived.

The Succubi, without exception, were commanded by Lilith, and Lilith did not live in the area of the Pillar Ranks. Instead, she had her own government on the other side of the dimension.

"I am a half-breed, sir." Helena spoke as she turned her face up and looked at Victor, "Unfortunately, due to my Heritage, I couldn't join Lady Lilith... Although, there are days when I'm grateful for not joining. I know that the situation she's in right now isn't very favorable."

Those who lose to a stronger Demon have their fate placed in the victor's hands. Lilith, who lost to Diablo, was a perfect example, as were all the Succubi that Lilith commanded.

Looking at it that way, Helena felt she was fortunate. She was sure that being under the thumb of the 'Incarnation of Evil' was not a very good thing.

'... Oh?' Victor raised his eyebrow at Helena's lifeless gaze.

Victor took a step forward towards Helena.

And that movement took everyone by surprise for a few seconds, but soon everyone was silent and watched.

"What's your name, Succubus?"

Before Vine could open her mouth to speak, Helena spoke in the same lifeless tone as before:

"Gremory... Helena Gremory, the only living Heir to the Pillar Demon, Gremory."

"Helena... You have the eyes of someone I knew in the past."

"Excuse me...?"

"The eyes of someone who has completely lost the will to live... I met a little girl like that in the past, a little girl I now treat like my own daughter." Victor spoke, thinking of Eve and how happy she was today compared to when he first saw her.

"...." Helena didn't know how to react.

She didn't expect melancholic looks and gentle eyes from someone in Victor's position. The people of power she knew were always the perfect definition of arrogance, pride, and 'power'.

Despite having power, and pride, Victor lacked visible arrogance... Something she found very pleasing. At least he wouldn't issue unreasonable commands.

"Tell me, Helena... What do you know how to do?"

"As a Gremory...-"

"I said... What 'YOU' know how to do, Helena. I care little for the name Gremory."

"..." Helena's eyes widened in surprise. Everyone she'd interacted with had never asked her that question; they didn't look at her as 'Helena' but simply as the spawn of 'Gremory'. Even the people of her territory and Vine regarded her as a 'Gremory' and not 'Helena.'

Slowly her eyes began to close, leaving only a tiny, almost imperceptible smile.

'I see... Now, I understand why he was able to unite so many Demons.'

Her eyes opened, and her lifeless eyes had gained an imperceptible shine that made them not look as dead as before. It was a slight glow, but it was definitely there.

"I know how to do many things, from administering a territory to enacting war." She was an Heiress, after all.

"But if I may say so, I excel at formulating strategies that will always guarantee victory." That was her personal pride.

Being the Heir to a weak army like the Gremory had its advantages. Thanks to that, Helena had to improvise, so she had to learn a more 'Human' and 'cruel' way of war, a method that left even the Demons in shock at times.

After all, as the saying goes: At times, Humans were much crueler than Demons.

"Oh? In that case, let's put your talent to the test."

"... Huh?"

"I will give you command of 50,000 Lesser Demons and an Elite that is Vine."

"I want you to conquer the Rank 39th's territory without any casualties."

"..." He's kidding, right? That was the expression on Helena's face, but Victor's neutral, amused expression was anything but a joking look.

It was worth noting that from the 39th Rank and onwards, their Demon armies could number in the millions, and from the Top 20 onwards, they could number in the hundreds of millions.

Only an excellent strategy could be able to conquer an entire city, and without casualties at that.

'... This will be a challenging test.'

"Are you capable of that?"

Helena kept looking into Victor's violet eyes, and only now did she realize how handsome the man in front of her was, but that matter was irrelevant now; she had a job to do.

"I am." She replied with a determined face, "Give me two weeks, and I will bring you victory."

"Very well." Victor turned around with his long black hair fluttering in the wind, and a Throne of Ice was created before him. Then, as he sat down and rested his head on his fist, he announced:

"You have two weeks, Helena."

"..." Helena nodded. She was a little nervous, but her determination to prove herself was much stronger.

"Vepar, in these two weeks, I want you to organize the army and get everyone's opinion. I want to know who wants to be a soldier and who wants to be part of the logistics of the future territory I will build." Then, he closed his eyes as if saying he had no more things to order.

He completely ignored Vine, Helena, and Vepar's surprised faces when he spoke of a future 'territory'.

"... If I may ask, My Lord... You're planning to build a territory...? Where will that territory be?"

With the same posture, he casually replied:

"Of course, it will be in the deepest reach of Hell."

All the Demons opened their eyes wide.

"M-My Lord, the deepest reach of Hell belongs to the Incarnation of Evil, the current Demon King, Diablo...." Vepar stammered.

Victor opened his eyes and asked, "Is that a problem?"

Vepar was speechless but quickly replied:

"... O-Of course not."

"Good. Now, back to work."

"Yes!"

.....

Scathach, Agnes, and Natasha, at this point, were very irritated.

The reason?

The three Goddesses in front of them.

Athena, the dumbest bitch on Olympus. [According to Agnes.]

Hera, the woman who could be up for the biggest green hat award in the entire Universe, proclaimed by all to be the most despicable cuckold in all of existence. [According to Natasha.]

Artemis, the most annoying woman to ever exist. She shouldn't even be called a woman but rather some parasite; she didn't qualify as a woman. [According to Scathach.]

Ever since the Goddesses met the Countesses, the women were acting... well, like Goddesses, and this attitude was really pissing off Scathach, Natasha, and Agnes. They just didn't do anything at Hestia's request.

As the Patron Goddess who Blessed their Family, the three women held an Eternal Debt to Hestia, but... even The Buddha had his limits of patience.

And you can be sure the limit had been crossed for the Three Countesses.

"Enough." Scathach slammed the butt of her Spear into the ground, causing a loud crash around, drawing the attention of all.

"..." The Goddesses and the Amazons watching looked at the group of Countesses, specifically the Strongest Female Vampire.

Runes began to glow on Scathach's Spear, and a killing intent forged through millennia of fighting wars exploded with her in the center.

Athena, Hera, and Artemis shuddered at the sight. Scathach's killing intent was as great as Ares' himself. Despite not liking the rival God of War, Athena was the one who knew most about his ability.

'And to think that a Mortal could do the same things as the God of War...' Athena swallowed hard, and she looked at the Spear in the hand of Scathach, which was giving off an ominous feeling.

"I've lost patience for dialogue." Scathach's red hair began to float as if defying gravity, and her killing intent increased several notches.

"I will only say this once, so listen well."

"First, The Amazons come with us, and no, they don't have the right to an opinion. They will come, and that's it."

"..." The Amazons really wanted to protest, but they were too scared to do so.

Meya Neyku, The Queen of The Amazons, didn't say anything. As Queen of The Amazons, her obligation would be to listen to the Goddesses who had helped her people in the past, but... Unfortunately, those same Goddesses were divided.

'One side wants to use us in a War of Gods, an act that would see my people exterminated.'

When Gods fought, Mortals should hide and pray they don't get caught in the crossfire. That was common sense.

'While the other side wants to preserve my Species and ask for our help in times of emergency.'

From a logical point of view and for the good of her kind, going with Scathach was the best decision for her people.

"Second, if you three bitches don't get out of here in less than 5 seconds... I guarantee you; nothing will remain of you to remember the 'proud Goddesses' you are." The Runes on Scathach's Spear began to 'move' across the entire weapon as if they were alive.

The three Goddesses shuddered.

...It was noteworthy that Master and Student were very similar in terms of patience. After all, Victor was doing the same thing in Hell.

"Third." Scathach looked at Hestia, "Before you complain, understand; despite being our Patron Goddess, there are limits to our patience that we can endure, and the attitudes of these three bitches do not help much."

"..." Hestia just sighed.

"I know. I'm sorry for asking something unreasonable. I just didn't want them to die right now. Like it or not, they are still important to the civil war of Olympus. Even if Zeus brought them back, he would hardly waste the Energy to bring Hera back... and Hera is my sister..."

What could the Goddess of Marriage do in war? Marry enemies and allies for peace? That would hardly work on the Titans. She was effectively useless in battle. If they died now, Zeus would just use his Energy to bring back Athena and Artemis. Hera would remain dead until she came back naturally after a few millennia.

Hestia knew her younger brother's personality very well. He would not hesitate to sacrifice everything and everyone to maintain his power and Authority.

Scathach's annoyance lightened, and she looked at Hestia with soft eyes. She couldn't get angry or hate somebody who was very loyal to the family:

"You were born into the wrong family, Hestia."

Hestia smiled sadly, "...I get told that a lot."

This sight made the irritation of the three Countesses lessen a lot.

In the middle of all this confusion, a certain Goddess of The Night was sitting on a black sofa with gold details eating popcorn, with an excited glow on her face. It was obvious that she loved this whole mess.

"With Scathach's temperament, I thought they would fight as soon as they met... It seems that Countesses evolved as people as well. The old Scathach wouldn't have cared about anything and just attacked everyone. She's become more patient... It must be because she has the equivalent of a literal Sex God in Mortal form catering to her bestial needs." Nyx commented with slight hints of envy as she thought of the man who was Aphrodite's male counterpart.

'Lucky woman, that Aphrodite. She didn't just get her old love, Adonis. But gained a new love that would do anything for her. That bitch doesn't deserve him.' She snorted in irritation and continued watching.

"Just get the hell out of here, Goddesses. Don't you have a lot of work to do on Mount Olympus? Return to your broken home. Your executioner is waiting for you." Agnes spoke dismissively, shooing the women away like stray dogs.

"Indeed, just get the hell out of here while we still have our patience," Natasha spoke in the same tone of disdain as Agnes.

Veins began bulging on the heads of the three Goddesses.

"These Mortal whores—." Hera began.

Rumble, Rumble.

"Wait, Natasha! No, don't, please!" Hestia screamed in horror.

Hera couldn't continue as she felt something sharp pressed against the back of her neck.

'F-Fast.'

"Say that again, and I promise I will shred you into so many pieces that my dog won't need food for several years." Natasha's cold voice and expression sent chills through everyone present except for Scathach and Agnes.

"...."

"I said, Say. That. AGAIN!" In the end, her tone became much more monstrous.

"Let her go—." Artemis was going to say something, but Agnes interrupted.

"People underestimate how broken speed can be... There's a reason Clan Fulger has been a Clan of Vampire Counts for a long time." Agnes spoke as she walked forward, Fafnir's Blade beginning to catch Fire and her eyes glowing as if the very flames were embodied in her being.

"In the time it takes for you to speak a single word, in her current position, Natasha could kill Hera a hundred times over and return to where she was before."

"Against Natasha, only my Husband, Speed Aspected Gods like Hermes, or Scathach, using her strongest Technique, could have a chance of defeating her in a fight."

"A Goddess of Marriage is just a powerless civilian before her."

Pointing her Sword wreathed in flames at Artemis, who had her Divine Bow pointed at Natasha, she asked:

"So? What will you do? Because the moment you loose that arrow, I will incinerate your existence with the Flames of Fafnir."

"..." Artemis shuddered when she heard the Dragon's name, and with squinted eyes, she glanced at the Blade in Agnes' hand.

Utilizing her Divine Senses, she opened her eyes wide when she saw a massive Dragon watching, waiting, begging for her to make the wrong choice.

'... The blade is still alive...'

"A-Athena-."

"I can't." Athena quickly spoke, already knowing what her fellow Goddess wanted.

"Huh?" Artemis looked at Athena and was shocked when she saw the Goddess' state. Only her head was in sight, the rest of her body resembling an ice sculpture.

'Urgh, I can't move!! I can't even break this Ice! What is this stuff made of!? It's so tough!' Athena snarled inwardly.

"When...?"

"The moment you showed intentions to attack," Scathach replied coldly.

Artemis looked at Scathach with the same shock on her face. 'How can Mortals be so strong? I couldn't even react; what's wrong with these Mortals?!'

"Oya...? They became much stronger than before, especially Natasha and Agnes." Nyx scanned the two Countesses with her Divine Senses.

Using her Authority as The Mother of Concealment, no secrets could be kept from her; as long as she wanted to know, she would.

"I see... The Progenitor's Blood is strong in their veins. It seems they performed the Clan Initiation Ritual. This explains the sudden increase in strength... Even Fafnir isn't teasing its current host anymore and has fully accepted Agnes as its 'Master'.

"I don't know if you lot are arrogant or stupid. Maybe both." Suddenly Nike, who had been so far silent, began to speak.

The three Goddesses looked at Nike.

"They have me here, The Goddess of Victory. Your chance of winning anything in my presence is slim to none." It wasn't arrogance if it was a fact.

"What will it take for you to understand that you have no chance to do anything here?" She spoke in disdain:

"Forget about taking the Amazons. I will not condemn an entire Race for Zeus's mistake. He and his inner circle can all die for all I care."

"..." A saddened look fell on Hestia's face. Even though she knew it was inevitable, she still felt depressed hearing it.

'Haaah, at least my mother and my sister, Demeter, are safe...' She tried to comfort herself with that fact. There were times when Hestia just wanted to kidnap her wayward brothers, put them in a basement, and keep them for herself, but she lacked the strength to achieve such a feat.

"Now get out of here before we ignore Hestia's kindness, and do something that'll make the gentlest Goddess sad."

"..." A stalemate fell into place, but that stalemate ended when Hera spoke.

"F-Fine, we will leave."

"..." Even though she didn't want to show it, Artemis sighed in relief. As a Goddess who helped the Amazons, she didn't want to condemn them to a war that wasn't theirs to fight.

'Not to mention that even if they did interfere, nothing would change.' What could Mortals with Divine Artifacts do against Titans? Titans, who are basically Second-Generation Primordial Entities?

Yes, they couldn't do anything. What Hera was ordering was unreasonable.

Scathach looked at Natasha and nodded.

Understanding the redhead's message, she clicked her tongue, disappeared in a trail of lightning, and returned to the Countesses' side.

Natasha crossed her arms and snorted in irritation.

In her opinion, it was better to kill these Goddesses. Even if they returned a few days later due to the interference of Zeus, who wouldn't want to lose his war potential, it would at least bring Natasha a sweet sense of satisfaction.

Scathach hit the ground with the butt of her Spear, causing the Ice that encapsulated Athena's body to disappear slowly.

The three Goddesses came together again, and it was at that moment that the reality of the situation came back to Hera:

"W-Wait, I don't want to go back to Mount Olympus! I'm basically useless! Can I go with you, Hestia?"

"....." The whole place fell into absolute silence. Even the Amazons and Nyx looked at Hera with dead eyes.

'She's too shameless!' Everyone thought unanimously.

"You can't. I won't allow it," Nike replied before Hestia's kindness was exploited again.

"I asked my elder sister! And not you, Nike!"

"She's just your 'elder sister' when you need something from her." Nike said dismissively, "I will not let you exploit Hestia like this. She might be too dumb and kind for her own good towards her family, but she's still our Hestia. I will ward off bad influences like you!"

"..." Hestia felt an arrow pierce through her heart.

"Just leave, bitches. Just seeing your faces is making me want to vomit with disgust." Agnes spoke with a disgusted face.

'Wow, she is cruel.' The Amazons thought.

"Shoo, Shoo, leave now! Why are you still here!? Get the fuck out of here!"

Veins bulged on the heads of the three Goddesses. Agnes had a natural talent for pissing people off, something Violet inherited splendidly.

"!@%!%, get us out of here!" Athena shouted.

Question marks appeared on the heads of the Countesses, Hestia, Nike, and Amazons.

'What did she say?' They all thought, confused.

"Bitch! She almost outed me! Good thing I hid my name." Nyx screamed in anger and relief.

Soon she spoke words that only the three Goddesses could hear, "Just use your Divine Energy and think about returning to Mount Olympus. The entrance is not closed to you."

White energy covered the bodies of the three Goddesses, and soon they disappeared.

...

Arriving on Mount Olympus, Hera shouted:

"Those whores! This is the attitude they show to The Queen of Olympus?!"

Artemis and Athena rolled their eyes.

'That Title isn't worth shit to that group.' Athena thought.

"I thought you didn't want to return to Mount Olympus? Why didn't you hide in the Mortal World?" Artemis asked.

"A goddamn Genesis War is happening on Earth. Going to that place without protection is just asking for other Supernatural Beings to kidnap me."

"...Oh, I had forgotten about that shit," Artemis commented, frowning in frustration. So much shit was happening in so short a time that she could barely keep up with everything.

"Anyway, where is Nyx?" Athena asked.

"Just forget about that woman and her machinations." Hera huffed and returned to her personal area.

Despite having heard Hera say this, Athena did not stop thinking about the woman. When a Primordial Goddess like Nyx moved, it was because she wanted something, and Athena wanted to know what.

...

"Finally, they are gone!"

"Hey, Amazons! Throw salt around! Don't forget about the Holy Water too! Cast out the evil energies of those thots!"

"..." The Amazons stood in silence, not knowing what to do.

"What are you waiting for?! Do what I said!" Agnes screamed angrily.

"Y-Yes!"

'What an unreasonable woman!' All the Amazons thought.

"I presume you have no objections about what was planned, right?" Natasha asked Meya.

"Of course not. This is better for us. Now that the barrier that protects our Kingdom has fallen, and our Kingdom is in this state..." Meya looked at the state of her city, gazing mournfully at all the destruction.

"It is better for us that we follow you."

Natashia nodded and announced, "... Just know that your culture will not be tolerated in our domain."

"... I don't particularly care. I already wanted to change that, I thought it a barbaric practice, but the older women who are the Elders did not allow me to change 'tradition'." Meya replied.

"For those people, we have the best remedy."

"Please, no deaths, Scathach. Enough people have already died today." Hestia begged.

"... Who said I would kill them?"

"You won't?" Hestia asked in shock.

"Of course not. What do you think of me as?"

'A bloodthirsty, homicidal maniac?' Hestia thought but didn't dare speak aloud, just standing there silently.

"For those people, a good beating until all the bones in their bodies are broken is the best solution."

"..." A shiver rushed down Hestia's and Meya's spines at Scathach's smile, which displayed a mouth full of sharp teeth.

"Fortunately, we have a Goddess of Healing in our domain," Natashia spoke with a smile much like Scathach's. She thought this was an excellent idea.

"Right~?" Scathach replied, "Thus, we can repeat this method as long as necessary! Or at least, as long as we want."

"As the saying goes, what time can't mend..." Natashia started to speak.

"A well-delivered spanking can!" Natashia and Scathach spoke in unison.

"Yay." The two gave each other a High Five. They really were getting along now that Victor had come into their lives.

"..." Nike, Hestia, and Meya looked at these Countesses with a look that asked:

'What is the problem with these women? Aren't they very bloodthirsty?'

"...well, as long as you don't kill them, then I guess that's fine," Hestia spoke without knowing what kind of fate those words brought to the aforementioned individuals.

'Huuu, please don't lose that kindness and naivety, Hestia.' Nike thought as she prayed to a God... Herself, of course. She was the Goddess of Victory; there was no greater God than her.

Yes, she was narcissistic too.

.....

Chapter 662: A Destined Showdown.

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"And this is the last-... ORAAA!" Leona punched a Behemoth in the head and sent it flying into the sky.

She kicked the Behemoth in the air and caught the monster by the legs; then, with ridiculous force, she spun in the air and threw the Behemoth towards a pile of monster corpses.

She disappeared again, reappearing above the Behemoth, and punched the monster, opening a hole in its head.

BOOOOM!

The monster fell to the ground with a crash that caused a tremor all around them.

The 10-meter-tall gigantic monster was treated like a fancy toy by the Werewolf girl.

"Ahhh! Leona! What are you doing? Don't destroy the monster's body! We need it to create more armor!!"

"Shut up, Eleonor! I'm still angry, okay!?"

"And you Werewolves say our Race is temperamental!" Eleonor grumbled.

"Look at that, and say you're wrong." Leona pointed to a particular location.

"...." Eleonor looked where Leona pointed and saw Sasha and Violet cooking a Hunter.

"Hey, Hey. Don't you think it's ridiculous? My Husband has been kidnapped. He's alone, hungry, and in a dark place, and I can't do anything about it. It's annoying, you know?"

The Hunter screamed in agony as Violet literally cooked its insides.

"Don't scream! Talk to me! I need explanations! My emotions are shaken! And I need to talk!"

"Here, Violet. Try this method." Sasha pulled out a dagger imbued with Lightning and handed it to Violet, who took it and began slowly cutting the flesh of the still-living monster.

"It's unfair. My Husband can't take care of himself; he needs us with him to spoil him and for him to spoil us too. Ahhh, I miss him so much. I need to smell him on me again... This is all your fault... All your fault.... You fucking monsters...."

Violet's tone was utterly distorted into various negative emotions, anger, hate, despair, and disappointment.

"....."

"See? Even you don't know how to react." Leona spoke.

"Isn't she getting worse every day?" Eleonor asked.

"Yes, she is, but she's coping with many 'items' that Victor used. She practically sleeps in his clothes now, to smell him throughout her sleep."

"Fuck, she needs help," Eleonor murmured.

"Wrong, she needs Victor." A voice was heard all around.

Leona and Eleonor looked to the side and saw Ruby accompanied by her sisters.

"If Victor had left normally, she wouldn't be like this. She's going back to her old self, and that's bad," Ruby said.

"Is it safe to say that Agnes will be the same?"

"Not just Agnes... Eve, Leona, Nero, Roberta, Kaguya, possibly Sasha, Ophis, and Bruna too." Ruby spoke.

"Don't forget to add yourself to the list too, Ruby," Lacus spoke in a neutral tone.

"...." Ruby was silent.

"My little sister can hide it really well, but she misses him the most," Pepper added.

"Right, me too." Ruby sighed.

"I will not deny what you said about me... Because you are correct... But girls, you are forgetting something important." Leona added

"... What?"

"Who will tell Victor's parents about what happened?" Leona asked.

"...Fuck." Ruby and Siena spoke at the same time.

"Can we just ignore that?" Pepper spoke uncertainly.

"Not ideal. If Anna finds out her son has gone to literal Hell, and we didn't tell her, she'll be very upset in the future and worried too." Leona spoke.

"Not to mention, we have to think about the possibility that Victor probably won't be back anytime soon," Eleonor said.

"..." The girls looked at Eleonor.

"What? It's just a possibility, you're blatantly ignoring it, and someone needs to tell you the reality of the situation."

Ruby sighed, "Although I don't want to admit it, Eleonor is correct."

"The best way to deal with this is to take it one step at a time. Victor is completely fine, and his bond with Aphrodite and Roberta runs very deep, something even a 'hell' of a lot of distance can't erase." Siena spoke and continued:

"We must figure out what to do now and calm these girls down... Especially Sasha. I've never seen her act like this before."

"Haah, you're right too, Sis," Ruby spoke.

"Are we back to work then?" Eleonor spoke.

"Yes, back to work." Ruby nodded.

...

A week had passed, and there was only one week left. Helena still hadn't moved; she was spending time getting to know each of her subordinates in order to put together a definitive strategy.

Vine, Vepar, and Helena looked at each other in a circle away from Victor.

"So, do you already have a plan in mind?" Vine asked.

"Yes, I do, but even my best one is impossible to do without casualties," Helena replied while biting her lip; she couldn't find a plan she could execute without risking casualties.

"... Do you think the test is actually carrying out the plan without casualties?" Vepar asked.

"..." The two Demon women looked at Vepar with raised eyebrows.

"What do you mean?" Vine asked.

"I mean, no matter how you look at it, it's impossible to avoid casualties in war, especially when you attack a Pillar Rank that has over a million Demons at its command."

"Even if my Master is a kind man, I don't think he would care so much about the death of random Demons. After all, these deaths are not true 'death' as he caused." Vepar spoke.

Vine hesitated briefly and said, "... Probably not, but-."

"But I will do it anyway." Helena interrupted Vine.

Vine and Vepar look at Helena.

"He is the first to recognize me as Helena, not a 'Gremory'. He is a Lord worth serving, unlike my father. I want to prove his trust in me is correct."

"..." The two already had nothing more to add if she was so determined.

Demons were simple Beings.

The reason for this was their society, where the strong had more voice. Hell was a place where only the strong were right.

If you were defeated, there were no 'laws' that could help you.

Here, the Law of The Jungle reigned supreme.

And usually, in this kind of environment, female Demons hardly had a chance to become 'powerhouses'.

Look at the history of Demons; just how many women were featured?

Lilith, and her General, The Reaper.

Just two women.

The rest were all male Demons. Even the most famous Demon was a male.

Lucifer, The First of The Fallen.

For someone like Victor, who was giving the women a chance to prove themselves and giving them strength if they lived up to his expectations, he was a gentleman worthy to serve.

All he was looking for was competence; in return, he would give you power,

Power that would make everyone recognize her for who she was and not for the name she carried.

'I will do this. I will conquer the city,' Helena thought with determination as she looked at Victor sitting on his Ice Throne.

Suddenly, Victor opened his eyes, and that scared Helena a little.

'Was I watching too much?' Helena thought.

Victor remained in the same position, but his broad smile was now evident to everyone. Something was happening, something they couldn't see; that fact was painfully obvious.

"Lord Vic-." When Vine was about to ask what was wrong,

She heard the sound of a horse neighing, and she quickly turned towards where Victor was looking, and soon she saw... Four Horsemen.

A Being with utterly black armor mounted on a black horse with green flames coming out of its eyes, hooves, and tail. On his back were two scythes connected into a giant scythe, The Horseman of The Apocalypse, Death.

Beside Death was his brother, riding a red horse that, like his brother's, was also wreathed in flames, the Flames of Hell. He was wearing deep black armor with shades of red, and behind him was a massive greatsword, The Horseman of The Apocalypse, War.

Next to War was a Knight wearing only a cloak, very different from his previous brothers, who were in full armor. In addition, the knight had a slashing spear that looked very plain, like an ordinary spear found anywhere.

He was riding a horse that looked like it hadn't been fed in years. But even though it seemed so frail, the horse still had a fierce glow on its face, a glow that was swallowed up by the blue flames produced by its eyes.

He was the Horseman of The Apocalypse, Famine.

Beside him was a corrupted knight, as if he had come out of the depths of a foreboding part of Hell. The representation of disease was there with his pale horse full of worms, covered in white flames.

The Horseman of The Apocalypse, Pestilence.

The Four Horsemen of The Apocalypse were here.

Diablo's executioners, Beings, who would, according to the Bible, usher in the Apocalypse. The Elite Demons that everyone, even Pillar Rank Demons, feared.

Everyone's tension was visible. Even if there were only four foes before them, the Demons were even tenser than when they fought Victor.

Surprisingly, Helena was the first to leave their collective stupor as she assumed a severe expression, "All of you, get out of the way now! Use your wings and fly as far away from the Horsemen as possible!"

Helena's scream was heard across the entire battlefield, which woke all the Demons from their stupor.

Including Vine and Vepar.

Soon the two Pillar-Rank Demons started giving orders to drive away the Demons.

Making a mental note to reward Helena for her quick thinking and understanding of the situation, Victor continued to look at the riders on their respective horses heading toward him.

Soon, all the Demons had gotten as far away from Victor as possible, and the Four Horsemen as they looked on from afar with curious, apprehensive faces.

In this case, those with apprehensive faces were more from Vepar, Vine, and Helena.

"What should we do? What should we do?" Helena muttered several times while biting her nail with her teeth. She was using her brain to the fullest but couldn't find solutions for this situation other than using force.

"We can't do anything. This is not something we can interfere with." Vine spoke.

There was a reason these Four Horsemen were Diablo's executioners.

They were, without a doubt, the strongest.

"And My Lord will not back down from a challenge... He will never do that; that is his pride." Vepar added.

"We can't even run away either, and if we do run away, where will we go? We don't have a base of operations." Helena spoke.

"... Everything depends on our Lord now," Vine said while nodding.

"..." The three women looked worriedly at the scene before them.

The Four Horsemen stopped their approach in front of Victor and lifted their heads.

Victor was sitting on a hill on the same Ice Throne with an amused expression; the smile of interest on his face was unmistakable.

'Arrogant.' Death snarled in thought but didn't speak aloud.

"Looks like we've met again, Alucard," War spoke in a deep, heavy voice, his eyes behind the Helmet glowing with Hellfire itself.

"...Oh?" Victor's smile widened, "You weren't as blind as I expected, huh."

"I'm War; that's natural. I could feel your desire to fight even though I wasn't looking at you."

"I didn't expect the opportunity to appear so suddenly. I'm really quite fortunate."

"You feel lucky...?" The Horseman, hidden by the cloak, spoke with disbelief visible in his tone of voice, "This is not the reaction I expected."

"Heh~? What reaction did you expect, Horseman of the Apocalypse, Famine?"

"I expected to see you shaking with fear and hiding."

"..." Silence fell around until a chuckle began to be heard.

"Hahahaha-..." Victor put his hand on his face and started laughing even harder, "HAHAHAHAHA!"

Until his laughter disappeared utterly, and a neutral face was seen:

"Me? Hide and tremble with fear...?" His voice started to get even heavier, "From who? You?"

"That's the funniest joke I've ever heard in my entire life."

"Tell me." An invisible pressure began to cover everyone, Victor's long hair began to defy gravity, and the moment Victor placed his hand back on his chin, he asked the question:

"Why should I hide?"

FUSHHHHHHHH.

A pillar of red Power soared into the heavens, and as if the world itself had fallen on top of everyone, gravity seemed to multiply several times over.

"!!!!" Everyone opened their eyes in disbelief.

"Why should I tremble with fear?"

With just Victor's presence, the entire atmosphere became hundreds of times more suffocating, and with every question he asked, it felt like Hell itself was bending to his will.

"I-Impossible-..." Death spoke in disbelief. Long ago, the four riders had fallen from their respective horses and were trying not to kneel on the ground.

"Shouldn't it be the other way around?" Victor stood from his Throne, grabbed Junketsu, and spread both arms in an open pose, and the pressure he was exuding seemed to multiply even more. Not even Victor's appearance was visible now; only his silhouette and blood-red eyes were visible.

'S-So much Power...' Famine thought while having trouble breathing.

'He's gotten insanely stronger since the last time... In fact, was he this strong before?' War thought as, with sheer willpower, he stood up while looking at the Being before him.

Wrong, the monster.

And that look in his eyes sparked a memory of before he came to Hell.

War now understood Baal's warning.

Before coming to this mission, Baal warned everyone not to underestimate Victor, or they would lose.

Something that even War himself, who was very cautious, snorted in disdain at. They were the Four Horsemen of The Apocalypse, you know? Only the 1st Rank Demon Pillar and 'Wrath' of The Deadly Sins could deal with them together, of course, not counting their King.

"I-Incredible... That's my Lord's Power." Vine commented in disbelief, with fanaticism shining on her face.

Helena didn't even say anything as she just stared at this vision as if she were burning the image into her brain,

The image of Victor standing on top of a hill with literal Power pouring out of his body as the Four Horsemen of The Apocalypse, the most feared Demons in Hell, were helpless in his mere presence.

'I was correct...' Vepar thought: 'My instincts weren't wrong, he's exceptional... Wrong, he's beyond exceptional.' Exceptional was an insult to him.

War gritted his teeth, grabbed the greatsword behind him, and Hellfire covered the greatsword's blade.

With a battle roar, he forced his power out of his body and fought that heavy feeling.

Driven by their older brother's actions,

Death, Pestilence, and Famine did the same.

Death took out his two scythes.

Pestilence picked up a whip that seemed to cut through flesh easily.

Famine grabbed the Glaive behind him.

Victor's smile grew again, and the pillar of pure power stopped coming out of his body. He pointed his right hand forward toward the Four Horsemen, and with a calling gesture, he said:

"Come on, Horsemen. Let's dance."

.....

War, with a thunderous cry, leaped from the ground toward Victor with startling speed.

The sound of metal colliding burst out, followed by an explosion of Power. Soon after, everyone saw that Victor had met War halfway, the blade of Victor's Odachi and War's Greatsword being crossed midair.

With just that collision, the two warriors could vaguely gauge the strength of their opponent.

And the result of that assessment put a smile on their faces.

'He is strong!'

Significant strength was something everyone knew the two of them had, but the ability to wield that strength perfectly? It was something that both of them didn't know if their opponent had.

But with that simple exchange, all doubts had been erased.

Victor smiled widely but suddenly turned his face to the side while leaning back. Soon a Scythe covered in Dark Miasma passed through the previous location his neck had been, barely missing its target.

Demonstrating exceptional flexibility, Victor kicked Death, who attacked him stealthily, thus throwing the Horseman away, and with that maneuver, he achieved more leverage to push War away.

Victor landed back on the ground on his feet, resheathed his Odachi, and took on the stance of "Iaijutsu."

"4 against 1? Not bad, but..."

Rumble, Rumble, Rumble.

Lightning began to cover Victor's body.

"It's not enough."

Victor disappeared from where he was and, a second later, returned to where he was while once again having his Blade back in its sheath.

In the next second, as if the world was taking its time to understand what had happened, the consequences of Victor's attack became apparent.

All Four Horsemen had several deep cuts on their bodies; Pestilence had even lost an arm.

"I must say, you have excellent armor..." He looked at War and Death, who he had attacked substantially, but it was evident that their armor had stopped most of the damage.

"Armor made by the best blacksmiths in Hell aren't so easily breached, Alucard." War raised his Greatsword and jumped forward, generating a sonic boom in his wake, and, in the blink of an eye, was in front of Victor.

"I wonder about that," Victor spoke while using his Blade to stop War's attack, and a second later, Junketsu began to be covered by a red liquid, more specifically, blood.

Blows were exchanged between the two warriors, the noise of two Blades echoing like thunder as if the heavens were crying as they began ascending, taking their fight back into the air.

"Pestilence, stop playing around, and get serious!" Death roared. He joined his two Scythes together, forming a giant Scythe, and flew toward Victor.

Victor smiled widely as a second combatant entered the fray. Thus he began to use more strength.

The moment War went to attack him again with his Greatsword covered in the Flames of Hell, Victor, using his superior senses, changed the direction of his Blade and attacked upwards, effectively parrying War's attack, creating an opening in the Horseman's defense.

Victor pointed his palm, which had been hidden behind his back, forward, launching a sphere of compressed Blood toward War's chest.

The attack managed to penetrate War's armor and send him flying but failed to reach the Horseman's flesh.

Adjusting his center of gravity, War stabilized himself before touching the hole in his armor: "... As I said, Alucard... This is not armor that can be broken so easily." War's body burst into Flames, and the damage in his armor began to be repaired.

Victor narrowed his eyes at this.

With his superior sight, he realized that the Miasma of Hell was being used as Energy for the armor to rebuild itself.

Victor turned and faced Death, who was already swinging his Scythe in Victor's direction.

At that moment, Time around Victor started to slow. Then, with his left hand covered with the Power of Blood, he dodged Death's attack and performed a flawless punch, connecting it with Death's face, sending him careening toward the ground.

A cobweb-shaped crater formed beneath Death's body from the impact.

Victor touched his cheek and felt a small cut. He looked at Death, and he swore he saw a smug smile on the Demon's face that was hidden by his hood.

Even if the hood merely displayed absolute darkness, he was sure he saw it.

'... I see. The Miasma covering his Scythe can be extended and shortened... He has incredible control over that Energy.' Victor understood clearly what had happened.

"Don't get smug." Victor disappeared into thin air and appeared behind Death, who had risen to his feet, already cutting horizontally.

Death quickly retreated away from the Odachi's trajectory but opened his eyes wide when he saw the Blade extend.

"...I can do that too."

A gigantic gash was made on Death's body.

And at that very moment when the attack occurred, Famine came at a thunderous speed, attacking with his Glaive.

CLANG!

The sound of metal colliding rang out again, followed by a teeth-chattering screeching, and soon another confrontation began.

"A Spear user, heh." Although Famine's Spear Style differed from his Master's, the Basic Movements were practically similar; he knew that. After all, he'd trained with a Master in Spearmanship.

"Hey, Alucard. You feeling hungry?"

Victor raised an eyebrow at this unexpected question, but it wasn't until the next attack connected with his Blade that he felt it.

An overwhelming bloodlust, an insatiable hunger.

It was as if he'd gone several thousand years without feeding.

And that sudden feeling fueled by the Horseman in front of him led to a lapse in concentration that allowed Famine to attack further.

"Hunger is one of the most horrible ways to die. So tell me, you ever get hungry, Alucard?" Famine spun his Glaive, and a type of Power with a dark blue hue started to cover it.

Victor narrowed his eyes and gritted his teeth. This feeling was very irritating. Despite having trained in enduring 'hunger' with Scathach, this feeling far surpassed the training he went through.

He was like a man who had never eaten before in his life and was on the verge of starvation.

But even though he was feeling it, he knew something.

Despite feeling as though his strength was leaving him, his body was still strong. Roxanne's presence, fueling his existence, could still be felt. He wasn't actually 'hungry'.

This was some kind of psychological attack.

An attack that took advantage of the most basic nature of any Being.

Hunger.

Victor turned his face quickly when he sensed a presence and raised his Odachi in defense, receiving War's Greatsword crashing into him again.

In the exact second that War collided with him, Famine attacked as well, followed by Death.

The brothers worked very well together, and Victor was under pressure.

But even if he was in that situation, the excited feeling never left his heart.

He was having fun!

"HAHAHAHAHA"

'Crazy... Laughing in the middle of this situation.' Famine thought.

The only one who could understand Victor was War. They were the same species, after all.

"Tsk, I wasn't messing around." Pestilence took hold of his severed arm and put it back in place. It took a few seconds to recover, longer than it should have, but soon his regeneration took effect.

'That weapon has Anti-Soul properties...!' When Pestilence realized this fact, he grew entirely serious.

He took hold of his Whip and started to spin. The wind produced by the Whip began to acquire a dark orange hue, followed by him soon proclaiming:

"Disease Field."

With these words, the ground started to change. The area started to change; worms began to come out of the soil, and the air became more toxic.

An area that could only be described as an Area of Disease spread across the entire battlefield.

"No Being, whether Mortal or God, can escape disease." Pestilence performed a swift maneuver with his Whip and slashed through the air.

And at that very moment, a whip mark appeared on Victor's armor.

"..." Victor raised his eyebrow and realized he had to back off a little, at least away from this Technique. Fighting in the middle of the enemy's Technique that he didn't know the function of could only be described as foolish.

Rumble, Rumble.

The moment he tried to use the Power of Lightning to get out of range of the Technique, his Lightning abruptly disappeared.

Victor opened his eyes wide.

'My Power has not been sealed, I can still feel it, but I can't use it...'

"Few Beings can escape us brothers." Famine attacked Victor, but the man just turned his body and dodged the attack.

"And you certainly won't have that honor, Alucard." Famine spun his Glaive and slammed it into the ground.

"Tell me, can you not feel hunger?" The Horseman's words seemed to reverberate throughout Victor's existence.

"Ugh..." Victor unconsciously put his hand on his belly. He felt as if a bottomless pit were inside his stomach now. The feeling was overwhelming.

Pestilence took advantage of this moment and launched his Whip, wrapping it around Victor's legs. Then, with a mighty yank, he caused Victor to fall to his knees.

War appeared beside Alucard and swung his Greatsword toward Victor.

The same happened with Death, who appeared on the other side and attacked with his giant Scythe.

'I got him!' The two brothers thought at the same time.

The brothers expected to hear the delicious sound of meat being eviscerated, but instead, they heard the rumbling noise of their weapons striking something extremely solid. They were then treated to the sight of Victor holding onto the blade of War's Greatsword with a hand covered in pure Ice while doing the same with Death's Scythe.

"What!?"

Death and War were in disbelief. He just caught their blades? Just like that?

And they were even more shocked when Famine attacked Victor's face, and the man just opened his mouth, catching the Glaive's blade between his teeth!

"...." Disbelief was seen on the faces of the Four Horsemen, including the Demons who were watching in the distance.

"The most fearsome weapons in Hell can be restrained so easily?" Vine asked in disbelief.

"...Of course not. Not even the Demon King would dare to touch the Horsemen's weapons without their permission. Each weapon embodies a small part of the Soul of the Horseman who wields it. The weapons are semi-sentient." Vepar responded and continued:

"And because they have a part of their respective Horseman's Soul, they also embody their most prominent Power in the Blade... The Hellfire of War, The Dark Miasma of Death, The Hunger of Famine, and The Disease of Pestilence. It is extremely hazardous to touch them without the Horsemen's permission."

Victor lifted his face, and the four brothers gulped when they saw that his face had disappeared entirely, leaving only a bottomless darkness, displaying a smile full of sharp teeth and blood-red eyes.

"I've learned..."

"Huh...?"

"The fighting techniques of you four brothers... I've learned them."

"... Huh?"

Gripping the Horseman's weapons tightly, Victor pulled Death and War close to him and slammed their heads together. Following that, he punched War in the stomach, the Horseman spitting blood from the impact, proving that attacks with Gauntlets worked better than his Blade.

The force of Victor's punch sent War soaring backward.

In one fluid movement, Victor switched targets, kicking Death in the face and sending the Horsman flying, much like his brother.

All the while, he was still tightly gripping Famine's Glaive between his teeth.

Gripping onto Pestilence's Whip, he mimicked Pestilence's previous move, tugging it with great strength and sending the Demon flying toward him.

The Ice Gauntlets that Victor created started to catch Fire, and he punched Pestilence in the face, causing the Demon to suffer the same fate as his brothers.

He then looked at Famine and smiled.

The Horseman winced a little, but before he could do anything, Victor grabbed Junketsu and pierced Famine's heart. As the only one not wearing armor, Victor's Blade penetrated Famine easily.

Victor spat the Glaive's Blade out of his mouth and said:

"So what if you prevented me from using my speed?"

"The Power of Lightning is just one aspect of my strength; I don't completely rely on it."

One lesson Scathach made sure to drill into his head was to 'diversify your areas of expertise because if one day the enemy succeeds in sealing off an aspect of your strength, there would still be other aspects to explore and fight with.'

Victor was extremely proficient in the Power of Lightning; it was the Power he used the most.

But that didn't mean it was his main source of Power.

He was still a Progenitor. His Blood was his Primary Power. He was still a Martial Artist specializing in the Odachi and Unarmed Combat, not counting the other Martial Arts in the use of several other weapons which Scathach had taught.

He still had other Bloodlines within him that he could use; he still had the Blessings of the Goddesses within him... He still had Roxanne, his greatest asset.

And so what if his Lightning could not be used? He was fast enough without it!

"To fight me, sealing my Power is not the answer..." Victor grabbed Famine by the head and lifted him into the air.

"After all, you would then have to seal thousands of other Powers within me as well."

Famine opened his eyes wide.

Victor grinned widely, and his entire body started turning completely dark with crimson tones, "I'm hungry, and it's your fault. So no hard feelings, right?"

Half of Victor's body then suddenly transformed into the head of a Demonic Beast, devouring Famine's existence whole.

"Brother!!" The three remaining Horsemen screamed.

Victor belched, utterly satisfied. Finally, the sensation of Hunger had disappeared: "For a Horseman of Hunger, he tasted really good." He looked at the remaining Horsemen of The Apocalypse, who were looking at him with a gleam of hatred in their eyes.

"What? You came to kill me but weren't ready to be killed yourselves?" Victor raised his hand, and Junketsu answered his call. He then pointed the tip of Junketsu at The Glaive of Famine on the ground.

Following her Master's example, branches erupted from Junketsu, turning into a mouth filled with sharp teeth, before beginning to consume the Glaive

In less than two seconds, the entire Glaive was gone, followed by Junketsu morphing from an Odachi into a Glaive itself.

"Good Girl." Victor's smile widened as he sensed that Junketsu had become more excited.

Victor spun Junketsu and held the Odachi-turned-Glaive behind him. He positioned himself in a stance much like Scathach's and pointed his arm, palm side up, at the now 'Three' Horsemen of The Apocalypse.

"Shall we continue our dance?"

"Bastard!" The three erupted in anger at Victor's casual attitude and launched themselves toward him with hatred in their eyes.

They wanted revenge!

.....

"... Am I dreaming...?" Helena asked in disbelief.

Maybe, she woke up on the wrong side of the bed today. Perhaps, the fact that her father died, and she doesn't know how, is why she thinks some Progenitor [A ridiculously handsome one who looks like a male version of Aphrodite] entered her life and recognized her as Helena, not a Gremory. But it is actually a lie.

Helena was really doubting reality now. She knew that man was strong.

After all, he killed and conquered several pillar demon territories, and something like that cannot be done by someone weak.

But... She didn't know he was THAT strong.

"No, you aren't ..." Vine replied with uncertainty in her voice. In her defense, she was also feeling disbelief.

"... He's treating the horsemen of the apocalypse as if they were children... One horseman has even already died... Permanently." Vepar spoke in disbelief as she watched Victor wielding a Glaive and attacking the three knights.

'Is he proficient with a Glaive as well? ... Wrong, the correct question would be, how many martial arts is he proficient at?' Vepar thought.

Since the knight of Famine died, his weapon had been absorbed by Victor's weapon.

The remaining three knights attacked Victor with a maddened fervor. They matched perfectly, demonstrating teamwork that could be lethal to any being.

Yes, the correct word here is: could.

The reason for this is that since the knights started attacking him, no attack has come close to scratching Victor's armor again.

The knights attacked with the fury and hatred of someone who had lost a loved one, no force was being constrained, and even so, no attack reached Victor.

Demonstrating unrealistic proficiency in martial arts, he dodged everything, defended everything, and at the same time, counterattacked whenever the opportunity presented itself.

TINK!

Death's scythe and Victor's Glaive clashed, and soon Death was knocked back by Victor's superior strength.

Death stabilized his center of gravity and shouted:

"This is impossible! This way of using the Glaive is clearly our brother's! What have you done, Alucard!?"

Victor spun the Glaive around and held it behind him with the blade down, " Horseman... What am I?"

Rather than wait for Death to respond, Victor continued:

"I am a fucking Progenitor."

"The being who decides the worth of souls is in front of you."

"..." Death, War, and Pestilence opened their eyes wide.

"Don't tell me... Have you completely absorbed the existence of Famine?"

"His existence wasn't that worthy" Victor didn't want to do the same thing he did with Adonis, "I just put an average value on his soul, and that was enough to learn all of his martial art and this..."

Victor's smile grew, "Tell me, Horsemen, have you ever been hungry?"

"!!!" The three knights opened their eyes wide and tried to counter Famines' authority with their own, but it was too late.

Death was the first to go down with his hand on his stomach, followed by War and Pestilence.

Victor couldn't let such an opportunity pass, and with a thrust of his arms, he threw Junketsu at... Death.

"Death!"

The knight raised his head, but it was too late. His heart was already pierced by the Glaive, and in the next second, he was already in Victor's hands.

In a high level fight like this, any second can change the situation.

And Victor knew it. Even though he was having fun with the fight, his priority was still finishing the fight, so he would take out the most annoying knight as quickly as possible.

"Tell me, Death. Can you be afraid of your own death?" Victor grinned widely as his entire face distorted into a sadistic grin.

Death's body shook visibly, and slowly, he began to feel the end of his own existence at this man's hands.

" Bastard!" War gave a war cry, his existence was covered by the power of hellfire, and he jumped toward Victor.

Pestilence followed close behind War, but once they got close enough, a gigantic ice structure was created in front of them.

" What!?"

"This won't stop me!" War swung his greatsword, and with a crash that reverberated across the entire battlefield, he managed to break the ice structure and pass through it, but it was too late...

All they saw upon arriving at the scene was Victor standing there with a big smile on his face looking at an empty space, Death was nowhere to be seen, and Victor's Glaive was feeding on Death's scythes on the ground.

"You took too long..." Victor turned to War and Pestilence.

His healthy skin became much paler, as if he was dead, and his long black hair was releasing some kind of dark miasma.

Just like before, Junketsu changed to two small scythes that could connect into a larger scythe.

Victor raised the two scythes with an obvious familiarity and started to spin around. In the middle of this 'show', the two scythes were connected with each other forming a large black scythe with red details and the power of miasma covering the blade.

"Death too..." Pestilence shivered.

Victor spoke sympathetically, "Don't cry. Soon you will join him." His tone was like he had nothing to do with what was going on.

" Alucard... Son of a bitch! I will make you pay for this!" Pestilence roared.

Meanwhile, Victor ignored the two knights and looked to the side in confusion, " Hmm?"

"Oh? Did I win you too?"

"Let's see... Death didn't give you a name, did he? Since I now have the authority of death, it is only natural to call you by the same name that beings feel when they are about to die."

" Despair."

A horse's neigh was heard, and a shadow grew on the ground. Soon the same horse that Death was riding emerged from the ground with an entirely new appearance.

The horse was bigger, more muscular, and healthier.

The horse's color was still black as darkness itself, and its eyes, tail, and hoof were still ablaze, flames with a green tint.

"...Even the horse..." Vine tried not to feel disbelieving, but it was impossible. Was this the same horse she had seen before?

Didn't he grow up and become exceptionally muscular? He looks like a horse made for war now.

" My Lord won..." Vepar spoke in acceptance and a growing fanaticism.

"He won against the four horsemen of the apocalypse, single-handedly."

"Isn't it too early to count victory?" Helena spoke.

"..." Vine and Vepar looked at Helena with dry looks.

"Don't get me wrong, I'm not rooting for the knights... It's just that the fight isn't over, and letting your guard down and counting on victory is a flaw that all powerful demons have."
"

"..." The two former pillar rank demons could only remain silent at Helena's words because they knew the woman was correct.

" Despair, you can play around. I will call when needed." Victor spoke casually.

The horse neighed again and started walking towards Vine, Helena, and Vepar.

Victor picked up the scythe, and with a quick swing, he struck War's blade.

" Rushed, aren't you?"

" Silence, I will kill you!"

Victor casually dodged the attack as he pulled the handle of the scythe, and soon the great scythe split in two, and with the proficiency of someone who had always used a scythe to fight, he began to 'dance' with War.

Sounds of clashing blades were heard, and the fight grew even more intense as the ground was being destroyed with each clash of blades, and War seemed to be getting stronger with each passing second.

His armor began to change, and it became more demonic.

'The true form, huh.' As someone who had the memories of the demonic powers of two horsemen of the apocalypse, Victor knew what that was.

Every demon has its true form; Diablo is a perfect example. The demon king walked around in his true form for all to see.

As the highest level demons, the horsemen of the apocalypse also had their true form.

But they didn't use them; the reason for that isn't because the true form was stronger or anything like that.

It was because the human and more compact form allowed the most extensive use of their powers. It could be said that the compact form of the knights was their strongest.

But to every rule, there is an exception, and War was that exception.

His humanoid form was just to contain his fury.

Victor took a step back, pulled away, and looked straight ahead.

With steam coming out of the mouth, long flaming horns, tails, and sharp claws that were holding the Greatsword, which also changed to become even more demonic...

War glared at Victor.

The pressure in the area was incredible, and everyone except Victor felt suffocated; the heat didn't lose to the pressure either.

Everyone felt like they were in the flaming hell, the place where War was born.

"The strongest horseman of the apocalypse, War. The demon born in the flaming hell that tortures the souls of sinners." Victor snapped his neck and joined the two scythes into a larger scythe.

He placed the scythe on his shoulder and smiled:

"A worthy challenger, is he?"

FUSHHHHHHH.

A pillar of blue energy soared into the heavens.

The surrounding atmosphere began to grow colder, as if freezing hell had descended on the battlefield, and Victor appeared with a changed appearance.

The vampire count form of Clan Scarlett.

The scythe that was in Victor's hand changed back to the Glaive, and the blade was covered by ice and blood.

"On stages where the strong fight, the weak have no right to interfere." Victor's cold, emotionless voice was heard all around, then he vanished and appeared in front of Pestilence.

"What -" Before Pestilence could say anything, he felt something piercing his heart.

"Absolute Zero."

In the next instant, he turned into an ice sculpture, and soon this ice sculpture started to be covered by blood.

Victor opened his mouth, and all that blood rushed into him.

Just like before, Junketsu followed in Victor's footsteps and ate Pestilence's whip.

Pestilence's authority.

'I see... That's why they were so confident, but they underestimated me. My speed is not my main power.'

Pestilence's power was simple: through disease, he could 'harm' someone by using something he knew. This effect was also poisonous, slowly killing the victim's body.

The second effect was being negated by the pure energy of Roxanne in Victor's body; because of that, he didn't feel anything.

It was pretty obvious that Pestilence and Famines were support for Death and War who were direct combatants. Together the brothers were unstoppable because of the aforementioned abilities that directly attacked the most basic form of a being.

Hunger that drained them of all strength and incapacitation due to illness.

'He was the most dangerous one, huh.' In a fight of attrition, Pestilence would definitely win if it was with someone normal because the more time passes, the more the 'disease' accumulates and multiplies causing various kinds of disabilities in the enemy's body.

If Victor hadn't had Roxanne to keep his body in the best possible shape, things would have gotten dangerous.

This whole thought process happened in less than a few seconds, and Victor turned his gaze to War, who looked even angrier if the flames indicated anything.

Screaming in a very demonic way, War, driven by his new state, practically warped from where he was and appeared in front of Victor.

Victor kicked War away, and in the next moment, the Glaive changed into Junketsu 's original form, which was a Katana with a blade too large to be called a Katana.

War didn't lose momentum with this, as he quickly adjusted his center of gravity and jumped towards Victor brandishing the Greatsword.

Blades clash.

Fire and ice collide.

The surrounding terrain began to be completely destroyed.

But the two warriors weren't worried.

Eventually, without realizing it, the fight was taken to the skies.

Power rumbles were heard throughout the demon's territory, alerting the area demon, who was already watching everything from a distance. It was hard to ignore the bursts of power from higher demons.

Victor sent War flying to the ground, and the knight got up even angrier.

"AHHHHH!" With an even louder scream of rage and hatred, the fires of hell grew exponentially.

Anger and hatred were fueling the crazed knight.

Hellfire came out of War's mouth and, like a dragon's breath, flew toward Victor.

Seeing this, Victor's smile only grew.

His ice wings grew exponentially, and in front of his wings, thousands of weapons of different types began to be created.

Victor pointed his finger at the fire and said, "Go."

Sonic boom sounds were heard each time a weapon was sent toward the fire, proving that each throw easily broke the sound barrier.

Faced with a swarm of thousands of ice weapons, the breath lost power, and the ice weapons pierced War's body.

War roared more angrily, and the ice began to melt.

Pure magma began to be created with just War's heat.

Victor kicked off the air toward War.

War did the same and kicked off the ground toward Victor.

When the two warriors' blades collide in mid-air...

A massive boom was created, and it evaporated the entire battleground.

The entire topography of the terrain was being changed with each confrontation.

"... Is this... Is this how the strongest beings fight...?" Helena opened her eyes in disbelief at such a disaster. She had already heard stories.

Stories that when higher-level beings fight, the surrounding topography changes with each encounter, but... Reading this in a book, or hearing it from other people, is different than seeing it in person.

Not to mention that it's one thing for you to use your power to change the topography like Vine, Vepar, or herself can do.

It was another thing to change the entire topography with just the clash of two blades.

The level was completely different.

"ALUCARRRRD!" With an even more furious roar, a pillar of flame shot out from the strongest apocalypse knight, wings began to sprout behind him, and he became even more demonic.

"HAHAHAHAHA~, That's what I'm talking about!"

Tink! Tink!

Sounds of clashing blades, sounds of destruction, followed by the strongest knight's grunt and Victor's excited comments:

"We will fight, we will bleed, we will be cut! Let's dance more!" Victor's ice wings began to dissolve and turn into wings of pure water.

Victor used his wings as a shield.

Fire met water, and the fire was negated for a few seconds.

Enough seconds for Victor to seize the moment and slash War toward the ground.

BOOOOM!

War fell into the magma and quickly got back up with even more fury.

Victor pointed his hand at War and said the name of a technique, a technique that Sitri never had the opportunity to use on Victor.

"Cocytus!"

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Chapter 665: A Worthy Opponent.

Chapter 665: A Worthy Opponent.

In Victor's inner world.

"Ughh! I'll be sure to complain to Victor later! How can he place a value on these filthy Souls just to gain the memories of their Techniques and Authority!?"

"Doesn't he know how much it's taxing his Soul!?" Roxanne grumbled.

"Our Soul is not being burdened, Roxanne."

"...Shut up, Alter-." Roxanne stopped talking when she looked at Alter and saw that half of his body had become complete darkness.

"... That's..." She opened her eyes wide.

"Correct, it is the result of him acting as a Progenitor." Though his words sounded like a mockery, the smug smile on Alter's face indicated otherwise.

"... Consuming Higher-Order Demons brought about that much change...?" Roxanne asked in disbelief.

"From the beginning, we were not normal, Roxanne. Despite both being Progenitors, we are not the same as Vlad."

"A Progenitor walks his own path; he does not follow a path that has been trodden before."

"And thanks to you, we can be the strongest Progenitor ever."

"The proof is that he achieved a feat that even Vlad couldn't because of fear, exploring his Inherent Power over Souls. After all, messing with Souls is something dangerous. Victor was able to absorb the Authority and complete battle experience from The

Horseman and, of course, the memories related to that experience as well, all without attributing the existence of those Beings with the Highest Value as happened with Adonis."

"..." Roxanne didn't know what to say as her mouth opened and closed like a goldfish at the end. Finally, she just decided to stay silent as theories formed in her head.

"This situation is different from Adonis, isn't it?" She said.

"Indeed." Alter didn't deny it, "He also won't risk having a second personality or anything like that."

"The Horsemen's Powers are a Minor Authority. We might even call it the Divinity Remnants of a Demigod." Alter revealed as he raised his hand and saw that the 'sparks' of Victor's Divinity grew to the size of a football.

And even though the flame-like golden bridle had grown, it hadn't gained a form yet, proving that this 'Authority' he was given was just an Aspect of the Authority of the Horseman who would become a Lesser Deity but couldn't due to their death. These remnants of Lesser Divinities only boosted the existing Divinity in Victor's body.

After all, try as they might, Demons weren't complete Beings. They only had a part of a Soul, the 'bad' part, and only when the Demon built the other half of themselves could they ascend and gain a Divinity related to the Negative side of the world.

Balance was essential; this was an absolute truth.

"... But even so, it's reckless to do this in a short time. If it weren't for me, his Soul would be badly damaged right now. Consuming too much in a short time isn't ideal, and if they weren't something akin to Demigods, he would be greatly impaired now." Roxanne grumbled, and she couldn't help but emphasize that point.

"I know, and that is why I said his Soul is not burdened."

"After all, you are protecting our Soul." Alter laughed.

"And if you didn't say anything while he absorbed the Horsemen, it was because you were sure he would be fine."

"... Tsk." Roxanne clicked her tongue in annoyance.

"Sometimes I hate how well you know me."

"That's natural; I'm him... Well, his Power."

"Yeah, Yeah, I know." She snorted.

"Oh, but don't forget to scold him. What he did was very dangerous. If those Demons weren't akin to Demigods, and if Demons weren't part of the 'Negative' Aspect of the world, we'd be pretty fucked up."

"..."

"Make sure he doesn't do the same to True Deities or even Demigods with parents with 'Positive' Aspects of the world. Oh, also, don't forget to tell him not to do that too much. Even for an abnormal Progenitor like us, absorbing memories of hundreds and thousands of years of just fighting might cause some kind of change or trouble in our Soul."

"Eating a lot is not healthy, you know?" He laughed.

"Ugh... That Power of Progenitors is too dangerous." Roxanne grumbled.

"That's why Vlad didn't exploit that Power. Unlike us, who have you protecting us from our own reckless acts, Vlad doesn't have that. So any mistake he made could have killed him."

"Haaah, don't remind me of that. I'll get even more irritated." Roxanne sighed.

"But despite being dangerous, this Power is also the most useful. The ability to absorb an entity, and use that entity's memories for yourself, is something everyone would envy... If they didn't know about the side effects, of course." He laughed.

"Possible creation of a second personality, damage to the Soul, or in the worst cases, the death of a Soul, psychological problems due to a large number of memories that are not yours, and these are just some of the risks we have to take when using that Power with other Souls. After all, messing with the Soul is messing with creation. Through the Soul, the spark of life exists. Destroying or manipulating such a thing without knowledge... It's reckless, to say the least."

"Reckless...? That's the understatement of the century!" Roxanne rolled her eyes.

"Cocytus!" Victor's roar was heard, followed by a greater concentration of Roxanne's Power being absorbed.

"Looks like the fight is getting more interesting." Alter spoke while looking at the sky.

"Will you watch?"

"Of course, I need to help you if necessary."

"...." Alter just nodded and continued watching the fight.

...

Water.

That was the sight that Vine, Vepar, Helena, and hundreds of thousands of Demons saw.

The moment Victor declared the Technique's name, it was as if all of Hell had changed according to his will.

Furious jets of Water erupted from the ground, the sky began to rain, and in less than a few seconds, enough Water to flood an entire city was created.

Due to Vine's specific order, they couldn't ignore their 'companions' even if they didn't care about them. After all, they are Demons.

"And to think that he can even use Sitri's Technique..." Vepar commented in shock.

As someone who also used the Element of Water, she knew how powerful Sitri's Technique was, and she had seen the effects for herself once in the past.

This technique flooded and destroyed an entire capital, and several Demons served as food for the Pillar Demon that day.

The existences that made up the Top 10 Pillar rankings were Beings capable of mass destruction, much like her Lord.

Flying while using her succubus wings, Helena spoke:

"Where is he? The Horseman of War?" She pulled her wet hair back and looked around.

"Idiot, use your senses. They aren't even trying to hide." Vine spoke.

Hearing Vine's words, Helena quickly used her senses and felt War and Victor fighting... Underwater.

"Huh? When did they get there?"

"Does not matter," Vine responded and added:

"What matters now is that this fight is getting more and more dangerous for us. We need to get out of here."

"And where will we go?" Helena asked.

"Anywhere but here," Vine replied.

"Lord's victory is only a matter of time. We must reorganize and prepare for any possible ambush." Vepar agreed with Vine. It was obvious that War hadn't reached his limit yet, but...

'I can't see him losing...!' Defying all odds, Victor single-handedly fought The Four Horsemen of The Apocalypse and managed to defeat three, then absorbed their essence as a True Demon would.

The faith Vepar had in Victor bordered on fanaticism, which was expected after seeing this vision.

Quake, Quake.

Suddenly, the earth began to shake as if an earthquake had occurred, and soon a gigantic jet of Water rose to the heavens, and War and Victor were seen again.

The whole topography of the place was changing, and the once destructive fight became catastrophic. Victor was literally creating enough Water that already exceeded the limits of a lake. He was spawning a damn sea.

Sounds of clashing blades were heard again, and War and Victor backed away and fell to the ground.

Victor was standing in the Water, as well as War, who had visible steam coming out of his body due to the evaporation.

Even now, the Flames of Hell were never extinguished; War's rage was unfathomable.

"Haaah ..." Victor let out a long, satisfied sigh as he looked at the rainy sky. He opened his hands to the sky and felt the Water drops falling on his body; it was invigorating.

"It's been a while... It's been a while since I've had such a satisfying fight, just two enemies fighting each other in search of surpassing their limits."

Victor stopped looking at the sky and looked at War.

"Don't you think so, War?"

"...." The warrior's response was just a grunt followed by silence.

It was obvious that despite his contradictory appearance that everyone would think he had lost control, War was far from it; he was very sane.

Anger and hatred were just part of who he was.

Born from one of the hottest areas of Hell: anger and hatred had always been beside him, along with the Flames.

That was the essence of the Horseman of The Apocalypse, War.

Despite being saddened and angry that his brothers were dead, Victor's prolonged struggle against War made him understand and accept.

He came to understand that it was natural for them to be killed. Victor was stronger, much stronger than they expected; Baal was correct.

'Instead of acting with arrogance, we were supposed to have attacked with everything from the beginning.' That was their mistake, a mistake that got his three brothers killed.

And he came to accept it all because...

That's what Hell was like. The strong always spoke louder and were always right. No matter what kind of injustice the strong were doing, in the end... They were right.

The reason for this? It's because they were strong and had the 'power'.

Hell was not kind to the weak.

Hell was not merciful to the weak.

Only those who were strong had the luxury of enjoying such circumstances.

War knew it; he always knew it. After all, he grew up in Hell.

...But he had forgotten.

The path of victory, the Title of 'Horseman of The Apocalypse' he came to be called as he walked his way, left him blind.

War closed his eyes and listened to the sound of rain, an artificial rain created by his opponent's insane Powers.

It was ridiculous to think that the midlands of Hell would have a new sea all because of a single powerful person.

'... But... But that happened in the past, didn't it?' War remembered the small lake that Sitri created. A small lake that was once the city of a Highest-Level Demon.

The situation was the same but different... After all, this man was much more powerful than Sitri.

"Tell me, Alucard..." Slowly, War opened his eyes and looked back at Victor, who had returned to his Base Form sometime before he realized it.

His long black hair fluttered in the wind, and everyone saw his blood-red eyes. A long time ago, the armor he had on his body was destroyed, leaving only the bottom part of the armor. His muscular body was visible, and several ripped pieces of cloth were under the armor.

"What are you looking for on this path you walk?"

"So many Demons you've subdued... So many trails of destruction... I smell 'War' in you."

"Where are you taking this war you started? What is the point of all this?"

"What a silly question... Isn't that obvious, Horseman?" Victor pointed Junketsu's blade at War.

"The path I follow is one of conquest."

"I will descend to the deepest floors of this place called Hell and make my Throne there."

"I will sit on this Throne, and all Demons, whether of the present or the future, shall kneel before me... And those who deny me will only be erased from my path."

"... The way of the tyrant, huh... It's quite appropriate for someone who wants to rule over Demons."

Demons were Beings of Sin. They were creatures born from the Evil of a Soul. They, by nature, were greedy, lustful, petty, and only thought of themselves.

But... If there was one thing all Demons respected, it was... Strength.

That was how Lucifer became King; that's how Diablo became King.

Because they were strong, they were respected.

Of course, there was a stark difference.

Whereas Lucifer was strong and respected, and everyone was afraid of him. The respect the Demons had for this man was greater than their fear.

On the other hand, Diablo didn't have that. All Demons feared the Incarnation of Evil. For being the most Evil of all, for being the most dangerous of all, for being the winner, he was declared King.

'It seems... This man will be someone respected like Lucifer and, at the same time, feared like Diablo... But unlike the Incarnation of Evil, he will have Lucifer-like charisma to back him up and transform that fear into admiration...'

"Will you fight all the Demons in Hell for this, a number that easily surpasses billions?"

"If they are in my way... So be it." Victor put his foot forward, lowered his center of gravity, and held Junketsu's hilt with both hands, assuming a perfect Martial Arts stance.

"In that case..." War held his Greatsword behind him, lowered his center of gravity a bit, and assumed an open-chested position. Despite looking at a disadvantage, this position was ideal for him to attack from any possible angle.

"Prove that your existence is worth following."

The rain slowed to a stop, and all that was left was just a vast and deep lake.

The two warriors looked at each other; this time, hatred and fury were not seen in War's eyes. Instead, taking a hit from a Technique like Cocytus seemed to lower his anger, and now only calm remained.

And with a calm mind, a warrior's skills that he had mastered with thousands of battles could be brought out to the fullest.

In the distance, several Demons looked at these two Beings with anticipation on their faces.

Expressions that were shared by Vine, Helena, and Vepar.

They didn't want to admit it, but they were very much looking forward to this confrontation.

The desire for Power was inherent to Demons, and seeing the 'peak' of Power in front of them made them anxious and excited as a motivation to become an existence as these two men arose in them. And being female Demons, as they admired that Power, something started to grow inside them as they watched the figure of their Lord.

That 'something' made their insides clench with desire, leaving them hot...

All the female Demons felt a similar situation, whether they were the Lesser Demons or even the Pillar Rank Demons who were watching from a distance.

Both warriors stood in their chosen position as they faced each other, entirely focused on each other.

A high-profile fight was about to begin, where the slightest mistake could cost them everything.

An innocent drop of water came slowly falling from the sky, and as this drop of water fell into the surrounding sea...

The two warriors vanished and appeared in the middle of the lake as blades clashed.

The previously calm water began to stir, and rumblings followed by several metal clashes began to be heard again.

Alucard was superior in reaction time and strength due to his superior body, but... War was not far behind. As an Ancient Demon, and the strongest of The Horsemen, he was not far behind in strength, not to mention that in his True Form, the Power available in his body was much greater than in his Human Form.

But... He still lost on reaction time.

Cough.

War coughed up blood when he saw the cut on his chest, and the skin on his chest started to freeze but was soon thawed by the heat emanating from his body.

Victor was a speed monster, and with his reaction time, he could react to anything quickly.

Besides, all of Victor's attacks could be lethal because they could injure the Soul; a Progenitor's attacks were not to be taken lightly.

But... Despite the visible disadvantage, War was not behind him.

Like all Beings, the opportunity to Evolve was always present, and War, who had stagnated due to not having a worthy opponent, began to... Evolve.

When fighting a superior opponent, he became stronger, faster, and more sensitive to the opponent's changes, and his Martial Art began to be unconsciously refined.

War was a genius. A Being didn't reach his current strength without that genius behind them, and you don't survive in Hell if you don't have an unyielding determination.

So he had his own pride.

'So what if he's stronger?'

'So what if he's faster?'

'So what if he's superior?'

'It does not matter!'

Ba-dump, Ba-dump!

'A worthy opponent is in front of me!'

Ba-dump, Ba-dump!

'Apologies are not necessary! Just action!'

Ba-dump, Ba-dump!

'Move on! Cut more! Fight harder!'

The sound of a heartbeat was heard all around.

'Let the Flames of Hell burn!'

A thunderous war cry was heard, and the flames on War's body grew even more furious.

War's body, with each confrontation that happened with Victor, with each cut he suffered from Victor's attack, something changed inside him.

The Flames that had always been by his side since he was born began to glow furiously like an erupting volcano.

Those Flames were nourishing his body, his Soul, and his heart.

War was pushing his limits before everyone's eyes and becoming something even his brothers couldn't.

Driven by his pride and acceptance of weakness, he acquired his 'other half', and when all these conditions were met,

The seed of Divinity in his Soul began to blossom.

He was lighting up like a Demon God of War.

Victor smiled widely, seeing his opponent getting stronger. War's blows were getting heavier and more accurate; he even managed to cut Victor's chest.

But despite being cut, Victor just smiled and grinned in amusement.

How could he not? With such a worthy opponent, how could he not smile?

His opponent was getting stronger, but he wasn't behind either; Victor could feel it.

That heady, hot feeling he always felt as he progressed, he could feel his existence becoming even more defined and stronger. He could feel Roxanne's Power that nourished his body, fueling this state even more.

Looking at his opponent covered in Hellish Flames, he couldn't help but think.

'There is a saying that only when the Soul is nearing its end does it show its true potential.'

That's what was happening to War. His full potential was being forced to awaken in the face of an opponent like Victor.

And that state was pushing Victor's existence to even higher levels.

In the face of such a match, in the face of such an opponent, it would be an insult for Victor not to give it his all!

Victor hit War's Greatsword and kicked him away, then he shouted:

"War!"

"...." War readjusted his center of gravity and looked at Victor.

"Do not avert your eyes."

Rumble, Rumble.

Lightning covered Victor's entire body, and slowly, he began to assume the Martial Arts stance most had grown painfully familiar with.

"Do not blink."

FUSHHH.

Ice covered Junketsu completely, then blood covered the ice making the blade even sharper, and two wings of blood came out of Victor's back,

"Focus all your attention on me."

War's eyes narrowed as his danger instinct alerted him at such a display. He didn't take Victor's warning lightly, so he completely elevated his frame of mind and utilized this newfound strength to the fullest.

His instincts were sharp, as was his attention.

Victor's hair was completely covered in flames.

"Because if you don't..."

With a speed that no one could react or see what he did, he appeared next to War:

"You will die."

BOOOOOM!

.....

Chapter 666: The Warrior I Respect.

Chapter 666: The Warrior I Respect.

This was a first for Victor.

This was the first time he simultaneously used all the Bloodlines he'd gained on that fateful day when he turned into a Vampire.

The speed and the destruction of Lightning.

The strength and the power capable of reducing everything to ashes from Fire.

The resilience and the ability to turn everything, even your enemies, into Ice constructs.

The flexibility and the power to manipulate liquids derived from Water.

The power and the ability to destroy Blood and Souls.

All of the Bloodlines he'd obtained on that fateful day were being used at 100% capacity. He no longer needed to split his Powers; he no longer needed to use only one power at a time or even reduce Power so that he could use two or three simultaneously.

He felt ecstasy, he felt complete, and most of all, he felt unstoppable.

His entire body felt light, and with the slightest of intentions, his body responded perfectly. This was how things were supposed to be from the beginning, but the sheer power he received was too great, and he couldn't enjoy that feeling initially.

But... It was okay. If he had enjoyed that feeling, he would have acted like an idiot and wouldn't have focused on training, discipline, and dedication to reach greater heights, which made Victor who he was today.

With one attack, one slash, the Soul was damaged, the body was burned, and while Lightning electrocuted his enemy, Ice formed crystals within the body, then Water propelled the Ice and Lightning, causing even more damage.

All of his Powers were working in harmony. He was like a monster created with the strongest Bloodlines of all current Vampires in existence.

And in front of him was his opponent.

The Horseman of War, he was called. The one who was the strongest among his brothers and had reached a state that none of them could reach.

The Demon God of War, the first of its kind.

A worthy opponent.

Someone who had earned his respect.

Victor was ecstatic! He didn't care about anything right now but this fight.

And he could tell the same could be said for his opponent.

...

Alucard, his opponent, was overwhelming.

He could barely defend himself since he entered that Form.

He was the most formidable challenge he'd had so far.

A monster that broke common sense, he was called—someone who far surpassed most ancient warriors in less than a few years.

Monster, Genius, Youngest Vampire Count in History, Second Progenitor, Fastest Man Alive, Genocider, Rising Star.

The masses bestowed many Titles on him, and his infamy was recognized, as well as his fame.

But none of that mattered to War.

For Him, for the new Demon God of war.

Alucard was just... His opponent.

An opponent who deserved his respect.

An opponent who deserved his best.

With a thunderous war cry that made the whole atmosphere grow heavier, a war cry that made the Hellfire inside him grow even more furious...

War surpassed his limits.

War's blow landed, and in return, he received hundreds of slashes on his body.

His opponent was fast, incredibly fast.

CLANG!

The sound of two blades clashing echoed across the battlefield.

And with that exchange, the Ice covering his opponent's blade tried to surge toward his body; the Ice moved strangely and even looked like it was made of liquid.

A strange Ice that was capable of subduing even the hottest Hellfire.

But...

It didn't matter.

His Soul shone like a star that was just born into the Universe. It shone intensely! And with a thrust, the Fire grew stronger, thus negating the strongest Ice.

His body was in pieces. There were holes all over his body caused by his opponent's attack in his new form. Slash marks also spread over his body, wings, and left eye.

Blinded on one side, he could feel the weight of his recklessness bearing down on him. He was getting weaker; his physical body just couldn't take it.

But even so, his Soul shone brightly, and he never felt so alive as he did now.

The damage Alucard caused to his Soul was regenerated, a feat only possible because of his Ascended State. His body was destroyed, but his spirit still hadn't fallen. His heart was on display for all to see; long ago, his blood was scattered around them, but his eyes did not die.

The glow of determination was still evident as the Flames of Hell nourished his body; Hell itself was nourishing his body.

As a Demon God, the Hell he was born into was his home, and its existence was supporting him, supporting his recklessness, and supporting his spirit, the spirit of the new God.

'I'm War... And I won't fall that easily.' A name he had chosen for himself, which reflected his determination.

A name that made him who he was today,

Even if his body fell to pieces before an overwhelming opponent, he would still fight... Because he felt that he hadn't done his best yet.

And in the face of the slayer of his brothers he had come to respect as a great warrior, he proclaimed as he slammed into his opponent's blade one last time...

"... You are the strongest, Alucard... The strongest challenge I've had in my long existence..." He gripped the hilt of his Greatsword and lifted the worn blade that, like his body, was severely damaged. Even the most robust materials in Hell couldn't last that long in a fight as brutal as this.

Slowly, War lifted the Greatsword up and supported the weapon with both hands.

"The weight of my recklessness is punishing my body. I fear that soon, I will fall in defeat... But I refuse to fall now." He squeezed the handle of the Greatsword tighter.

"I still haven't done my best...!" War's remaining eye glowed brightly with the Flames of Hell as his entire existence burned, along with a pillar of Fire that rose to the heavens.

Victor pointed Junketsu's blade at War and said with a big smile on his face:

"Splendid!"

"Out of respect for that determination, I will respond in kind..." Victor's Flaming hair began to flutter as if defying gravity, his Blood wings expanded even further, and just like War, a pillar of red and black Power ascended to heaven.

At that very moment, everyone in Hell could feel the overwhelming Power of the two Beings.

Even those Demons thousands of kilometers away from the current battle could feel the rising Power of the two warriors.

"Insane... Won't Hell break open if they collide?" Vine asked with fear and admiration evident in her eyes. She could barely stand on her feet with just the pressure of the two of them.

"Hell won't break that easily... Probably." Vepar answered uncertainly as she held back from being thrown away like the other Lesser Demons.

Helena, who was silent, just watched everything, recording this moment in her memories.

The Flames of Hell collided with chaotic Power.

War faced Alucard.

The Progenitor of Vampires faced the Demon God of War.

The two warriors began to understand each other with each clash of blades, and words were no longer necessary.

Alucard understood War, his anger, his hatred for him, his determination, and most of all, his loneliness.

The loneliness he felt was hidden by all those Flames of Hell, born from not being closer to his brothers... Brothers in battle, brothers who had been by his side for a long time.

And from that solitude, Victor could feel his acceptance and his grief.

The Demon mentality that the strong were right and the weak were wrong was deeply imprinted in his psyche.

Victor didn't feel sorry for War. Instead, he accepted things as they were and surrendered his respect for the Horseman.

All those who take up a sword and point it at an enemy seeking their death must be prepared for the enemy to do the same too.

It was common sense.

War was a splendid warrior, and that could not be denied.

He would not let himself be denied by anyone. The Horseman's honor would remain eternal and unsullied.

War understood Alucard; he understood his desire to conquer, the determination that drove him to become so strong, the desperation he was trying to hide, and the fear in him.

The desire for conquest and power drove Alucard, but it was not that simple. Alucard's real motivation was fear, despair, and the discipline that was tempered in his body by force.

Desperation at the thought that he would be stuck here forever motivated him not to stay in one place.

The fear that he might lose himself in his obsession drove him to seek out allies.

The discipline that was forged in his body was the catalyst that kept him from giving in to these negative thoughts and the driving force that made him move in pursuit of his desires and goals.

Alucard was simple yet complex at the same time. He was complicated and, at the same time, simple.

War had never seen anyone so internally chaotic.

And at the same time, he had never seen such an honorable warrior as him.

And out of respect for that warrior, War would not allow anyone to tarnish that honor.

Alucard's honor was eternal and unsullied.

Even if he died in the next attack, he would ensure everyone knew that, even after his death. It was the least he could do for someone like him.

The two warriors positioned themselves in their own Martial Arts stances as the two's blades were glowing brightly with their respective Powers.

The look of determination and prominent smiles they both had were gifts for all to see, a smile that War didn't even know he was showing. Before he even realized it, he was having fun in this fight.

Suddenly, the two gigantic pillars of Power disappeared, and all that was left were two Beings empowered by their own abilities.

A hush fell around them, a hush of solemnity, a hush that was the harbinger of a brewing storm.

The atmosphere around the two Beings was chaotic and dense; it was like War and Alucard were in their own world, only they were allowed to step in. No one could get close, or the very presence of the two Beings would kill them.

And just as everyone expected, the silence was broken.

At that moment, no one dared to breathe, no one dared to look away, all of Hell was watching the fight, and all of Hell were watching as the two warriors leaped towards each other with speed never shown before.

And when they collided...

Hell flashed with a white light, followed by an explosion that shook the entire dimension.

Even Beings, who lived in the most isolated places in Hell, could feel the dimension shake. It was like a shockwave that the entire dimension could feel.

"Wha-... What's going on!?" Vepar screamed.

"Do I look like I fucking know!? Just hold on!" Vine replied.

"What is the outcome of the battle!?" Helena screamed while holding Vine's legs.

"If I could see it, I would tell you! They both have such great Powers that-..." Vine trailed off as she felt the pressure War was exuding drop considerably.

Something that Vepar and Helena began to feel as well.

The white light began to fade, and slowly everyone could see the result of the battle, and what they saw shocked them.

What was revealed was a crater so deep that not even the eyes of higher rank Demons could see the bottom. Furthermore, the entire location was isolated by red Lightning, and a thick cloud of Miasma was blanketing the area, Miasma strong enough to make even High-Rank Pillar Demons feel queasy.

It was as if the crater was a whole new kind of Hell. Probably no one, not today nor even in the future, would be able to go to that place without running the risk of dying.

"Holy Fuck ..." Vepar completely lost her composure. The destruction caused was just insane; she had never seen anything like this in her entire existence.

"By Lilith ... Are we still seeing the same Hell?" Helena spoke in disbelief.

"Look." Vine pointed up at the clouds of Miasma and red Lightning.

Helena and Vepar looked up and saw Alucard floating in the sky as if the very atmosphere of the location didn't bother him. He was back in his Base Form, his long black hair fluttered in the wind, and the Progenitor's trusty blade was floating alongside him in a completely new form, a Greatsword.

In Alucard's arms was War, defeated, his body bloody.

Victor Alucard, the Progenitor of Vampires, was victorious.

Alucard's strength was undeniable, and someone like him was moving. They couldn't stay still!

While all Hell broke loose as Victor and War fought,

On the battlefield, only silence was heard.

Victor didn't cheer or roar in victory; such a thing wasn't necessary for him. Instead, he just floated towards Vine, Helena, and Vepar.

When Victor landed on the ground, the three women looked at War.

"Is he alive?" Vine asked cautiously.

"..." Victor didn't answer, as he just looked to the side and whistled.

The whistle echoed throughout the battlefield, and two horses could be seen in the distance a few seconds later.

Despair, in all his rugged glory and black fur with green flames shooting out of his eyes, hoofs, and tail, stood beside a red, flaming Hellfire horse.

The Horse of War.

Despair and War's horse stopped slightly in the distance, and Victor walked towards them. He looked into War's horse's eyes for a few seconds.

And as if it understood Victor's intention, the horse lowered its head slightly as the Hellfire in its body seemed to grow much weaker.

Victor placed War's body on the horse's rump, then approached its head and caressed it briefly. Finally, Victor brought his face to the horse's ear and spoke in a language that only The Horsemen of The Apocalypse and their steeds could understand, a language of brothers.

A language that was born from a joke in the past and has remained as the symbol of the Four Horsemen.

"!@\$%#"

The horse whinnied, and the Flames of Hell covered the horse's entire body; then it turned and started running in the direction he came from.

Victor observed the horse in the distance with an air of solemnity, and when he was no longer seen, Victor turned, patted Despair's head, who snorted in satisfaction, then climbed onto his back.

Victor took Junketsu, transformed the blade into a whip that was easier to carry, and said:

"Come; we have somewhere to be." The order was given, and they could only obey:

"Yes!"

Despite having a lot of doubts about Victor's recent actions, they weren't in a position to question it now...

Alucard's decisions? They weren't crazy enough yet to question them, he was their Lord, and when the Lord made a decision, only obedience was required.

...

In the distance, a horse imbued with Hellfire galloped through the hostile lands of Hell.

Some Lesser Demons who had observed the fight approached the horse.

"Hehehe, with War's body, we can-." But all that was left of him was ashes.

"Idiots, he's a Horseman's horse. Of course, it's not simple." The elite Demon spoke in disdain.

"What should we do?" A Lesser Demon asked.

"We should just follow him and see where he's taking the body." He ordered.

'I don't know why Alucard didn't consume him, but it doesn't matter. Consuming a Demon God's body will make us much stronger.' The Demon's eyes glittered with greed.

The majestic horse would stop at nothing. So even though Demons who saw the battle tried to approach it, they only got burned by the Flames of Hell.

There was a reason War could touch him. It was because he was strong and because they came from the same Hell... A Hell of Flames was his home.

With an even more powerful whinny, the horse's entire body was covered in Fire, and the next moment it disappeared in Flames, shocking its pursuers.

"What!?"

"Can he do that too!?"

"And what do we do now!?"

"I don't fucking know! But, for now, try to track the body! We must not miss this opportunity."

.....

Diablo, at this very moment, was feeling disbelief. In his long existence, he had never seen so much bullshit.

The Four Horsemen lost the fight pretty severely.

Pestilence, Death, and Famine dying and being absorbed by Victor, just like Victor's weird weapon absorbed their weapons.

War became a Demon God.

And Victor defeated him in a clash of Powers that left irreversible damage in Hell, even now that crater, the clouds of Miasma, and red Lightning were still present in Hell.

A feat of strength that not even Diablo, Lilith, or Lucifer could boast of.

Yes, they were powerful and could easily destroy several areas of Hell, but... They couldn't cause irreparable damage to Hell.

No matter the attack or how many Demons fought, Hell would never be harmed permanently.

That was what all the Demons believed... Until now.

Even Diablo himself couldn't help but be shocked.

Hell's was just that strong. After all, Hell's very existence was sustained by the Negative counterpart of Earth's World Tree, a Primordial Entity, The Judges of the Abyss.

After a long silence, Diablo spoke.

"...Baal."

"Yes, My King?"

"How long has it been since a Demon God was born?"

"This has never happened since Lilith, My King."

"... Right..."

Since the Age of Genesis, no Demon God had been created. Not even Lucifer or Diablo had achieved this feat, which War achieved when fighting Alucard.

Baal looked at his King neutrally; he didn't blame Diablo's lack of reaction because he reacted the same way when he heard what had happened.

He felt incredulous. Even though he had predicted this would happen and told The Four Horsemen to be wary, he had never anticipated their fight would go like this. He had never expected Alucard to be so strong.

'While everyone thought they knew of Alucard's Power, he surprised everyone once again.' People seriously underestimate Victor's potential.

With the recent fight, it was hard even to tell what level he was at. In fact, the very act of designating a level for an irregular Being like him seemed wrong since he was constantly breaking common sense.

"... Where is War's body?"

"In the area of Hell where sinners burn with Hellfire itself eternally... The former home of War."

"Did you recover the body?"

"It's impossible."

"...Impossible?" Diablo looked at Baal.

The Rank 1 Demon didn't say that he couldn't or that he was in the process of doing so, instead that it was 'impossible', something that shouldn't happen in the Hell they came to exist in. After all, they were the Highest Authority there.

"Yes, that particular part of Hell is completely closed off. Nobody can get in, and I can't get in touch with the Demons in that Hell."

A silence fell around, and a few seconds later, the silence was broken when Diablo's tail twitched, an unconscious gesture Diablo made when he understood something.

Something Baal learned after watching his King for a long time.

"Hell is protecting his body." That was Diablo's conclusion.

It wasn't like that hadn't happened in the past. For example, when Lilith was severely damaged in a fight with one of the Archangels, The First Hell hid Lilith.

"... Is Hell sentient?"

"That would not be the correct word... But yes, every Hell and every Heavenly Plane has its 'Will'." Diablo turned his face and started walking.

"The same way a God-King has complete control over the dimension he rules over... Hell has something like that."

"The 'Ruler' is the True King of Hell, The One Who Judges Sinners."

"..." Baal nodded. He knew that... However, it wasn't until a few seconds later that Baal understood the implications of those words.

"Is my King not the Ruler of Hell?"

"Since Lucifer left, there has never been a Ruler."

"The two of us were doing the work passively, and it was only possible thanks to The Key To Hell that was in our possession, an item that, like the Helm of Hades, is a connection point for the Ruler of our Hell. "

"Even when I defeated Lilith and united the Keys into one, I didn't fully become the Ruler."

'I didn't want to be limited to just Hell; my goals were much bigger.'

"And so that The Judges of The Abyss would not interfere, I temporarily transformed Lilith into the 'Ruler' so that the Souls would not be lost."

'Although, she's not a Ruler. She didn't go through the Trial. She's just a cog in the system, so the judges ignore what I do.'

"To be on the safe side, I also made a deal with the Judges. I handed them billions of Souls that would give me the equivalent of 5 years of time."

"Of course, I didn't forget to ask a favor, either. And because of that favor, the time from 5 years was shortened to 1 year. Were it not for this favor, I would have much more time before The Judges of The Abyss would interfere."

What Diablo was doing, collecting innocent Souls, and using them as fuel for his Demons, was obviously against the Balance these powerful people were so interested in keeping.

But thanks to War's agreements and payment, he could postpone the interference of these Beings for a long time because if not for this agreement...

Limbo would be knocking on Diablo's door in search of the Demon's Soul.

As long as Diablo didn't overdo it and let some Souls go naturally, the Judges of The Abyss would uphold their agreement and prevent Limbo from acting.

The Judges had such authority, considering that the Souls and Hells were areas strictly supervised by The Judges of The Abyss.

'I see... That explains a lot.' Baal thought, and in the next second, distrust was born in his heart.

'Why is he telling me this?' He knew his King, the Demon did nothing useless; what was the game here?

"I take it we don't have much time?" Baal continued with the same neutral face.

"Yes. My plans had to be readjusted."

"Hades foresaw no harm, but Persephone has assumed the Title of Ruler of Greek Hell and is currently restoring The Underworld. So, effectively speaking, I lost influence in the Greek Pantheon."

"The same applies to the Norse Pantheon, Hela. That fool, she destroyed the Bifrost."

"..."

Baal's face twitched a little. But, to the Demon's credit, he reacted very well; destroying a Conceptual Artifact was ridiculous, and he couldn't even think how that was possible.

"The Bifrost was destroyed...?"

"Yes. The Gods don't know who was responsible, but I know that Hela did it using one of Odin's most feared Dragons."

"Níðhöggr, The Dragon That Gnaws At The Roots of Yggdrasil. Only an Elder Beast of The End could do something like that."

Baal gulped. The Ragnarok prophecy was famous, and everyone knew the main players.

Thor, Fenrir, Odin, Jörmungandr, and the Dragon who waits patiently gnawing at the deepest roots of The World Tree, Níðhöggr.

All of them are the main actors in Ragnarok.

Níðhöggr is an Ancient Dragon, A Beast of The Apocalypse who makes Fenrir look like a child in comparison.

"... How... How is this possible? As an Ancient Dragon, he is immeasurable. Odin and the Norse Gods would know if it were him."

"For a Beast like him. He doesn't need to be present to destroy something. Just his intent is enough."

"... That is ridiculous... Just how was Hela able to do this?"

"She is the Daughter of Loki. She is headstrong, and even if she is hated in the Norse Pantheon due to her very nature, she will still protect her Pantheon even if it means isolating the entire Pantheon for hundreds of years."

"Something Loki knows all too well, and despite not looking like it, this God is very loyal to his house."

"It's not hard to imagine Loki and Hela teaming up to do that."

"With the Bifrost closed, the only alternative to entering the Nordic Pantheon is through the branches of the World Tree, and that can't be done because it will alert the World Tree itself, and its ego will kick everyone out... Only that damn Rat there might be a way to infiltrate Asgard, but it won't help the Demons." Diablo continued until he entered a room where Lilith was standing quite robotically.

A giant panel floating in the air could be seen inside that room.

"Ratatosk, it's greedy. Maybe it can be negotiated with?" Baal has spoken.

Ratatosk was the only known Being who could climb the Nine Realms of the Norse Pantheon and the only Being who could visit the other Pantheons. He knew the hidden paths of the World Tree that connected all Pantheons.

"Unlikely, in the past, he stopped walking the paths that led to other Pantheons. He learned his lesson when the Greeks and the Egyptians exploited him."

"That Rat became very wary of outsiders."

'... Ratatosk is a squirrel...' Baal thought neutrally but didn't say it aloud.

"We don't have the Greek Pantheon due to Hades' unpredictability. Due to Hela's reckless attitude, we don't have the Nordic Pantheon."

"The Shinto Pantheon is already dealing with the threats of its own Hell. Amaterasu has once again proven why she is a God-King on par with Ra regarding Ranking as a Sun Goddess."

"The Hindu Pantheon, needless to say, with Shiva present in that place, he would not let Indra's incompetence affect his Pantheon too much, and the situation will be resolved eventually."

"Fortunately, in the meantime, Yama got Hell on our side."

"Of our allies, only the Ancient Chinese Pantheon, which is with the empty Rule, Enma, the Buddhist Hell King, and Yama, the Hindu Hell King, are on our side."

"Tsk ... At this point, the Greeks, the Norsemen, and that bastard from Egypt should be our ally...." Diablo's eyes glinted crimson red.

"But no... He had to pick up a childish fight with his brother and was subdued afterward."

His entire meticulous plan was being destroyed due to stubborn Beings.

"And to make matters worse, there is an annoying insect in my Hell that, thanks to a failed plan, has entered my house and is causing chaos."

"..." Baal would like to say that no one predicted that Victor was a Mortal who could survive in Hell, an extremely toxic place for the living, but he was silent.

Diablo was at an impasse.

He couldn't go back to Hell because if he did, the Angels would notice, and they would attack with everything making his whole plan involving Miguel and Gabriel go up in the air.

He couldn't ask for help because his allies were dealing with their own internal problems, only Yama was free, but that idiot was somewhere in South Africa causing trouble. In recent reports, he saw that the Progenitor of Vampires, Vlad, was going there.

Enma might be the only one who could help him, but he was now restructuring his Hell, so he'd hardly respond.

After a long silence, Diablo, who was thinking about his next move, spoke.

"Call all the Deadly Sins back."

"I want them to leave their current jobs and come back to support me."

"Yes, My King."

"... What about Alucard ...? What do we do?" he asked cautiously.

"Alucard defeated a Demon God. Even if it was just recently born, War wasn't exactly weak. Only Wrath, Pride, Agares, or you could fight War equally, and that number dropped to just you and Agares when he became a Demon God."

"...Which means Alucard is as strong as I am or might be superior due to his qualities as a Progenitor."

"Correct."

"..." Baal was not upset by this fact but was impressed. As a Rank 1 Demon, it was insane to think of someone so young who was as strong as him, even surpassing him.

'I wonder how he'll fare fighting my True Form...' Baal thought with an inward smile but quickly shook his head.

As a Demon, it was an inherent desire to seek conflict and struggle; for a moment, he almost lost control of it.

"Alucard has become an existence that only my Elites or I personally can handle."

"I will not make the same mistake of underestimating him again." Diablo decided to make plans, always thinking about Alucard's future potential.

"Are we going to let him run wild in Hell?" Baal asked in the same neutral tone:

"How about sending the Dragon?"

"That would just be sending food to Alucard," Diablo spoke.

"... So we ignore him."

"Yes... For now."

"The Beings that are in Hell right now are all weak. Even if they join the weak, he still has a weak army. I can deal with him later when I return after achieving my plans."

"The Plane of Earth is much more important."

"... My King, have you forgotten what happened to Vine and Vepar?"

"I haven't forgotten, I've taken into consideration the possibility of him strengthening the Demons as well, but it still won't be enough to deal with me."

"All the strongest Demons in Hell are with me on Earth, while only the remnants are in Hell."

For a moment, Diablo even considered attacking Beings related to Victor, but the moment that thought popped into his head, he denied it.

There were many demerits, especially now that Vlad was not on his leash and that various Divine Energies had been reported in Nightingale through the spies of his new group of allies.

Not to mention Scathach, the Strongest Female Vampire everyone knew, had a Master-Student relationship with Alucard.

He would only harm himself if he struck the wrong way now that his forces were scattered and the Angels were patiently waiting for him to make a mistake.

Diablo's eyes gleamed.

'That's it... The Elder Gods... They are the Beings that have the most grudge against Vampires... If I manage to bring an Elder God to the table, it will be possible to create a collar for Alucard.'

He didn't even consider talking to the Elder Gods to help him on Earth. The reason for this was simple: these Beings only cared about their invaders, namely the Vampires.

"Contact our mutual friend, tell them I want to do business with them."

"My King... About this group, I think you'd better talk to them personally."

"..." Diablo opened his mouth to speak but quickly closed his mouth and considered Baal's advice, and he realized that the Demon was right.

"Very well, I will contact them."

"Are we going to help Yama regarding Vlad? It is obvious that a fight will ensue when the two meet."

"Yama has his Generals with him. Even Vlad couldn't handle that new General casually." Diablo spoke as he thought of the Demon that was once Merlin. Dealing with Mages of Merlin's and Evie's caliber was extremely troublesome.

You'll never know if you fell into a trap or not. It wasn't ridiculous to think that the most experienced Mages were invincible in their own territory.

"Yes, My King."

"Before you go, talk to Asmodeus. It's time for the Ancient Spirit to leave the laboratory."

"...Will production of Cursed Bullets stop?"

"The number we have is enough for the Highest Order Angels."

"Yes, My King. I will pass on your orders."

Diablo didn't say anything as he looked at the floating screen that soon began to show images of Alucard and his fight.

Baal exited and left the Demon King alone.

Alucard's fight with War. He wanted to understand everything about this impediment.

The Demon King didn't even consider paying attention to the silent 'doll' watching the entire conversation with dead eyes.

He didn't even notice the twinkle in Lilith's eyes that appeared for a few seconds when she watched Alucard and War fight.

...

On a dark night, a tall Vampire with blond hair and blood-red eyes looked out over a city full of Demons, wearing a white tuxedo.

"Yama is kidding too much." The man spoke in disdain.

A portal appeared behind the man.

"Alexios, good news?"

"Yes, I located the group of Vampires."

"Good. I will deal with Yama now." Vlad's body was covered in darkness with shades of red, and soon he disappeared:

"As long as you act as my messenger, I will return soon."

"Yes, My King."

.....

"We're back," Scathach said as she passed through a portal.

"Mother, you're back... And with guests." Ruby spoke.

"Hmm. You know Meya Neyku, the current Queen of The Amazons."

Scathach nodded, gesturingly, as she introduced the Queen of the Amazons, who looked like a deer caught in headlights with so many beautiful women looking at her menacingly [from her point of view.]

"Violet, any news of Victor?" Agnes asked Violet, annoyance evident in her expression.

"...No news," Violet answered her mother with the same annoyance written on her face.

"Damn bastards, how dare they...." Agnes cursed under her breath, but everyone heard her voice.

Leona rolled her eyes when she saw Violet's mother reacting exactly like her daughter.

"I take it there were no problems recruiting the Amazons?" Leona asked, getting straight to the point.

"There were problems," Natasha answered the Werewolf.

"...Oh?" Leona raised her eyebrow, "Just what kind of problems could the Strongest Countesses face? With the lineup of you and the Goddesses, there shouldn't have been any problems."

"The world is bigger than you think, Leona," Scathach replied while looking at the group.

"Merlin was there and in all his Demonic glory."

"..." An awkward silence fell around the group as the women looked at each other with an expression that said, 'Scathach, are you going senile?'

Scathach pursed her lips in annoyance. She could clearly see what the women were thinking of her.

"Not that I'm doubting you, Mother... But wasn't Merlin dead?" Siena quickly spoke when she saw Scathach's annoyance rising.

"That's what I thought too, but apparently, the senile old man has turned into a Demon from an entirely different Pantheon."

"W- Wait, is this real? Merlin is alive? That Merlin!? The old man who taught Arthur?" Pepper asked in disbelief.

"Tsk, why is that old man so famous? He's just a little boy, and I trained Arthur," Scathach replied with an expression of annoyance at another acquaintance. Scathach was not pleased.

"W- Well, Merlin has appeared in a lot of anime. It's kind of unbelievable, you know?"
Pepper tried to defend herself.

"In defense of my mother, she's appeared in several anime too. Her name is quite famous." Lacus spoke.

"But it's Merlin, you know! The Male Mage!" Pepper spoke.

"Humpf, that's just a legend. There's no way Merlin can be a Wizard; everyone knows only Witches can-" Siena spoke.

"Unfortunately, that is incorrect information."

"... Eh?"

"Merlin could use Magic. He is the only known man who could... Aside from Victor, of course. But unlike Victor, who Albedo Moriarty Blessed, Merlin could use Magic even without outside help."

"..." The younger girls opened their eyes in shock at this historical fact.

"And daughter, why are you so shocked? Your mother was the one who trained Arthur and sometimes that bag of bones, you know?"

"... I mean, you're my mother..." Pepper replied as if that was an answer that solved all the questions in the world.

"Right? It's hard to imagine." Lacus supported her sister.

"What is that supposed to mean?" Scathach asked, narrowing her eyes even more.

Lacus and Pepper shuddered and quickly hid behind Siena.

"They're saying they're very close to you, and because of that, it's hard to imagine you being someone so 'legendary'," Ruby spoke supportively of the sisters.

"...Oh." Scathach's eyes grew kinder.

"To be honest, sometimes, I also forget that she is the Strongest Female Vampire... If it weren't for the occasional ridiculous fights between her and Victor, I would have forgotten." Natasha spoke with a smile on her face.

"Right? Scathach was so much more approachable after Victor came into her life. I think that wonderful member put out her inner fire." Agnes spoke.

"Umu, there's nothing sex can't fix." Aphrodite nodded, "As the Goddess of Sex, I can attest to that."

Scathach's eyes began to glow blood-red, and veins appeared to bulge on her head.

"Aya, she's irritated..." Natasha promptly pulled away from Scathach and hugged her daughter.

"M- Mother, behave yourself," Sasha said.

"I am behaving myself." Natasha snorted.

"Scathach's face doesn't say that." Sasha snapped.

"She's very nervous, don't you see? She almost blew up the Amazons a few moments ago, so obviously, she needs to relax a little more." Natasha smiled like a sneaky cat.

"..." The women looked at Meya, who was silent.

Meya's body shuddered again after feeling all the eyes in the room on her again.

"Why does she look like a scared cat? Isn't she supposed to be a Queen?" Violet asked.

"Well ... Scathach happened," Natasha spoke.

"... What did she do?" Ruby asked, feeling a headache coming on.

"Hmm ..." Natasha looked at Hestia and Nike, "The Goddesses can tell you."

The girls looked at the Goddesses.

Hestia and Nike gave the smirking Natasha a stinking glare, and shortly after, they looked at the women.

"Haaah, she killed all the Elder Amazon women in a public execution, and all who went against her words were beaten into oblivion," Hestia spoke.

"The city was painted in blood with the remains of those women."

"..." For some reason, everyone could picture the image in their heads very well, and that image made everyone shudder.

Unconsciously, they all looked at Meya with pity.

"That's rude, throwing the blame on me. I said I wouldn't kill anyone, and that's what I did, but those Elder women's crimes were so unforgivable that you ordered them to die yourself, Hestia."

Aphrodite and Rhea turned to look at Hestia in shock.

The two knew very well what a kind Goddess she was. She wouldn't order anyone's death if things weren't too horrible.

"Was it that bad...?"

"..." The saddened expression on the Gentlest Goddess's face was enough of an answer.

"If Hestia isn't willing to say it, I will." Agnes positioned herself in front of the group.

"The Elder Amazons were using the 'sons' of the Amazons as slave labor. Since they were young, they were forced to work, and when they were biologically old enough, they would have their seeds forcibly taken by the Amazons. They would be used until exhaustion, and soon after, they would be discarded."

"The sons would share the same fate as their fathers, and the women would be 'Proud Amazons'," Agnes spoke in disdain.

Everyone's eyes opened wide.

Even though some in the room weren't very human-friendly, especially with men other than Victor, they wouldn't go to such lengths to harm them, especially children. It was a line no one in the room dared cross.

The pitiful eyes the girls gave Meya changed to revulsion and disgust.

"I did not know that!" Meya squealed shakily from the killing intent of the girls.

"Impossible. You are the Queen. How would you not know?" Pepper growled with an attitude that surprised many girls.

"I only recently became Queen, and within our society, Elder Amazons hold a lot of prestige!"

"This tradition goes back to the First Amazon. But I didn't know this was happening." Meya spoke in a defeated tone.

Even if she didn't do much to change her society, if she knew these things were happening, she would've fought tooth and nail to change everything, or at least rescue her 'male' people so they would have some dignity.

The suffering these men and children went through went against everything she believed in, and the part that hurt Meya the most was that her people were treating those who could be considered their 'own' like this.

Even if they weren't women, they were born to an Amazon; therefore, they were her people.

"Didn't you ever wonder why there weren't any men...?" Ruby narrowed her eyes.

"When you learned about fertilization and children, you should have known that the probability of a male being born from a relationship is more than 50%. Didn't you ask what happened?"

"...Yes, I asked my mother that at the time, and she said that all who were born male were put back where they belonged."

"At the time, I thought the place they belonged was outside the realm of the Amazons and not in that hole!" She yelled indignantly. It was obvious that even she didn't believe what her people did.

"Now, you understand why I killed all the Elder Amazon women who knew about it. If her mother had been alive, I would have killed her too. It was obvious that woman knew what was going on." Scathach spoke in disdain.

Meaya shuddered at Scathach's glare, but she didn't say anything because, honestly, she had the same thoughts when she saw that situation.

"I assume everyone responsible for this incident is dead, right?" Mizuki spoke while looking at Scathach. The woman's eyes were radiating pure killing intent.

"Of course, they all died in the most painful way possible."

"How? How did they die?" Mizuki insisted.

"Dismemberment. I got four horses, tied one to each limb, and voila." Scathach smiled.

A smile that made all the girls shudder.

As an Ancient Being, Scathach knew of various execution methods used in the past.

"Some died at my hand or were introduced to my Lightning." Natasha raised her hands as Lightning crackled in her hand.

"I personally incinerated an Elder Amazon to death... Slowly; that bitch was disgusting," Agnes spoke with visible disgust on her face.

"...Now, I understand why she looks like a beaten cat," Leona spoke.

"Everything has been resolved, right? I don't need to worry about her people committing these acts again, right?" Violet spoke.

"They've already been warned, and the Queen wants to change too. However, she assured me that those who don't want to change will have quality time with me." Scathach grinned widely.

"As Superhumans, the Amazons make great torture toys. I feel my rusty skills coming back in full force."

"..." The girls gulped at the morbid smile on Scathach's face.

"I will make sure they change! Even if it's through the gallows!" Meya spoke with visible determination.

"That's good. Because if they are placed in my hands... Well, you already know the result." Scathach smiled.

Meya just nodded furiously.

'It's better for them to suffer at my hand than this monster's.' Meya thought that this was also her duty as a Queen.

"Where is Kaguya?" Hestia asked in an attempt to change the subject. She had just noticed that the Maid was absent and pointed it out.

Fortunately, the girls understood her goal and silently agreed to change the subject:

"Kaguya is with the other Maids in Japan, as we discussed earlier," Sasha answered.

"I know about that, but why isn't she here? That visit shouldn't take so long, right?"

"...Now that you say it, that's true..." Sasha looked at Ruby.

Understanding Sasha's look, Ruby took her cell phone out of her pocket, called Kaguya, and put the cell phone to her ear.

"Ruby?"

"Kaguya, why are you taking so long?"

"... Well, there was a problem."

"..." The girls rolled their eyes; 'There was always a problem, wasn't there?' They thought.

"What is it?" Ruby continued.

"Some Demons from Japanese Hell have come out and are causing havoc in the Human World."

"And apparently, a Mythological War is going on between Amaterasu, and her mother, Izanami, who was apparently sealed away in Hell."

"Amaterasu has somehow won the war recently, but in the meantime, the Demons of Hell have been loosed in the Human World, and consequently, the Youkai have been involved in the mess as well."

"At Haruna's behest, several squadrons of Youkai were formed, and we began to clear Japan of Demons."

"As Haruna is..." Kaguya was going to say 'the woman Victor likes' but decided it would be silly to say it now, not that it wasn't obvious, but it would just unnecessarily tease the girls, "Our ally... I had to help."

"..." The girls were silent for a few seconds and blinked several times.

'Huh? Why am I only finding this out now? What is Susanoo doing!' Aphrodite thought. The Fairest Goddess's pretty face tightened into a visible frown.

Deciding that she would question Susanoo later, she continued to observe everything.

"A-Are you okay!?" Violet screamed. Before Kaguya could even reply, Violet's temper burst the seal she had barely kept in under as she continued,

"For Gods sake, Kaguya! If something happens to you, or the Maids, Victor will be devastated! Why didn't you fucking call for help!?"

Ruby shot Violet a warning look, which the white-haired woman ignored as she waited for an answer from Kaguya, who was obviously taken aback by her outburst.

"I didn't call for help because the problem isn't something we can't handle... Remember, Lady Violet, we have Victor's blood in us. We are not weak."

"And it was also a good opportunity for the girls to loosen up and get stronger. Since Master disappeared, they've been devastated."

"..." A solemn gaze passed over the girls. Each of them was dealing with Victor's disappearance in their own way; he was the glue that held the group together.

And even though he disappeared, his influence didn't diminish. Instead, it just motivated the girls to become even closer together and overprotective of each other.

"That's no excuse for not giving notice," Violet spoke in a more controlled tone.

"...Sorry, I should have warned you."

"Yes, you should have." Violet looked at Mizuki.

"Mizuki-."

"You don't have to say anything; I'll go. It's my homeland. I won't stand by while Demons invade."

"I will too." Morgana spoke, then added, after seeing the girls' questioning eyes, "I won't interfere. I'll just act as additional protection."

"I don't know if the people after Victor will attack us, but it's good to keep the mindset that they will. They wouldn't miss the opportunity now that Victor is away from here and will think we are an easy target," She spoke in disdain.

Some of the women here were among the most dangerous women in the Supernatural World, most notably Aphrodite, Scathach, Jeanne, and herself.

"That's why we should stick together."

"The strongest members should always accompany by the less skilled members for extra protection every time they go out."

"We protect each other. That is the motto of Clan Alucard."

The girls displayed a gentle smile when they heard Morgana's words.

They were a Family, and the Family protected each other. Even if Victor was not here, his influence and way of thinking were still strong. In fact, it grew stronger every moment he remained away.

"Well said, Morgana!" Violet flashed a big smile, and her sense of hurry eased considerably when she realized she wasn't alone.

"Did you hear, Kaguya?"

"...Yes, I'm sorry-."

"No need to apologize; just don't go at it alone. It's as if you picked up Victor's bad habit." Violet groaned.

"..." Kaguya just kept silent and then gently added, "Yes, I won't do anything alone."

"Ruby, I will count on you to make plans involving the most skilled members."

"Mm, I will," Ruby spoke with a small smile and then quickly added with a serious expression:

"Each of you married using the Ritual will go to my lab to visit Victor's blood station."

"... Do you still have that?" Sasha asked in shock.

"Since the day that Victor and I were separated from you for a year and six months, he and I have thought of various ways to store blood in case something like this suddenly happened."

"He willingly gave away several bags of blood that only we can use. Anyone who doesn't have a connection with Victor and drinks the blood or experiments with it will cause the blood to react in a very... Dangerous way."

'Seriously, it's like his blood has a conscience of its own.' Ruby thought.

"Victor is fine, he has Roxanne, who has eliminated his bloodlust, but we don't have that. So even if it's reserve blood, we must drink it." Agnes spoke with a reluctant face.

"And you must only drink a little... After all, we don't know how long he will spend in Hell."

"Ugh." Agnes, Violet, Sasha, and Natasha groaned reluctantly. There was a massive difference when drinking straight from the fountain than drinking from a plastic bag. The taste seemed even more distant.

The girls who had Victor's regular blood realized for the first time that they would have to be content with drinking blood from a bag.

.....

In a burning city, hordes of demons of different shapes and sizes stared at a single golden-haired man in front of them.

The man, although handsome, was only wearing a rather ordinary suit, a very unbelievable sight considering this man was in front of several demons.

"Vlad Dracul Tepes, the first Progenitor of vampires, the king of vampires, I didn't expect to see you here;" The man sitting on a golden throne spoke with a bored, amused face.

" Yama, King of Hell;;; You've changed quite a bit since I last heard from you."

"Of course, I've changed; After all, I'm not the same Yama."

'It seems that the old Yama died. but why is he so similar to the old Yama?' Vlad narrowed his eyes and looked at the demon's soul; The moment he looked at the demon's soul. he noticed the old Yama's familiar signature, indicating that the soul in front of him was related to the old Yama.

From there, the conclusion was logical:

"Are you Old Yama's son?"

" Wrong, I 'm his grandson."

"... I see ... It looks like the nature of demons is alive and well;" Vlad's tone was neutral, but the slight hint of irony in his words was quite obvious.

" Heh. but isn't that normal in our world? Parents kill children. and children kill parents. all in the name of power and authority: Your children were planning to do the same thing to you, right?"

"And they failed; If they can't even plan my downfall without my knowing, they're not worthy of my throne."

" Hahaha ~, that is the arrogance expected from the strongest Vampire;" Yama got up from his throne and started walking toward the ground.

The three demons behind Yama opened their eyes wide and reached toward Yama as they called out:

"King Yama -."

"Generals, did I tell you to leave your posts?" Yama's voice was casual, but the three generals who were standing behind Yama felt shivers run down their spines.

Understanding their king's message, they reluctantly remained in place, but their vigilance over Vlad grew much stronger than before.

"Oh? That's impressive;;; I would never have thought that I would see such loyalty in any army other than Lilith's;"

"Unlike my grandfather, I understand the importance of good subordinates;" Slowly a dark miasma with violet hues began to form on Yama's head, and soon a crown appeared.

Ruler's bond;;; And a strong one at that; Looks like he's stolen the complete rulership of hell from him...' Vlad thought.

The Progenitor wasn't worried. Even if in front of him was someone who could negate his soul-damaging attacks, it didn't matter to Vlad.

He would still win.

It wasn't arrogance. It was a fact.

As a Ruler, soul attacks have significantly reduced effects. Just like a Progenitor, a Ruler's existence is special, and it can be said that they are even more special than the Progenitor of vampires.

As beings that stir souls, they need to have a strong soul. The Ruler will never be seriously harmed by soul damage because his 'status' as a Ruler will protect his soul from destruction.

Of course, like everything in the world, there is a balance, and the Status of the Ruler is no different. Despite being special beings that even gods of death cannot damage their souls, the same does not apply to entities that mess with souls like the Judges of the Abyss and the universal tree.

'Coming straight into the confrontation, and alone... Is that arrogance or too much confidence?' Vlad questioned himself as he looked at Yama, who was standing less than 10 meters away from him.

"Let's have fun, Vlad. After all, I wasted a lot of time trying to pull you out of your hole." Miasma began to cover Yama's body, and soon he was in the full ceremonial robes of a king, robes of red colors with shades of gold.

His formerly human skin began to change to shades of red and dark blue, fangs protruded from his teeth, and the crown of miasma on his head began to catch fire.

His expression changed to a serious one, with a big smile on his face. He looked very angry and, at the same time, like he was about to have a lot of fun.

Yama's face.

"The least I expect is a little fun."

The whole atmosphere started to get heavier, and the growing sensation of Miasma began to be felt by everyone.

Vlad narrowed his eyes, going straight to his demon form and using all his power... Good, he may be young, but he didn't underestimate me.' He thought as he had his attention completely focused on his surroundings. He was in enemy territory, after all, so a trap was quite likely to happen.

Since the incident of his son drugging him with poison before he died, he was very alert so that failure would not happen again.

Vlad suddenly turned his head towards the generals and narrowed his eyes. They might hide it from him, but the scent was quite visible, the scent of his kind.

"Did you know I was going to come after the vampires?"

"It was a hunch... Fortunately, I was correct." Yama looked back specifically at his generals.

"Bring them."

The generals nodded their heads and raised their hands, and a very familiar magic circle appeared in the hand of the demons; soon, several beings started to appear.

Vlad was internally amazed at the 'magic circles' the demons were using; he had never seen anything like this before.

'What is that?' He didn't have much time to think about it because when he saw which beings appeared, Vlad's eyes glowed blood-red for a moment.

They were vampires, albeit different.

They had sharp fangs made of unrecognizable metal, slightly pointed ears, pink skin, and golden eyes. The faces of this group were more 'soft', and most of them were androgynous beings.

The variety didn't end there. Some had slightly blue skin, blood-red eyes, and sharp faces.

One group in particular had a more gray skin color, and they had 'cracks' that could be easily noticed on their legs, and they didn't have humanoid legs. Rather, like a demonic beast, their legs were robust, and the claws were made of the same material as the teeth of vampires who had pink skin.

Others had chocolate skin, blood-red eyes, and normal fangs, but the claws on their hands were similar to the same metal as the other groups.

The claws on the hand of this group looked more like a naturally created sharp gauntlet, the proof of which is that some men and women in this group had half of their entire arm covered with this natural protection, which was quite robust.

Some specific ones even had their entire arm completely altered into some kind of monster claws.

This particular group had the most human 'features'.

When the eyes of a woman with chocolate skin, curly hair, and blood-red eyes met his, he narrowed his eyes in thought.

From the dress that looked like a shaman, it was obvious that the priestess was one of the group's leaders.

As well as the tall, muscular man, who wore clothes similar to, but more masculine than, the woman.

The two were the leaders of these vampires.

Although each member of the group looked different, it was obvious that they belonged to the same bloodline, the only difference being that they had developed differently over the years.

The bloodline of the ancient Progenitors still lives.

" Lord Vlad." The man spoke in a tired tone of voice.

"You have been captured, Bomani."

"I don't know how they managed to find our village's protection... It seems there was a spy in our ranks." It was something the taller man didn't want to think about, but it was obvious that there was a traitor. After all, the entrance to the village was only known by its inhabitants, only Vlad knew some entrances, but the inhabitants made sure to double the vigilance in those entrances that Vlad knew.

The demon's attack, however, came from an entrance used only by the inhabitants, which only the inhabitants knew about.

"What's the point of this, Yama?"

"Is it all to fight me?" Vlad's voice grew heavier as his golden hair began to darken, then his entire body. Soon his entire existence was pure darkness with shades of red.

He was no longer disguising himself, and this was the true face of the 'Progenitor', Vlad Dracul Tepes.

Vlad recognized his opponent. He was someone Vlad couldn't restrain his power against. You don't become a demon king by being weak, that never happens, and Vlad's instincts said.

This man, the new Yama, he was strong.

" Correct."

Yama's body pressure started to increase even more.

"I want to know who is the man that even my grandfather respected." Yama's hands were covered in thick miasma and became sharp claws.

Yama positioned himself in an open guard stance and spoke:

"The situation is simple."

The three generals pointed their hands at Vlad and Yama, and magic circles with strange patterns began to appear. Soon a red dome of demonic power began to be created, thus losing Vlad and Yama.

Vlad looked around and realized that this space was bigger than it should have been possible.

'They imitated the same technology witches use to make arenas... Impossible.' It had been a while since Vlad was shocked by anything that wasn't Victor related.

The demon war started by Diablos was a surprise but not 'shocking'.

"Defeat me, and you get the vampires."

"Simple, right? King of Vampires."

' Indeed. Very simple. Too simple for my taste.' Vlad was full of distrust. He didn't believe at all that Yama just wanted to fight him since he didn't give off the same feeling that Scathach and Victor do.

The feeling of a battle maniac.

Instead, he felt more like someone shrewd and who likes to plan, someone like his dead son, but just more competent than he was.

[My King, I didn't find the vampires... I only see traces of destruction.]

' Alexios can contact me, meaning I can leave here if necessary. They didn't use that strange magic that negated the powers of the Alioth...'

"Yes, very simple..." a blood sword is created in his hand. "A method of dueling that would greatly please the Second Progenitor and annoy him at the same time."

"After all, you are using a hostage to make me fight."

[... I understand, I'll go back and observe.]

Smiling inwardly with satisfaction from his most loyal subordinate, Vlad continued:

"Fortunately, I am not the second Progenitor."

Vlad and Yama disappeared as Vlad's blood blade, and Yama's miasma claws clashed, causing a rumble all around them.

"That tactic won't work on me."

"The incident of your beloved non-daughter refutes these words." Yama dodged Vlad's attack and retaliated with his claws.

Vlad dodged the attack and struck back in an attempt to cut off his head.

"You got a heart, Vlad. Something you didn't have before."

"Don't act like you know me, brat."

The fight started to get faster, and sounds of metal clashing were heard, and the two opponents were vanishing and reappearing at an insane speed.

The surrounding terrain was destroyed just by the casual clash of their weapons.

But even with such destruction, it was obvious that the two still weren't fighting seriously; they were just sizing each other up.

" Hahaha ~, but I know you very well, Vlad. More than you think." Yama backed away and raised his hand in the air, then an ominous miasma began to rapidly form in his hands, and soon a spear-shaped energy construct was created, and that spear started to catch fire.

Yama threw the spear towards Vlad, who casually turned his head to the side, making the Spear miss. The spear flew toward the ground, and when it touched the ground.

A gigantic explosion was heard, followed by a mushroom-shaped smoke cloud.

"..." Vlad just looked neutrally at that amount of power.

Yama created another spear of power and held it in his hand.

Using the Spear now as a weapon, he positioned himself and said:

"Finished warming up?"

Vlad casually glanced back at Yama, seeing the neutral look on the Demon King's face, the doubts he was feeling only heightened, and he didn't ignore that bad feeling.

Therefore, he made the most logical decision here, he was going to subdue the enemy as quickly as possible.

Vlad raised his hand towards Yama and tried to control the blood in Yama's body, but he was surprised when he realized that he couldn't

"Did you think I wouldn't countermeasure your power..." Yama disappeared and reappeared behind the Progenitor, "Vlad?"

Yama tried to pierce Vlad's body, but just like before, they just passed through his body, or he dodged the attack...

At least he thought so.

Vlad pulls away from Yama and looks at his dark belly, which is cut open and leaking dark energy.

"... I see... I understand now; you've done your research Yama." Vlad spoke in a very neutral tone as he watched the cut on his body instantly heal.

Yama's body stiffened as he felt the atmosphere change and become more oppressive.

Vlad raised his head and looked at Yama :

" Very well, you have my full attention."

Yama's smiling face changed to a stern one, and two more arms were created below the normal arms.

Vlad's entire body began to distort, his humanity form disappeared completely, and all that was left was something unknown, a kind of liquid biomass of crimson-hued darkness.

Blood-red eyes began to open within this liquid, as well as sharp teeth, and soon an abysmal amount of this liquid flew towards Yama.

Halfway through, that wave started to turn into a demonic one.

ROOOOOOAR!

Yama threw his Spear at the demonic beast, effectively evaporating the beast, the ensuing destruction leaving room for Vlad to interfere.

Yama felt someone tapping his shoulder, and when he turned around, he saw Vlad's distorted face.

"Form and appearance are meaningless to me. I can be whatever I want, whenever I want."

Yama's entire body.

"What -..." Life began to drain out of Yama's body, and soon his entire body was bursting with blood.

"As someone who said he knows about me, you died quite quickly, Demon King."

Vlad's humanoid form started to reform again, and when he was about to turn around, he narrowed his eyes when he saw something forming on the ground.

'Of course... It wouldn't be that easy.'

And in the blink of an eye, Yama's entire body was rebuilt again.

"I expected that... But still, I couldn't react. You truly deserve the strongest vampire reputation, Vlad. My grandfather was right to respect him."

When the crown of miasma and fire formed again on Yama's head, the Demon King declared:

"As the strongest of the Progenitors, something of equal caliber is needed."

FUSHHHHHH.

Energy exploded from Yama's body and rose to the heavens in a crimson pillar.

"Warm-up time is over."

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Chapter 670: True Form.

Chapter 670: True Form.

"Put more energy into the shield quickly!"

"I'm doing it! And don't order me around! I'm in the same position as you!"

"Really? Is this the time for that!?"

"It's always time for that. Only my king rules over me!"

"Guys." The third general's voice spoke in a heavy tone, "Concentrate!"

The fight grew more intense, and the two kings showed no signs of slowing down.

With every encounter, an explosion happened.

With each exchange of blows, the pace of battle increased even more.

The First Progenitor, Vlad Dracul Tepes, fought in an orthodox way.

His posture was not visible, and even his own 'humanoid' body was not visible.

But to the more experienced, it was obvious that even in this messy form of a black and crimson type of liquid, Vlad still demonstrated refined martial arts.

"Tsk, this is how a Progenitor fights!? In such a cowardly way!?"

The fight was making Yama impatient because just when he thought he was going to land a blow on Vlad, the man dissolved into some kind of dark liquid.

The moment Yama spoke his words, the liquid that looked like living blood exploded everywhere, occupying all visible space.

"I am Blood."

Vlad's voice echoed everywhere.

"And the blood is me."

"The Progenitor of vampires is the one who negotiates between life and death using blood as a bargaining chip to obtain the soul." Eyes began to appear all over the living liquid.

"That is the essence of the Progenitor."

ROOOOOAR

The living blood went towards Yama, and as it traveled, several human hands and the heads of monsters appeared.

Yama opened his eyes wide, "That's..." He quickly backed away from where he was.

"Souls... Living souls."

"Hundreds of thousands of souls."

Blood began to spread around even more as red clouds started to form in the sky, and soon, the sky began to rain blood as well.

"Why the surprise?"

Yama looked up and saw a giant blood-red eye and several more slightly smaller red eyes.

"You know about me, right?"

"You must know how I fight."

"Ugh." Yama looked at his arm and saw several small monsters made of blood biting his skin like a leech.

Yama's body was surrounded by a black miasma, thus preventing the bloody rain from falling on his body.

Yama felt something holding his leg and saw a hand of blood trying to pull him into the 'sea' of blood.

The hand tried to pierce his legs with spikes of blood, but Yama quickly incinerated the blood with the flames of hell and ascended to the heavens.

'This is dangerous... All this blood, this whole place is Vlad's weapon. He's a damn monster.'

"Blood is my power. Blood is my authority. A means to reach the soul."

A swirl of blood began to stir in the 'sea' of bodies, and soon a man emerged. Wrong, a creature emerged.

Large wings made of blood, slightly gray skin, eyes with black sclera with irises glowing crimson, slightly pointed ears, and a mouth entirely made of sharp teeth with no hint of lips. The creature's hands were made of sharp claws, as were its feet which were long blade-like talons.

Black spikes with crimson tips could be seen protruding from the elbows.

The creature's entire body had patterns of black tattoos wandering across the body as if they were alive.

Yama, as well as the demons who were watching the fight, opened their eyes wide at Vlad's change.

Alexios, who was watching from a distance, solemnly looked at Vlad's current form.

'I thought I would never see your real appearance in my lifetime, My King...'

"Vampire Count Form?" Yama spoke dismissively, "Do you think that's enough to defeat me, Vlad?"

'Wrong.' Alexios thought at the same time that Vlad spoke the same words as him:

"Wrong."

"Let me clear something up for the ignorant and incompetent." Vlad raised his hand, and thousands of blood spikes began to appear around him.

"The Vampire Count form is nothing more than the most talented vampires recovering the ancient form that was used thousands of years ago in a time when even the current gods did not live."

"What you are looking at now is my true form."

"The form of ancient vampires."

"Our true form."

The blood spikes began to rotate horizontally at high speed.

"The Vampire Count transformation is not the power boost everyone believes it to be."

"When a vampire achieves full Vampire Count Form, he is only one step closer to returning to the origins of the past."

"Our original power... A power that even the strongest monsters of the past feared, and because of that fear, they joined with the other strongest monsters of the time and crippled our race." Vlad's eyes narrowed, and only one thorn flew toward Yama.

That thorn caused several sonic booms, and it grazed Yama's cheek, as he barely managed to dodge.

"...That's impossible... You're saying your race is that old!? Older than the gods!?"

"It's impossible! If that kind of race existed, the self-centered gods would not allow their existence!"

"You think rather small for a King."

"There are thousands of worlds out there, child. Do you think Earth is such a special place?"

"..." Yama tried to say something, but he just closed his mouth because he realized that Vlad was correct.

"Look at Samar and Nightingale. They are completely different planets with their own gods and natives. These beings have their own culture, rules, and past."

"Is it so hard to believe that vampires weren't originally from this planet?"

"For a demon, you carry the same mentality as humans who think they are so important that they think this tiny planet is the only planet with life in the universe," Vlad spoke in disdain.

"... You dare compare me to such inferior creatures...?" Yama's eyes gleamed.

Yama pointed his hand upwards, and a gigantic wave of flames was thrown into the sky, burning everything in the skies.

Even the clouds of blood in the sky burned until they disappeared.

"Yama's Judgment." A mighty surge of power rose to the heavens, and soon an immense rift in the red space was opened.

Soon four gigantic hands grabbed the 'space' of the crack.

Outside the field of magic, the three generals were suffering a lot to keep everything stable.

"King Yama is overreacting; this was just supposed to be a test. Why is he doing this!?" A general shouted.

"Tsk, Tsk, it's because he's a brat, even though he's a king of hell. Why does he get so emotional with Vlad? Does he want to date the man or something?"

The demons looked at the voice that said that and opened their eyes when they saw a familiar demon wearing full armor.

"Merlin!"

"Yo, disciples, I see you are in trouble." He raised his hand in casual greeting.

Merlin looked into the magic with interest.

'Vlad in his Vampire Count form... Or, as he said, his true form. And the brat using his trump card...' Merlin felt like wanting to slap Yama. That wasn't the deal.

'Well, at least he took my advice and did it within the field magic, or it would get complicated to hide everything that's going on here.'

Merlin raised his hand, and soon several magic circles appeared around the field, reinforcing the magic even more.

The three demon generals breathed a sigh of relief. Now that their teacher was here, things would be easier.

"Hmm? Oya? Where are the captured vampires?"

"... Eh?" The three demon generals looked around angrily for the vampires and saw that they had disappeared.

"You guys!! Have you lost sight of the vampires!?" He roared at the lesser demons.

"W- We were too focused on the battle!" It wasn't every day you saw two Kings fighting.

"Mah, Mah. No need to get irritated. They weren't that important after all, and we had already accomplished our goals when we saw Vlad using his true form."

'The Vampire King is as strong and healthy as ever. It seems that the poison has already been used up in his body.'

"... Huh? Did we have a goal?" A taller, more muscular looking demon general asked.

Merlin rolled his eyes. That was what he didn't like about demons; most of them were very stupid.

"Of course you did. Didn't you read the report?"

"I usually don't read the reports."

"..."

"Ima- Ku -Roi."

Hearing the strange pronunciation of a language he had never heard before, Merlin and the generals looked back at the fight and opened their eyes wide as the strongest vampire controlled the 'river' of blood and corpses.

The corpses began to move as if coming to life, and among these corpses, thousands of different monstrous creatures were seen.

A hand that was in the rift of space suddenly rushed towards the blood, and as it flew, the hand was completely covered in fire; soon, the punch connected, evaporating everything.

The fight was reaching ridiculous proportions. If the fight had taken place outside the magic field, all of South Africa would have already disappeared. The level of destruction happening in that place was apocalyptic.

'My energy is burning insanely fast, this fight needs to end, or all our plans will go to shit.' Merlin thought in frustration at Yama's attitude. The point of everything here was just to test Vlad to see if he had weakened or not and to stroke Yama's ego by fighting the strongest vampire that was respected even by the former Yama.

'Tsk, he promised he would not overdo it, fucking brat. He even looks like Arthur with that reckless way of his.'

ROOOOOOOOOOAR.

A dragon corpse's head came out of the blood and roared toward Yama, spitting fire.

Merlin raised an eyebrow when he saw Yama standing still.

'Is this fool going to take the attack head-on? Doesn't he know about the properties of the dragon's breath? ...Yes, of course, he doesn't know.'

"Keep the magic as stable as possible. I'll be right back." Merlin spoke as he disappeared.

...

Vlad was in a hurry, he didn't know about the technique Yama spoke of, but those hands behind the gap in space weren't a good sign. His instincts said so, and because of that, he went on the offensive.

And imagine his surprise when, with the first punch the giant threw, all the souls contained in that river of blood it punched disappeared.

'... What is that? Is it something created by the Ruler's authority?' Vlad questioned, but he didn't stop moving.

Disappearing in the blood, he focused his attention on an ancient dragon he had fought in the past and absorbed. Soon the dragon's head appeared, and the dragon released its breath toward Yama.

Seeing that Yama had no intention of leaving his spot, Vlad smiled inwardly. The fool was overconfident.

Unfortunately, the fire could not reach Yama because a magic circle appeared in front of the fire, deflecting the fire in another direction.

"Merlin?"

'Merlin? Vlad narrowed his eyes as he appeared on top of the dragon's head.

"King Vlad, it is a pleasure to see that you are as healthy as ever," Merlin spoke while bowing.

"Merlin, you have become a demon."

"Ironic, isn't it? I, who was once called a demon, ended up actually becoming one... But that's how life is, very unpredictable."

The next moment, thousands of magic circles appeared in the sky.

"Diabolic Zone." Merlin chanted the name of the spell.

The entire space around them was shrouded with a thick layer of demonic magic.

Vlad raised an eyebrow and threw a blood spike into the dense layer of magic.

A total of 12 times, the sound of something breaking was heard until it was stopped by a strong ward, and the thorn disappeared, soon after another 12 wards were re-erected.

The look of shock on Vlad's face was visible as he understood what had just happened.

"A variation of Evie's Mana Zone ..." Vlad muttered in surprise.

"It's not that hard. No need to be shocked." Merlin commented in a humble tone, but by the satisfied smile on his face, it was obvious that he liked Vlad's reaction.

"Lord Yama, don't you know about the properties of dragon fire?"

"... Hmm."

"Yes, you didn't know."

"Ugh."

"Listen well, depending on the dragon's age, a dragon's breath can be extremely deadly to a being's body, be it divine or mortal."

"Dragon's breath is the only known power that can inflict a cursed type of damage on a being's body that is extremely troublesome to heal."

"...Which means..." Yama swallowed hard.

"If you had received the fire without protection, even if your power and clothing protected most of your body, the other burnt parts would be rendered useless. Therefore, you would have to amputate the aforementioned parts or seek out a mythical creature known as a Phoenix for its power of rebirth to heal your body, the option of asking a negative world tree for help is also viable."

"And as you know, both are extremely impossible to find."

"Fuck."

"Well, now that you understand, can you pull back?" Merlin pointed upwards, and in the next moment, he added,

"We've already completed our objective, and Vlad's most faithful servant retrieved the hostage vampires."

"What!?" Disbelief was seen on Yama's face, followed by anger, "Those fools! I told you to keep an eye out for the vampires."

Yama grumbled several times about the incompetence of his generals, and he pointed his hand toward the sky, and with a gesture, the six giant hands began to return to their invisible realm as the rift in space was closed.

"Anyway, Vampire King."

"I will see you around, seeya." Merlin made a hand gesture, and several magic circles began to be created under the demons.

"W- Wait."

And in the next second, they disappeared from the place where Vlad was fighting.

"..." Looking around, Vlad raises his eyebrow, "Did they run away?"

Soon he started reverting back to his blond-haired human form.

...

Appearing in the distance, Merlin placed his hand on his chest and took a deep breath.

'That was close.' It might seem like everything was in control, but Merlin was too scared of things going wrong.

If it was in a normal situation where he could plan and lure Vlad into a trap in his territory, he would be confident of winning, just as he set several traps when Scathach, Agnes, and Natasha appeared in the Amazon realm.

But what he did to Vlad was, in a nutshell, reckless.

'Damned monster destroyed all 12 protection with just one blood spike, I barely managed to defend before the 13th broke, and he did it casually.' Merlin was sweating profusely now.

"Merlin! Why did you leave like that! It even felt like we were running away!"

'It's because we were running away, fool.' Merlin responded internally.

"Continuing the fight would just be reckless. Fortunately, Vlad only saw the beginning of your trump card, not the full technique."

"Well, the technique takes time to get ready."

"Haah, why did you use the technique anyway?" Merlin did not fall for Yama's 'rage' act.

"I was excited." He spoke with an innocent smile.

Merlin wanted to facepalm now. 'He really is a lot like Arthur before he was king.'

"Look around, My Lord."

"..." Yama looked around and saw the three generals lying on the ground breathing heavily with their whole bodies sweating like pigs.

"If the fight continued, we would run out of energy, and his strength would be revealed. We don't want Diablo to know that just yet."

"We must keep the profile that you only have the power of a high-level God like Thor, and Aries, with the potential to be stronger thanks to the boost of being a Ruler.""

"Compliment Vlad by saying he was stronger than you expected, but don't say too much."

"Ugh, I know... Haah, I'm sorry. I got a little carried away."

"It's okay... I was able to find out a little more about vampire history, which is a welcome thing."

"Speaking of which, do you think it's true?"

"Most likely so. After all, vampires and werewolves are much more powerful than the legends make them out to be."

"Wait, do you think that werewolves are also from another planet?" Yama asked.

"The Probability is high. I've never seen a race as in tune with nature as werewolves. For some points in history, they even sound like elves who live in the Norse pantheon."

"Hmm, in tune with nature, huh ... Are you talking about the werewolf transformation?"

"Yes, the one that Volk's ancestor used in hell once."

"... Come to think of it, they weren't like the legends said. He didn't turn into a bipedal wolf, but an evolution of the hybrid form..." Yama spoke aloud as he thought about the records he read when he was younger.

"Werewolves and vampires are strangely alike; the two are like opposites of the same coin. While vampires are focused on the quality of individuals. The werewolves have the numbers."

"While vampires can't walk in sunlight. Younger, less experienced werewolves can't walk in the moonlight, or they'd go mad."

"There are several factors, but that's a story for another time. For now, let's go back to hell. I got a message that the god of destruction, Shiva, has started to move; he will no longer allow Indra's incompetence."

"Shit, we need to shut down hell and make sure everything works fine. Should I act like my grandfather?"

"Actually, just say Diablo's demons killed your grandfather. You know how to act."

"Very Well."

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- Chapter 671: Furious Maids |

Chapter 671: Furious Maids

Chapter 671: Furious Maids

Haruna looked on at the horizon with a worried look on her face.

"Commander Haruna ... Normally, I wouldn't question your decision; after all, you've always proven to think way ahead of what you seem... But... But... Is this really necessary?" Kuroka commented in a surprisingly quiet, confused, and nervous voice.

'...For the first time, I'm questioning whether this is really a good idea.' Haruna thought to herself. She was quite indecisive right now.

The sight in front of the two of them was just...unreal.

A sea of Black Flames, followed by another sea of natural colored Flames.

Several Demons floating in the air, clearly alive and thrashing around like pigs waiting to be slaughtered.

Several stone statues of formerly living Demons.

Followed by hordes of hungry Ghouls who devoured any visible Demons and grew in numbers.

What the two were seeing resembled the 'vision of Hell' those non-Supernatural Beings spoke about so much.

"... I never thought those girls were so dangerous..." Shuten Doji commented as he gulped. He'd come as a backup, but apparently, his strength wasn't needed.

"... In a way, this is the expected result; after all, they all carry the name of Alucard," Haruna replied as a solemn expression appeared on her face when she thought of the man who caught her attention.

A man who was currently missing in Hell, nowhere to be found.

'I hope you're okay, Vic...!' She thought gently.

"...H-Haruna , what is that?"

Haruna and Shuten Doji looked at the place Kuroka was looking.

And what they saw made both of their eyes widen.

A freaking giant snake slithered across the battlefield while the Maid, Roberta Alucard, stood on top of the snake's head with her hair moving as if it were alive.

"B-Basilisk." Shuten Doji stuttered in shock,

A shock was shared by Haruna: 'Just when did that creature appear?'

Haruna, Kuroka, and Shuten just watched in disbelief as the Basilisk slithered across the battlefield while swallowing Demons in its venomous fang-filled maw and using its eyes to petrify everyone it looked at.

"Good, my child ~." Roberta and Medusa's voices spoke in a sonorous tone as if two people were talking simultaneously.

Honestly, it was disconcerting.

"Kill everyone... everyone who laid a hand on our Husband." A cruel glint appeared in the woman's eyes.

She was clearly taking her frustrations out on the Demons.

"This result is natural."

Hearing the sudden voice, the three looked to the side and saw Morgana and Mizuki approaching while looking at the chaos the Maids were causing.

No one would stand before an angry woman, especially those who are supernaturally powerful.

Eve, Kaguya, Roberta, and Maria were completely irritated and frustrated with themselves; the Demons were the perfect excuse.

They were strong, and with that, they could use them for combat training.

They were numerous, perfect targets for venting frustrations.

And not least, the world would be a 'safer' place when the hordes of whoever the Leader of these Demons was, were slain.

See? They are killing three birds with one stone. Efficiency is visible in the acts they were doing.

"Scathach personally trained them, and Victor also trained them occasionally, not to mention that each one has Victor's Blood inside them."

"This is a natural result." She repeated, emphasizing the fact.

"..." Silently, all three agreed with what Morgana said.

Now that Morgana and Mizuki were here, Kaguya, who was previously acting as Leader and Commander, could 'let loose'.

And believe me; the Maid had a lot of frustrations in her heart.

"You don't think it's cruel...?"

"AFFFFGHHH-..."

Kaguya cut the throat of the Elite Demon, who was wearing Ancient Samurai robes.

"My Master... My beloved Master is nowhere to be found. And I'm not beside him..."
The shadows began to pierce the Demon's body as it silently screamed.

"This never happened before. I have never been away from my Master for so long."

"... My beloved Master... My beloved Husband... This whole situation is because of you..." Kaguya's eyes glowed a vicious red.

"Bunch of sneaky creatures."

"..." Kuroka and Shuten couldn't help but shudder at the sight.

Shuten Doji was really wondering who the Demons were here.

Kuroka squinted at Haruna, Morgana, and Mizuki, who looked at this vision and thought it was... Normal.

Okay, she understood that Haruna saw a very dark part of the Beings in the war to conquer Japan's Supernatural side, but... shouldn't she react more to Kaguya's brutality? Why was she staring at this scene without reaction, like this was normal?

"It might not look like it, but Kaguya is a lot like Violet, huh?" Mizuki commented.

"I think it's a normal reaction. How would you react if someone you love was taken from you?" Morgana asked with a dangerous glint in her eye, giving away her current mood.

"Very angry," Mizuki growled with obvious annoyance.

"Correct," Morgana spoke.

"Oh?" Morgana's attention shifted to Maria.

"Interesting... Maria can even control Demon Corpses."

"Is this unusual?" Mizuki asked.

"Yes. When the Ghoul's harmful poison reanimates the Demon's body, normally, that body will go into a rage. They can't be controlled... in theory."

"Come on, children, fight, kill, die, and come back to life again... Come back to life to serve me and my beloved Master~." Her eyes gleamed with malice visible on her face.

"But this is clearly happening," Mizuki spoke, unfazed by the sight before her.

"Yes, that's why I said 'theory'. But, as we know, nothing related to Victor and those close to him is normal."

"She is quite special, this Ghoul Queen," Morgana added.

"...Remind me not to antagonize you guys." Shuten Doji commented.

Until now, he thought that Scathach or even Haruna were scary, but he had to re-evaluate that perception when he saw how these women reacted.

"Oh, I forgot to mention, thanks for lending those two men," Haruna spoke suddenly.

"Their skills are very useful, especially for that 'Lucky Human'."

"It's okay; they are Victor's servants and loyal to him for having their lives changed by Victor." Morgana dismissed the thanks with honest words.

"Still, thank you. They are instrumental in discovering the Demon's locations, especially the 'Lucky' one. That man has the gift of getting into trouble."

Haruna was still surprised when she received the report that Watanabe Gintoki, or as they nicknamed him, 'The Lucky One', continuously managed to 'coincidentally' encounter groups of Demons on his walks.

"That Human must have been born with his ass facing the moon or something; he's really weird. How can someone be so lucky and unlucky at the same time?" Shuten spoke.

"Alucard once said that Gintoki's Power acts more passively. He is lucky, but consequently, everything around him is unlucky. It's as if he sucks the 'luck' from the environment and transfers it to himself."

"An outrageous skill if that theory is proven correct." Shuten couldn't help but comment.

"Yuuya Shinji is another irregular; he is a Living Ghost. I have never seen such a unique case until today." Mizuki spoke.

Silently everyone agreed with her.

"Anyway, use two as you see fit. They are now living in nightingale and get paid a good wage for their 'hazardous' activities, but try not to endanger them too much; after all, they are not war potential." Morgana warned.

"I know. I only send them out on missions they can complete." Haruna replied.

"I'm happy to hear that." Morgana nodded.

"Lady Haruna, Lady Haruna !"

The group looked towards a Fox servant that had three tails.

"She is here!" He shouted as he took a deep breath; he was very tired.

"Who?"

The Three-Tailed Fox took a few seconds to compose himself, and soon after, he replied:

"... Amaterasu-sama!"

"She's here to see you!"

"Amaterasu and who else?" Haruna narrowed her eyes; she wasn't a big fan of the Gods; even though Amaterasu was a God-King level Diety, there was no respect in Haruna's tone or word choice.

"No one! She came alone!"

"... That's it?"

"Strange." Morgana and Mizuki added.

"Yes. Very." Haruna couldn't help but agree. She didn't even try to scold her subordinate; if Amaterasu wanted to come here, who would stop her?

She was a God-Queen for a reason. She was the one who commanded hundreds of Gods in Takamagahara, the Shinto Pantheon's paradise.

...

Sitting in front of a black-haired woman wearing the traditional clothes of a feudal Queen, the group can't help but feel tense.

After all, the Leader of the Gods herself was in front of them.

The only ones who looked composed in the room were Haruna and Morgana herself, who called Jeanne through Natalia for backup at some point.

Just in case, they left Aphrodite, and the Goddesses, in readiness, as well as Scathach herself.

It only took one word for Natalia, who was silently waiting for a response on her communicator, and a portal would appear.

Of course, the same portal would appear if she suddenly lost contact with Jeanne.

"First..." Amaterasu, speaking only after sipping her tea and lowering the cup, opened her eyes: "I apologize for coming here without warning or sending a messenger... I understand that my visit may have brought about various problems due to the current... relations of the Youkai and Gods."

Haruna raised her eyebrow at that statement; she didn't expect it.

The expression of shock on Genji's face and Yoichi's was quite visible; they also didn't expect this reaction from the Goddess.

Haruna noticed that Amaterasu looked askance at Morgana and Jeanne for a few seconds.

And with that simple gesture that lasted less than a second, she understood: 'She's being cautious because of the two women... It seems that she realized the Power of the two women. Especially Jeanne.' Haruna thought.

"Apology accepted. I only ask that, in the future, I receive some prior communication." Haruna replied in a neutral tone with no hint of anything in her tone, just formality.

"This will not happen again." Amaterasu nodded her head slightly.

"Unfortunately, due to recent events, I've found myself with no time to spare for formalities... Even now, I have my hands full with my Pantheon due to the post-war situation that you all know."

"So forgive me for being blunt...." Amaterasu looked at Haruna seriously:

"Haruna-dono, I came here to engage the Youkai in a mutually beneficial deal for the Youkai and Gods."

'... Well, I definitely didn't expect that.' But it definitely got Haruna's attention.

She didn't want to work with the Gods, not after everything that had happened, but she also couldn't ignore that her Faction needed several things, chief among them being connections to various groups and a steady source of income.

Currently, the entire Faction was being supported by Clan Alucard, even the funding they had come from Alucard, not to mention contacts with important Beings like Jeanne and Morgana.

She knew the two women wouldn't be here if she weren't somehow related to Victor.

As a Faction Leader, she knew it was detrimental to depend on just one source, in this case, Victor. Instead, she needed her own influence.

Not to mention that she couldn't just ignore the God-Queen of her local Pantheon and just tell her to go home. She would only get her Faction in trouble; therefore, she decided to listen:

"... Continue."

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Chapter 672: God Queen Amaterasu-Omikami.

Chapter 672: God Queen Amaterasu-Omikami.

"Currently, we are experiencing a lot of problems managing hell. The souls devoted to our gods since ancient times cannot pass on because my mother, the current Ruler, decided that it was not a good idea to continue doing her duties." Amaterasu continued to explain with the grace and attitude of a queen. However, even with this very polite attitude, it was obvious that when she spoke about her mother, a twitch on her face showed her anger towards the woman.

"The gods are busy trying to keep the system going, and in the meantime, we're looking for a successor worthy of the Ruler title."

"The war has also impacted several lesser gods, and they are seriously injured. Some have even entered eternal sleep and can only function again after several centuries, such as the case of Tsukuyomi who 'fell' in battle to the demons.."

"Due to all these problems, it has become literally impossible to protect Japan, and as you know, a war is still going on, and I don't plan on letting Diablo's demons invade my territory."

"Protecting my territory is my job too. Which is why we have been exterminating the demons." Haruna spoke as she opened her Fan, which had the word 'determination' written in Japanese, leaving only her fox eyes visible behind the Fan as she continued to watch the goddess.

"And I thank the Youkai for that, but... Once the number of demons goes down, you'll only intervene if there's another massive 'wave' of demons, right?"

"..." Haruna didn't deny it or claim anything, but her silence was proof enough of Amaterasu's assumptions.

Despite having killed demons and consequently helped humans, Haruna's priority was to protect her people, the Youkai.

Humans indirectly benefited due to these actions, but it wasn't her intention. Once the preparations were done and all the Youkai moved into her territory, she would stop ordering her soldiers to help. After all, that was the work of the gods, not the Youkai.

"I fully understand that we are not in a position to ask the Youkai for help due to our past history, which is why I came here to hire you."

Amaterasu opened her Fan with details of a golden sun and pointed to the side. Soon a whirlwind of flames appeared, leaving everyone tense, except for Haruna, Morgana, and Jeanne, who watched everything with composure.

A few seconds later, a woman with long black hair and two large raven wings appeared.

"To outsiders, the woman cannot be recognized, but you know her very well, right? Commander Haruna."

"... Yomi-Hime, the commanders of the Ravens, the wife of Tsukuyomi, and the queen of the Tengu." Haruna's eyes sparkled dangerously.

Yomi flinched a little at the eyes Haruna was giving her.

From Haruna's point of view, Yomi was nothing more than a traitor who had decided to ally herself with the gods and exploit her own kind.

And she hated that kind of person, but... A commander doesn't act on their feelings. After all, if she were to act on her feelings, Genji wouldn't even be her general.

Because just like Yomi, he was also a 'traitor' who worked for a goddess.

"Correction, Lady Haruna ... Tsukuyomi's ex-wife," Yomi said.

"Oh?"

"Due to my brother's condition... Secrets were discovered about him. Secrets that upset Lady Yomi." Amaterasu explained evasively without giving too many details.

Just like Haruna, Amaterasu opened her Fan and covered her face:

"Currently, she is single and seeking marriage."

"..." Yomi squirmed when she heard what the woman was saying.

'I don't want to get married!' Unfortunately, given her current sensitive position, she had no choice in the matter.

"What do you think? How about she marry one of your generals?" The goddess asked 'kindly'.

"I humbly decline."

"Oh yes?... That is a shame." She commented, disappointed. "In that case, how about she marry your ally? That way, we will have a triple alliance since she is still affiliated with the gods."

Morgana, Jeanne, and Haruna narrowed their eyes dangerously at Amaterasu.

"I cannot speak for my ally, and currently, his representative is unavailable... And even if his representative were here, this alliance would be impossible." Haruna knew she was exceeding her limits by saying that it would be an impossible alliance, but she didn't like what she heard one bit.

"I see... It's really a shame. In that case, I have no choice but to offer myself, right?"

"... Excuse me?" Haruna felt that her super-sensitive supernatural ears were failing or something.

"I think it would be a healthy alliance. After all, a Progenitor of vampires with the greatest potential seen since time immemorial marrying a God Queen would establish an alliance between the Noble Vampires, the Youkai, and the Shinto pantheon forever, right?"

"As the saying goes, three birds with one stone."

"..." The silence that fell after Amaterasu's proclamation was deafening. Even the sound of a fly was painfully loud in the face of the room's silence.

Yoichi and Genji, at that moment, wanted to be anywhere but in this room.

Jeane was holding Morgana's hand tightly so the woman wouldn't jump on the bitch goddess and try to kill her.

Jeanne wasn't happy either, but her rationality was winning the battle against her instinct. She knew it wouldn't be wise to attack a God Queen who came 'only' to negotiate a contract.

They would be seen as barbarians by the other supernatural beings if this news got out, which would not be a good thing for a newly formed faction like Haruna's.

Haruna also knew that, and because of that, she was holding back. So she swallowed hard and took a deep breath:

"As I said before. That kind of decision is not under my authority."

"Clan Alucard is my ally and my equal. They are not my subordinates. That kind of decision can only be made by the Progenitor himself or the wife in charge of external dealings." She was as professional and cordial as possible, but it was taking all her years of experience not to jump in Amaterasu's face.

"I see... May I know who is the wife responsible for this negotiation?"

"Violet Snow, the heiress of the Snow Clan."

'Oh? Is he already married to one of the Countesses' heiresses?... It seems his influence may be greater than I expected. At best, as Progenitor, he has 50% of Nightingale's influence. At worst, he has relevant influence as he is a disciple of Scathach and married into Clan Snow and Blank.'

'I'm betting more on the first option... After all, you don't have that kind of military power with little influence.' Amaterasu thought as she looked at Jeanne and Morgana.

As a God Queen, she could easily discern the strength of women. The woman with a demonic trait didn't seem to be that strong. At the very least, she is on the level of her brother Susanoo or Takemikazuchi himself.

But... The blonde... The blonde was different. She was a monster, she felt the blonde could fight her, and the fight would not be an easy one.

'These women... I feel like I've seen them sometime in the past.' Amaterasu could not erase this discomfort; she was not very attentive to international events. Still, she made a point of keeping an eye on the events of the great factions, such as vampires, werewolves, witches, and the neighboring pantheons that would be the Hindu and the ancient Chinese pantheon.

Of course, the faction of angels led by the 'Heavenly Father' was also a must watch.

'Tsk, I can't remember... If I only knew their names, I might have a clue.'

All these thoughts happened in less than a few seconds in the God Queen's head:

"Violet, huh ... Hmm, I'll talk to her later."

Morgana and Jeanne felt their lips twitch at how brazen the queen of the Shinto pantheon was, had she no shame or decency?

Didn't she live in a culture where that sort of thing was valued? Why was she throwing herself at Victor?

"...May I ask why you are interested in the Progenitor?"

"..." It was Amaterasu's turn to look at Haruna in disbelief, with a face that said, 'You're kidding me, right?'

Haruna's question was very serious, so the God Queen replied:

"Look at this." Amaterasu lifted her finger up, and the image of Victor standing in the middle of an arena with a slight smile on his face appeared.

This image was clearly taken when Victor was in Japan and fought Haruna.

'Tsk, I shouldn't have held a public event, but it was necessary at the time, ugh ...'
Haruna grumbled.

Yomi gulped when she saw that man's appearance again. Despite feeling irritated at being used as a bargaining chip due to her fragile position, she definitely wouldn't mind being 'sold' to that man.

"Look at this." She made an exaggerated gesture with both of her hands, emphasizing the importance, "And tell me you don't want it."

"..."

" See? you can't. Even for a brawn brain like you, he's too attractive." She nodded in satisfaction.

A vein popped on Haruna's head.

Realizing what she said, she says, "Oh, I'm sorry for my attitude. I got really excited."

She removed the image created with her power and adjusted her posture.

"Although his appearance is a big reason, as a God Queen, I must always prioritize my people."

"And since I know that eventually, you will marry that man, I am also interested in joining the alliance."

"... How can you say that I will marry the Progenitor?"

"Do you like women, or are you impotent?"

"... Excuse me...!?" Haruna really couldn't believe that this was the goddess who led an entire pantheon.

"I mean, nothing against it. That kind of relationship existed even in the past, and there were also eunuchs back then too."

"..." Veins were popping visibly on Haruna's head now.

"But the point is that even women who like women would be attracted to him. I don't doubt that even straight men would be."

"So it's obvious to think that you will naturally end up getting pregnant by him and become his wife."

"It's the most logical solution given your faction's current situation."

Haruna inhaled and exhaled several times in an attempt to calm down.

"Goddess Amaterasu, I ask that we return to the main subject. What do you want from my people?" She smiled gently.

But all those close to Haruna knew that she was already about to reach her breaking point.

"Hmm? Didn't we already talk about that?" She asked, quite genuinely confused.

'NOO! You didn't! Fuck, what is this goddess's problem? Is she air-headed, or is she pretending? Ugh.' Haruna grumbled.

"We haven't talked about it yet."

"Okay... In that case." She snapped, and eight stacked boxes appeared beside her.

"These are advance payments for our services. In these boxes are various weapons and supplies that can greatly help your faction."

"Everything in there is crafted by our finest blacksmiths using deadly materials—."

"...You still haven't talked about the service you want." Haruna interrupted.

"...Oh."

"..." An uncomfortable silence fell over the place until Amaterasu continued as if nothing had happened.

"Anyway, the service is about protection. I need you guys to act as the protectors of Japan, keeping dangerous supernatural entities away."

"I will be making Lady Yomi-Hime and her tengu available as scouts as well. As you know, the Tengu are experts at this."

"We haven't even taken the job yet..."

"... Eh? Are you going to refuse?" She spoke with a disbelieving face, genuinely shocked. Apparently, in her head, this deal was already closed.

"..." Haruna squeezed the fan hard, creating cracks; she really never felt so much like hitting someone before.

'Apparently, being shameless was the main requirement for being a pantheon leader.' Jeanne thought with humor, much calmer than before.

"Incredible... I've never seen material so well done before."

Haruna looked to the side and saw her grandfather checking the katana blade in front of the boxes.

Haruna felt her lips twitch when she saw her grandfather's nerve to check the products before she finished the negotiation.

"Right? We may not be at the forefront of building items like the Greek and Norse pantheon, but our gods aren't mediocre either." She spoke proudly, "If it weren't for Hephaestus of the Greek pantheon and the dwarves of the Norse pantheon, our pantheon would be first in the matters of crafting items."

Unlike the Greek and Nordic pantheons, which only make items for their own pantheons, the Shinto pantheon markets its items and collects a lot of money and products from outside thanks to this.

Although not on the same level as the aforementioned pantheons, the forge of the Shinto pantheon is quite 'unique' and difficult to recreate perfectly.

After all, the one who forges these items is a god of culture and a god of the forge. As he is the god of culture, his divine power protects the items to prevent them from being copied or analyzed by other gods of the forge.

And even Amaterasu herself helped in this area by providing the 'flames of the sun' as a furnace to create the items.

Items crafted by a God Queen, a God of Culture, and a God of Forge are not mediocre.

"Anyway, now that the deal is closed, I will return to my pantheon."

"Wait, I haven't closed the deal yet!"

"... Eh, aren't you going to agree?" This time even Haruna's grandfather spoke in unison.

"I haven't decided yet," Haruna spoke strongly.

"Impossible, Commander Haruna, think about it carefully! Look at these items! I've never had such a good Katana before!"

Haruna's Fan broke due to the force she put in; she really wanted to hit her grandfather right now.

She was irritated and very embarrassed now.

'Stop acting like we're rednecks, old man!'

"...I will accept."

"Fumu, good. Go over the details with Lady Yomi. As soon as the deal is completed, I will send another shipment of supplies and weapons."

"What is the prediction of you gods being active again?"

"If all goes well, in less than a month, we'll be able to find a successor worthy of hell and get back to protection activities."

Amaterasu put her hand inside her kimono and took out a token with the kanji 'sun' written on it:

"Here, Take it." She threw it towards Haruna.

The nine-tailed fox picked up the item and inspected it.

"This will allow you to talk to me personally and let me know your progress."

"Do you want a weekly or daily report?"

"Weekly would be enough."

"Very Well."

"In that case, I will come back. Thanks for the help." She spoke gratefully, then disappeared in a golden light.

"..." A hush fell over the room.

"Haah, she has quite the personality, huh," Yoichi spoke wearily, looking at the katana as if he had found a new toy.

Haruna, Morgana, and Jeanne looked at the old man with lifeless eyes.

"..." The man felt a shiver run down his spine and looked around for possible enemies.

'Is it my imagination?'

"Just saying, if you guys harm me, the deal will be off."

"..." The three women looked at Yomi, who looked like a deer trembling in a cave with three predators.

Yomi gulped and feared for her future, but as a leader of her people, she will face it head on!... Probably.

These women are scary!

.....

Hell, middle floors.

After the Horseman's battle against Alucard, Hell was thrown into chaos.

Alucard, the conqueror, as he was 'affectionately' nicknamed by the demons, advanced through hell, riding his faithful horse Despair, doing what he knew best.

Conquering.

Alucard's demon hordes grew with each conflict, each city he passed through, and the demon hordes grew even larger.

After War's defeat, there were no doubts. There was no demon that could stop or prevent Alucard's conquest of Hell.

All of the demonic elites were currently in the human world fighting a war that their own king started; even their own king was in the human world.

The probability of the demon king, the incarnation of evil, Diablo going back to hell to deal with the threat?

Unknown.

For high level demons to go to earth, it's not a simple task. Diablo needed to sacrifice an entire country for him and his elites to be summoned, so if he went back now, he would be trapped in hell, and his whole plan would go down the drain.

To more informed demons like Zagan, that was obvious.

Diablo won't come back... Not now... Not until the planes in the human world are conquered.

And they knew something, too, while Diablo and his elites couldn't return, hell was in Alucard's hands.

Alucard's own food.

It wasn't long before a horde of hundreds of thousands of demons was seen heading toward the lowest floors of hell.

Hell shuddered as if an earthquake were happening, where the horde of demons would pass; everything was dragged with them.

Be they cities or demons.

Submission or death, the question was clear, the answer even more obvious.

And that was the result.

Pillar demons knelt down without a fight, high level demons that were once subordinates of the pillar demons, petty demons that were once citizens of the pillar demons' cities. All kinds of demons of various ranks were there, and they were all following behind a man who was galloping ahead on a black horse.

His long black hair was covered in a mass of miasma, his skin was extremely pale as if he were dead, and he had intense blood-red eyes. In the man's hand, a large Greatsword covered with pure miasma could be seen, and right behind him were three female demons who followed him, either flying like Helena and Vepar or running like Vine.

It was obvious that the three women had the highest ranking right after Victor himself, and no one complained about it for many reasons, but the main ones were.

First, due to the power Victor gave them, they became as strong as the top 10 pillars.

Second, they had proven themselves capable of their position.

Third... Fear.

Nobody questioned Alucard; nobody would dare.

If he says right, you'll go right without question.

That was the authority and power that Alucard had gained through his actions.

Alucard narrowed his eyes as his vision saw a gigantic gate in the distance. This was the gate leading to the lower levels of Hell.

The place where the rank 10 pillar demons lived, the place where the king of hell lived... And that gate was closed, something that never happened; at least that's what the memories Victor pulled from the hundreds of demons he consumed said.

"The gate is closed... Rank 10 pillar subordinates must have closed it as a precaution." Vine spoke.

"What do we do? We cannot cross if the gate is closed." Vepar spoke.

"... We can demand that-."

"Useless."

"...." The three women shuddered when they heard Victor's tone, and they quickly looked at the man and saw him raising his greatsword to the sky.

FUSHHHHHHHHH.

Miasma, black and immaculate, exploded from Victor's body into the sky, causing the demons behind him to look up in shock.

No matter how many times they saw it, the power Alucard wielded was... awe-inspiring.

Envy, and lust for power, always grew in the demons when they saw Alucard doing feats that no one in hell had ever achieved before.

And it looks like, once again, he's going to do something that will rock all hell.

And they weren't wrong.

As the miasma gathered on the greatsword, the weapon turned into pure darkness, as if Victor were holding darkness itself in his hands.

Roxanne's energy surged within him, forcing even more into the Greatsword. Soon the greatsword became the weapon with the greatest power of destruction ever seen in hell, and the proof of that was the next act.

"A mere gate will not stop me." Victor swung the greatsword vertically.

The world was silent for two seconds, and, in those seconds, it seemed that darkness descended on everyone as they all became blind and deaf.

As the seconds passed, the noise of the explosion came, taking the silence along with the darkness.

And the image that followed...

It was an image that all the demons present here would never forget.

The lower gate of hell, the gate that was said to have been created by Lucifer himself and that no one had ever managed to harm, the gate that separated the highest placed demons from the rest of hell, the gate that gave access to the city where the king of hell lived.

That gate has been split in half, and the passage that was once closed was now open for all to enter.

"... Holy fuck ..." Vine muttered in disbelief as she felt the wind of miasma from the lower floors of hell hit her face.

"I know I should get used to it. After all, he did something similar in the confrontation with War, but... It will take some time." Helena muttered in a tired tone.

Something Vepar fully agreed with. It was just plain tiring to watch someone break so many unbreakable 'facts' to hell.

It was a fact that hell could not be harmed. No matter how many fights the demons had, hell as a dimension would never suffer.

A fact that Victor broke in the fight with War.

It was a fact that the gates of hell that separated the lower floors from the upper ones could never be broken or breached. The gate was an artifact itself that was created by Lucifer, a gate that used Hell's own energy to sustain itself.

A fact that Victor broke again.

'... Although, after he permanently changed the landscape of hell, this feat shouldn't be something surprising.' Vepar thought wryly to ease her shock, but it was obvious it wasn't working.

During the entire moment, from Victor's attack to his declaration, the man never stopped riding toward the lower floors.

He was like an unstoppable force of nature, and nothing could stop him.

"Those who aren't confident enough to withstand the Miasma of the lower levels, wait outside."

And when his order reached the ears of all the demons, several lesser demons stopped flying and moved away from the door a little.

They hadn't even entered the lowest level, and they were already shaking with the miasma's toxicity. They could only enter there when they got stronger... Something that frustrated them a lot because they wanted to see Alucard's next 'achievements'.

The man was like a very addictive drug, he did things that broke common sense, and although it scared them, it was also something fun to watch.

They felt as if they had experienced a historic moment from hell that would be passed on to future generations.

"Vine put someone to observe and manage the lesser demons. In the future, I intend to make something like a smaller city here for all those who want to enter the lower floors of hell."

"Yes, my Lord." Vine stopped following Victor for a few seconds as she looked at an elite demon and said, "You come with me for a few seconds."

"Y-Yes."

Soon she left with the elite demon to do Victor's bidding.

Approaching the gate, Victor didn't even think about it and walked through it, and when he passed, he was faced with the sight of a gigantic city in the distance.

'I saw it in the demons' memories, but... It's still surprising.'

Far from what one would expect of hell, the city was brightly lit and clean.

The miasma in the place was heavy, extremely heavy, and toxic as if the gravity of the place had increased several times as well.

The lower levels of hell, contrary to what was thought, was the place that had the greatest accumulation of land to use. After all, the lower levels of hell were where the 'true hell' was.

Where the biggest sinners went and the highest ranked demons lived.

The lower levels were the central part of Hell.

Hell worked like a pyramid, while the upper levels had less miasma and fewer lands to explore.

The lower levels had a lot of miasma and extensive unexplored land.

'No wonder this dimension is huge...' Victor looked around with his vision and saw that even though this city was gigantic, there were still hundreds of unused lands in the distance. Hell was simply too massive...

Victor felt murderous intent, and when he looked at the city again, specifically at the city gate, he saw hundreds of high level demons in full armor. They looked ready for combat.

" Alucard." A powerful, booming voice resounded across the battlefield.

Victor, and the demons behind him, looked up at a tall, muscular man holding a gigantic red and gold ax in one hand.

" Stop your foolish attempts at conquest and immediately return to where you entered."

" Heh ~." Victor's smile grew.

And the demons behind him, including Vine, who had returned a few seconds ago, Vepar, and Helana shuddered.

Despite not spending much time with Victor, everyone understood that when he flashed that smile, he was either very interested or very annoyed.

And neither option was a good thing for the person involved.

Victor, still on his horse, rode smoothly towards the big city, Victor's hordes of demons following behind him.

Victor stopped in the distance and looked at the demon, his gaze as if he could see the demon's darkest secrets.

The demon managed to contain the internal tremor and the fear he was feeling and continued to look at Victor.

" Alucard -."

"I can feel your fear, Demon."

"..."

"Before you demand something from me. First, look at me like you're not about to get your pants dirty." Victor's eyes flashed, and a pressure as if gravity itself had increased several times fell throughout the city.

The once arrogant and 'powerful' man just fell to the ground as he took a deep breath, and the look of horror in his eyes was visible to everyone.

"I-."

"I will only say it once." Victor's heavy voice fell around.

"Open the gates, and submit to me."

"Or I will open it myself, and when I do, you won't be among the living to tell the story."

" Now, what will you choose?"

The man, for a moment, felt that he was in a completely different place, and he was surrounded by a sea of blood and corpses.

" Answer me." He looked up at the sky and saw thousands of blood-red eyes watching him.

"HIIII!!!" Giving a little-girl scream of terror, he looked around and spoke.

"Open the gates!"

"But Lord Amon."

"Didn't you hear me? Open the fucking gates!"

"Y-Yes."

'Fuck this job, fuck my father and his stupid war. I wasn't paid well enough to handle this monster!'

" Lord Amon...? Is he a descendant of Amon?" Vepar voiced his thoughts out loud.

"Apparently so," Helena spoke.

"He has the characteristics of Amon."

"Oh? Have you met him before?"

"Once in the past, when I came to visit this city with my father."

" Hmm." Vepar just nodded her head as she looked at Vine who looked at Victor adoringly.

Vepar shook her head at blatant fanaticism, even though she could understand... Only someone like her master could instill primal fear in demons.

Soon the gate was opened, and Victor's voice resounded in the place:

"Do not destroy anything, do not kill anything unless they attack first."

"If any of you try to stir up strife because of your position as a member of my demon hordes."

"I will know."

The demons who were planning to do this shuddered in fear.

Power was intoxicating, especially the power of 'numbers'.

Victor was absolutely sure that the demons would let this 'power' that wasn't theirs go to their heads.

So he already gave a warning, which would be the only warning he would give. He would not forgive insubordination: broke a direct order from him?

You will become dog food.

Simple and effective.

Demons would only follow the one with a firm grip. Kindness was not necessary, mercy was not necessary.

They were demons, sin in humanoid form.

They would only follow powerful Tyrants.

It was like that with Lucifer, it was like that with Diablo, and it will be like that with Victor.

"Spread out around the city, and create a defensive area."

"The old demonic pillars are in charge of ensuring that not a single soul leaves the city."

"Yes!"

"Vine, Helena, Vepar. Come with me." Victor looked at the gigantic castle in the distance:

"It's time to take the throne of hell."

"Yes!" The three spoke at the same time with visible animation on their faces.

Soon Victor left towards the city's center, still riding his horse, Despair, which left burning hoofprints everywhere he galloped.

This vision was seen by all the demons present.

In Diablo's absence, a new King would be born.

And Diablo, in the future, will bitterly regret having made the decision to leave Hell... Although it's not like he had a choice, either he left Hell, or all the plans he spent years preparing would go down the drain.

.....

A gigantic door made of hellish metals opened, and four beings entered a large castle.

Footsteps were heard in the large castle, and leading a group of three women was a man with long black hair covered in pure fluttering miasma.

The small smile on the man's face was unmistakable, and he walked into the place as if he owned it. The group passed through several rooms until they arrived at the gigantic throne room.

The moment the man stepped into the throne room, the entire place was lit up with green flames.

The man looked at the gigantic throne in front of him, which was created to look down on beings from above, a psychological tactic that even worked for demons.

Two identical demons, one with red skin and the other with dark gray skin, stood in front of the throne, acting as protectors for anyone who dared to enter this place.

The eyes of the demons that were closed snapped open, and a red glow was seen as immense pressure fell around the intruders.

Vine, Helena, and Vepar shrank back; it was obvious that the two demons were elites far above the women themselves.

The man ignored this and continued walking while tightly gripping the greatsword in his right hand.

"I'm Zahal." The gray-skinned one spoke.

"I'm Albu." The red-skinned one spoke.

"We are the keepers of hell."

Vine and Vepar gasped when they heard the names of the two demons.

"Do you know them?" Helena asked.

"Yes. Just as they declared, they are the guardians of hell. They were here even before Lucifer fell from heaven." Vepar explained.

"The functions of the Guardian of Hell is, as the name suggests, to protect Hell from destruction, or from a 'King' who is inept who would lead to the destruction of Hell."

"...An Inept King...?" Helena asked, confused.

"Any king who threatens the existence of hell is considered an Inept King by them," Vine explained.

"... I see." Helena looked forward again as she followed Victor walking with the same confidence he entered this place with.

With each step Victor took toward the demons, the pressure, like the world had fallen on them, grew stronger.

The pressure was such that Vine, Helena, and Vepar had to stop accompanying Victor.

Victor's smile widened a little, and a red power started to come out of his body as he pushed back the pressure of the two demons.

Zahal and Albu opened their eyes wide, 'That power... It's the lady's power...' Before they knew it, they were on their knees with their heads down.

"Hail The King Of Hell, the master of life and death, the true king of hell." The two spoke at the same time.

Victor raised an eyebrow at the two demons' statement, but instead of asking anything, he walked past the demons and up the steps toward the giant throne.

With each step he took toward the throne, the throne itself shrank as if adjusting to Victor's needs.

When Victor arrived in front of the throne, the former giant throne was now of an appropriate size; its colors even changed to black and red.

Victor let go of Junketsu, and the weapon floated beside the throne as if that had always been its place, and the moment Victor sat on the throne, the entire castle began to change.

The colors and interior design changed, and in the next moment, knowledge of what this position required in the schemes of the universe flowed into his mind. All the duties of the King of Hell and the being known as 'Ruler' flowed into Victor's head.

Victor rested his head on his fist and closed his eyes, then a silence fell around him as he absorbed everything that was thrown into his mind.

In the meantime, Albu and Zahal remained kneeling, but they continued to talk.

"As expected... The throne accepted him." Albu spoke.

"Of course, it accepted him. He is the true king." Zahal spoke.

"That is more than enough proof." Albu continued.

"Indeed. Diablo is no longer needed." Zahal added.

"The keys to hell need to be returned to their rightful owner as soon as possible." Albu declared.

The conversation attracted Vine and Vepar, and they wanted to ask what they were talking about but couldn't. Now wasn't the moment. They were just looking somewhat paralyzed at Victor sitting on the most important throne in hell.

The throne of the King of Hell himself.

"... He really did it," Helena muttered the words that Vine and Vepar were thinking about right now.

"Just how long... How long did he take to seize the throne for himself?" Vepar asked.

"I don't know... Years have passed since I first met him." Vine spoke.

For demons, time was irrelevant. They don't die by age after all, not to mention that time in hell was confusing the further you got into the lower levels.

She knew that a lot of time had passed. After all, Victor didn't want to rush his 'conquest', and he always walked with thousands of demons following him, and because of that act, the conquest took even longer.

They had to travel from territory to territory in the name of this conquest, and the cities of each demon pillar were hundreds of KM away from each other.

Even though the middle hell wasn't as massive as the lower hells, it was still a lot of ground to cover by traveling normally.

"But one thing is certain." Vine said with a twinkle in her eye, "He was the fastest individual in history to usurp the throne of Hell for himself."

Victor opened his eyes as they began to emit a crimson glow:

"My authority is incomplete."

"Only when the King recovers the keys to hell from the former King's possession will authority be complete," Albu replied.

"I see that the flow of souls in hell is messed up. What is going on?" Victor asked with a familiarity in his voice that made all three women uncomfortable.

The reason for the familiarity is that Victor understood the role of the two demons in front of him in a simple-to-understand way: they were like Big Guy was for Roxanne.

The interests of the two demons in front of them were only for the well-being of hell and the functionality of hell as a dimension that punished sinners and recycled souls.

They were loyal to the King of Hell, but only until they deemed the King of Hell inept at fulfilling his own role.

"Diablo, that fool refused to become Ruler and messed up the whole system," Zahal spoke.

"Previously, that role was being played by both Diablo and Lilith, but both currently cannot exert that influence because the Ruler is out of hell," Albu commented in displeasure, obviously annoyed.

"... How hasn't hell been destroyed yet?"

"..." Helena, Vepar, and Vine felt a shiver run down their spines at Victor's casual words.

Looking at the three women he chose as generals, he elaborated:

"When a hell ceases to do its work, that hell is destroyed by the Judges of the abyss and the universal tree."

Vepar and Vine just opened their eyes in horror at what they had just heard.

"Abyss judges? Universal tree? What are they?" Helena asked, confused, not understanding anything.

"They are the two primordial entities responsible for the soul, judgment, life, and maintenance of reality."

"The universal tree is a tree that encompasses all existence. He is the father of all world trees and the one who deals with life, reincarnation, and maintenance of reality."

"The judges of the abyss are the entities responsible for the administration of hell, paradise, and souls."

"The two work together to keep reality and life going."

"To make it easier, think of these two beings as the leaders of two renowned clans, and the 'Rulers' who are usually the leaders of hell, and the God Kings, who are the leaders of the pantheon, are their subordinates."

"It is clear that despite being your 'subordinates', these beings have complete autonomy, as long as the system that the two created is working."

"...." Helena opened her mouth, and the next moment she closed it. She tried to say something, but she just couldn't, trying to digest what she had just heard.

She didn't even doubt Victor's words. Why would she do that? She knew her king rarely lied.

"To answer the question, My King. The situation didn't come to that point because Diablo made a deal with the judges of the abyss in exchange for billions of souls, but I'm not aware of the deal's content. Still, we presume it was an agreement for the primordial entities not to intervene in their plan for a specific period of time."

"I see..." Victor closed his eyes and thought: 'This explains many events since Diablo's invasion of The Limbo owner's territory and the passive way that the primordial entities were dealing with this matter.'

From the knowledge Victor now received, it was obvious that what Diablo was doing was disrupting the balance. 'He managed to stop Limbo while keeping the system running for a period of time.'

One thing was correct. Diablo was running out of time, he was going to make drastic decisions soon, and Victor didn't want to be trapped in hell when he made those decisions.

"Why are you calling me My King? From what I understand, the position of king of hell does not have the loyalty of you brothers. You are loyal to hell, not their king."

"You are special, My King," Zahal said.

"Our mother's energy is coursing through her veins," Albu spoke.

"You are the true king of hell." The two spoke at the same time.

"...By your mother's energy, are you talking about this?" Victor made a gesture with his finger, and a tree branch began to grow in front of the demons present.

"Ohhh!" The two demons look at the tree branch with emotion.

"So much energy of negativity and life. Only the true king is able to do that." The two spoke simultaneously as they stared at the branch with fanaticism in their eyes.

[Roxanne?]

[It's as you think, Darling. The guardians of hell were beings created by Earth's world tree, at least the negative part of it.]

[Since you have my energy in your body, which is very similar to my sister's, they think you are her son or something]

Victor nodded. He didn't even need to get the demons' response; their reaction of idolizing the small branch of Roxabbe's tree was proof enough.

"L-Life in hell... Life in hell... Am I dreaming?" Vine stuttered a lot.

"N-No, you aren't," Vepar spoke.

"..." Helena just looked at Victor and then at the tree branch. She repeated this action several times until she just sighed.

"Sigh..." She seemed to have given up a lot in that sigh, a feeling Victor's wives knew all too well.

[Aya... You broke them, Darling.] Roxanne laughed.

[I forgot that it's impossible for there to be life in hell... What I did is basically impossible without having your energy.]

[Fufufu, exactly, worship me more! Now that you will have some rest time, I want my treat!]

[I can arrange that.]

[Yay ~!]

Victor made a gesture with his hand, and the small branch of the tree disappeared.

"What!?" The two demons screamed.

"Gentlemen."

"!!!" Victor's call awakened the two demons, and they quickly knelt in servitude:

"I'm sorry, Our King."

"I will create a Garden in the future for you to protect. In return, I want you to explain to me everything the memories of hell haven't told me, including the political climate in hell."

The two demons' bodies visibly trembled; having a tree to protect? A tree from their mother? That was the greatest gift for them.

They lowered their heads even deeper into the ground, "Long live the true king of hell! We are yours to command."

"Order us to do anything." They lifted their faces and looked at Victor with a look that made Victor smile inwardly.

'Two fanatics... Good, I can work with that.'

"Very well, from now on, I hereby declare you two as the elders of hell. You will not only be the guardians but also the demons that will store all historical events in hell."

The two demons opened their eyes even wider.

A look that Victor's three generals shared as well.

"A-Are you sure? My King?" Albu asked.

"As those who have existed from the beginning, this is your responsibility and your highest honor."

"History is important. It is through studying the past and understanding it that allows future demons not to make the same mistakes."

'And it also allows me to manipulate future generations into having an image that will paint me as if I'm Lucifer's second coming in hell or even someone superior to him.'
Victor wanted to control all demons, from the elite to even the lesser demons.

Fear is good, and you can control many people with it... But only respect gives you the true power of the masses.

Victor wanted the respect and fanaticism of the demons. He wanted the demons to see Victor as if he were their god.

"From now on, no one in hell can order you but me and anyone I say so."

"You will teach me everything you know about the current state of the political climate in Hell and tell me everything you know about the former king and his decisions."

"Helena, Vine, and Vepar will be important individuals in my kingdom in the future, so you will teach them as well."

"Did I make myself clear?"

"Yes, Our King. Your wish is our command, and your will is our will."

.....

Baal was accompanying Diablo in a destroyed city, and next to him was Lilith, the mother of all demons, who was reduced to an emotionless robot.

"The preparations are almost done. All that remains is for you to give the order."

Diablo nodded his head lightly, "The angels are very quiet." He looked towards the destroyed city.

"I don't like it. They're not falling for my trap... It's like they're expecting something-." Diablo stopped walking suddenly.

"... Your Highness?" Baal looked at Diablo strangely.

A dark red miasma began to seep from Diablo's body, "H-He -..."

The sound of teeth grinding was heard as destruction began to happen all around them with just Diablo's presence.

The Demon King, who was always calm, lost his temper, his demonic face distorting even more into a form that would strike fear into any being.

This abomination was the very essence of what is called evil incarnate.

"ALUCARD!"

Diablo's distorted demonic voice echoed, destroying everything with pure demonic miasma.

Baal jumped back as he watched Diablo with a cold sweat breaking out on his face.

Lilith, who was standing in front of the demon, displayed a small smile, and her lifeless eyes had an unnoticeable sadistic gleam.

"Baal."

Feeling a shiver run down his spine as his master called his name, Baal replied:

"Yes, My King?"

"From now on, all those related to Alucard are enemies."

"If there are opportunities to kill them, kill them."

Baal very much wanted to question Diablo's order because he understood that people who were Alucard's allies were not beings that could be easily destroyed or thoughtlessly antagonized.

But with Diablo's current mood right now it was impossible for him to say that; he didn't want to be killed:

"Your wish is my command, My King."

...

A woman with long immaculate white hair opened her eyes, and her light green eyes were revealed to everyone. The woman got up from where she was sitting and picked up a sword with a white blade and golden runes.

Six wings opened behind the woman, and she proclaimed:

"The time has come."

"Lady Ariel, will you fight?" Daniel, one of Ariel's subordinates, asked.

"Yes, I will." Determination was noticeable in her tone of voice.

"...The demons' miasma must be purged, the scales must be brought back into balance, or it will be too late."

Ariel looked to the side and saw one of her brothers. Like most angels, he had golden hair, green eyes, his unique feature being the six wings behind him, and a tattoo of a star under his eyes.

"Cassiel."

Cassiel, the virtue of diligence, one of the seven virtues, and behind him were two women with their eyes covered by some kind of white mask that had the same symbol as Cassiel's tattoo.

"Just as our father predicted." Cassiel looked out over the horizon toward the miasma-filled lands.

"A new king of hell has emerged."

"Do we already know who it is?"

"We don't know exactly who it is... But our sister, 'Chastity', spoke a name that appeared in her visions."

"Azrael."

A chill was felt in all the angels present.

"...I- Impossible. Azrael would not betray our father."

"Our Azrael wouldn't."

"Sister, Azrael, quite broadly, is just another name for Death. You know our sister's visions are not very accurate."

"...Yes, only you can understand her somehow." Ariel spoke, "What does her vision mean then?"

"The king of hell is not an angel, but he is not a demon either. He is someone who walks the fine line of balance."

"The fine line called life and death."

"A unique existence indeed."

"..." Ariel narrows her eyes.

"For someone who shouldn't know anything, you seem to know something, brother."

"I just know what I know, I don't know what I don't know; diligence is the key."

'Ugh... And there we go again with those vague phrases.' Ariel really didn't like that.

"The new king of hell is not important. What he did to the old king is."

"With Biblical hell in possession of a new king, Diablo can no longer call upon lesser demons, and he has suffered a significant blow to his strength."

Ariel didn't comment on Cassiel's attempt to change the subject. She really didn't want to talk to her brother about what he knew. After all, she knew from experience that if he didn't want to say anything, only The Heavenly Father could force him to say it. Being the virtue of diligence, he is really stubborn.

"This is the perfect opportunity for an attack, the opportunity we've been waiting for."

The moment Cassiel finished speaking, all the angels heard a voice in their heads.

[Sound the trumpets, my children... Judgment day has arrived.]

Hundreds of angels flew in the sky with golden trumpets in their hands. Then, heeding the heavenly father's order, they blew their trumpets.

Soon, a sound that marked the beginning of the second total war was heard throughout the planet.

The heavens cleared, and five angels came out, the highest ranking angels.

The virtues, the elite of heaven.

"Come on, Sister. We must not keep Michael waiting."

"Yes."

...

Japan.

"Did you hear?" Jeanne asked.

"Yes, of course, yes, it would be impossible not to hear it," Morgana spoke with a drawn face.

"The trumpets marked the resumption of war, and the angels would attack in full force," Jeanne spoke.

"Something happened that changed the passivity of the angels."

"We need to know what's going on," Morgana spoke.

"I don't like being in the dark about this. I feel like this shit is going to involve all supernatural creatures."

"I received a contact from Amaterasu," Haruna said as she entered the place where Jeanne and Morgana were.

Behind her were Kaguya, Eve, Bruna, Maria, and Roberta.

Along with Kuroka and Genji.

"What did she say?" Morgana asked.

"To bolster the country's defenses. She will assign gods who are not hurt and who can fight as well."

"She also said that gigantic monsters are heading towards the battlefield."

"...monsters?" Jeanne asked.

"Mythological monsters."

"Kumbhakarna, or as he is known in the supernatural world, the ogres of the Hindu pantheon, he and his kind are heading towards the battlefield."

"As well as, Yamata-no-Orochi of the Japanese pantheon."

"Aren't those monsters supposed to be dead?" Jeanne asked, confused.

"Yes, they should be... But that's the problem." Haruna shuddered with disgust:

"Necromancy."

"They were revived as the undead."

"What...?"

"Kaguya, please," Haruna spoke gently.

"Okay."

Kaguya walked to the middle of the room and took an item from her shadows, she clicked on the item, and a hologram appeared in the room.

Everyone watched in silence as a being covered in miasma 'revived' a snake with eight heads and eight tails.

"Asmodeus ..." Morgana snarled, "That bastard did he touch necromancy too?"

"I still don't understand. Isn't it just witches who can do necromancy?" Bruno asked.

"Necromancy goes far beyond using magic to reanimate a body and using that body to fight, or using the dead to try to divine the future as witches do."

"What do you mean?"

"Necromancy is an art that uses dead souls and prevents them from being judged or moving on. What Asmodeus is doing now is far worse than what witches do."

"He is using innocent souls to 'reanimate' this snake."

"He is committing one of the greatest sins of breaking a soul into a thousand pieces and preventing that soul from fulfilling its 'end'."

"If Diablo ordered this to be done to these two monsters, it's safe to assume that he did this to several other monsters as well." Eve began to speak.

"In every pantheon, there are thousands of monsters that were killed by the gods of the respective pantheons. If he went around the world, taking advantage of the fact that each pantheon wasn't guarding their territory... It's safe to say that he has an army of the undead."

A shudder ran through everyone present when they realized that he could have actually done this.

"We're also forgetting something. He annihilated an entire pantheon, and he might have used the monsters in that pantheon as well." Roberta reminded everyone.

"... He's in a hurry; it's obvious. Something is going on, something we don't know about." Jeanne spoke.

"My guess. It's hell." Morgana spoke.

"... We all know who Victor is. He won't just sit around waiting for God knows what to come to rescue him."

"True... My master is a very active person. If he is in hell, and with no one 'supervising' him, he will cause chaos." Kaguya had always watched Victor from the shadows, and she was with him during all of his 'night walks'. She understood well what kind of person he was.

"...Are you saying that Victor did something that unduly forced Diablo to act?"

"I know Victor is exceptional, but isn't that overkill?" Kuroka spoke.

The girls just looked at Kuroka with a neutral gaze, not blaming or indicating anything.

"You say that because you don't know him," Maria said.

"Master is exceptional, and I am not saying these words because I am his Maid but because it is a fact."

"I know he's exceptional, we all know that, but... It's hell, you know? It's a hostile place. Could he have done so much that affected the Demon King here in the human world?" Genji spoke.

"Yes, he probably did." All the women spoke at once.

Kuroka and Genji opened their eyes a little when they heard the chorus of voices.

"Okay, Victor did something. What did he do?" Morgana asked.

"Conquered hell?" The maids said at the same time.

Morgana felt her lips tremble a little, she trusted Victor, and she knew he was exceptional, but conquering hell was something very difficult to accomplish, you know? Hell has many elites who...

"Ah, that!" Morgana opened her eyes wide.

"What?" Jeanne asked.

"Victor conquered hell."

"... Why are you so sure about that?"

"All of Diablo's elites are here in the human world. In short, hell is wider open than a whore's pussy." She spoke with a big happy smile.

"..." Woman, do you have to be so indecent? Everyone couldn't help but think.

"Victor is a genius, and time in hell is pretty unstable. He's probably been there for several years already, and in that time, it wouldn't be surprising if he got stronger, strong enough to be unstoppable in hell without the strongest elites of Diablo."

The maids shuddered a little when they heard that Victor had spent years in hell already, worry filled their hearts, but they tried not to focus on that feeling right now, after all, they couldn't do anything about it right now.

"... We need to tell the girls this..." Jeanne spoke after some time in silence. Her eyes glowed blood-red, and it was fairly obvious that she was excited.

"If our guesses based on Victor's personality are correct, we can contact Victor in Hell."

"What?" A look of shock passed over the girls' faces, then all the girls looked seriously at Jeanne as all of their blood-red eyes sparkled.

"Explain, Jeanne," Kaguya spoke in a neutral tone.

"If Victor truly became the new king of hell, that means he has some authority in hell. Even if that authority isn't complete because Diablo is probably still in possession of the keys to the gates of hell, he might still be able to allow someone to 'open' a portal in hell. That way, we might be able to contact him."

"Alioth Clan." Morgana murmured.

"Yes, we need help from Alexios."

"Only he has enough power for that feat."

"We're heading back now." Eve declared with visible animation on her face, and the Maids, except for Kaguya, nodded.

"Girls," Kaguya spoke in a heavy tone.

"I know we're excited about what's happening, but...don't forget our allies."

"..." This made everyone stop and look at Haruna, who maintained a neutral expression.

"Don't mind me. You've done more than enough in this place." Haruna spoke calmly.

"Impermissible. This is a large-scale battle that could have consequences across the world. As allies, we protect each other." Kaguya rejected what Haruna said.

'Not to mention that if something happens to Haruna, I don't even want to think about Victor's reaction.' Kaguya thought.

"I will stay." Morgana spoke.

"Someone of my level needs to be here in case some god tries something funny."

"Me too." Mizuki entered the room; she was wearing a light pink kimono with red leaf patterns.

"Although I want to talk a lot with Victor, I have to protect my homeland."

"Where were you?" Kaguya asked.

"Dealing with some Oni's at Haruna's request." She looked at Haruna and continued, "The job is done; the head is with Yoichi."

"Thank you, Mizuki."

'To think that I would thank an Onmyoji, my past self would find that ironic.' Haruna thought.

"You Welcome."

"I will stay too," Kaguya spoke.

"..." The girls opened their eyes in shock as they looked at Kaguya.

Mizuki and Morgana weren't surprised they wanted to stay, but Kaguya? This was a shock.

"Are you going to stay...? Are you sure?" Jeanne asked.

Kaguya looked at Jeanne, "Yes. As Head Maid, Wife, and one who is in charge of Clan Alucard, I must prioritize my work and allies."

"I'm sure my master would want that... Just send me news of him."

"..." Jeanne nodded her head with a gentle smile on her face.

The maids looked at each other, and nodded.

"We'll stay too," Eve stated.

"... Eh?"

"Maids weren't taught to walk alone. If our Boss is staying, so are we." Maria laughed.

"Girls..."

"Fufufu, you won't get rid of us that easily, Kaguya." Bruno laughed.

"Thanks, Girls."

"Looks like I'm going alone, huh ..." Jeanne spoke with the same gentle smile on her face. She really enjoyed seeing this 'companionship' that Victor's presence developed in the girls.

"Don't forget to send news," Morgana repeated.

"I know."

.....

Chapter 676: The King and His Queen's.

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Alexios, at that moment, was sweating like a pig waiting to be slaughtered; why?

It was the looks that Jeanne, Aphrodite, Scathach, Natashia, Agnes, Violet, Ruby, Sasha, and even his own daughter Natalia were giving him.

"I- I..." Alexios tried to calm down as he adjusted his clothes which were a little messy after he was kidnapped from his own house by his own daughter.

Yes, that is correct. He was kidnapped. He was about to go to sleep; after all, it had been a long day with the vampire king helping the vampires he rescued stabilize and deal with the internal politics of that act when suddenly his daughter appeared and teleported him to this place. He didn't expect that kind of attitude from his daughter and was taken completely by surprise.

"How can I help you?"

"Connect to hell now!" Violet demanded.

"... Excuse me?" Alexios raised an eyebrow in confusion.

"Fast! Use your magic or whatever! And connect to hell!" Agnes growled.

"?????" Literal question marks seemed to appear in Alexios' head, showing he was clearly confused.

'Did this woman kidnap me just to send me to hell? Doesn't she have a lot of time left?' He didn't understand the gratuitous insult he was receiving.

"Girls, I really understand your feelings, but we need to explain to him what's going on." Leona, who was nearby, spoke.

"... Leona is right." Ruby took a deep breath and then looked at her mother.

Scathach nodded and pulled Agnes and Violet away from Alexios.

"What!?" Agnes struggled.

"What are you doing, Scathach!?" Violet growled.

Ignoring the two women's glares, she spoke, "Let the man breathe for a few seconds."

"You too, Natasha and Sasha. Calm down."

"..." The two women bit their lips, visibly took a deep breath, and took several steps back.

None of the girls blamed the women's reaction. The reason for that was simple, they were very shaken by the theories that Jeanne spoke of.

No wonder when Natalia learned that she could help, she quickly kidnapped her father, not caring if he was tired or not.

All they all wanted to see now was Victor.

"To summarize in a few words, we have some thoughts that Victor has become the new king of Hell, and with this new position, he must have gained some authority over Hell, enabling you to interfere in the dimension. Therefore we ask for your help to try to open a hole in hell." Ruby explained.

"..." Alexios opened his eyes wide, and he opened and closed his mouth like he was a goldfish. He didn't even care that he was showing his special eyes for all to see. The news he had just received was just too shocking.

'Victor, the new king of hell? Huh? Why do they think he might have become the new king?' Alexios' mind was in overdrive. He didn't even consider the girls' theory as if they were lies. After all, unlike Vlad, Victor's women are very close with each other, and they know their own husband very well.

'But... Become the king of hell? Just how much stronger did he get? What is happening...?'

Alexios looked at Natalia; his daughter just nodded as if confirming her own thoughts.

"Haaah ... This man never ceases to amaze." Alexios closed his eyes again and spoke in his most natural tone.

"Very Well, give me a few seconds. Please be silent."

The girls nodded and gave Alexios more room to work.

Alexios turned his body towards an area where no one was present and opened his eyes.

His eyes glistened slightly, and the galaxy in Alexios' eyes began to change as if there was a strange zoom in his eyes; Alexios' eyes were like the reflection of the universe itself in motion.

"Oh? The hell dimension has become more unstable." Alexios narrowed his eyes, and a small portal appeared in front of Alexios, and what showed on the other side of the portal was an apocalyptic vision.

"... What is that?" Aphrodite narrowed her eyes.

"Is this hell...?" Sasha asked.

"This is hell, but it's different. What is this destruction? Who could have caused so much damage?" Jeanne spoke.

"Wait, what do you mean by damage?" Violet asked.

"Look around. Everything is destroyed; this black miasma and even red lightning did not have before in hell." Jeanne continued.

"How could you know that?" Violet asked.

"Morgana told me a lot about hell, that dimension most of it is made up of a lifeless rocky desert, with several sub-dimensions where sinners are. If there was a place as unique as this, she definitely would have told me."

"Which leads me to believe this place is recently new, and someone must have done it."

"...Victor..." Scathach spoke.

The girls looked at Scathach.

"There is just one person with destructive potential in hell currently capable of doing that, and he's the only person likely to do so," Scathach spoke seriously.

"Natashia, can you analyze those lightning bolts?" Scathach asked.

"I tried to do that from the beginning, but I can't feel the 'familiarity' that I feel when I look at the lightning of my lineage," Natashia spoke.

"Hmm? I'm being pulled. What's going on?" Alexios spoke in confusion.

The girls looked at Alexios, specifically at the portal created in front of him, and they saw the portal change from various landscapes at an impressive speed until the vision of a long throne room was seen.

"... This place... Is where the King of Hell stays..." Aphrodite spoke with anticipation visible in her eyes.

A sentiment shared by the girls present.

The image began to slowly flow towards the throne, and soon the silhouette of someone sitting on the throne was seen.

All the girls subconsciously held their breath, and all their attention went to the image.

A few seconds later, their wait was rewarded when they saw a man with ashen skin as if he was dead, black hair flowing like darkness itself, resting his head on his hand.

He was wearing black plate armor, the armor had a cloak behind him made of pure black miasma, and floating beside him was a very familiar yet at the same time different weapon, a large Greatsword that sent chills down the spine of everyone who looked at it.

"Victor!" Violet and Leona quickly walked over to Alexios and looked closer, a gesture that was shared by all.

"The theory is actually correct... He became the King of Hell..." Ruby commented in disbelief.

"Of course it is; this is Victor we're talking about." Sasha laughed with a gentle smile.

"The man will not miss an opportunity to cause chaos." Leona chuckled.

'He's changed a lot... And it's not just his appearance... He seems to be much stronger and older too...' Scathach thought.

Something that wasn't lost on Natasha, Aphrodite, and Jeanne, who, as the oldest of the group, were more attentive to detail.

"... Hmm?" The man opened his eyes, and familiar violet irises were seen.

A shocked expression appeared on the man's face, and he quickly extended his hand towards the air, specifically speaking towards the gate.

His hand started to glow red, and he 'grabbed' the space and pulled towards him.

"Impossible!" Alexios commented in shock.

'He grabbed my magic? How? What kind of power is that in his hand? It's so heavy...'
Alexios shuddered at the negativity of that energy.

"Girls... Are you really...?" He asked carefully, Victor's eyes glistening with melancholy as he looked towards the portal and saw the image of his family.

That look made Violet's heart sink, as did all the girls present, and without much thought, she quickly tried to jump towards the portal.

But a big hand prevented her from passing toward hell.

"Stop, Violet."

"Why!?" She roared. All she wanted was to hold him.

"As much as I want to hug you, you can't come to hell."

"What about Alexios' power?"

"The only ones who can come to this place are demons, or someone very resistant to miasma, probably Morgana as an ancient demon. Hard to say. After all, she has changed a lot."

"So you come to us now!" Sasha screamed.

"We miss you, Victor." Natasha added with anxious eyes.

"I can't," Victor responded in the negative.

"Why!?" Agnes roared along with Violet.

"My existence right now is not something the Alioth Clan's magic can handle. Pulling me through the deepest place of hell to Nightingale will take a lot of energy."

Victor elaborated further, "I am the king. As the King of Hell, Hell itself protects me, and to pull out a King of Hell, the very Hell he rules, Alexios would need a huge amount of energy, enough energy that it would easily exhaust him to death."

"... Huh? What is he talking about!? I didn't understand anything!" Sasha and Violet spoke at the same time. The girls were almost hysterical, and they just wanted to jump on Victor then and there, but they couldn't, and it pissed them off.

Ruby, Scathach, Jeanne, and Aphrodite just narrowed their eyes when they heard what Victor said and clearly understood it.

"Calm down. Take a deep breath. I'm not going to disappear, okay?" Victor spoke in a gentle, calm tone, his eyes glowed blood-red for a few seconds, and the effect was instantaneous.

The girl's emotions began to calm down, and they found this feeling very strange.

"What is happening? What is this feeling?" Sasha asked with a strange look, she was irritable and anxious a few seconds ago, but all of a sudden, she was much calmer. It's not like those feelings went away; they've just been suppressed.

"A little trick I've learned from my long stay here, as a Progenitor, I can influence those who share my bloodline a little bit."

"...Long stay..." Scathach muttered.

"How many days...wrong, how many years have you been in hell, Vic?"

"Master..." Victor looked lovingly at Scathach and replied without lying, "Who knows? I don't particularly know, but for reference, soon I will reach my maturity."

The girls gasped. That means he spent hundreds of years in hell!

"...A- Are you okay, Vic?" Ruby asked.

Victor looked at the redhead and smiled gently, "Keeping your mind busy is the answer, right? Honey."

"..." Ruby bit her lip as she held back the urge to cry.

Victor's response was all Ruby needed to understand what Victor was feeling.

He wasn't doing well, but by keeping his mind busy and having a constant goal, he was pushing through the odds, a response much like Ruby's.

"Don't think too much about my conditions, Girls, I'm fine, and I'm glad I came to this place and not you... Honestly, this was the best possible result at that time."

"...That selfless idiot..." Natalia mumbled as she bit her lip, tears already streaming down her cheeks.

"Hey, I'm like this just for you guys. I'm pretty feared in hell, you know?"

"They call me Alucard, the Tyrant King. Wow, quite a flashy title if you ask me." Victor laughed.

"Being called a tyrant by demons, Vic. It is something of great respect. After all, they only respect strength." Jeanne spoke.

"Yeah, the bunch of masochists." Victor laughed.

This casual attitude managed to make the girls swallow the distressing feelings inside their hearts and also laugh in relief.

They were happy to know that he hadn't changed anything for them, even though he had been away from home for several centuries.

"Guys ... I'm running out of time..." Alexios mumbled as he sweated profusely.

The girls looked at Alexios with intense gazes, but they softened a bit when they saw the state of him.

"Father!"

"I'm fine. Just finish the conversation quickly."

A powerful voice, which did not allow refusal, was heard:

"Jeanne, touch Alexios, focus on your natural energy, and replenish his energy reserves."

Jeanne as well as the girls, and Alexios himself looked at Victor in shock; the authority contained in those words was simply surreal.

"I don't know, Vic... I've never tried to give my energy to anyone."

"It's okay. The energy you use is quite powerful and theoretically could explode someone if transferred, but this energy is also natural energy. Just focus on the positive aspect of it and transfer a small amount; that will be enough."

"But-." She tried debates, but Victor's voice gave her no choice.

"Jeanne, you can do it. I know you can."

Confidence began to build in her body, and she nodded.

"Okay."

Jeanne approached Alexios and tried to move some of the energy in the palm of her hands; soon, her hand glowed with intense green energy.

"Calm down. Don't be scared. You're using too much energy." Victor's voice was heard, and she started to follow his instructions.

Slowly, the intensity of the green energy started to get weaker until an almost transparent greenish energy was seen by everyone.

Feeling that enough was enough, Jeanne touched Alexios on the shoulder, and the man could feel all of his reserves of energy returning to his peak state.

"Good." Victor smiled.

Jeanne just stared at Alexios in shock. 'Did he influence me in any way? Even in the past, I wouldn't have been able to have such precise control of my energy.'

"... You seem proficient at controlling energy now, Vic," Scathach spoke.

"Basics are important. I never forgot that lesson from you, Master. In these years, I focused completely on training the basics and controlling my body's energy."

"...I see ..." Scathach closed her eyes and smiled gently as she contained the anxious feeling in her body. She really wanted to fight Victor right now.

"Hey, little Wolf. Will you ignore me?" Victor spoke with his childhood friend.

"Humph said the man who was thrown into hell and left us alone." Leona snorted.

"Accidentally guilty. I promise I will have a good time with everyone."

"A really good one; things almost went to chaos because you're not here."

"I can imagine... What is my parents' progress? And my Maids."

"..." Leona shuddered visibly.

"I see ... You guys didn't tell them, huh."

"We don't know how to approach the situation," Leona spoke.

"Just speak the truth. That's enough."

Leona looked at Ruby and Sasha, and both women nodded.

"We will do it," Leona spoke.

"How are my Maids?"

"Everyone is fine. They are getting stronger too." Violet answered.

"Good, I miss them." Victor was sincere.

Victor looked at the pink-haired goddess and smiled, " Hey, my goddess. Are you well?"

Aphrodite smiled gently, "Yeah, much time hasn't passed for us, Vic. Despite you not being around, only a few weeks have passed here."

"...Is the difference really that big?"

"That's because you are in the deepest places of hell, where the miasma is most concentrated. The time in the Demon King's castle is completely confusing." Jeanne spoke.

"I noticed. I also realized that I lost track of time." Victor was honest.

"Due to my new... Condition. Months of training feel like hours, and a few hours ruling this place feels like days pass. It's completely confusing."

"Will you return...?" Sasha asked with an anxious expression.

Victor looked at Sasha and Natasha, who were next to each other:

"Of course." Victor smiled gently at the two of them.

"I miss everyone. I want to see my daughters, my parents, and even my fat cat. I want to see them all."

"Darling..." Agnes, Leona, Violet, Sasha, and Natasha's eyes softened.

"But for me to come back, I need something." Victor's face turned completely serious.

"I need the key to hell."

"... I knew it... That item is still with Diablo, right?" Jeanne spoke as she continued to give energy to Alexios for the man to keep the portal open.

"Yes."

"Despite being the king of hell, I am not bound to hell like Diablo and Lucifer, who were imprisoned here by the heavenly father."

"As long as I have the key to hell, I can transit between hell and the world of the living."

"A unique situation that has never happened before, as expected of you," Leona spoke.

"Not exactly, Some kings of hell like the Hindu, Norse, and Greek pantheon can come out to the human world too."

"Biblical hell is just more special..."

"What do you mean more special?" Natasha asked.

"I don't really know how to explain it exactly but think of it as if this hell is a planet, and the other hells orbit around this planet, and occasionally even souls from the other hells enter this hell as if they are being attracted by something."

"Not to mention the hell I'm in is also home to the negative world tree of Earth, or as Roxanne likes to call her sister."

"I also think it's because the world tree is here that this place is so irregular."

"...Did you meet the other world tree?" Jeanne asked carefully.

"Not Yet. She's been avoiding me for some reason." Victor narrowed his eyes in confusion.

'I don't doubt that it was she who made this meeting possible too.' Victor thought.

"The reason this place is special is that it restricts the Demon King in this place. Hell itself won't let the Demon King out, and Diablo himself had to use several sacrifices to be summoned on Earth, and besides that, this place is more restrictive than the other hells." Victor explained.

The girls looked pensive, specifically Aphrodite, Jeanne, Scathach, and Ruby. The others were just looking at Victor as they made sure to watch his every action, like predators waiting to pounce on prey.

"Anyway, enough talking about it. Alexios has little time left. It's not healthy to waste energy and refuel at the same time over and over again."

Victor became extremely serious and said:

"I need your help. I need you to retrieve the key to hell that is in Diablo's possession."

"What is the plan?" Violet quickly asked.

"Before that. The job is just to retrieve the key, okay?" Victor was explicitly clear.

"Under no circumstances should you fight Diablo."

Before the girls could protest, Victor opened his mouth:

"I'm not underestimating you. It's just that this bastard has several tricks up his sleeve that can harm the 'living', and he doesn't mind going through all the unforgivable sins to complete his plan."

"..." The girls closed their mouths as they remembered the report of a subordinate dabbling in necromancy.

"The only one I allow to try to deal with Diablo is Scathach and Morgana, both of whom are natural fighters with keen instincts."

"Hey, I'm a beauty goddess, okay? Even a demon like him isn't immune to my charm. He can't handle me."

"I don't want that little shit ogling my wife." Victor snorted.

Aphrodite laughed when she felt that delicious possession of Victor through his tone.

"I want you to steal the keys to the gates of hell and not fight Diablo. The faster you get this key back, the faster I can get out of hell."

The girls nodded their heads in determination.

"The main plan key is Natasha, Kaguya, Natalia, Backup Scathach, and Aphrodite."

"You should-."

"My King."

Victor snarled visibly, "What?"

Victor's heavy, demonic voice sent chills through everyone present.

"C- Clan Baal is causing another emotion."

Victor nodded and said, "You can leave."

"Y-Yes!"

"Annoying woman, hasn't she learned her lesson?" Victor muttered as soon as the demon left the room.

"Woman? Who are you talking about, Vic?" Violet and Agnes asked at the same time.

"Baal's whore of a wife, that annoying woman. The only reason I didn't just kill that woman is because she is very useful in the internal politics of the higher demons."

"I gotta go." Victor rose from his throne, grabbed the Greatsword, and placed it behind him.

He turned and looked at the portal.

"Scathach, use the strategy you used against me when we fought in Japan. Just add Kaguya and Natashia as Seekers and Aphrodite, and Natalia as Backup."

Scathach raised an eyebrow and smiled, "I understand your plan."

"As expected of you." Victor smiled gently, then he looked at Violet, "Hey, I'll be home soon. So don't get too stressed."

"Darling..."

"The same goes for you, especially Natashia, Leona, and Agnes."

"Oyy!"

Victor laughs and says, "Take care, and watch each other's backs."

The girls looked at each other and smiled.

"We know."

"Good." Victor turned and started down the stairs to the throne, "See you another day. And Natalia put off that guilty face. You don't have to blame yourself for anything. I would have made the same decision as I did in the past if it was going to save you guys."

"...Vic..." Natalia just kept looking at Victor's back with a melancholy look until the portal created by Alexios closed.

Natalia closed her eyes and clenched her fist with determination, several thoughts appeared in her head, and soon she opened her eyes with a neutral look that she always had before.

"Lady Scathach, what shall we do?" Natalia asked.

"First, we need information. We need to know the exact location of the key to hell. If we don't know that, I can't plan anything concrete." Scathach replied.

.....

Victor walked through his castle with confident, heavy steps, and a noble bearing fit for a king, all the way to his private chambers, where he would meet a troublesome

woman. The subordinate demons who had joined him in the last war that he initiated bowed in reverence every time he passed through the halls.

All of them were lesser demons tasked with cleaning the castle and passing on Victor's orders if necessary. Most of them were female Maids.

Victor didn't know how much time had passed since he entered that castle and took the title of the King of Hell. For him, it's like those events happened just yesterday.

But he knew that it wasn't. Learning about the history of hell, learning about the inner politics of higher demons, learning how demons came to exist, all of this ancient knowledge was very easy for Victor to master. He already had the memories of the pillars demons he absorbed, demons that had been alive for a long time.

In terms of politics, everything was even easier.

Demons respected strength, and Victor was the strongest, and using that strength, he reformed all of demon society.

Society was now built on a merit system.

Lineage, ancient clan, influences, it all didn't matter.

If you were talented, if you were useful, you would rise through the ranks, and you would receive a reward directly from the king.

The Reward, most of the time, being the power increase itself.

In a nutshell, Victor transformed the entire race of demons into a race of warriors that directly served him.

And despite having done that, he insisted on giving opportunities to everyone. After all, he understood that in such a society, all other demons that were not 'warriors' would be exploited, and the society would not progress.

In his kingdom, there was room not only for warriors but for demons who did logistics and even demons who sought to know the very history of demons.

Even research demons who sought new ways to improve the demons' meager technology were highly prized.

Although not everything was rosy, demons, at the end of the day, are still demons, beings of sin, and completely repressing that nature was counterproductive.

Demons that had gotten stronger were often seen abusing weaker demons, and demons that had gained influence were often seen taking advantage of those that hadn't.

To prevent this kind of thing from happening too much, an arena was built, and duels to solve those problems were created.

Do you have a problem with me? Let's fight and settle this.

1 x 1, no clout, no nothing, just me and you.

Surprisingly, this idea was very successful, and the occurrence of demons abusing their new authority went down.

The reason for this was that when someone lost in the arena when such a duel was held, the demon who lost usually forfeited his government position to the demon who won.

Something that, in their opinion, was very bad. Being close to the new king was something of immense pride for these demons.

Another thing that happened was that the arena became a frequent meeting place for bloodthirsty demons who like to fight.

Victor even decided to give 'prizes' for events that took place in the arena. As long as the request was acceptable, the winner would get anything they wanted.

Such a place matched the demons' mentality quite well and spawned several other small jobs for demons as a result of the arena's growth in popularity.

An example of this was little demons with wings that had the ability to travel very fast. They were weak beings and not worthy of attention, but... They were the perfect 'delivery boys'.

They traveled to even the farthest corners of hell, and due to years spent on the run from predators, they knew hell inside and out.

Surprisingly, these devils were becoming like a company selling products and delivering goods in hell, and they were getting very rich.

They were also the demons who were the most fanatical of the new king, claiming that such an opportunity would not arise if Victor did not rise to power.

Thus, due to these matters and several others...

The change in demon society was surprisingly smooth, and there weren't many complaints.

Demons were 'modernizing', and even the hell fields that were used to punish sinners were becoming more... efficient.

Instead of an eternal punishment, the punishment was now done with a stick-and-carrot system.

The eternally suffering souls would have a day of rest, and on that day, they enjoyed all the basic 'luxuries' of a normal human being, and the next day their punishment would return.

This method worked very well, and most of the souls in hell started to move on. Apparently, the fear of not enjoying life's 'basic' luxuries was much more terrifying than endless torture.

After all, after thousands of years, they could get used to the pain and become dull. When these souls are presented with simple pleasures, they remember what their life was like and wish to get that back, leading to repentance of their sins, and want to move on to reincarnation.

Of course, this privilege was only for the lowest levels of sinners, beings who had committed sins but ones which weren't unforgivable sins. In the Unforgivable Sins session, Victor didn't even bother changing the punishment.

For him, those souls could suffer eternally, and he wouldn't even care.

Along with his three generals: Vine, the destroyer. Vepar, the proud. And Helena, the strategist. Victor had full control of hell in his hands.

By the way, the titles were not decided by him. It was the devils who chose to call the generals that way.

Victor himself was called the tyrant king.

Apparently, those titles were born from their own actions.

Once in her rage over a demon who clearly disrespected Victor, Vine personally visited the man's territory and sank the entire place in storms destroying it entirely, which gave her the title of the destroyer.

The three generals were very loyal to the king, and any insult to the king himself could have very serious consequences, something that was shared by all the demons that 'followed' Victor in his conquest from the beginning.

These men and women were fanatics, and they glorified the name of Victor as if he were a god of the new world, the messiah from hell, the very antichrist.

And the popularity of these thoughts grew with each passing day.

Yes, as a former human, Victor didn't know how to feel about the 'antichrist'. He didn't expect the demons' fanaticism to grow so much that it would lead them to call him by that name.

'Well, at least they're in my control... And it's not like I'm called worse names by the masses.' Victor tried to be content with that fact, and he tried not to care.

Entering a room, Victor looked at a woman.

By adding the merit system, it gave all demons opportunities to rise through the ranks, something that was not wasted by this woman, who quickly demonstrated her political skills and became one of the important figures in the politics of the higher demons.

Because of this woman 'telling' the high level demons how 'powerful' the current king was, his reign was quite smooth.

The woman was not wrong, Victor was powerful, but Victor himself knew that this woman exaggerated his depiction for those who did not know him personally. He was absolutely sure that the exaggerated nicknames of 'antichrist' and the 'messiah of hell' were started by that woman.

She was further enhancing Victor's reputation in hell.

This woman's name was: Lily Baal née Lucifer, the wife of former Rank 1 Baal.

The daughter of the first king of Hell, Lucifer.

Apparently, the name 'Lily' was a tribute to 'Lilith', Lucifer's former wife and Lily's mother.

Why ancient rank 1 Baal? Well, Victor destroyed the demonic pillar systems.

He is the one who rules above all.

He is the one above all, he is the King, and his authority will not be questioned by anyone.

The only ones in a position to question Victor on something and give advice are the generals themselves and the elders of hell, who are the oldest demons in hell. They are the only ones Victor ALLOWED to be able to question him.

Victor did not consider himself perfect or think that he would never make mistakes, so seeing other points of view was essential.

That's the lesson he learned from living with his wives.

"Lady Baal," Victor spoke in a neutral, heavy tone that carried the majesty of a king, the authoritative weight of one, and the pressure of a strong warrior.

The woman with long black hair tipped with red, the sinful body of a succubus, and blood-red eyes smiled seductively at Victor.

Like Helena, she had her Succubus features, horns on her head, a thin tail, and two leathery wings behind her.

She got up from where she was sitting, bowed in respect, and spoke eloquently:

"Your Highness, the strongest individual in hell, the king among kings, the one even my father would be wary of facing, I am very happy to see you."

"Cut the fawning Lady Baal. What do you want?"

"Can I not visit you just to see your dazzling beauty that surpasses even prettier gods like Apollo?" She spoke the god's name dismissively, indicating that comparing Victor's beauty to Apollo was disrespectful to Victor.

"...." Victor raised an eyebrow in amusement at this woman. She had a way with words; that was a fact. He walked towards the sofa in front of a fireplace filled with blue flames.

He crossed his legs, rested his face in his hand, and spoke in a bored but authoritative tone:

"Sit down."

Lily, who was watching all this with the same smile on her face, nodded her head and sat down in front of Victor as she looked at the man in full plate armor and his long black hair floating around covered in dark miasma.

She wasn't lying when she said she came here just to savor the beauty of the new king. It was common sense in the female demon community that the new king was the most handsome man in hell and even the supernatural world. It was no exaggeration to say that all demons got soggy panties at just the sight of the man and wild fantasies of the man 'devouring' her in bed.

She was one of them, so what if she was married? She was a demon, a being of sin. She was never interested in anyone before because her husband Baal was enough, he wasn't ugly either, but in front of the new king, Baal looked like a fat hairless mouse.

Part of the reason she quickly rose through the new ranks was just to observe the new king on a daily basis, but she was still very jealous of the generals.

The other reason was to ensure her own safety. As she became someone important in the new society, the new king was unlikely to kill her when he eliminated Baal.

Lily didn't even feel pity or pain at that thought. In truth, she didn't care much as long as she stayed alive and got what she wanted.

She was a cruel woman, like all female demons; that was their nature, after all.

When her foolish father left, she married Baal, the former rank 1, to survive and have time to get stronger. Her lineage was also very valuable, being the direct daughter of Lucifer and Lilith.

When the new king Diablo rose to power, she supported the new king along with her husband, who was very loyal to Diablo.

When Diablo lost power, and Victor rose as the new king, she was fascinated by how in just a few short years, he had changed demon society, and she quickly seized the chance to become someone irreplaceable in the new government.

'A society that values merit over lineage and clan?' She found this thought very fascinating. At first, she thought it wouldn't work out, but the new king proved to her how wrong she was.

Nowadays, a lesser demon who was in charge of logistics and internal affairs involving Alucard's government had more political power than an ancient demonic pillar, and all those demons that were part of Alucard's government were protected by Alucard's army and Alucard himself.

After all, without them, society could not function.

Proof of that was Lily herself. Even though she was so strong, she still had several elite demons for her protection because of the position she got as the one who handles the superior demons and all forms of internal politics.

"Helena wouldn't let you talk to me if you didn't have something very important to talk about."

Lily narrowed her eyes a little when she heard Helena's name.

"... Indeed."

Helena, the strategist as the demons called her, was one of Victor's generals, the daughter of Gremory, and had an exceptional talent for making large-scale strategies and long plans that lasted several years.

She proved her potential to the king by dominating several pillar rank cities with just a few demons.

She and the four hand-picked commanders were responsible for the internal and external policy of Alucard's new government. She was also Lily's 'superior', and the two often worked together.

... Rumor has it that she and the other two generals warm the king's bed at night.

'Lucky Bitch.' Lily was never one to envy anyone. After all, she was born with everything, good lineage, power, and influence, but she envied the three generals a lot.

Vine, and her four commanders, were responsible for the war and training the new demon forces. Essentially, they were the military part of Victor's army.

Vepar, and her four commanders, were responsible for the logistics and administration of the immense place called 'hell'. This group was also responsible for the administration of the various 'hells' where sinful souls suffered eternal punishment.

Not counting, of course, Helena, as mentioned earlier.

This group was the 'core' of government in the new Demon King, and they were the pillars of the new society.

"Your Majesty would find out eventually. I know how competent Lady Helena is in tracking down the forces that walk in the shadows, which is why I decided to tell you myself."

"...Oh?"

"My son, Luka... That fool." She spoke dismissively at the end, in a tone mixed with sadness, "He has joined the faction of demons composed of ancient pillars and is planning an attack on this place in an attempt to kill you."

"..." Victor didn't even blink at that information; this was something common. There was always a group of demons who were against what Victor was doing, most of them being ancient demons who refused to adapt to the new society.

Victor didn't think much of them. They're just a bunch of weak demons who cry like a Bullying child who has lost his right to 'beat' the weak.

In the end, they would all become dog food or be paraded around the public square with ice spikes driven all over their bodies.

"And what is your purpose in telling me this, Lady Baal. Do you want a lighter punishment for your son again?"

"Wrong. I want to punish him myself in front of you."

"... Heh?"

"I have already taken so much advantage of our exalted king's kindness. I have asked for clemency once and punished him with such torture in the hope that the foolish and rebellious mind he inherited from his father would not dare think of such things again."

"... But that fool spat on my efforts and repeated the same mistake. And Your Highness, you know very well that I hate to make useless efforts." Lily spoke with a vicious venom in her words that surprised Victor a little internally.

"I've told everyone I know a million times that your majesty's greatness surpasses even my father's, but that fool looks like he was born with brain problems and never listens to me... Did I hit him too hard?" Lily rambled.

'Loyalty, disappointment, annoyance, and...excitement, huh.'

Victor's ability to empathize is a secret that only he knew. The demons close to him all think that Victor was just good at analyzing another being.

Which was not a lie either, but not the complete truth.

In front of the king's eyes, no lie could be hidden.

'She is disappointed in her son and wants to punish him, but also wants to show her loyalty by telling me about it in person, hoping that by doing so I will trust her more... She is also excited to see me in person..' The final part didn't come as a surprise to Victor. All female demons feel it when they're in his presence, including his own generals.

'Cunning... Very cunning, she really takes every chance to increase her position, even using her own son.' Victor couldn't hate someone like that. After all, she's doing something that benefits him a lot.

Lily was, without a doubt, a genius, and a very strong woman, too. She could have easily been one of his generals if he had found her first.

Victor's smile grew a little.

And that demonstration made Lily stop slowly and look at Victor with shock. She had never seen him smile before. Unconsciously, she felt a shiver run down her spine, her instincts telling her that his next words would be something important...important enough to raise her position even further.

"Lily, you came to me personally to rat out your own son. I very much appreciate that loyalty."

"Thank you, your majesty."

"Therefore, a reward is necessary."

"... Eh?" She didn't expect those words.

"But before the reward, I want you to do something for me." Victor's smile grew in a way that would terrify demons.

Lily shuddered, and she felt her insides clench at what she was seeing:

"Deal with this situation alone, kill everyone, torture everyone; I don't care. Make such a bloody example of these worthless ones that my previous attempts to send a warning seem like child's play."

"Complete my task. If I am impressed, I will grant any wish you want."

"...A- Anything?"

"Yes, but don't forget, you have to impress me. After all, you've seen how I deal with those who threaten me, right?"

Lily nodded. The image of several demons displayed in horrendous ways in the middle of the square was still visible to everyone, and that cruelty is something that few can do. After all, the demons were displayed in such a way that they stayed alive and suffering. She didn't know what Victor did, but the way the demons screamed in pain was definitely not normal.

"Outdo me, impress me." Victor got up from where he was sitting and gently lifted Lily's face.

The half-succubus looked into the man's entrancing violet eyes.

"Fulfill my expectations, Lily. And you will have everything you want."

"I know very well how much you envy the position of the generals. Do you want it for yourself? I have a job that only a competent woman like you can do."

Recently Vepar was grumbling to Helena that she had a lot of work to manage the internal logistics and the sinners' hells... If Lily fulfills my expectation, I will place her as the general in charge of the sinners' hells and ease Vepar's work.'

The sinners' hell was very important because that's where the demons came to exist. Having control of that place was like having control of the future generation of demons, so it was a place that Victor himself personally managed, but he couldn't always stay there. After all, he needed to train and get stronger, not to mention that in the future, he would not always be in hell, and having someone loyal and fanatical who would do everything for him in control of that place was ideal.

'Let's see if I can corrupt Baal's wife.'

He softly caressed Lily's cheek and smiled gently:

"I will be waiting for a report."

"Do not disappoint me, Lily Baal."

She was breathing heavily as the demon king left the room, and when the door was closed, she looked down and saw the entire sofa wet. She lightly touched her breasts and realized that her nipples were hard as a rock.

"Fuck ... This damn man is so hot and irresistible. The worst part of it all is that he knows it and uses it to manipulate others." She bit her lips sensually as she held back the urge to relieve herself. It would be disrespectful to do that in the king's castle.

"Now, I understand how male demons drooled when my mother used her charm to get them to do whatever she wanted."

She also came to understand why the top echelon of the current government was made up only of women. With a man like that around, it was easier to control everything when competent women were in power, and all those women fanatically served only one man.

The perfect way to avoid corruption.

'I NEED to relieve myself...' Lily quickly got up, flapped her wings, and hurried out the nearest window.

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Chapter 678: The King Among Kings.

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"M- Mother, what are you-."

"Silence, Worm!" The woman kicked a man who looked like the male version of Lily in the gut. He had short spiked black hair with red tips, but the half Succubus was much more muscular than his mother.

"Cough."

"I warned you." She punched the man in the face.

"M-Mo-" again, he was silenced with a knee to the face.

"I warned you several times!" Lily stepped on her son's leg, and a crunching sound was heard.

"AHHHH-" Luka's scream was cut off by Lily's hand clutching his throat.

"Stop screaming like a bitch." Lily's eyes gleamed with a cruel glare.

"You are a descendant of Lucifer and Lilith! Even in pain, act proud, worm!"

Lily lifted Luka by the neck and brought his face in front of her.

Luka looked into his mother's demonic eyes with pure fear on his face.

"I warned you. End your rebellious thoughts, and accept the change, or death would be a much kinder fate than what would happen to you."

Ignoring the pain he was feeling and the fear, anger rose in Luka's heart:

"H- How can you accept it!? How can you accept that halfbreed! He's not even a demon!"

Lily narrowed her eyes dangerously and, with a thrust of her hands, slammed her son's body into the ground.

A crater formed in the ground and the man's entire body was broken by this attack.

"The man you talk about has done irreversible damage in Hell!" She stepped on his face.

"The man you speak of has destroyed the fucking door to hell that was supposed to be unbreakable." She stepped on his face again.

"A feat even my mom or dad couldn't do!"

"So what if he's not a demon?"

"M-Mot-." Luka tried to say something, but all he got was a stomp on his head that made his face deform.

"He has the strength to bring all hell under his heel just as I am doing to you now."

Lily grabbed Luka by the neck again and lifted him in front of her, her eyes sparkled for a few seconds, and the wounds on Luka's body healed a little, just enough for him not to die.

"What have I taught you, My Son? Answer me."

"P-Power is everything..."

"Correct."

"For the sake of power, I decided to marry Baal. With that, I would have political power and influence in all of hell."

"Because of power, I bowed my head to Diablo and supported my husband."

"For the sake of power and our very survival, I've decided to support the new king because, if you haven't noticed, your bloody father isn't here in hell to protect you, just like bloody Diablo."

"AAGHHH!"

"Diablo, the demon that defeated my mother, a feat even I couldn't accomplish." Lily threw Luka to the ground.

"And as an ancient demon, the incarnation of evil, he had the power to be king."

"Cough, Cough." Luka coughed several times, trying to catch his breath.

"But that has changed now. Times have changed. Due to Diablo's plans, he left Hell unguarded, and in the absence and inertia of the old king, a new king has arisen."

"Alucard has hell in his hands, he could destroy everything and everyone, but instead, he chose to rule and lead the demons, and the effects of that leadership are quite noticeable."

"Tell me, my son. What is Alucard called by the demon masses?"

"A- Antichrist-."

"I did not hear you!" She kicked him in the face again.

"... H-He is called as if he were the antichrist himself, or the messiah of hell."

"Tell me, why is he called that?"

"...Because he's..." Luka opened his eyes wide.

"Answer me!"

"He's popular, he's adored, the demons fell for his charisma just like Lucifer did in the past..."

"Did you finally understand, you idiot?"

"B- But, how is that possible?"

"Are you blind?" She spoke with disdain and disappointment, "Or are you pretending to be blind?"

"It doesn't matter. Since you don't know how to use your eyes to see something so basic, I'll explain it to you." Lily clapped her hands together to remove the dirt.

"Alucard changed society in hell. With his leadership, we progressed as a society, and the hell that was pure chaos was gaining order. Something that Diablo, with years in power, never managed to do."

"And by switching to a merit-based society, it gave an opportunity for ALL demons to gain power."

"Do you know what that means?"

"... That the power is no longer in the hands of the ancient demons, but in the demons' own effort," Luka replied with difficulty:

"And those demons who struggled and then received the king's direct power will be eternally loyal to the king because their destiny changed thanks to him, and thus begins an endless cycle of fanatically loyal soldiers..."

"... T- That monster ... Did he plan all this? From the start?"

"Finally, I'm seeing your fucking intelligence," Lily spoke in disdain.

Luka shuddered in embarrassment. He never liked it when his mother spoke as if he were a child.

"By changing society, all the lesser demons are supporting the new king. Not even Diablo had this support before, everyone feared the incarnation of evil, but they don't support him like it's a life goal."

"Even if ancient demons are strong, In front of BILLIONS of fanatical demons, we are nothing."

Yes, Lily could fight hordes of demons, but eventually, even she would get tired and would die in front of so many demons. The power of the masses cannot be ignored, especially now that Alucard was empowering the lesser demons.

"And when I say all, I mean ALL demons, whether they be the lesser demons of old and those to be born."

"..." Luka opened his mouth several times but closed his mouth at the end; he couldn't form words.

"Do you understand now? How idiotic is your notion of rebellion?"

"You wouldn't just fight a bloody monster who conquered all of Hell basically single-handedly, a man who fought a DEMON GOD and emerged victorious."

Lily shuddered internally as her insides tightened at that fact. She was getting aroused since, like all demons, she loved power, and she shuddered whenever she remembered that struggle; ignoring the aroused side of her, she continued:

"You would also have to fight all of fucking hell."

"And I didn't even mention the fact that you'd have to fight the 'elders of hell', as the new king calls them, the oldest demons of hell, Zahal and Albu."

"Impossible! Even them!? Weren't they loyal to Diablo!?"

"Loyal to Diablo?" Lily spoke with disdain and amusement in her tone:

"The Elder demons are loyal to HELL itself; they don't care about Diablo or my father... but they knelt before Alucard."

"They recognized him as the king, and they knelt before him. This has never happened before; even my father Lucifer never gained their 'loyalty'."

"...Impossible..." Luka looked at the ground in disbelief.

"Stop resisting the inevitable. Demon society will change to the image of the new king, and I will ensure that I will be an influential figure in that society. I refuse to be left out or treated like any other demon. My pride will not allow it."

"But your fucking recklessness is putting all of that in jeopardy!" Lily snarled as her wings beat behind her as black and white power emanated from his body.

"..." Luka shuddered at his mother's angry eyes. He knew that when his mother, who was normally noble and demure, started to use swear words, she was furious.

"My Son. You will help me fix this mess."

"I hate futile effort, so I suggest you don't resist."

Luka just sighed. He didn't even think about resisting, even though he was upset by the wounds on his body and wanted to fight the woman in front of him; he knew he wouldn't have a chance.

His mother's bloodline, Dark Light, was a demonic power with traces of the holy light of the angels. A unique power that came from the union of Lilith, the mother of demons, and Lucifer, the first of the fallen, who, despite having become a fallen angel and having been defiled, his holy light had not been completely extinguished.

And that light passed into Lily, a power that was extremely deadly to demons. Unfortunately, even though he was Lily's son, that power didn't pass to him. He's more Baal than Lucifer.

Luka had no choice but to accept his fate, the fate his mother had prepared for him.

Oh... He knew he wasn't going to die, his mother, despite being a crazy bitch, still liked him, but he knew that whatever she prepared for him... It's going to hurt... A lot.

...

In front of the demon king's castle, a crowd of demons were in the square, and all of them were looking in awe at the man who sat on a black and red throne in the distance.

The man had his head resting in his hand, his face was covered in a strange darkness, and the only things visible were his violet eyes, his full plate armor, and long flowing black hair covered in a black miasma that seemed to have a life of its own.

Victor Alucard, The King of All Demons.

Beside him was a Greatsword covered in black miasma.

And behind his throne were three women, each of different height and different armor, the three generals of the new king, and behind these women were twelve women who were direct subordinates of the three women.

The twelve commanders of hell.

Not just them, as soon, two twin demons appeared kneeling in front of the new king.

"I'm sorry for the delay, Your Majesty... My brother spent a lot of time adoring our new place of residence." Albu spoke.

"Delay will not be tolerated, Elders." Victor's heavy voice echoed through the room, causing the demons present to shiver. Even the man's voice was charged with power.

"I hope when I call, you forget whatever you're doing and come meet me."

"Yes, Your Majesty! Such a mistake will not happen again."

"Very well, get back to your position. We have a show today."

"Yes!" The two elder demons got up and went to the generals' side.

The demons, whether young or old alike, looked upon this vision with open eyes.

All the new strongest political power of the current government was here.

If before it wasn't obvious that something was going on for the King of Hell himself to be outside his castle, now it was quite obvious.

Something happened... Something that brought all the centerpieces of the new government together.

Whispers began to be heard among the masses while they were wondering what was going on.

The conversation was taking place as low as possible. No one dared to raise their voice out of respect for the new king.

Some just looked at Victor with an expression as if they had seen a god they prayed to every day come down to earth. Most of them being the lesser demons.

Helena, Vine, and Vepar looked at this vision with interested faces.

It was at these times that they realized how special their king was.

Was he feared?

Of course, he was, but at the same time, he was admired, respected, and even revered.

Because he was feared, no one dared to provoke him.

It was because he was admired, respected, and revered that the masses listened to him.

It was at these times that they realized how lucky they were to have been chosen by this man. It was because of him that they had the position they have now.

Did their talent help?

Yes, of course, if they weren't talented and hardworking, they wouldn't be able to maintain this position, but... They would never have had a chance to reach what they achieved today if it wasn't for Victor.

After all, he opened the way by force, took hell for himself, and opened doors for various demons to rise to power.

Nobody would dare say that he was not the king now.

Even if Diablo came back to Hell and tried to regain his position, it would be an astronomical effort, and even if he managed to regain his position, the damage was already done.

All those who had experienced Victor's rule would not want to return to Diablo's incompetent hands.

The seed had already been planted.

And Nobody could destroy it.

Victor Alucard already owned Hell.

Helena shuddered slightly as she felt her king's gaze, she looked at him, and with just that look, she understood what he wanted.

She started to walk forward quite gracefully. This movement attracted the attention of all the demons, who stopped what they were doing to look towards Helena.

"Today is an important day... Today is a day that we will get rid of the remnants of the former government of the incompetent Diablo."

"Today is judgment day." Helena looked toward a location.

.....

"Today is Judgment Day," Helena announced, turning to face a certain direction.

Unconsciously, the entire audience followed her gaze, and soon they saw a sight that made everyone's eyes open wide.

Hundreds of demons of various sizes and shapes, all shackled at the throat, wrists, and legs in a straight line.

All these demons had several open wounds and blood dripping onto the ground, and it was obvious that they had gone through a great deal of torture before coming here.

But it wasn't just that that shocked them; it was who was holding these demons by the collar.

Lily Baal née Lucifer, the daughter of Lucifer, the First Demon King.

The woman walked with neutral, confident steps.

"Hey, he..." One demon nudged another demon and pointed to a spot in the line of demons.

Looking at where his friend was pointing, the male demon opened his eyes wide.

"He is Luka Baal." The demon spoke louder than he intended, and that statement was heard by everyone.

Soon the entire crowd began to look toward the beaten, tortured, and missing-armed man.

"... He's Lily's son..."

"Is she so loyal to the King? Even the son himself."

Whispers were heard, and everyone was talking and pointing at Luka, who was too damaged to even think about the voices.

The general feeling was one of disbelief. Even those among the current government officials were in disbelief at what they were seeing.

The reason for this disbelief was that Lily was known to be very protective of her son, and usually, the woman covered the ass of Lucifer's arrogant descendant.

They never thought they would see the scene of Lily herself escorting her own son toward what looked like an execution.

This act that amounted to a traitor sending her own son to his death, an act that would be highly judged by human beings, was not judged badly by demons.

Rather than Lily's reputation diminishing, with each step she took toward the judgment platform, a sense of wonder was seen in the demons.

This was the effect of how popular the current king was; any act on behalf of the new king was seen as a source of pride.

'Heh ~, as expected, it will be a waste not to use such a talent.' A small smile appeared on Victor's face.

A smile that showed all of his sharp teeth, a smile that everyone saw.

'The king is pleased.' It was the thought that crossed everyone's mind.

And just with that gesture, Lily's reputation rose even further.

Such was the influence of the new King, and such was the fanaticism of the demons toward the new King.

"Lily Baal née Lucifer." Helena started to speak, and soon all the demons' attention was on the demon General.

"A woman we all know. Born from the direct lineage of the first demon king, a noble woman, and who in the past would be exalted wherever she went."

"A reality that unfortunately stayed in the past."

"Even if she is Lucifer's daughter, even if she has one of the oldest demon bloodlines, to His Majesty, it doesn't matter."

"Only actions matter."

"Only merits matter."

"Knowing that fact, she made a big move."

"She tracked down and captured all individuals who were planning a coup d'état."

"... What ...?" The demons opened their eyes in shock, and unconsciously, they all looked toward the demon prisoners.

"What you are thinking is correct. All the individuals in front of you right now are beings who are planning to overthrow the current king."

"Death to traitors." It all started with a growl from a lesser demon.

"How dare they!?"

"Arrogant worms!"

"You dare target our beloved King!?"

"Death to traitors!"

"Die, Die, Die."

"...." The small smile on Lily's face shook a little as she heard the chorus of demons calling for the individuals' death.

Even some elite demons who were a bit dissatisfied with the current situation shuddered in chills at the sight of thousands of screaming demons.

'This woman is very clever. She knows how to use things well to increase the reputation of the king himself. I commend it.' Instead of being irritated, she found it quite interesting. The woman was a born manipulator and knew how to turn any situation in favor of the king.

'Gremory's descendant, the king is very lucky to have found her.' If it was in the past, Lily wouldn't even bother looking at low rank families,

A reality that has changed these days; even the demons without a name, she had her eyes sharp on the lookout for new talent.

Helena glanced briefly at Vine.

Vine nodded her head as she picked up the ice axe that she personally received from her king, an axe that was completely covered in 'metals'. Obviously, the woman herself increased the durability of the axe.

Vine raised the axe and slammed the handle on the ground with a loud crash.

" Silence."

Soon the entire chorus of demons stopped, and the square was silent.

"Don't forget where you are! You are in the presence of the king! Respect yourselves, and do not act so barbarously. We are not unreasonable creatures, so act with the pride of our race in your chest, the pride of our king."

Several demons lowered their heads in embarrassment while a few other demons looked nervously at the sitting king with the same posture.

And when these demons didn't see the 'smile' on the king's face, they quickly understood the problem and acted in a more 'civilized' manner.

"Thank you, Vine."

The woman just nodded, but her intense eyes didn't leave the crowd.

"As stated earlier, all of these individuals present are traitors who have planned a coup d'état against the new government, and due to Lily Baal's competent actions, all of them have been captured."

"Due to the feats of capturing the traitors and bringing them to justice. As stated in the law, Lily Baal has the right to ask the king himself for a reward."

"Since this is a deed that helps the entire society and the king's government, the highest reward is promised, the highest order demon reward, the highest honor currently available."

All the demons opened their eyes wide.

It was understood that the new system of government was a merit-based, rank-based reward system.

Highest Order Demon - The individual could ask for virtually anything as long as it was within the king's capabilities and it was not a reward that harmed the king himself. Even with this reward, the individual cannot ask for something like 'to be the king's wife'. Every request has to be purely for the benefit of the individual themselves or society at large, and it is up to the king to judge the situation as necessary. [The only reward where the king will personally give you something.]

Gold - Power boost or an equivalent reward such as political power or resources such as money or weapons. [Bounties usually administered by government officials.]

Bronze – Limited reward, usually small favors or even cash reward. [Bounties usually administered by government officials.]

Most of the demons after the conquest war, if not almost all, just got the reward of Gold or Bronze level. The rank above that was something that was only given when something happened that helped demon society as a whole or even the king of demons himself.

An example of this was the very elite demons who fought in the war along with the generals, they all received the highest order demon reward, and all, without exception, asked for a power increase.

The current commanders below each general are demons that were empowered by this bounty. They went from mid-level demons to elite demons in a few minutes just because of the king's 'kindness'.

Not since the war of conquest had a rating like this appeared, just proving that what Lily had done was quite significant.

When the populace learned of this, a fire of ambition ignited in everyone's hearts, a desire to prove themselves to grab the highest reward.

"Before the trial begins. Lily Baal, the king has a word."

The excited murmurs completely ceased, and everyone looked at Lily and the king himself.

"What do you desire, Lily?"

Victor raised his hand, and a red power appeared:

"Power?"

All the demons drooled as they looked at the red power in Alucard's hand, but it only lasted for a few seconds when the power disappeared.

And the king's hand came to rest on his face again.

"Political position? Or a demonic artifact? With my authority, you can achieve anything in hell."

Everyone swallowed as they wondered what she was going to ask for. In everyone's minds, it was obvious that she was going to ask for a power increase, but some ancient demons, like the ancient pillars, realized what she was going to ask for.

A fixed position in the new government, political power.

At least that's what they would have asked if they were in Lily's position.

Lily looked at Victor with serious eyes, "I want my son to become my slave."

"...Oh?"

All the demons opened their eyes in shock.

'What a waste!' All of them couldn't help but think.

In everyone's minds, it was obvious that she asked for this in order to save her son from death. After all, there is only fate for traitors.

While everyone thought and grumbled at Lily's choices, the woman herself was calm.

Lucifer's blood runs in his veins, so even if he's useless, maybe her grandson won't be. Lucifer's blood shouldn't die that easily. She won't allow that to happen.

And... She had a feeling, a feeling that this was the right choice, and usually, on important decisions like this, she went with her gut.

That hunch was confirmed true when the king of demons opened a wide amused smile.

" Hahahahaha.... HAHHAHAHA."

Another hush fell over the place, this time from pure shock.

"The Demon King laughing...? Eh ?"

" Fuck, I shouldn't have smoked that weed last night; I'm still high."

"Instead of asking for something that benefits you, do you decide to protect your son by making him your slave? Quite a kind gesture for a demon."

Lily woke up from her stupor and spoke: "... Luka can be a useless insignificant life form."

'Cruel.' Everyone thought.

"But he is still my son, and I will protect him even if I make him my mindless slave."

'Twisted form of loyalty to your blood... I like it.' Victor thought with interest.

" Very Well, I understand your thoughts."

"Then..."

"But, he still conspired against me and tried to bring me down." Victor's heavy, cold voice drifted around, reminding everyone once again who the man before them was, the tyrant king, Victor Alucard.

The king had many faces; today, everyone learned that.

Victor raised his right arm, and with a wave of his hand, Luka's handcuffs came off, and he floated towards Victor.

" My King-." Out of the corner of her eye, Lily saw Helena shake her head and fall silent.

Even though she was worried about her son, Lily wasn't going to let her guard down and miss the important details, and this silent gesture was definitely something important.

'... What is happening?' Lily narrowed her eyes and fell silent as she took in the reaction around her.

"I see there was no mercy even though he is your son."

"It is the mother's duty to correct the faults of the Son, he has betrayed Your Majesty, and this will not go unpunished."

"It pained me to torture my flesh and blood, but it was necessary." She commented with a neutral tone as if it was nothing.

'If he listened to me and remained obedient, this would not have happened.'

"Such loyalty... I don't hate it."

"It would be unfair to deny someone so loyal's request, but it's not my policy to ignore traitors. What to do...?" Victor spoke in a bored tone as he looked at the completely broken man in front of him.

'...Does he want something from me?' Lily narrowed her eyes. This display of 'indecision' was not typical of the king. He was never indecisive. When he decided something, he did it, and everyone had to accept it; that's the way he acted.

So why was he acting like this?

Lily and Victor's eyes met for a few milliseconds, and that was enough for Lily to understand.

'He's hoping I have another alternative... Something that doesn't make him look like he's forgiving a traitor...'

Lily searched her mind for alternatives to rid her son of death, and a cruel technique appeared in her head. It was something Lilith, her mother, used in her civil war with Diablo.

" My King, my son is descended from Lucifer, Lilith, and Baal. Even though he is a useless piece of shit, his blood is useful, and he is strong."

"I recommend using him as a puppet."

Luka shuddered when he heard what his mother said, he tried to scream in protest, but he couldn't. He ten thousand times preferred death to being a puppet without his own will.

"Oh? Elaborate, Lady Baal."

"It's an ancient technique used by my mother. She captured hostile demons, or even mindless beasts, and with mind control, turned them into war puppets."

"..." The demons flinched visibly.

'... She's cruel! Isn't it better to just let him die?' Everyone couldn't help but think.

"You want to take away your son's free will..." Victor looked with genuine surprise on his face. He was a good actor; whatever Lily said, he already knew, and the elders of hell had told him all the techniques they could be used against him and how to counter these techniques. This specific technique that Lily mentioned was quite famous because it was used a lot in the civil war.

"Isn't it better to just let him die? After all, he will die as his own master."

"Even traitors deserve to die as masters of themselves, right?" Victor smiled.

'... This manipulative man! He's making me look like a cruel woman! This was your idea!' Not that she wasn't a cruel woman, but it was annoying to be thrown so easily like that. The damn man knew very well how to improve his image to the demons. No wonder there are many fanatics out there who treat his words as absolute truth.

'Although I also helped to improve that image.' Lily thought absently.

"That is correct. But such a privilege is available to those who are worthy. Traitors not worthy of that privilege."

"Not to mention, I'd rather have my son as a puppet, alive and useful, than dead and useless."

'... Cruell...She's a real demon.' Lily's 'infamy' began to grow again, and infamy equaled reputation in the demon world.

A few demons looked at her with reverent respect in their eyes.

Lily shuddered as she felt the demons' gazes. 'These looks... Don't tell me.' She looked at Victor again and saw the big smile on the man's face.

'This man! What is he planning!? Why is he increasing my reputation?' Lily was completely lost in Victor's motives.

"Splendid!" The king's satisfied voice echoed around.

"This is a display of true loyalty."

"That's what I expect from those who work for me."

"As King, I would be very cruel not to reward such loyalty."

"Starting today, Luka Baal will serve a sentence of 10,000,000 years as the slave and puppet of his own mother, Lily Baal."

"As a reward for Lily Baal's efforts, and the demonstration of loyalty in sacrificing your own blood for the King's sake, I will allow you to make one more wish."

'... Eh...? Just what's going on?'

"As expected of the king, he is very kind."

"Indeed, Lady Lily is also very loyal to the King. Even if it is her own blood, she will not lose that loyalty."

"Is she in love with the king?"

"It wouldn't be a surprise after all; we all know how handsome the king is."

"Even I like him..."

Lily opened her eyes even more in disbelief as she watched the reaction of the masses:

'This man! He planned all of this! From the beginning, he already knew my reactions, and he planned how to increase his own reputation and my reputation, and at the same time, completely bind me to his side as a 'loyal demon' who would do everything for the king.'

'Scary...'

"Tell me, Lily Baal."

"What do you desire?"

Lily looked into those violet eyes and found herself lost in them, and soon she couldn't let go of her real thoughts:

"... Political position."

"I want the highest political position the king can give me." She spoke with determination.

"Hmm, political position, huh ... This can be resolved, I will make some adjustments to my personnel, and in the future, I will call to hand you a position suitable for your reward."

"Thank you for your kindness, My King."

"I thank you for being such a loyal demon." Victor smiled in satisfaction.

"..." Lily tried very hard not to break her neutral expression. She really wanted to remove that shitty smile as if everything was going according to his plan.

" Now, I hear you have a show for me, correct?"

"Yes..." Lily's eyes glowed blood red, and a cruel smile appeared on her face. She was frustrated and had a headache from the recent incident, so she needed to vent, and these demons came at a good time...

God have mercy on the souls of those demons because Lily won't.

" Vepar, don't let this man die. He still has a lot of work to do for my kingdom."

"Yes, My King. I will see that he does not die." Vepar bowed, and then she stopped some demons who were her subordinates.

"You heard, don't let him die.!"

"Tie his hands too to stop him from killing himself or running away."

"Yes, Lady Vine."

.....

Take two children who are the same age and have knowledge about a certain topic.

Put these two children to do the same work, instruct them to do what they think is best as long as they complete the task, and give them books to follow step by step.

The child who completes the work according to the instructions followed in the book is a studious and hard-working student and can even be considered gifted.

But the child who completed the same job but innovated several more things that, while not perfect, were more efficient solutions and with significant untapped potential is a genius.

That's the difference between a talented child and a genius.

It's clear that this cheap analogy does not wholly reflect reality. Many loopholes and scenarios are not highlighted, such as the environment the children lived in before, the level of creativity of each one, the influences in the child's life, etc.

But this analogy is not flawed either and would be 100% correct if both children grew up in the same environment, heard the same things from adults, and learned the same things.

Like two inseparable twins who, despite being twins, had strengths and weaknesses, like any other being.

After all, no one was the same. Everyone is different.

It was these meaningless thoughts that Victor fell into when he saw the bloody spectacle before him.

Yes, Victor was very good at torture and punishment; he'd learned from the best teacher in that kind of subject and even suffered her torture to gain resistance to pain.

He was good at striking terror; he was good at striking fear in the hearts of other Beings.

That was an indisputable fact.

But... it seemed like he'd found someone on par with him in this torture business or even surpassed him.

He believed that not even Scathach was as creative and talented in torture as this woman before him.

Lily Baal, this woman was definitely born to cause others pain.

Proof of that was the morbid spectacle in front of him. What he was witnessing was so graphic and sickening that even he had to agree it was incredible.

The proof that this spectacle was worthy of a painting of Lovecraft's tales of horror were the Demons' reaction.

The square was silent. Some Demons were looking on in horror at what they were seeing. Even if it weren't obvious, such a scene made even the Elder Demons uncomfortable.

Victor was sure that if his prior warnings and public demonstrations of what happened if the Demons went against him had little effect,

The Demon Lily had just made a spectacle of was a perfect warning. Her methods were really effective...

Perhaps even too effective if Victor thought about it for a few seconds.

He looked at the Lesser Demons and sensed the emotions of the populace.

'I must control this.' Governing by fear was good, but excessive fear was detrimental. Respect was also necessary.

Like all things in the Universe, a balance between fear and respect was crucial for a Ruler.

"Your Majesty, what do you think of my work?"

The Demons withdrew their eyes from the nightmare-inducing scene before them and looked at the woman who, although very beautiful, had several parts of her body stained with blood and a slightly manic smile on her face.

The definition of madness was before them, enough to make even Demons uncomfortable.

Unlike the Demons, Victor couldn't help but find the sight beautiful.

There was a beauty in that madness that Victor simply couldn't ignore.

"Splendid, a work worthy of an artist such as yourself." Victor gave his honest opinion.

And that made Lily's smile grow even wider.

"Am I to assume Your Majesty is very pleased?"

Victor's smile was the answer Lily received. He didn't need to say anything; his smile was the answer she wanted.

"I am curious, though; where did you learn such art?"

"I learned the basics from my mother, but I perfected the craft at heights that even my mother did not reach." She spoke with pride.

'It's nice to be praised for something you're good at.' She was good at politics and the games of Higher Demons, but she didn't consider that a very impressive skill. Her hobby had always been 'art'.

"I see; it seems to run in the family."

"Unfortunately, only the women in our family carry this trait."

"I see. It seems this is a taste of what to expect from Lilith."

"Indeed, like me, my mother is very fond of practicing this art."

"....." The population and Victor's Generals didn't know how to react to the duo's casual words before such a morbid scenario.

Victor nodded in satisfaction, then he rose from his Throne and stood, and finally, everyone could see the entire face of the Demon King without that strange darkness hiding it.

The Demons couldn't help but absently observe the King's face, it was as if the entire population had forgotten that morbid art and concentrated on a more 'perfect' painting. Beyond a shadow of a doubt, the Demon King was attractive to everyone without exception.

'Good, that face is useful.' Victor laughed internally as he felt the fear leave the Demons' hearts. Then, taking advantage of those few seconds to completely regain control of the situation, he changed his expression to a more serious face.

"My citizens."

"You have seen the consequences of those who go against me."

A chill went down everyone's spine, and everyone was pulled back to reality by Victor's words.

"Remember this if you plan to go against me," Victor said while gesturing to the desecrated body of the still-breathing Demon.

"Remember. There will be no mercy."

"For those who go against me," Victor raised his hand to the sky, glowing with red power, and the translucent image of the Souls of several Demons being tortured soon appeared.

"Only True Death awaits them." Victor clenched his fist.

Even though the sounds couldn't be heard by others, the screaming visages of the Demons were visible to all. The silence only furthered the effect by relying on the Demon's imagination. It was quite obvious the pain the Souls were feeling.

In the next moment, all Souls displayed burst from existence.

"No reincarnation."

"No afterlife."

"Just the empty disappearance of nothingness."

Victor was silent for a few seconds and waited for his words and sight of what he had done to be absorbed by all the Demons present. He smiled inwardly as he felt various hostile intentions disappear, and only fear remained.

The small flames of rebellion were extinguished.

'Now it's time for the carrot.'

"Those who are on my side, and those who have true loyalty, however, are rewarded."

Victor pointed his hand at Lily, and red power shot out of his palm and hit the woman's body.

Lily didn't close her eyes; she didn't do anything. Instead, she just accepted everything as she looked into Victor's eyes with mild surprise.

'Is he so pleased...?' A satisfaction swelled in Lily's chest; she didn't expect that she would gain so much just by killing some rubbish and giving her all to her 'art'.

Of course, she knew there were ulterior motives to what Victor was doing now; she clearly understood that.

But she also understood that if Victor weren't satisfied with her performance, he wouldn't have given her more than she already deserved.

'Ahh ~, this is the King's Power... It feels so good~!'

A pillar of Miasma and white light rose to the heavens changing the weather. The burst of Power only lasted for a few seconds. Then, slowly, the pillar of Miasma and light subsided, and everyone saw a Lily who had barely changed outwardly.

But the Power emanating from her body was surreal, the very air around her seemed to distort at her presence, and everything around her fluctuated as if she were in her own world.

Lily looked down at her hands and squeezed them tightly. She had never felt so good before.

'So much Power...!' A big smile appeared on Lily's face.

"Loyalty is rewarded."

"Betrayal and insubordination lead to punishment."

"Choose your sides, my legions of Demons."

"Are you with me, or against me?"

All the Demons snapped out of their stupor from watching Lily and looked at Victor with a new glint of fanaticism, loyalty, and ambition in their eyes.

Nobody knew who started it or where the first voice came from,

"All hail Alucard, The King of Demons!"

"All hail Alucard, The King of Demons!"

"All hail Alucard, The King of Demons!"

But the effect was instantaneous, spreading like Hellfire that affected everyone.

The flames of ambition blazed in the hearts of Demons.

BOOM. BOOM. BOOOM.

The chorus of Demons grew louder and louder. The Demons stomped their feet on the ground making everything around them shake. It was like an earthquake was happening all over Hell.

The Demons' eyes glowed with the image of a man with a big Demonic grin on his face.

Victor Alucard, King of All Demons.

'Good.' Satisfaction coursed through Victor's entire body at the sight before him. 'The conditions have been fulfilled... Now, I can do that Technique.'

...

"Aya, aya... That got pretty interesting, didn't it?" A man who was observing the 'Judgment' that was broadcast all over Hell spoke.

"I completely underestimated the ability of the new King," Zagan spoke with an amused, neutral face.

"Diablo is in for a surprise when he returns to Hell."

"The new King fully understands the Demon Race. He knows how to play the carrot and stick game; he is a born manipulator."

Zagan looked up and saw a familiar face.

"Phoenix."

"Yo, how are you, Zagan ?"

"Aren't you supposed to be on Earth?" Zagan asked curiously.

"Diablo sent me. Despite being focused on the current war, he wants to know what is happening in Hell."

"And as you know, due to my 'condition', it won't take many sacrifices for me to return to Earth."

"Hmm..." A calculating glint appeared in Zagan's eyes.

"So what do we do? Do we support Diablo or The New King?"

"We don't take sides. Just like the cheapest bitch in the Human World, The Witch Queen, we will go to those who will give us the most benefit."

"I really don't like that analogy." Phoenix snorted.

"But it is a more accurate analogy for our small organization."

"Doesn't mean I have to like it."

"That is true." Zagan leaned back in the chair and put his feet on the table.

Phoenix walked over to Zagan and looked at the transmission.

"One thing is undeniable with the new King; he is quite charismatic."

"Manipulative, charismatic, ruthless, and not afraid to make decisions. A Perfect Demon King."

"That's true..." The glint in Zagan's eyes faded, and he looked at the transmission.

"Tell me your thoughts, Zagan."

"...I am undecided."

"Oh? That's rare." Phoenix expressed his surprise.

"What Diablo promises if the plan succeeds is much more than what the new King can give us."

"But we also don't know if Diablo will succeed in carrying out his plans."

"A crossroads, huh... On the one hand, you know Diablo very well. You've had thousands of years to learn about him. But, on the other hand, you don't know anything about the new King."

"Correct, but we can't ignore the new King either. He is causing big changes in Hell; we can't ignore his absurd ability to increase the Power of Demons."

"Interesting, isn't it? A man who isn't even a Demon has the ability to increase a Demon's Power." Phoenix commented.

"That capability is very attractive." Zagan pointed out, eyes sparkling with interest.

"Indeed."

"Ahhh, I don't know. Do I bet on the young, full of potential and clearly competent?"

"Or the old customer with big plans, who can give us a lot of fruit?" Zagan rested his head on the table.

"Why not both?"

"Eh?"

"I mean, why do you need to choose one? The choice is as simple as a hot redhead and a hot brunette; you don't have to pick one. Just get them both."

"That's an interesting analogy, I assume you learned it in the Human World?"

"Yeah, spending time in the Human World has given me some knowledge..." Phoenix flashed a small smile.

Zagan rolled his eyes when he heard what the man said.

"Your idea has merits."

"Of course! We are merchants; we don't take sides. We just aim for profits." Phoenix spoke.

"Pretty capitalistic, isn't it?"

"Even in Hell, money has value."

"Indeed." Zagan laughed.

"So what do we do?"

"I can assume that Diablo's situation is pretty tight, right? Since he is no longer the King of Hell, he cannot open The Gates of Hell and acquire new soldiers."

"Correct, he can't even send Elites to Hell either; after all, the war is still ongoing."

"In that case, withhold information about the current state of Hell."

"Oh? Do you want to hide Alucard's progress?"

"Diablo knows that Alucard became King of Hell, this cannot be hidden, but he doesn't know Alucard's 'progress' since he became King; we will work with that."

"So I should say something like: He a good warrior but not a good Ruler?"

"Correct."

"Hmm, understood; I can work with that." Phoenix happily accepted.

"What about Alucard?"

"I will ask my subordinates to contact the new Government."

"Heh, not you personally?"

"Well, I broke into Nightingale the other day. He probably knows who I am, and even though I haven't done anything, I don't want to risk it."

"So cautious... I assume you will offer your services to the new King using the previous speech as a reason?"

"Indeed."

"Well, I must say that I, too, felt a fire burning inside me. His words affected me greatly," Phoenix spoke.

"That motherfucker is charismatic." Zagan laughed.

"That is undeniable." Phoenix laughed along.

"Hahahaha."

.....

Chapter 681: Demonic War.

Chapter 681: Demonic War.

"This is a fucking mess," Natasha grumbled.

"Natasha, language," Aphrodite spoke.

"Fuck the language."

"..." Aphrodite just facepalmed and sighed.

"The battlefield is more chaotic than I thought," Scathach commented.

On a hill far away from the battle were Natasha, Scathach, Kaguya, Aphrodite, Alexios, and Vlad.

All of them were in full armor with only their heads exposed, except for Vlad, Alexios, and Aphrodite, who was in her divine robes.

They were looking at a bloody battlefield.

Angels, Demons, and Werewolves, all these beings were on the battlefield, and casualties were already taking place on all sides.

"I don't understand. Why is Volk meddling in this mess?" Vlad asked aloud.

Ever since he received the report from Alexios about Victor becoming the literal King of Hell and that he needed the Key to Hell, which was in Diablo's possession.

Vlad felt an urge in his heart, an urge that said he must get involved in this and that Victor would become a great ally in the future.

Caution also grew in Vlad's body, much more than before. After all, he knew from Alexios' descriptions that Victor was much more mature and experienced in dealing with the power of the world tree and his own power.

Not to mention that he should be much stronger after consuming thousands of demons in the war that led him to become the king of demons.

And knowing the man, he knew he wasn't going to sit idle in hell. He was definitely training; he was a lot like Scathach, after all.

'... This man has again exceeded my expectations... I can only deduce how strong he is now.'

Victor was definitely a threat that couldn't be provoked, now? He was practically untouchable.

Only pantheon kings and demon kings could match the military power he now has.

Casualties didn't matter to demons. As long as there was a hell, demons will always be a massive military power that was rivaled only by ancient pantheons.

Vlad felt a chill run down his spine when he heard the news, the man had gone from Second Progenitor to King of Hell.

'Fuck Diablo, you and your unnecessary intervention.' Vlad was very much in the mood to hit Diablo.

"This is a full-scale war, we cannot intervene, or we will have to choose sides." Alexios assessed as he looked up at the sky as several bursts of light energy and miasma were seen.

Under Baal's leadership, the 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th rank pillars of hell were fighting with two of the seven virtues, with Baal personally fighting Ariel.

Even though Baal was strong, he could not hold his own in a fight against angels, who are the opposite of demons. Any mistake would lead to his destruction, and because of that, the demon was using his true form while fighting Ariel, one of the seven virtues.

"Not counting that damned dragon."

ROOOOOOOOAR.

The group looked at a 50 meter long black dragon using its breath to eliminate several angels; on top of the dragon was a tall woman with long white hair and dead eyes with crossed arms.

Lilith, the mother goddess of demons.

A ray of Light appeared in front of the dragon, and an angel wielding a sword with a golden aura attacked the dragon.

A roar of pain was heard, and the attack seemed to stun the dragon.

"Lilith, are you supporting this mess!? Of course, you would be. You always hated our father!"

"..." Lilith just looked with the same dead eyes at Michael, and made a gesture with her hands, then several spikes of pure Miasma flew toward the angel.

"Tsk." Michael dodged the various attacks while looking at the woman with strange eyes. 'What's wrong with this woman? I'm not feeling anything from her. It's like she's dead.'

Despite the obvious disadvantage of elites, it was obvious that the demons were being pressured, proof of which was that they needed several pillars just to deal with two seraphs of the seven virtues, and they were losing badly.

But it wasn't like the demons were on the losing side either. The Deadly Sins still didn't show up; they were by Diablo's side throughout the whole war.

[Gabriel!]

[What is it, Brother?]

[Take over the dragon and Lilith. These two can't diminish our numbers any further; keep them busy while I take over the leadership of the angels.]

[Very Well.]

A golden light appeared in front of Michael, and a man with a golden sword in his hand appeared.

"Take care, Brother. She is not normal."

"She was never normal, Brother."

"Just be careful."

"Okay."

Gabriel and Michael were the commander and vice-commander of the angels, and they could switch positions very easily on the battlefield. They were used to each other, and as inseparable brothers, they understood each other better than many angels.

"Lilith, our father should have eliminated you at the beginning of Genesis; then this mess would never have happened."

Lilith didn't answer. The one who responded was the dragon, who turned his massive face towards Gabriel with visible anger.

Dark power began to leak from the dragon's mouth, and soon, a massive roar was heard as pure miasma poured out of the dragon's mouth.

Gabriel flapped his wings and dodged flying into the sky, then he went to play his role in attracting Lilith and the dragon.

"A damned demonic dragon and an elder class one! Fuck, where did he hide that dragon!? Weren't all of them eliminated?" Natashia was incredulous with what she was seeing.

"Hell is massive, Natashia. It's not hard to hide something." Vlad spoke.

"... Is it really wise to interfere in this mess?" Kaguya asked with concern visible in her tone. She hadn't expected such a large-scale battle.

"As Victor said, we don't need to fight. We just need to get the key to hell." Scathach explained calmly.

"..." Vlad looked at Scathach strangely.

"What is it, Vlad?"

"Just finding it odd that you deny participating in a war."

"I have priorities, Vlad. Although it's fun to fight so many strong beings, it will put the Vampire Nobles in a bad position, not to mention that I need to retrieve my disciple."

"This is not a war that I can act like a child in... Even though I really want to." She mumbled the final part.

"..." Vlad was looking at Scathach like she'd grown a second head or something.

"We can't interfere, not yet... Diablo is being protected by the seven deadly sins." Kaguya narrowed her eyes as she looked towards a large demon.

"He is not being protected." Aphrodite pointed.

"He is expecting something." Aphrodite could clearly sense Diablo's impatience.

"Diablo is sneaky, he always has a card to play, but I really didn't expect Volk to intervene in this war." Vlad narrowed his eyes as he looked at Volk, who was helping the angels.

'Why has he allied himself with the angels?' Vlad felt irritated; he couldn't understand Volk's movement, he knew that his old friend was gaining something with this alliance, but he wanted to know what he was gaining that he needed to intervene in a war of this level.

"It's easier for angels to ask werewolves for help than noble vampires. From their point of view, werewolves are not evil." Scathach snorted in disdain.

"Do you have the whole plan in mind, Alexios?"

"Yes, and I must say that I do not approve of Victor ordering Natalia to put herself in such danger."

"Victor trusts Natalia's abilities. He wouldn't ask her to do something like that if he didn't."

"Probably, but maybe he didn't know what kind of order he gave her. Look at this war; this is not something for young people to meddle with."

"Victor is young, you know. And we wouldn't put Natalia in danger. We care for each other, even if she doesn't have Alucard blood."

Vlad's face distorted for a few seconds when he heard the name 'Alucard'.

'I want to spank my past self for allowing him to use that name.' In the past, he found it amusing to see a young Progenitor wanting to be the 'opposite' of him. He didn't know that name would become such a heavyweight in the future.

'Fate is a wretch, and she probably hates me, that bitch.'

"He's an anomaly and can hardly be called young now that he's spent who knows how long in hell," Alexios commented.

Natashia's eyes visibly glowed blood-red; she really didn't like it when someone talked about Victor.

Alexios winced slightly as he felt Natashia's mood worsening, not just her, but Scathach, Aphrodite, and even Kaguya, but he wasn't going to change his mind. He was livid when he learned of Natalia's part of the plan to retrieve the key to hell.

Because of this, he promptly took his daughter's place, much to the latter's displeasure and irritation.

"No fights." Scathach slammed the shaft of the Spear into the ground.

Natashia snorted and turned away.

"What shall we do, Scathach? You are the commander." Vlad spoke.

"We hope."

"The big leagues haven't fully come out yet, Diablo and the Heavenly Father haven't shown up yet..." Scathach trailed off and narrowed her eyes.

" Fuck, this just got more complicated."

" What?"

"Look." Scathach pointed.

Everyone looked where Scathach pointed, and they saw a portal appearing behind Diablo as several humanoid monsters came out.

"The servants of the Elder Gods." Vlad's eyes glinted dangerously.

Another portal opened behind Diablo, and Yama appeared, along with four demons.

"Yama, his generals, and that damned Merlin... Great, it's practically impossible to get close to Diablo right now." Scathach snarled in annoyance.

Rumble, Rumble, Rumble.

Lightning struck, and soon a man appeared in the sky beside Michael.

"...Thor." Natasha narrowed her eyes.

"Is the Norse pantheon intervening?"

"Things must have calmed down there, but not enough to send more people." Aphrodite narrowed her eyes.

"Just Thor is enough to help. The strongest god in the Norse pantheon can tip the scales of war."

"At least that's what Odin will think."

"This war is blowing out of proportion." Natasha started to speak.

"God King class beings alongside Diablo."

"Yama's generals and that ancient dragon that only the angel elites can handle, something that will be impossible because of the demonic pillars and those damn servants of the Elder Gods."

"The angels have Volk, the seraphim have the seven virtues, and damn Thor! Not counting the Heavenly Father."

"Counting Volk, and the Heavenly Father, the angels have two God King level beings, but... They are not to be underestimated. The light energy of the angels is extremely lethal to the creatures of darkness. Just this fact greatly balances the scales..."

"With so many elites and powerful beings, predicting the pace of war is virtually impossible," Natasha grumbled.

"We don't even know if the angels have more allies or not."

"Literally anything could happen."

"Unlike other pantheons, angels have almost no conflict against themselves. That is, their forces are at their maximum, not to mention that they have allies with several pantheons."

When Natasha finished speaking, several magic circles started to appear beside the demons, and soon several different demons began to emerge.

"... Well, it looks like you've cursed the angels' side; their strength has just been restored," Alexios commented.

Natasha just looked at Alexios with irritation in her eyes. She really was considering throwing some lightning at that man's ass.

"Vlad, what are you going to do?" Scathach asked.

"... What do you mean?"

"Don't play dumb. In a war of this scale, if the vampire nobles don't take sides and state their reasons, we'll gain a lot of enemies when the war ends. Our race isn't very favored, you know that."

"..." Vlad just nodded as his calculating gaze looked out over the battlefield.

"I won't do anything until Victor shows up and makes a decision."

"... Huh?" Scathach, Aphrodite, Kaguya, Natasha, and even Alexios looked at Vlad in disbelief.

"Why do you suddenly care about Victor's opinion?" Scathach narrowed her eyes.

"If you haven't noticed, the second Progenitor is the king of hell, the host of a world tree, and he has millions of beings following him now, not counting his group consisting of goddesses, and hundreds of amazons, of course."

"He became a great player, big enough to change the course of this war with his presence."

"And even if he is a demon king, he is still a noble vampire. He will still protect our race thanks to you, and depending on his actions, I will take mine."

"... I see. You can't stand by if the second Progenitor takes sides in a war of this scale."

"Correct."

A hush fell over the place, and the group watched absently as Thor summoned several bolts of lightning and rained them down on the demons.

They also watched three of the Deadly Sins leap across the battlefield toward Thor.

" Hahaha... HAHAHA." Scathach laughed with great amusement.

" Hahaha..." Kaguya laughed with her hand over her mouth, quite restrained compared to Scathach.

Everyone looked at Scathach and Kaguya with strange looks. Why did they suddenly start laughing? They asked.

"Why are you laughing, girls?" Natashia voiced everyone's doubts.

"It's nothing. I just thought of something funny about my husband." Kaguya spoke as she regained control of her neutral expression.

"Something funny? What is it?" Aphrodite asked.

"...Oh, I understand now." Natashia smiled widely.

" What? What do you understand?" Aphrodite asked.

"Think about it, Aphrodite. If Victor showed up in this war, what would he do?"

"He would... Oh." Aphrodite opened her eyes and then flashed an amused smile.

"I see, that's quite possible... In fact, it's 100% sure that would happen."

Alexios turned as he and Vlad looked strangely at these crazy women.

"Care to elaborate on your thoughts?" Vlad asked.

"Victor doesn't take sides, Vlad," Scathach said.

"He is independent, and even more so now as King," Natashia added.

"If Victor shows up here, he won't be playing the game of angels and demons," Kaguya said.

"He'll turn the tables and make his own game. He's petty like that." Aphrodite added.

"Victor doesn't take sides, he is his own side, and everyone has to choose which side to take when he acts." The girls spoke at once with a confidence that shook Vlad and Alexios a little.

"... Not wanting to underestimate Victor's capabilities, the omniscient know how much everyone gets fucked when they try to underestimate him ... But look at the magnitude of this war, aren't you guys overestimating Victor a lot?" Alexios asked.

The girls just shook their heads in disdain when they heard what Alexios said.

"You still underestimate my husband, Alexios," Kaguya said in a monotone.

"One thing we learned from him is that he always exceeds our expectations in a way that no one expects. Vlad himself is the very example of that, which is why he hasn't said anything until now." Aphrodite added.

Alexios narrowed his eyes and just looked at his king, who was silent.

Feeling Alexios' gaze and knowing that his most trusted subordinate wanted an explanation, Vlad spoke:

"Victor is in the lowest level of hell with a negative world tree inside him. He's basically in his natural habitat. And in the lower levels of hell, time works in a messy way thanks to highly concentrated miasma."

"As the king of hell, he has a whole dimension of resources, and beings to explore, not to mention, he may already be past his adult stage."

"Honestly? I wouldn't be surprised if he shows up and can already access his Progenitor form, gathering the impulses of that form, the powers of the world tree, and God knows what's inside his body... I wouldn't be surprised if he is already at a God King's level."

"He already had the energy of a God King before, thanks to the boost from the world tree. With so much time to train, it wouldn't be surprising if, both in power, skill, and physical combat, everything was on the level of God King like Zeus."

"He already had all the weapons within himself. He just lacked time to sharpen those weapons."

"And time is all he has now."

Alexios opened his eyes in shock at the king's statement.

Scathach smiled widely at Vlad's statement; the excitement she was feeling was visible.

'Not long... Not long before our fight...' She felt her insides clench in anticipation for the two battles she would have with Victor, the battle for her to become his, and the nightly battle.

"That's why I don't make a move," Vlad commented.

"Although no matter how much time he has, he cannot reach grandmaster level in martial arts," Vlad added nonchalantly.

" Why?" Kaguya asked, genuinely curious.

"You can be a Master in all martial arts, but to become a Grandmaster, it's not a question of training or time, but... Enlightenment."

"... Enlightenment?"

"Yes." Vlad nodded and fell silent.

Kaguya narrowed her eyes in confusion and looked at Natasha.

"Look at Scathach, she's a master of pretty much every martial art, but she's only a grandmaster of Spear."

"The difference between a master and a grand master is like heaven and earth. There is no comparison."

"Even though I wasn't a grandmaster with my martial arts, I never felt that 'enlightenment' no matter how long I trained."

"Is the difference really that big?"

"Rose is a good example. She's a formidable fighter with just her martial arts. Have you ever seen her use the sword?"

"...Yes, no matter how hard I try, I can't see her blade."

"That is normal, grandmaster-level martial arts begin to apply a 'concept' to the blade, which is very dangerous for mortals and even gods," Aphrodite added.

When Kaguya was about to open her mouth to speak, they all heard the unnaturally loud sound of a bullet being fired.

And Michael's scream.

"GABRIEL!"

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Chapter 682: Pandemonium.

Chapter 682: Pandemonium.

"GABRIEL!"

Everyone quickly looked across the battlefield towards Gabriel and saw the angel clutching his chest, which was leaking a very dark miasma.

The seven virtues and the angels looked in horror towards Gabriel; they knew very well what hit Gabriel.

After all, Ariel suffered from the same effect.

Scathach and Vlad didn't miss the cruel smile that appeared on Diablo's face as everyone on the battlefield watched the 'purest' angel in heaven being covered in black energy.

Gabriel's scream reached across the battlefield.

"Gabriel! Answer me!"

"Kekeke, it's finally starting." A nasty laugh was heard. Michael turned his face and saw a 'shadow' with demon wings and a big smile on his face.

"Asmodeus! What did you do!?"

"The will of the demon king." The shadow began to disappear, and Michael didn't even have to react as an explosion of miasma and holy power rose to the heavens.

"AHHHHHH!" The scream that was once 'angelic' started to get more demonic, more evil.

"Gabriel!"

"Michael, pull yourself together! Don't forget where you are!"

Michael looked to the side and saw Cassiel, the virtue of diligence.

"Your brothers need your instructions. Pull yourself together." Cassiel spoke each word with a heavy, determined tone declaring the importance of the situation.

Michael visibly bit his lip and looked out over the battlefield, and only now did he realize that the demons had begun to push back.

His brothers were being killed and pressed again.

Michael made a disgusted face, his wings expanded widely as a halo appeared on his head, and he soared into the heavens.

"Father, give me permission... permission to summon my brother."

[... You have my permission.]

Michael was surprised by his father's much heavier than usual voice, something he had never heard before, but he didn't pay attention to it.

Using his energy as a channel, he spoke:

"Azrael, my brother. Your help proved necessary..." A large golden portal appeared in the sky.

"Let death fall to our enemies."

Michael's energy rose to the heavens, and the portal expanded even more, and soon a light fell across the entire battlefield.

And hundreds of angels started pouring out of the portal, flying toward the demons with determined eyes.

'He got too hasty. We weren't supposed to have summoned our brother's legion of angels now. He was our trump card.' Ariel thought as she dodged the demonic pillars' attacks.

'These idiots, they're just biding their time. Even though they have killing intent, I don't feel like they're really trying.'

Ariel was irritated. Her enemies weren't fighting seriously; they were evasive and fighting in a way that wouldn't risk too much.

Something very different from what she expected.

"Sloth, Envy, you know what to do," Diablo ordered when he saw the pace of war change again.

The woman called Sloth, and the man who was the sin of Envy just nodded, then they walked towards the humanoid monsters and disappeared into a portal they opened.

"Brother, I didn't expect to intervene so soon."

"They infected our brother. We need to eliminate everyone. Your strength is needed." Michael growled as he looked at the man who was covered in black plate armor and a hood covering his features.

Just like the highest level angels, he had 3 pairs of wings, which, unlike normal angels, were translucent and with shades of white and black; it was obvious that even among angels, he was unique.

And there was a reason for that. After all, he was the 'Death' of the biblical pantheon.

He was the jury and the executioner. He was Death.

Azrael, the angel of death, was the only one authorized by the heavenly father to 'accompany' mortals in their final moment.

Azrael looked at Gabriel and narrowed his eyes. He saw that his brother was fighting the 'miasma', but it only took one look for him to know that it was a useless fight and that he would succumb.

He looked out over the battlefield and saw that the virtues were being held by the pillar demons.

Rumble, Rumble.

"Oh? So you are the famous angel of death. I feel honored."

Azrael looked at the 'barbarian' in front of him:

"Thor."

"I wonder if you or my pantheon's 'Death' is the strongest."

Each pantheon was unique, and each pantheon had an entity of 'Death'. Take the Norse pantheon, for example. Hela was both a goddess of death, as well as the queen of hell and, at the same time, a Ruler.

"That is something we will never know." Azrael disappeared in a black beam and emerged in front of the virtues.

"Leave. Find the other opponents." He looked at the pillar rank demons with a cold gaze.

The angels didn't argue. When Azrael said something, you just listened because he only respects and listens to the heavenly father.

Ariel, along with the other Virtues, spread out,

Two virtues and two deadly sins began to fight each other.

Two virtues ascended to heaven towards Lilith and the dragon.

Meanwhile, Ariel and her sister, who was also one of the virtues, ascended to the sky towards Michael and Thor.

She got close enough to hear the two arguing:

"He is corrupting himself, it pains me to say this to an ally, but we need to kill him."

'What?'

"He is my brother!"

"Just like all the other angels."

"Thor..." Michael growled.

The god of thunder maintained a neutral gaze on Michael: "I know what happens when angels become corrupt, they become fallen, and the fallen are prone to attack those who were once their ally."

"You need to make a decision."

"..." Michael bit his lip.

Thor looked away, and he looked at Ariel and her sister:

"I will help the angels as much as I can, but someone needs to take Michael's commanding position, or the casualties on this side will only mount."

"A commander is needed."

Rumble, Rumble.

Thor disappeared and landed in the middle of the battlefield with a rumble of thunder and began clearing out the demons.

Before he could go any further and kill more demons, he sensed something approaching and quickly dodged it.

"Oh?" He raised an eyebrow at the crazed demon.

"If I'm not mistaken, you are Wrath."

"I always wanted to kill a god."

"It won't be today that you will get that wish."

"We'll see."

The two beings collided with each other, and an explosion of power ensued, isolating the two warriors from both armies.

...

Meanwhile, in a place a little far from the main battlefield.

"Our casualties?" Volk asked a white-haired man.

"So far, only 10 werewolves have died, all because of overconfidence." The white-haired man replied.

"Fools, I warned them to only focus on the weaker demons and not risk too much. This war is not ours." Volk growled.

"If I may, My King."

"Why are we fighting this war?"

"Angels are known for their healing abilities."

"..." Just those words were enough for the general with white hair and an impressive mustache to remain silent.

'Fenrir... Is he getting even worse?' It wasn't a surprise that the man knew that, after all, he was Volk's right-hand man.

"I see... In that case, shouldn't we have a bolder attitude?"

"The war is not ours, we are only here to pressure the demons and demonstrate that the angels are not alone, and only if necessary will it be me who will interfere, not my wolves."

'Minimize as many casualties as possible, huh.' The white-haired man could relate to that plan.

A surge of dark power was suddenly felt by everyone.

"My King... The angel has fallen."

"I know, Adam." Volk narrowed his eyes.

Suddenly, he felt a gaze upon him and quickly looked towards its origin above the clouds in the sky and was met with the crimson-red eyes of an old acquaintance.

'Vlad? He is here? Why?' Volk watches Vlad open his mouth, making some gestures with his lips.

When Volk read Vlad's lips and understood what the vampire king meant, Volk's eyes narrowed even further.

'Elder Gods... This got messier than I expected.'

...

The pillar of light was completely corrupted by the miasma, and soon Gabriel's appearance was shown to everyone. He was no longer angelic like before and had become much more demon-like. Even the energy in his body was now pure miasma.

One of the most exalted angels in heaven had fallen, which filled all the hearts of angels with grief and uncertainty.

Unfortunately, everyone did not have time to observe the appearance of the newly fallen angel for a long time because an abrupt change on the battlefield took place.

A 'Crack' in the sky was heard, and Sloth and Envy appeared next to Michael.

"What-."

"Poor angel... So busy... So tired..." Like a lazy weary tune, Sloth spoke.

"You disgusting creature ..." Michael started to feel sleepy, but he fought the urge.

"I envy you, Michael... So much power... How about losing some of it temporarily?"

Michael felt his energy reserves falling at an insane rate.

"Yeah ~. just like that." Envy smiled widely.

In that half second that Envy smiled, something 'dark' came out of Envy and went to Michael's body like a parasite.

At the same time as this happened, something appeared behind Ariel and her sister.

"Cough ..." Ariel and her sister spit golden blood from their mouths and looked down as their chests were pierced by a dagger.

"You shouldn't let your guard down... Not when an Agares is on the battlefield." The demon's voice was heard close to the two's ears.

"Bastard!" Ariel's eyes gleamed with power, and an aura of holiness rose up, driving the demon away.

"Tsk." Agares disappeared back into his world as he tried to ignore the excruciating pain in his body.

Ariel approached her sister and picked her up.

"Are you well?"

"Y-Yes, just give me a few minutes; the damage was profound."

"Unfortunately, we don't have a few minutes."

"Correct, you don't."

Ariel and her sister felt a shiver down their spines as they looked back to see a giant, familiar demon.

"D-Diablo-."

Diablo's tail slams into the bodies of the two angels, sending them flying several kilometers away.

The bodies of the two when they fell to the ground were completely broken, and they only survived thanks to their constitution as seraphs.

Diablo turned and completely ignored the powerful presences coming his way. He had a dragon, after all.

ROAAAARRR.

A breath was thrown at the angels, as the virtues that were trying to get in Lilith's way simply weren't enough to handle a demonic goddess and an ancient dragon.

By the time the blow happened, Diablo was already in front of Gabriel, who was paralyzed.

'I can't M-Move... Why?'

"That's not something you need to know." Diablo's sharp claw pierced Gabriel's body and pulled out his heart.

"NOOOOO! Brother!" Feeding on anger, a cardinal sin no angel should have,

Michael felt a surge of power in his body that caused the two Deadly Sins to explode into the distance.

Michael flew towards Diablo with vengeance in his eyes.

"The most exalted angel must not fall through anger. It seems that not even angels can stop an emotion as basic as anger." Diablo turned around, the demon's eyes flashed with power, and pure red miasma erupted from his body.

Before Michael could understand what happened, his heart was also pierced and removed.

"H- How ...?"

"I don't fight alone, Michael." A cold hand was felt on his neck, and he heard that disgusting laugh again.

"Kekeke, did you really think I just disappeared?"

"My King, can I consume it?"

"Make yourself comfortable. I already have what I need."

Diablo looked at the two hearts beating in front of him.

'The heart containing all the evil of hell, the heart of a fallen angel of the highest order, and the heart of the fairest and holiest angel in existence... The ingredients are complete.' A smile appeared on Diablo's face, and euphoria coursed through his entire body.

All of his plans were for this, for this very moment. Despite the setbacks, he got what he wanted.

Diablo blinked his eyes, and he felt time around him slow down. He turned his head and saw the face of a being covered in lightning with pointed ears and blood-red eyes.

'Vampires.'

Unconsciously, Diablo closed his body and shielded the hearts with his body, and used his miasma to hide the hearts in his body.

But contrary to everything he expected, the woman didn't attack him, she simply walked past him and touched his body while something dark took over his skin, and in the next moment, she disappeared, leaving traces of lightning behind.

Everything happened so fast that nobody could react.

The woman who glowed with the golden power of lightning just flew toward the ground and disappeared into the darkness.

Diablo woke up from his stupor and felt an endless rage when he felt that 'something' stored in his body had disappeared.

'She took the key to hell.'

"Alucard's Allies." He spoke with such disgust and anger that it shocked Agares, who was watching everything with no reaction, a little.

Another portal appeared next to Diablo, and the demon, along with his allies, quickly jumped toward the portal.

The action Diablo just took raised the battlegrounds to an entirely different level.

The elites stopped holding back.

The angels attacked as if they were demonic beasts, and the war turned to pandemonium with no order, only Chaos.

And the one at the forefront of this chaos was a very angry Angel of Death who began to mow down the demons' elites and pillars like a true executioner.

.....

'When did it all go wrong?' Ariel wondered as she cut off the head of a pillar rank demon.

She dodged the attack coming towards her and threw a Spear of Light back at the demon, killing him.

'Oh yes. I remember... Everything went wrong the moment Gabriel was hit... Micheal completely lost his composure, and for a commander in a war, that is unacceptable.' Ariel snarled in annoyance as her body glowed with holy light, and she destroyed hundreds of demons.

'We were very used to peace, while on the other hand, demons were always at war.' She got even angrier. 'We were supposed to attack with everything from the beginning.'

'In our arrogance, we let the demons have free rein.'

It was just a mistake, a damn mistake for everything to be thrown into chaos.

Micheal's incompetence, the angels began to be pressured, and now that Michael and Gabriel were dead, the angels' morale was shaken.

A war that should have been equal, with the angels winning because they had the holy attribute that was extremely lethal to demons, turned into a war of defense.

Lilith descended from her dragon and began to fight the angel of death.

If there was one being that could go toe-to-toe with the angel of death, it was Lilith or Diablo himself.

Ariel willingly took command of the war. After Michael, only she and Cassiel were the most capable.

The angel of death would qualify as well, but he was more of a warrior than a commander.

And thanks to Arriel taking command, the pace of war changed again, and the angels began to pressure the demons.

All of the pillar-ranked demons died from the rage of the angel of death; only Baal and Agares were left alive.

Envy, Wrath, and Pride had many wounds caused by the seven virtues and had to be rescued and brought to the rear of the demons' forces. They were incapacitated for a while, and it would take time for them to return; after all, any of the angels' attacks were extremely lethal for the demons.

But the situation was far from good. They lost their two best fighters, while Diablo's army still had many elites.

Not to mention that her siblings in the seven virtues were also very injured. The only reason they didn't die was that their 'guards' sacrificed their lives to save them.

Something that made all seven virtues even angrier.

Even the virtue of 'kindness' had eyes blazing with hatred and anger.

Proving that not even the purest angels were exempt from negative feelings.

Seeing this, Ariel thought.

'Something had to be done. The angels couldn't lose this war!'

[Father, what should we do?] Ariel prayed to her father.

She understood that her father was not a fighter, he was a Creator, and as long as the Creator was alive, he could make more angels, although it would take a long time to create new elites.

Elites who, over time, were falling in battle at the hands of demons.

[I will start the Judgement. Command all angels to stand aside.]

Ariel winced as she heard the anger in her father's neutral tone.

Quickly shouting orders to retreat, the angels, despite being confused, quickly stopped their fights and flew away from the battlefield.

The only one who didn't stop fighting was the angel of death, but Ariel wasn't worried, he was very strong, he wouldn't die from that, not to mention that the Father wouldn't hit his 'favorite' son. Besides, he wouldn't listen to her anyway.

Everything happened rapidly. The skies started to glow with a holy light as if dawn was coming to this land desolated by war.

In the next moment, a powerful voice was heard by everyone.

"Heavenly judgment."

Soon several beams of light began to fall across the battlefield decimating all demons and anyone around them or those hit by the brightest light.

Despite not being a fighter, the Heavenly Father was not weak. The reason for this was that even a blacksmith could create weapons to use himself, and those weapons could kill even the most experienced of fighters.

The example here was the same: he was not a fighter, but he was a great creator.

And among his creations, judgments were his greatest creation, a weapon that could only be used by a saint chosen by the Heavenly Father or by the Heavenly Father himself, which could only be used with his permission.

A weapon of mass destruction that used a lot of energy.

The screams of the demons put a smile on Ariel's face. If it was before, she would regret having these destructive impulses, she wasn't like that, but she was too frazzled mentally to care about that now.

Even in this chaos, Lilith and the angel of death did not stop fighting.

And even in this chaos, the ancient dragon also didn't stop attacking. Displaying ridiculous dexterity for its size, it dodged most beams of light, with only a few hitting its thick scales and causing minor burns that were nothing.

Dragons are naturally extremely resistant beings, and as a demon dragon, he was much more resistant to the light attribute.

"Aya ... We lost half of our forces with that attack," Merlin spoke as he dismantled the various shields of magic.

"The Deadly Sins have evaporated, and only Sloth remains now." He spoke pragmatically as he watched the woman with long black hair who was lying on a nearby building with heavy miasma surrounding her.

Even the heavenly father's light could not completely penetrate that pit of darkness.

'Does she need to pretend she's sleeping to use that power?' Merlin thought curiously as he looked at small wounds of light on the woman's body. Although she managed to defend most of the attack, some still managed to damage her body, which was understandable.

The holy light was extremely lethal to demons, and this attack came directly from one of the Creator gods. She only survived because she had a lot of miasma energy and because the attack was not focused on her but on the entire battlefield.

"Damn monster." Yama grumbled, "If it weren't for you supporting me, he would have broken through my barrier." He spoke, still acting as if he was weaker than he looked as he looked at his barrier, which looked like cracked glass.

'I should have used all my power, but that would alert Diablo... Hmm, it's good to have someone like Merlin around. Thanks to his name, any abnormality will be thrown at Merlin as if he did that.' He chuckled internally.

[Ariel, I won't be able to use my energies for a while. You know what to do, don't lose your attention on the battlefield. You are the commander now.]

[Yes, Father.] Ariel's eyes flashed with power, and soon she began to issue orders.

The angels returned to attack in full force, and the war that was in favor of the demons was now in favor of the angels.

"Our agreement has been concluded."

Diablo looked at the humanoid monsters, "Are you going to leave?"

"Yes, this war is not ours."

"We hope that our investment in you is not in vain, Demon King. You have borrowed several artifacts from us, and now your main objective is completed. I hope that in the future, you will help to deal with our annoyances."

"Demons never go back on their contract."

"We know, and because of that, we helped you."

"See you in the future, Demon King." The creature created a portal and passed through it with all of its companions behind it.

Diablo's eyes flashed with annoyance when he heard the 'Demon King'.

'If I had all the kings of hell here and now, the war would have been easily won. If everyone had followed my plan, there would not have been so many casualties.' Despite his success in the main objective...

Diablo was furious right now. Not only had he lost the key to hell and his position in hell, but he had also lost several useful elites that could be used in the future.

The initial plan he made was for all the kings of hell to be here with their elites and demons. Even if the angels were strong, they would be nothing in front of thousands of demons from different hells.

But everything didn't go as planned. Of the initial seven hells he planned to be allied with, he was only allied with one now, and he himself didn't have control of his own hell!

It was as if fate was playing games with him. He hated it when the plans he meticulously prepared didn't come to fruition.

Oh, yes... He knew. He knew that not everything was going to go as he had planned. After all, he was trying to play a large-scale game with several powerful individuals of the same level or stronger than him, but he still expected an edge to make a greater maneuver.

He hadn't expected Persephone to take Greek hell for herself.

He didn't expect Hela to destroy the Bifrost and shut the hell of the Norse pantheon.

He didn't expect that foolish Shinto hell woman would decide to fight her own daughter and still lose.

He didn't expect a similar attitude from the king of hell in Egyptian mythology.

He also didn't expect that he would have to destroy an entire pantheon to be summoned. Initially, he only planned to destroy the gods of the Chinese pantheon and use the hell demons from there, but he underestimated how many souls he needed to summon him and his elites.

Billions of souls were needed, and he had to give up those souls as well to buy time for himself. After all, what he was doing was breaking the balance that, on any occasion, would throw him into the deepest abyss of limbo.

Not to mention that a damn bug invaded his territory when he wasn't present and took his position!

To say he was pissed was the understatement of the millennium. He was livid.

'But... It's okay... Everything might not have gone as planned, but I have the necessary ingredients... I just need to go back to the egg of creation and start the process...'

'Unfortunately, I can't start this now without having won this war. I need time for my ascension to be perfect.'

Plans started forming in Diablo's head, he really wanted to use the ritual now, but he knew that if he did the process, it would be incomplete, time was needed, and that was something he didn't have right now.

Diablo glanced slightly at Yama. 'I can still use them.'

King Yama hadn't used all of his elites yet. He was just helping to summon lesser demons.

Unlike Diablo's Hell, Yama's didn't need a sacrifice to be summoned.

The demons, in terms of quality, were much lower than in Diablo Hell, but they were still useful.

"Yama -."

Before Diablo could say anything, he quickly turned his face in one direction.

And that wasn't just his reaction.

Literally, everyone on the battlefield stopped what they were doing and looked in the same direction as Diablo.

A terror that made everyone shiver was felt, and the image of a man with long black hair covered in Miasma, smiling condescendingly, showing his sharp teeth was seen.

The man's blood-red gaze made everyone unconsciously gulp.

For a moment, everyone thought they were seeing things. After all, there was no one in the direction they were looking.

But the moment that thought appeared, it was quickly blown away in the wind.

The ominous feeling they felt was not an illusion, the proof of which was when a gigantic dark gate suddenly appeared out of nowhere.

The foreboding sensation nearly tripled, and the miasma in the air was suddenly heavier.

"...The gates of hell..." Yama muttered in shock as he saw the gate that was so big it reached the clouds open up, revealing a great ominous darkness filled with miasma.

'Did he summon more demons?' Yama asked himself as he looked at Diablo.

Hundreds of thousands of red eyes opened in that darkness, sending another wave of chills through everyone.

"Retreat now!" Ariel quickly screamed.

"E- Eh?"

"What are you doing!? Fall back now! You too, brother!" She commanded even louder.

'What is happening? What is this foreboding miasma? It's even more terrible than Diablo.' Ariel shuddered.

The angel of death ignored Ariel. No one could order him. He looked at Lilith, who showed emotion in her lifeless eyes for the first time in this battle,

Anticipation.

'So she's not a completely lifeless doll.' The angel of death thought. He knew there was something wrong with Lilith; the way she was fighting seemed more lifeless as if he was fighting a corpse.

"He's here..." Diablo clenched his fist in fury, the pressure in his body increasing in line with his rage.

"Who's here?" Merlin asked carefully, seeing Diablo's reaction.

Diablo's body started to shake, and anger was even more visible on his face, and soon he couldn't contain this feeling:

"... That damn usurper, ALUCARD!!!"

Footsteps were heard, and soon a tall man covered in armor stepped out of the gate.

"Why are you yelling, Diablo?" The smile on the man's face grew sadistically:

"Are you menstruating? Or is it because you felt like someone stole something from you?"

"I will Fucking kill you!" Veins popped in Diablo's head.

"Hahaha ~." Alucard chuckled in amusement, "Control that temper you are so famous for, EX-Demon King. People will think you are an imposter." He spoke, emphasizing the 'EX-Demon King'.

His eyes glinted sadistically when he saw Diablo's reaction.

Veins were literally bursting in Diablo's head. He had never felt so angry before in his life.

"ALUCARD!!" Diablo's body's power exploded, sending everyone near him flying away.

"Wrong." The miasma, along with a red power, covered Victor's body:

"It's Demon King, Victor Alucard, Worm."

Victor was delighted with Diablo's angry expression, which seemed ready to lose control at any moment, and the shocked faces of the demons who were unaware of this fact.

.....

Diablo, for all his rage, had only one thing on his mind.

'How?... How did he just 'walk through' the gate? How did he not have to sacrifice anything?' Victor's casual act completely shattered Diablo's worldview.

'Just how is that possible? What does he have?' Diablo frantically wanted to know the answer.

'Is it because he is not a Devil? Yes, that has to be it.' There was no other plausible explanation.

But such a thought did not last long when a Succubus passed through the gate and stood behind Alucard like a good servant, soon after two more women came out of the portal, a taller woman with a large axe and the other woman with blue skin, horns, and wings.

The power that Succubus wielded was on par with Diablo's strongest elites, not to mention the ancient pillar demons that grew even stronger by rivaling Baal.

Again, the Demon King was compelled to ask.

'HOW!?' The women are clearly demons and high-level ones, so how did they just 'walk through' the gate!?' Diablo didn't know what was going on, but he would find out because if he could access the world outside of Hell easily, he wouldn't have had to go through so much trouble.

Suddenly, Diablo's irritation increased even more when he realized that this usurper had something he didn't, something that should rightfully be his as king.

...

The man took a deep breath.

"Ahh ~, it feels so good to breathe the air of the world of the living again." He spoke with a smile.

"Doesn't it?" He looked at the demons with a big smile, and slowly his face started to distort until only a dark red being out of the depths of hell stood in front of them.

Victor's body was completely covered by this distorted form, he floated in the sky, and his dark red power exploded into a pillar of energy soaring into the heavens.

"Holy father, just how much power does he have...?" Ariel swallowed hard. She couldn't even imagine that this was the same man who had saved her from death.

The amount of malevolence inside him was ridiculous, and the angels couldn't even approach the battlefield anymore. It was as if that place was a part of hell itself, and what caused it was all that man and his power.

"... So much negativity... It's like I'm in hell itself... " For the first time, something in Diablo changed, and an apprehensive look appeared on his face as he looked at that man.

'Did I underestimate him so much?'

"This is not good... This is definitely not good." Yama spoke in a very serious tone.

"I completely agree with you, My King," Merlin commented with a look of admiration.

'So much energy, it's like an endless well. Just what is it?' Merlin knew very well 'who' he was, but he really wanted to know 'what' he was. After all, an existence that could contain so much power inside a tiny body was definitely not normal.

"My legions of demons from the deepest places of hell."

"It's time for fun."

ROOOOOOOOOOAR!

Several demonic roars were heard simultaneously, the atmosphere grew heavy, and it became very difficult to breathe on the entire battlefield.

The miasma grew so much that even the Angel of Death had to move away.

"It's time to paint this war with our colors..."

"The colors of hundreds of thousands of legions of demons commanded by me." A dark liquid started pouring out of Hell's Gate, spreading all over the battlefield.

"Impossible... That is pure miasma." Diablo commented in shock. Yes, he knew it existed, and in the deepest places of Hell, you can see 'rivers' of miasma, but he never knew it could be controlled.

The miasma was so ominous and dense that the weakest of Diablo's demons were even dying just by touching this miasma and breathing in it.

"Just... Just what have you done to my hell, Alucard!?"

"I made it better."

"Arise, my demons."

Hundreds of thousands of red eyes appeared in the miasma river, and creatures began to emerge from it.

"It's time for war."

With that statement, absolute chaos began. Demons started to come out of the miasma scattered on the ground, and more demons started to come out of the gate.

Hundreds of thousands of demons suddenly infest every battlefield.

And each of these demons were as strong or more than an elite demon. There were no minions here, Victor doesn't allow mediocrity, or you become stronger, or you die trying.

Scathach's philosophy was quite imprinted in his mind, and it was this philosophy that forced these demons to evolve and become stronger. Of course, the 'small' boost he gave contributed a lot.

...

"Holy god, just what am I seeing...?" Ariel was incredulous.

"Holy fuck, this is insane. What is this man?" Uriel spoke.

"Language, Brother!" Ariel growled.

"Fuck the language. Look at that and try to act normal." Uriel pointed at the literal chaos that had taken place in front of them.

"These lands will need hundreds of years to recover from so much miasma if it recovers..." Cassiel commented.

"This is not the time to worry about the lands, but what we must do." Uriel pointed.

"That man, Alucard. He basically kicked us out of the war and took it upon himself."

"It's no longer light against darkness, but darkness against darkness."

Alucard's darkness is like a crimson abyss of negativity and depravity, and Diablo looks like a child in front of him... Just how is it possible for someone to tempt negative energy into his body?" He shuddered.

[Father, what should we do?] Ariel asked after absorbing Uriel's words.

[... Nothing.]

[Huh?]

[That man is going down the path that will become my complete opposite... If I am the god of creation, light, and positivity. He will be a god of destruction, darkness, and negativity.]

Ariel opened her eyes wide: [B- But, that's impossible, right? He is still very young.]

[The seed of divinity is still a tiny sprout, but it's definitely there... And growing at a ridiculous rate, as if someone or something is purposefully 'watering' the seed with nutrients; the only thing I can think of is the tree of negativity living in hell. She must have helped him somehow...]

[Father, you seem very convinced that this will happen, why?]

[Because that's what happened once in the past... Although it was the world tree of positivity that helped the individual.]

[... What should we do then?]

[Do not interfere, help the angels heal, prepare to interfere at any time in the war, and most importantly, Watch the new King's actions. We need to know what kind of person he is. Having so much power in his hand will make the individual quite ambitious... And that's dangerous.]

Taking orders from her father, Ariel began to do as she was told.

...

"HAHAHAHAHA~" Scathach was laughing like crazy, and her laughter was making Alexios uncomfortable.

'Has she gone completely crazy for good?' Alexios thought.

"This is amazing! Look at this!" She pointed excitedly at the chaos going on.

"Look at that man!" She pointed at Victor.

"My god, he's perfect~" She placed both hands on her cheeks and smiled even wider; the crazy glint in her eyes was very worrying.

... For Alexios, at least.

Vlad, Kaguya, Aphrodite, and Natashia just ignored it like this was normal. [What was. At least when it came to Scathach's reaction to Victor.]

"Incredible... His soul is immaculate." Aphrodite spoke with clear shock and relief on her face.

"What do you mean?" Kaguya asked.

"When Victor appeared, I felt our connection reestablishing, and I could see his soul, and despite having so much negativity and malevolence within his body, his soul is not corrupted."

"Which is an amazing thing. After all, he was in the deepest hell and consuming demons, something should have changed, but nothing did."

"In fact, his soul is glowing even brighter than ever."

'Roxanne protected his soul very well.' Aphrodite thought in relief.

"... He's gone through adulthood," Vlad muttered as he looked at Victor.

"When vampires change into adulthood, we are basically reborn into a stronger body, we 'eat' our previous body, and produce a better body. This whole process is done automatically in a cocoon."

"And Victor was already strong before, but when he becomes an adult... I assume he is already at the level of Scathach and with the possibility of fighting stronger opponents thanks to his wide arsenal of weapons and souls inside him." Vlad narrowed his eyes.

'He has become more powerful than I could have imagined.'

Scathach didn't even bother to refute Vlad. Her smile, expression, and reaction indicated everything everyone needed to know that Vlad was correct.

Vlad tried to look into Victor's soul, and he opened his eyes in utter shock. The amount of souls inside him was incalculable.

'How is his soul holding up...? Even for a Progenitor, there is only so much we can absorb... Ah, the world tree...'

'No wonder he can use miasma and has so much negative energy.'

"I don't think you need to intervene, Vlad," Natasha commented in amusement with full focus on the floating man.

"..." Vlad's face tightened a little at Natasha's remark.

'... Haaah... This man keeps giving me a headache... Well, at least now, I have a strong ally to fight the Elder Gods... But I need to strengthen this alliance.'

Vlad couldn't help but find his own thoughts ironic. He wanted to push Victor away, and now he wanted him as an ally.

"Whatever he became... It's good to see my husband back." Kaguya spoke.

A small happy smile appeared on the girls' faces when they heard what Kaguya said. Even Scathach herself stopped reacting like a crazy maniac and regained her composure, although her eyes shining at Victor's image was quite noticeable.

"That is true. I'm glad he's back." Aphrodite smiled even more gently.

"It's good that our plan worked. That time when Diablo was alone and distracted was the best opportunity to act." Natasha spoke.

"Hmm." Kaguya nodded and added:

"It's a pity I can't go to him now... That miasma will kill me."

"Perhaps there is something Victor can do that will neutralize this miasma or make us resistant to it," Aphrodite spoke.

"That is impossible-." Vlad was going to speak but was cut off by Scathach :

"This is Victor we're talking about." The redhead smiled more gently.

"Nothing is impossible for him."

"...." Vlad just raised his eyebrow at that show of confidence.

'They completely trust him, huh.'

...

Demonic beasts of different shapes, whether flying or grounded, rushed forward, tearing Diablo's entire army apart.

Demons of different shapes and sizes followed suit, everything being killed and destroyed with a brutality and momentum worthy of a true demon.

The legions attacked without fear or mercy, and death was all that followed.

Long ago, Diablo ordered his elites to attack, and some did, but... Some smarter elites simply took the moment to flee.

Like the Sin of Sloth, she was lazy but not stupid.

Using her miasma she used a technique that made her disappear into the miasma.

As a demon that was born in the lowest places of hell, this was a passive ability of hers. Sloth was very used to swimming in the river of miasma. After all, she was born from that river.

Diablo was losing and fast.

He was also losing Yama's help. It was obvious that Yama was not going to throw his demons into a meaningless war.

With irritation, Diablo looked at the dragon and spoke:

"Kill him, now!" He pointed at Alucard.

The dragon that was flying in the sky flew towards Alucard, and the demons and flying beasts were not able to stop it.

ROOOOOOOOOAR!

A thunderous roar drew Victor's attention as he turned in a rather bored fashion to the Dragon charging towards him.

"Open the way." Victor, who was already back to his normal form, ordered the demons.

And Victor's order was like a divine proclamation to them. Without wasting time, the order was followed with maximum efficiency.

Soon a space was created for Victor and the dragon.

"Vine, take command for now."

"Yes, My King."

Victor raised his hand toward the dragon, which glowed with red power. Then, with a single gesture of lowering his hand, it was as if gravity multiplied several times in the dragon's body.

The dragon lost its balance and fell to the ground with its limbs splayed out. Due to the weight of the dragon itself, its body dragged on the ground until its snout was right in front of Victor.

Victor jumped up, stood on top of the dragon's snout, and looked him straight in the eyes.

"Submission or Death, choose." Victor's voice sent an ominous chill through everyone around them.

The dragon's body shuddered when he felt that man's gaze. Even though he was proud, and he didn't want to lower his head, something he didn't even do for Diablo, he didn't want to die either. He knew that man could give a death that would hit him so fast that he wouldn't even know what had happened.

The dragon closed its eyes, and the will to fight emptied from its eyes.

"Good." The man smiled widely.

He stroked the dragon's head somewhat gently:

"You and I will do great things, my friend."

The dragon opened its eyes a little. 'Friend?' He thought with a strange feeling to those words. He didn't understand what they meant, but it sounded surprisingly good.

Victor looked at the dragon, satisfied, "Diablo, indeed, is a very kind demon. He gave me such a nice gift, and I really appreciate it."

"...." Veins popped in Diablo's head when he heard what Victor said. The only reason he didn't spit blood right now in his rage was because he wasn't human.

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Chapter 685: Two Heavyweight Allies.

Chapter 685: Two Heavyweight Allies.

[Oh....? Despite looking so big, he's not an ancient dragon but an adolescent one.]
Roxanne spoke.

And that got Victor's attention. He looked at the big dragon that he couldn't see as just a 'teenager'.

[Are you serious?] Victor couldn't help but question.

[Yeah, look with your powers. You'll see that his soul isn't mature enough.]

Doing what Roxanne said, Victor's vision changed, and he could clearly see that the dragon's soul was not mature enough to be considered an elder.

The proof of this was that when a soul reached the 'older' age, the soul became more 'solid' and 'brilliant'. At least, that was the case with supernatural creatures that lived a long existence.

A detail that Victor learned from 'testing' and training in hell for all those years.

[He's just a teenage dragon and already so big... Imagine when he's older.] Victor couldn't help but smile at that thought.

[That must be why this dragon is helping Diablo, an elder dragon would rather die than serve someone, they are very proud.]

Victor walked off of the dragon's snout and asked:

"What's your name?"

The dragon lifted its snout and sat up while looking at Victor.

[Zaladrac Zeovnur.] A rather feminine voice spoke in Victor's head.

[Sigh. I can already see where this is going.] Roxanne sighed.

Visibly ignoring Roxanne, he said, "Oh? Are you female?"

'And that name sounds like a tongue twister. I can't even say it.' Victor thought.

[Of course, it would be female. What do you expect, a male? It's not like you have a whole army of Maids and warrior women at your disposal 24/7] Roxanne rolled her eyes in exasperation.

Victor completely ignored Roxanne [Again] and waited for the dragon's response.

[Yes] A simple and short answer.

"Hmm..." Victor assessed the black dragon and noticed several wounds on her body.

Victor pointed his hand toward the dragon, and pure red energy shot out of his hand and hit the dragon.

[... Hmm? What is this sensation? It's really good...] A satisfied voice was heard in Victor's head.

Visibly, the dragon's wounds began to heal.

"Now, you look like a proud dragon." Victor smiled in satisfaction.

The dragon looked at Victor's smile and felt a warmth in her heart. Following its instincts, the dragon's eyes glowed slightly.

"... Hmm? What is this..." Victor narrowed his eyes, "A connection...?"

[Holy Fuck, that's a dragon! She is huge! Did she make a soul bond?]

[HAHAHAHAHA, he got a damn dragon as a mate!]

[Shut up, Alter! This place is getting tight! And you're reacting like you didn't expect it!]

[It's more fun that way.]

[Hmph.]

"... Why did you do that?" Victor asked curiously.

[Instinct.] A simple answer again.

"Elaborate further."

[Being by your side will ensure my existence, and you will treat me well. That's what my instinct says... And your power is attractive...]

Victor could have sworn he imagined the dragon blushing a little, but he was pretty sure it was his mind playing tricks on him. After all, being in hell for too long didn't make him very sane.

[Therefore, I chose you as my knight.]

"... I see." Was all Victor could say.

[HAHAHAHA! I like this girl. She knows what she wants!]

Roxanne sighed: [Well, the younger dragons are simple beings. They only gain wisdom after several years or as soon as they finish assimilating all the memories of the past generation of dragons... I guess she was attracted to his energy? Or by his appearance? Maybe because of his strength? Or because he subjugated her?]

[A combination of everything, of course.] Alter pointed out.

[Hmm...] Roxanne grunted in agreement.

Ignoring Roxanne's debate, Victor spoke:

"I presume I gain something by becoming your knight?"

"What...?" Vepar choked on spit when she heard what Victor said.

Not just her, Helena, Vine, and everyone who was looking at Victor gasped at what they heard.

[You will gain each time our bond deepens. For now, I can only share my vision with you, and you can do the same with me.]

"Interesting." Victor thought it over several times and saw no downsides, so he just shrugged.

"Well... What's done is done."

"Just know one thing, as my dragon, you must not yield to anyone."

A snorting sound was heard from the dragon: [Of course not, I only do that for you because you have my respect, and you are my knight.]

"And don't call me a knight; I'm a king. Your king."

[... Whatever, knight is just an adjective to talk about our connection. The connection will get deeper and deeper as the trust between us grows. Oh, and we haven't gone through the full bonding steps.]

"Hmm? So just do it."

[Are you sure? It will hurt a lot; I didn't do it the first time because of that. I didn't want my intentions to be seen as hostile]

"Go ahead."

[Okay.]

The dragon touched the area of his chest with its claw, and a red power began to form in that place. The next moment, the dragon raised its claw to Victor's head and let it lightly touch his forehead.

Victor raised his eyebrow: "Hmm, that hurts a little. It's like a massage that is a little too strong."

The dragon looked in disbelief at her new 'King'. From what she knew from her parents' memories, this wasn't supposed to happen, the man should scream like a bitch, but he's just taking it like it's nothing.

'Hmm... I can feel her better now.' Victor thought.

[Done, connection established.]

[Oh... The dragon became more visible in here.] Roxanne spoke.

[A proof of the full bond.] Alter spoke.

[Take care of me, My 'King'.]

"Umu, I take care of you, and you take care of me, okay? And call me Victor."

[...Okay, Victor.]

"Good."

In a way, he really liked the simple way of thinking the dragon in front of him had.

Victor turned to face the demons and other individuals and found them looking at him with more awe than before.

Victor raised his eyebrow: [Do they fear a dragon rider so much?]

[Of course, Master. A connected dragon rider like you will grow stronger along with the dragon, and as you know, dragons are the peak of the species. Even gods must beware of them.]

[In everyone's mind, you just got even more dangerous.]

[Come to think of it now, Zaladrac made the right decision. If the war had continued with her as Diablo's ally, most likely, she would have become the enemy of all Pantheons. Diablo provoked many people with this war, and the very existence of a dragon is something that attracts the gods because a dragon's body has a lot of useful ingredients.] Alter spoke.

[Now that you mention it, that's true] Roxanne was supportive.

Victor made an internal sound of recognition and searched his memories for all the information on the dragons and dragon riders the twins had taught him.

'She's clearly not normal...' In the memories Victor saw, he saw that the dragons that are 50 Meters in diameter are already ancient dragons, but Zaladrac is just a teenager.

If the information is not wrong, there is only one explanation; Zaladrac is not normal... Like everything else in Victor's life.

Despite appearing casual throughout the 'conversation', Victor hadn't taken his senses away from the war. He knew his demons were winning.

And this whole act of casually 'acting' was only for three reasons.

Provoke the enemy.

Demonstrate superiority.

And through those actions say that this war was nothing to someone like him.

For someone as old and proud and used to having everything at his fingertips like Diablo, this was a huge blow to his ego.

Diablo would never take anything into his own hands unless it's extremely necessary or its opponents he considers 'worthy'. This was because such a task was not up to the incarnation of evil.

That was the personality analysis that Victor had after hearing several testimonies from the twins and Lily, who always heard Baal comment about Diablo.

So it was no surprise to Victor when an even more enraged Diablo ordered it.

"Lilith, use all your power. Kill him!"

Victor had to contain himself a lot not to flash a big smile.

"Zaladrac, fly in the sky, do not interfere unless I order it."

[Yes.] With a flap of wings, the dragon took to the skies and left the battlefield.

Victor just looked at Lilith, flying towards him with a big wild smile on her face.

"Vepar, Helena, Lily, you know what to do."

"Yes, My King." The three spoke, then dispersed, leaving the king alone.

It was at that moment when the three women disappeared that Diablo realized something was wrong, but it was too late.

Lilith, with all her strength, punched Victor's face.

A loud bang was heard, and a crater was formed, followed by red dust that covered everything around them.

Disabling everyone's view of the confrontation.

Victor blocked Lilith's fist with his arm covered in red power.

Despite her lifeless expression, the look of shock in her eyes was quite obvious. She couldn't believe someone had taken her punch like it was nothing.

And she was even more surprised when a woman she knew very well appeared behind her and enveloped her in dark power streaked with white.

'I can't move...' Even though her body was being controlled, her mind was still steady and strong.

The will of the mother of demons was just that strong.

"Originally, I just wanted to fight you and ignore your situation. Even if I suspected you were being controlled, suspicions which were later confirmed by myself."

"And when my suspicions were confirmed, I couldn't ignore this matter any longer. I didn't want to fight a doll. If I'm going to fight, I want to fight the real you." Victor raised his hand and placed it on Lilith's head.

"That's why I spoke to your daughter, the only one in hell who could contain you without doing you too much harm..."

"Now, return to former glory, Lilith, mother of all demons."

Victor's hand began to glow brighter, and soon Lilith was screaming in pain.

...

"AHHHHHHHHH!"

Hearing the scream of pain, the battlefield was momentarily silent, then a burst of pure miasma power soared to the heavens.

'No, No... It can't be... How can he destroy magic? That should be impossible!' Diablo was in disbelief as he felt the bond he had with Lilith slip away.

'Don't tell me he 'devoured' the magic?... But that's impossible! He shouldn't have awakened his Progenitor side...' Diablo opened his eyes wide.

'... Of course, he woke up, didn't he?' Diablo growled.

As the power began to wane, everyone on the battlefield saw two large demonic wings unfold, and soon Lilith's appearance was shown to everyone.

Unlike before, when her expression was lifeless, only hatred and anger were seen in Lilith's eyes. Her previously white hair turned black like darkness itself.

Her pale skin became healthy, as if she was alive again.

Lilith, the mother of demons, was back in all her immortal glory, and she was full of hate.

"Give me back what belongs to me, worm." Lilith extended her hand, and the sound of several bangs was heard in the distance. Soon an ominous sword appeared in her hand.

A weapon with anti-god properties, a God-Slayer.

Genesis.

[Are you really not going to fight him, Vic?] Roxanne asked.

[My dear, Roxanne. What am I?]

[The King... The king of all hell.]

[Exactly. Why should I fight someone so weak when my Demon Goddess can do that for me?]

[HAHAHAHAHAHA, WELL SAID! This is how we should fucking act!]

[Alter, shut up!] Roxanne growled, then spoke again:

[Are you sure, Vic?]

[Yeah.]

Roxanne narrowed her eyes. She spent years living with Victor, and she knew her husband very well. If he's not fighting, it's because he has a good reason. After all, the husband she knew would never refuse a fight against a stronger being.

So the only explanation she could think of was:

[Violet's vision, huh... Do you still remember that?]

[... How can I forget something my beloved wives said?]

[Indeed ... You would never forget something they said.] Roxanne smiled gently:

[But it still doesn't make sense, Darling. If you want to avoid the vision, shouldn't you kill him?]

[Who says I want to avoid the vision, Honey?]

[Eh...?]

[By letting Lilith take her revenge, I will acquire a demonic goddess as an ally, and even if she doesn't succeed, she will pressure Diablo enough until he recklessly completes his plans... And when he does...]

Victor's smile just grew, in a predatory way, a smile Roxanne knew all too well. It was the same smile he used when he was looking at a food cart.

[Vic... You ... You are insane.]

[HAHAHAHAHA! The thought of a real predator! As expected of the 'King!'] Alter was really enjoying himself.

[Killing two birds with one stone, huh? Now, I can understand what you are planning.]

[Prepare to act at any time, Honey.]

Roxanne sighed: [Haah ... Count me in, Darling!] She finished with her usual vigor at the end, an expectant look appearing on her face. She wouldn't lie to herself and say she wasn't interested in Victor's plan.

Victor waved his hands, and a dark throne with red colors appeared. He sat on the throne and leaned his back against it comfortably.

"Ladies and gentlemen."

"Let's start the show." His smile grew even wider: "A very angry goddess's show of revenge against a lowly demon who swallowed more than he should have."

Diablo snarled, "ALUCARD, YOU USURPING WORM!"

"Relax your heart, Diablo. Or you could die of a heart attack like a lowly 'human'."

"Hahahaha~"

.....

Chapter 686: Duality.

Chapter 686: Duality.

Yama, who was watching this from a distance, spoke:

"Aya ... This just got even more complicated."

"We're going to lose, aren't we?"

"Yes, indeed," Merlin commented casually.

"Well, fuck. What now?"

"Hmm, run?" Merlin suggested casually.

"Good idea." Yama nodded casually.

"Cough, I'm sorry, Demon King Diablo."

"What!?" Diablo looked at Yama with irritation visible on his face.

"Since you are currently not the 'demon king of biblical hell', the deal I made with you is completely void... So stay alive?"

A portal appeared behind Yama, and soon he, along with his generals, jumped into it, effectively fleeing the battlefield and abandoning Diablo in the process.

"What-." Before Diablo could react to Yama's sudden betrayal, he heard a scream of pain, which made everyone look toward the source of the scream.

Soon they saw it, two succubi piercing Baal's body with their bare hands.

"Cough... Lily...? Why...?"

"It's nothing personal, Baal. You are simply no longer useful to me."

Rather than getting angry, Baal laughed, "... Hahaha ... Quite a demonic attitude, isn't it? Did our marriage mean nothing to you?"

"Really, Baal? Acting like the tragic victim after so long in the game?" She snarled and increased her Dark Light output even more, which made Baal's body writhe in pain:

"Don't play the victim. You know we don't really marry for 'love' but for mutual benefit."

"You would have the offspring of Lilith and Lucifer as a wife; thus, your title as 'Rank 1' would be eternal, and I would have the influence of that title for myself, consequently pushing away all other pesky suitors."

"But that's changed, and I don't need your influence anymore. Today, I'm bigger than you." Lily's sadistic smile grew.

A smile Baal knew all too well.

"Hahaha, demonic to the end, huh." Baal laughed as the 'life' drained from his body.

Helena, seeing that the chat was over, broke the vial she placed on Baal's chest, a vial that contained Victor's blood.

Soon she withdrew her hand from Baal's body and looked at her king.

Victor didn't react to Helena's gaze and just controlled his blood inside Baal, turning Baal's body into a small ball of blood.

A feat he could do quickly because his blood was in Baal's body.

Suddenly other screams were heard, and everyone looked around and saw Vine and Vepar killing the remaining elites of Diablo's army. Soon the same things happened to these elites, as they became balls of blood.

Helena took the blood sphere, and together with Lily, the two disappeared from where they were and went in front of Victor, as the two immediately kneeled.

In the next moment, Vepar and Vine appeared in front of Victor as well.

"Here, My King." Helena, Vine, and Vepar reached out as they spoke in unison.

"Hmm, good work, My generals. As always, your work is impeccable." Victor brought the balls of blood towards his mouth and swallowed them.

Helena, Vine, and Vepar showed small, satisfied, and proud smiles:

"Your words fill me with deep happiness, My King." They spoke in unison again.

Victor nodded, satisfied.

"You too, Lily. Great job. Honestly, I thought you weren't capable of this."

"I would do anything for you, My King. After all, you gave me what I wanted most in my entire existence." Lily spoke still with her head down.

"I see ... It's nice to know I have someone as loyal as you around." Victor gently touched Lily's face, and he smiled seductively.

"By killing your husband, you completed your last mission. And just as promised, you will become my fourth general, Lily."

"I expect great things from you."

A blush appeared on Lily's face, and her breathing got a little slurred:

"Y-Yes."

Diablo soon found himself surrounded by Victor's entire army, an angry goddess, and a dragon who looked at him with disdain on its face.

His body visibly shook, and he clenched both hands tightly; veins were visible on his forehead, and the incarnation of evil was furious.

And watching everything that happened in those last few seconds, seeing the betrayal of not only his dragon and Yama but also the loss of his doll and the death of his most useful subordinates.

Followed by a group of demons looking at him like he was prey, something in him snapped.

"Damn worms!!" His power exploded skyward.

"Who do you think you're looking at? I'm Diablo! The incarnation of evil!"

Hundreds of years of planning went to waste because of a single individual, all because of that accursed man sitting on that accursed throne!

All because of Alucard!

[He's definitely blaming you now.] Roxanne laughed.

[HAHAHAHAHA, look at his expression, it's the face of someone who blames an individual for all the mistakes they made.]

[In my opinion, it's a very unreasonable guilt. He's acting as if I single-handedly upset all his plans, which is not true.] Victor replied.

[Hardly anyone angry is rational, Darling.] Roxanne spoke, and Victor couldn't help but agree with her.

The miasma that Diablo was releasing seemed to create its own singularity around him, and a sense of fear began to be felt by everyone.

"Alucard -." Diablo was going to do something, but an angry goddess appeared in front of him.

"You Talk too much."

Slap!

A thunderous slap was heard, and Diablo flew toward the ground.

Soon all the 'fear' in the air disappeared, making Victor's subordinate demons breathe a sigh of relief.

"I have a lot of grudges that not even your death will wash away." Lilith appeared on Diablo's head and stomped on his face.

The gleam in the demon goddess's eyes was quite visible.

"I will get revenge for everything you put me through, you bug."

"You will not die an easy death."

Diablo snarled as his eyes flashed, and a corrosive red miasma began to cover his body. Lilith quickly jumped back and looked down at her feet which were almost burned by the miasma.

"For a whore, you are getting cocky, Lilith."

"Don't you remember what happened last time?" He attacked with his claws destroying everything in the direction of the swipe.

Lilith dodged the attack and slashed Diablo's arm with her sword. Soon after, Diablo's arm began to regenerate at high speed.

"Very arrogant attitude for someone who needs to kidnap my most loyal soldiers to brainwash them into betraying me." Lilith dodged the attack.

"Good words coming from a piece of trash who needs help from a greedy whore to subdue me." She kicked his face and sent a massive wave of Miasma from her hand.

An explosion ensued as Lilith's miasma hit Diablo.

"Admit it, Diablo. You only have subordinates who are loyal to you because they are afraid of you, but from behind, they are slandering your entire miserable existence."

"You tried so hard to be like Lucifer that, in the end, you just became a pathetic existence."

"Even someone thousands of years younger than you has acquired the loyalty of demons, something you could only do with just my foolish daughter's husband."

"Hah, better to rule by fear than sleep with the whole army to gain their loyalty."

Lilith's eyes flashed even more dangerously.

"I have standards, Diablo. Why do you think I only have one daughter? It's because I choose only the strongest as my lover."

"Unlike you, who is a eunuch who has never touched a female demon... Oh, I remember, you don't like women. Tell me, are you passive or active in the relationship? Knowing your personality, I bet you have a submissive side that you try to hide from everyone, so you must be the passive one."

"Bitch!!"

"Worm!!"

BOOOOOOOOOM!

The two demons started fighting and destroying everything around them. It was obvious that they weren't holding back.

[Wow, that turned into a child's fight pretty quickly, huh.] Roxanne exclaimed as she heard Alter's laughter.

"Helen, dear, order all demons to return to hell."

Helena's cheeks turned slightly red when she heard the way Victor spoke to her. She lowered her head and said:

"Yes, My King."

"Before that." Victor waved his hand, and his allied demons, who fell in battle, began to revive.

'Hmm, that took more energy than I thought.'

[It's because you didn't use souls as payment, but negative energy, demons essentially cannot die as long as they don't get hit by damage that can harm souls or holy elements.]

[But I didn't spend that much energy when summoning my legions of demons.]

[Summoning is different from resurrecting, Vic. And know that you can only summon demons because you have negative energy. If it weren't for that, you'd have to use souls like Diablo.]

[Did I mention how lucky I am to have you?] Victor smiled.

[Always, but it's good to cherish me.]

[Of course.]

As the fight continued, all the fighting demons began to evacuate. As they all passed through the gate, Victor made another hand gesture, and the massive miasma in the air began to be sucked back into Hell, effectively cleansing a good part of the area.

Of course, that didn't count the Miasma being released by Lilith and Diablo.

Soon Victor waved his hand again, and the gates of hell were closed.

He rested his hand on his chin and said:

"Hey, dude, can you isolate that battle?" Victor looked up at the sky.

"... Are you talking to me?" A silhouette of someone completely covered in white light appears in front of Victor.

"Who do you think I'm talking to? Are you seeing someone else here?"

"... You know that I am a God King, right? Leader of the angels? The god of the bible?"

"And? What is the point?"

"A little respect, perhaps?"

Victor just smiled in amusement, "You know I'm the king of hell, right? Essentially your 'evil' counterpart, as humans say." He snorted at the end.

"And unlike my incompetent predecessors, I am the true King of Hell, someone that the Dimension of Hell itself has chosen and which it is fervently supporting."

"That is, in the biblical pantheon, I am on the same level as you, the being who was chosen by the dimension of paradise as its king, only unlike you who are 'good', I am 'bad'."

"I bet you remember the story of duality."

"You're a good cop, and I'm a bad cop."

"You are creation, and I am destruction, etc."

"..." Grunts were heard about brats who have no respect, and soon a golden energy isolated Lilith and Diablo.

"Oh, enjoy your time here, and try to cleanse these lands of miasma. That's something I can't do."

"I'll let my angels take care of it when this mess is over."

"Oh yes? Okay, Then."

The Heavenly Father looked at Victor with strange eyes. He never interacted with a demon king who... Well, didn't want to kill him, or kill all humans, etc.

To be honest, it was quite a refreshing feeling to have a King of Hell interacting with him quite casually.

Vine, Vepar, Lily, and Helena just looked at their king with even more adoration on their faces.

That was The Heavenly Father, you know? The man Lucifer had an eternal childish quarrel with, and the man Lilith hated for so many reasons! He had been present since the beginning of creation!

And Victor treated him like he was the next-door neighbor he's known for a long time!

Victor looked towards Scathach, Aphrodite, Kaguya, and Natasha.

As if understanding his look, the four women quickly appeared in front of him.

"Vic!" Natasha wasted no time and quickly hugged him.

Next were Kaguya and Aphrodite.

"Hey ... I missed you guys so much." Victor squeezed the three of them tightly in his arm.

The four generals didn't react much. After all, they were already informed of their king's wives, which didn't make any difference to them. Their loyalty was with Victor and with Victor alone.

But that doesn't mean they wouldn't treat them well. Like it or not, they were their king's wives, and respect was required... Or heads would roll, literally speaking, of course.

'Oh...? A Demon King who knows how to love... Interesting, it looks like I won't have to worry about hell for quite some time.' The Heavenly Father felt an invisible weight lifted from his shoulders.

With just this interaction and display of love, Heavenly Father's opinion of Victor increased several times because, unlike his predecessors, who were very arrogant, crazy megalomaniacs, the current king seemed to be more reasonable, and he knew love.

Something none of the ancient Demon Kings were able to have.

"Vic... You've gotten so much stronger." Scathach's gaze was practically piercing Victor's body.

Now that she was closer to him, she could feel it with her entire being, the amount of power that Victor was hiding.

'Vlad is very wrong... Completely wrong... Only Zeus level? That rapist is a dog in front of Vic. HAHAAHA~ what a joke! Lilith is stronger than Zeus, and he showed nothing when he faced her.' Even though the demon goddess was weakened by her controlled state.

'He became one of the highest-ranked beings in the supernatural world in the time he stayed in Hell.' Scathach was holding back very much from attacking Victor and fighting him now.

"I didn't spend my 700 years in hell doing nothing, my dear teacher," Victor said as he hugged the three women even closer with his eyes closed.

"What ...?" Scathach opened her eyes wide.

"700! Vic, how can time pass so quickly!?" Natasha asked worriedly.

"Apparently, the more Hell develops, the more Miasma accumulation increases, thus increasing time dilation due to miasma intensity."

'700 years... 700 years!! Perhaps I should voice my opinions on his power level until I personally fight him or see him use all of his.' In 700 years, a lot can change, especially for a freak like Victor.

... That thought only made Scathach even more excited.

"Hell developed...? You talk like hell has turned into a metropolis or something." Aphrodite narrowed her eyes.

Victor just smiled softly as he stroked Kaguya and Natasha's heads:

"You have no idea."

"... That smile, you did something, didn't you, Vic?"

"As if it wasn't obvious." Kaguya snorted in a rather spoiled way, "I wouldn't be surprised if hell had turned into a futuristic city or something."

"Hey, you're putting too much credit on me. I didn't do everything myself; I spent most of my time training. My generals did everything along with my subordinates."

"But without the power and respect of your name, My King. Nothing would be possible." Vine spoke casually.

"Indeed." Lily, Vepar, and Helena nodded in agreement with Vine.

"..." Victor only smiled gently when he heard the generals' words.

"... Wait, you didn't deny it!" Aphrodite opened her eyes wide.

"Well, I didn't say it was 'futuristic', but let's just say hell has changed a lot compared to before."

"... Can I visit Hell sometime?" Heavenly Father asked curiously.

"Are you asking me for permission?"

"You are the king, and hell is your jurisdiction."

"Make sense ... You can come if you want."

"Okay, I will in the future."

"Speaking of jurisdiction, one of them includes the Ruler you choose as well... Will you choose a Ruler, or will you become the Ruler?"

"I appointed someone I can trust, and I don't like being trapped in one location. Becoming the Ruler would force me to become the subordinate of these primordial entities, and I don't do well with authorities."

"Hmm." Heavenly Father's interest increased again.

'He gives up power so easily? Interesting.' It looks like he really won't have many worries in the future regarding hell.

"Father!" Ariel, Cassiel, and the Angel of Death landed in front of Heavenly Father.

"Oh, I'm glad you arrived. You can put a barrier there." Victor pointed to Lilith and Diablo fighting.

"Eh?"

"They are about to take the fight to another level, and when two beings with the same power as a God King fight, Earth will only suffer. This simple barrier will not hold for long."

"... A King of Hell worrying about Earth...?" Cassiel spoke while looking as if Victor were a rare animal.

"Unfortunately, we don't have the energy to support such a large barrier to minimize damage," Ariel spoke more cordially. Despite the man's affiliation being 'evil', he had helped her once, and she wasn't ungrateful.

"Haah, I'll do it then."

"Girls, please?"

"Mm." Kaguya, Natasha, and Aphrodite nodded and walked away from Victor.

"Hey, Good Guy, help me out here."

"Respect the -." the angel of death was about to start to speak in annoyance but stopped when he felt Victor's gaze.

"I will respect whoever I want, Angel."

"You have no authority here."

Unconsciously the angel of death got into a battle position and leaped towards Victor, but all he saw was a red flash and the noise of lightning, and then he felt a sharp claw on his neck.

"H- huh?"

"...Red lightning..." Natasha muttered in shock.

'I didn't even see what happened... What is this mutation in his power?'

"Aphrodite ... Scathach is really freaking me out right now." Kaguya whispered.

The goddess of beauty looked at Scathach and slightly cringed at the expression she was making.

The woman looked like a crazed maniac, and she was clearly barely holding back.

'Her love and obsession level is growing exponentially. Has Victor's change affected her that much?' Aphrodite thought.

"Demon King, release him, please. My son is just very loyal."

"Loyalty is good, Good Guy. But discipline is also important."

"Especially in a conversation between two Kings."

"Look at my generals. Despite wanting to intervene, they stood by waiting for my orders."

The heavenly father looked at the four women who were looking with murderous eyes at the angels but still did not intervene.

"That's discipline. You should have that in your army too."

"...I will keep that in mind."

"I hope so. Having someone too arrogant and who thinks they can only be ordered by the leader is just detrimental to the army." Victor turned away from the man and floated towards the heavenly father.

Completely ignoring the man's gaze on him.

"Unlike before, don't use holy light. Instead, focus on the positive energy, and I'll follow through." Victor pointed his hand toward the demons.

"Very Well." The man followed Victor's gesture, and soon white and golden energy began to form in his hand.

Red and dark energy began to form in Victor's hand; clearly, the energies the two men were holding were complete opposites of each other.

"Remember, Demon King. Balance is the answer."

"I know, Angel King."

"... I'm not an angel."

"And I am not a demon."

"Fair enough." The man chuckled lightly, something that took the nearby angels completely by surprise.

Soon two beams of energy shot toward the two demons, then midway through, the energies started to mix and hit the barrier.

The barrier grew wider, and it became much stronger than before. Even if the attacks hit the barrier, it didn't even tremble.

'What precise power control... Impressive.' The heavenly father thought in awe.

"Now, the planet won't suffer too much damage," Victor said as he returned to his throne and sat down. Right after that, he took Kaguya and Natasha and placed them in his lap.

[Now, wait?] Roxanne asked.

[Indeed... Soon, Diablo will reach his limit, and that's when we intervene.] Victor's smile grew a little.

[And with that, you'll get the fight you wanted so much, huh... Acting like a true hunter.] Alter chuckled.

[I didn't spend 700 years in hell training so that when I get out of hell, I'll have an unsatisfying fight. Diablo will dance with me whether he likes it or not.]

[Pfft... HAHHAHAHA! Did I mention I'm loving your attitude? That's a real fucking King!]

.....

Chapter 687: Broken balance.

Chapter 687: Broken balance.

Lilith realized she was fighting Diablo in a barrier, but she didn't care; as long as she killed and tortured Diablo, nothing else mattered.

She stopped holding back long ago as she threw her destructive attacks at Diablo, causing massive damage to the former demon king.

As a demon goddess, and a Progenitor, she was strong, incredibly strong, and when she used her true form, that level of power increased even further.

Long demonic wings, sharp horns, and a tail covered in miasma, a miasma that began to spread throughout her body, a dense and corrupt miasma; this was Lilith's current appearance.

As a goddess, she could use divinity, specifically the concepts of rottenness, corruption, despair, and of course, the concept that led to her being called the mother of demons.

Goddess of demons, or specifically speaking, the concept of 'Beginning'.

A concept that was formed thanks to her being a Progenitor. She had complete authority over demons, and she could force her authority on weaker-willed demons to do what she wanted. She could even create demons if she wanted to.

Wielding Genesis, a god-slaying sword, the angry goddess attacked Diablo using her miasma and divinities, not holding anything back.

Despite being so superior, she still couldn't finish Diablo.

The ancestral demon was a special kind of demon. He was born from the sins of mankind, the incarnation of all the sins of mankind in physical form, the incarnation of evil.

He wasn't weak either, and as he was made by the sins of mankind and had spent hundreds of thousands of years consuming souls, his power rivaled Lilith's, but...

"Gaaah!" Diablo yelled as he looked down at his rotting hand.

He quickly cut off his hand and covered himself with miasma.

When the goddess used all of her concepts in one attack, even Diablo needed to beware; rot, corruption, and despair were very destructive and harmful concepts for any race.

The miasma that Lilith expelled from her body was so toxic that it destroyed everything it touched. If not for the barrier that The Heavenly Father and The Demon King created, this whole place would have already become one big hole of despair.

These were inherent advantages that not even Diablo could easily overcome, and because of these advantages, he prepared properly to defeat Lilith.

Diablo was incredibly strong, but he lacked the quirks that Lilith had as a goddess and Progenitor, which freaks like Victor had.

All he had was an extremely tough body and a massive amount of energy in his body. Understanding these shortcomings, Diablo fought with astuteness.

He knew he couldn't fight head-on against beings of the same level as him, like Lilith and Lucifer.

So it was no surprise when he pulled out the only weapon capable of killing the heavenly father's creations, his trump card.

The Spear of Longinus.

"Blasphemy! And to think that Spear would be in the hands of a demon of all things!" Ariel growled.

"..." Scathach looked with somewhat melancholy eyes at the Spear in Diablo's hand. The weapon was not luxurious or worth looking at, a simple Spear that took the life of the son of God.

Upon seeing this Spear, memories of 2000 years ago resurfaced in her mind, memories of a very talented young man she wanted to train. With his power, he would have been a formidable warrior. Unfortunately, he was too good for his own good.

"Die!" Diablo covered the spear with Miasma and threw it towards Lilith.

"That was a good plan, but unfortunately..." Victor watched the Spear fly at high speed toward Lilith.

"It will not work." Victor and Heavenly Father spoke at the same time.

TINK!

The sound of two metals colliding was heard, followed by an explosion of power, and soon everyone saw Lilith defending from Spear's attack with her sword.

"Have you forgotten who is in front of you, Diablo?" Lilith caught the Spear with her other hand.

Diablo opened his eyes a little when he realized what had just happened.

"Now, take it back." Lilith hurled the Spear back at Diablo.

Diablo quickly dodged the blow; he didn't want to test his luck with Spear.

"... Why didn't it work? If I'm not mistaken, the Spear of Longinus should kill all of Heavenly Father's creations, right?" Natasha asked, confused.

Kaguya opened her eyes slightly in shock when she heard the Spear's name and its effect.

The one who answered Natasha's question was not the heavenly Father but Victor himself.

"When a being ascends to godhood, the entire soul of the being undergoes a metamorphosis. In simple to understand terms, the soul takes all of the mortal characteristics of the being, merges them together, and transforms them into something completely new. It is much like a rebirth.."

"The moment Lilith became a goddess, she stepped out of Dio's influence here."

"... Dio?"

"It's god in Italian. Since I don't know what to call you, you'll have to settle for 'Dio', 'Good Guy', or 'Dude'. I might even call you 'Creation' sometimes, after all, you're a god of creation, and it's not like there are many out there." Victor spoke casually.

The Heavenly Father looked at Victor in shock. It was obvious that he, too, had a look of amusement on his face, and he wasn't the least bit offended by what he had just heard.

Something that wasn't the case for the angels. Even Ariel was livid at the 'disrespect' for her father and creator.

"You treat me too casually, Demon King."

"My family was Catholic." Now it was very difficult to say if they were or not. After all, the supernatural was real, "And I always saw God as a friend to talk to."

"So unless you give me reasons, I won't be making myself your enemy."

"Not to mention that as the King of Hell, chosen by Hell itself, I am your equal." He narrowed his eyes at the angels who were staring at him as if they wanted to stab him.

The angels shuddered slightly as they felt the spike of Victor's killing intent.

"You're right, Demon King. It looks like you will be the only Demon King I can have a cordial conversation with without them trying to kill me."

"Well, Lucifer was a kid with daddy issues and too conceited for his own good." Victor shrugged.

"And Diablo is a madman with delusions of grandeur." Heavenly Father added.

"Two troubled beings." The two added at the same time.

"No wonder hell was so slow with those two in power," Victor spoke.

"The very nature of hell does not help to develop itself either." Heavenly Father added.

"That's because previous kings were too focused on their own navels to even think about doing something for others. Fortunately, I changed that."

"Well, they are demons, beings of sin." The heavenly father spoke, testing the waters.

"That's not an excuse, you know, right?" Victor raised an eyebrow, "Even though it's just the negative aspects of a soul, that doesn't mean that the soul won't develop into something more."

A satisfied smile appeared on the man's image:

"Yes, I know."

"Just like humans, demons have the ability to love and feel affection. Though due to their inclination, they will always follow their wishes," he added.

"The same applies to angels only in reverse," Victor spoke and added:

"Well-meaning actions can sometimes be crueller than a demon." Victor snorted, "Hell is full of well-meaning people. Believe me, I know."

"From my point of view, Angels, Demons, and humans are not that different."

"... That's something I can agree with you on."

Just because you're an angel doesn't mean you aren't capable of committing atrocities.

Just because you're a demon doesn't mean you're incapable of acts of kindness.

Humans are the best examples of this, there are humans who are considered monsters, and there are good humans too.

'He has the same values as I do. It's good to know he's not blind, and it's good to know he understands that although a balance between good and bad exists, that's not all. There's always the gray area... And this gray area is where all beings are currently.'

The Heavenly Father saw angels committing atrocities several times, thinking it was correct; 'A good man's actions can sometimes be crueler than a demon's, huh?' he cannot but agree with these words.

The angels shuddered again, this time in disbelief. Their father just accepted him as 'equal', clearly a message to the angels to treat him with respect.

He was even having a 'jovial' conversation with the damn man! They've never seen their father like this before! And what philosophical discussion is this?

They seem to be talking about something only they understand.

'Angels treating the DEMON King with respect... Hell must have frozen over, and I didn't know.' Cassiel thought in disbelief.

Even if he wanted to protest about it, he couldn't, his father's orders were absolute, and he could only obey even if he was dissatisfied.

Amused smiles were seen on the faces of Aphrodite, Natashia, Kaguya, and Scathach. They really couldn't quantify how much they missed that side of Victor.

The four generals looked even more proud than before, although they also had their eyes on the angels' reaction should they need to defend Victor at any moment.

... It's not like he needed protection, but it was their duty to protect their king.

The fight was getting even more intense as Lilith and Diablo went for each other's throats.

And before anyone knew it, over an hour had passed, and that was enough time for results to start showing.

Diablo's body was covered in bruises and cuts, and his horns, tail, and red skin were completely covered in damage.

His regeneration stopped working at some point during the fight, proving that Lilith had something to do with it.

Speaking of Lilith, the demonic goddess, despite having several cuts and bruises, was better off than Diablo.

Her eyes still glowed with unquantifiable hatred, and it was obvious that she would only stop when Diablo died.

On the other hand, something started to worry Diablo.

'I'm going to die...!' The thought triggered a wave of anxious feelings.

He was surrounded by a barrier that prevented their powers from harming Earth and, at the same time, trapped Diablo here, unable to escape.

'I need to get away.' That thought crossed his mind as he dodged Lilith's miasma attack.

Diablo was, without a doubt, a cautious demon, and he always had a plan B or C in case something went wrong.

'Asmodeus is still alive, Agares too, not to mention that I can sacrifice the souls in my possession to get out of this place.' This whole thought process was a huge humiliation for Diablo.

Running like a coward was a big blow to his pride, but he wasn't a fool. He'd rather run than die.

Diablo wasn't desperate yet, he had his backups, but the problem was, how to use them?

Dodging attacks, he flew even further backward until he slammed his back into the 'barrier'. Then, lightly touching the barrier, he analyzed the structure with his power.

'Impossible...! Negative and Positive Energy? They really want to kill me!' It was virtually impossible to destroy a barrier that was being held in balance by these two pure energies. He needed an abysmal amount of energy.

And just with that fact, the plan to use Agares, Asmodeus, and even souls was completely unusable.

Diablo found himself entirely out of options.

Lilith appeared in front of him, "Why are you running?"

A sword pierced his stomach.

"Cough..."

"Get away!" He growled with rage as he forced his power to explode and sent Lilith flying away.

He opened his mouth, and a beam of red power came out of it and flew toward Lilith, who had no choice but to defend herself.

He put more power into his mouth, and soon a thunderous explosion was heard, followed by a large mushroom cloud.

Diablo ignored this as he looked down at the pit in his stomach. 'I have no choice... If this continues, I will die.'

It hurt a lot for Diablo to make that decision, he wanted to do it in the egg of creation in his hideout, but he wasn't going to leave here alive.

Desperate people have no choice.

A heart completely covered in Miasma appears in his hand.

Ba-dump, Ba-dump.

'Heart nourished by all the evils of the world, my heart.'

He opened his other hand, and a shining heart with a holy feeling appeared:

'The heart of the fairest angel, Michael.'

Then a heart appeared floating in front of him; this was a dark heart with several white parts.

'The heart of one of the highest ranking angels fallen recently, Gabriel.' At first, he wanted Lucifer's heart, he was the perfect ingredient, but the fool changed his race, and he had to settle for that heart, it wasn't a perfect ingredient, but it would do.

"It's time to break the balance." Diablo opened his mouth and swallowed the three hearts.

In the next moment, Lilith appeared in front of him and tried to cut him:

"It's too late." The moment he said that, a dark miasma and holy light exploded from his body toward the sky like a pillar.

FUSHHHHHHHHHHHH!

The Heavenly Father's face became serious when he saw that power.

On the other hand, Victor's smile grew wider.

.....

Chapter 688: Power.

Chapter 688: Power.

"This is not good." Thor gripped his hammer as he stared at the pillar of Power; he narrowed his eyes as he felt 'Space' start to distort.

"This is definitely not good."

Even for a God like Thor, approaching the toxic Miasma that Victor and The Gate To Hell were releasing would cause significant damage to himself. Because of that, he had stood back and 'observed the situation from afar', waiting for an opportunity where he could 'help' his 'allies'.

When the Gate was closed, he noticed that the Miasma had subsided significantly. Because of that, he moved closer and began to observe the New King of Hell cautiously.

And the conclusion he drew was not a good one.

'The Biblical Faction will get stronger now.'

The reason for that thought was simple: Hell, in the future, would be on good terms with Heaven. As far as Thor could see, the New King of Hell had no hatred or grudge against The Leader of Heaven, and when Hell and Paradise worked together... The Faction would get much stronger.

'All-Father needs to know about this and that abomination as well.' Thor shuddered as he felt the Power of that pillar.

It was at these times that he was irritated that The Bridge Between The Realms had been destroyed. If the Bifrost were operating, he could've called for reinforcements.

"Heimdall, I hope you are seeing this." He spoke aloud.

...

"My King, we must get out of here," Adam spoke with wary eyes toward the Pillar of Power.

"...That brat... he has turned into a terrifying existence."

"He is more troublesome than Vlad now."

Adam couldn't help but show a slight smile:

"Believe it or not, he is much more of a Wolf than Your Majesty realizes."

"Oh...? You seem to understand him well."

"As you know, he is a great friend of my children, and I trust him enough to leave my daughter in his care."

Volk raised an eyebrow. He was about to grumble again about a female Werewolf getting in the same room as a male Vampire, which was nothing but a recipe for trouble, but he shut up when he heard what Adam said.

"The boy would die before anything bad could reach my daughter." Adam laughed.

"...A very Wolf-like attitude."

"Indeed ."

From Adam's words, it was apparent that the Vampire valued his daughter very much, and Volk really didn't want to get into a troublesome situation with someone with an entire Hell behind them.

'And who said it was my problem?'

Adam showed a small smile:

'Hahaha, that boy has grown into such a great person that even someone as arrogant and impetuous as Volk will now be careful in matters relating to him.' Adam felt that the decision to leave his children under Victor's protection was the best possible decision.

"We helped in the war; we did our part."

'I wouldn't call it helping, but from the beginning, it was specified that the Wolves would not face the great leagues of Demons and just demonstrate numbers.' Adam thought

"Call the scouts back; we won't interfere in the war anymore ... But we won't leave."

Volk looked at the pillar of Power with narrowed eyes. Concern was visible in his calm countenance. 'Light and Dark are in that pillar... Something is being born, and I need to witness it.'

...

Everyone watching this war looked on with mixed feelings at that pillar of Light and Darkness. They instinctively knew that what was inside that pillar was not something that had ever been seen before, a Being that broke The Rules of Balance made by the Primordial Entities...

A Being appeared in the clouds. His Power hid his presence. He was The Guardian of Balance, The Executioner, and The Leader of The Prison of Limbo.

"Is this what you wanted, Judges?" The man practically growled with visible annoyance.

"Did you want to create this abomination?"

"Do not misinterpret our actions, Limbo." Three Beings of Darkness appeared before the man, and they looked at the pillar of Light and Darkness.

"Our actions were merely for the benefit of the Souls and existence we swore to protect, nothing more, and nothing less."

"Then why don't you allow me to finish off this abomination!?"

"The Balance hasn't been broken yet."

"And even though he seeks that, an agreement was made, and we Prime Entities fulfill our agreements. The time of one year is the blink of an eye to us; Diablo will perish when that time is up."

"Death will make sure that happened."

"You fools. Didn't you think that if everything didn't happen to stop that abomination's plan, it would have become much stronger than we could control?"

"None are stronger than The Primordials, Limbo,"

"Even if he becomes a Being that breaks The Balance. We will not allow its existence to linger on for too long."

"He would be stopped by you or by Death himself."

Literal veins were pulsing in The Limbo Guy's head, 'Are these fuckers so fanatical about their work and the Souls they can't see something so clear in front of them!? If that abomination had carried out its plan, it wouldn't just stand in one spot and wait for its death!'

'He knows that breaking The Balance is something that would make everyone his enemy. Because of that, he tried to gather all the Hells under one flag, so the system we created would be completely unbalanced, bringing everyone's attention to this problem.'

'And the only ones who could intervene in all this mess would be Death and me.'

The Limbo Guy, as much as he wanted to interfere, had his hands tied by the very Rules of The Universe because, apparently, 'Diablo hadn't broken The Balance'.

The payment he made to The Judges of The Abyss ensured that the system could stay up and running and gave him immunity for a limited time from Primordial Beings like himself and Death. Now that a new King of Hell had been born and a new Ruler had been appointed, the system was recovered and back to normal.

He hadn't broken The Balance... Until now, the bastard had been walking a fine line on purpose.

'But now he has no excuses. I can intervene.' He thought until he tried to intervene and couldn't.

Why couldn't he intervene!?

The Limbo Guy narrowed his eyes and looked deeper at the pillar of Power that had started to dwindle.

"The balance has not been broken..." He opened his eyes in shock.

"Huh?"

The mouths of The Judges of The Abyss just grew into big smiles:

"Fool."

Limbo didn't know if that insult was meant for him or Diablo, maybe both, but he didn't care for it one bit; he wasn't in the mood for it.

...

When the Power started disappearing, a man was revealed in the sky. He had pale skin, several dark tattoos, two horns on his head were visible, and six wings that were a mixture of the Wings of Angels and Fallen Angels stretched out behind his back. In addition, a black tail was visible behind him, and his body had several parts that appeared like dark red armor, a feature he had when he was a Demon.

It was apparent he was a fusion of the Entities known as Fallen Angels, Angels, and Demons.

His very appearance was chaotic. He looked androgynous like Angels, yet fierce like a Demon, an abomination that shouldn't exist.

"Nephalem's power?" The man smiled widely when he saw Dark Demonic Miasma appear in his left hand and the Holy Light of Angels appear in his right.

An aura covered his body, and the surrounding pressure grew exponentially.

Clap, Clap, Clap, Clap.

The sound of clapping hands was heard all around, and everyone unconsciously turned towards the sound and saw a man sitting on a Throne with a big smile on his face.

"Congratulations, Lord Diablo, your evolution was amazing."

"You went from a lowly Demon who didn't know his place to an aberration of several Races together. What a great status upgrade." The disdain and amusement in his tone were so obvious that no one commented on it.

"Alucard... You cursed worm." A Sword of Light mixed with Darkness was created in his hand.

"I will kill you and take back what is rightfully mine."

"Oh? Before that, tell me, Diablo; I'm really curious about something." Curiosity was visible on Victor's face; he didn't even care about Diablo's threat.

"...What?"

"Was your whole plan going for this? To turn into an existence that breaks the Balance?"

"... My intentions are beyond your comprehension, but I will enlighten you with a piece of this knowledge. Yes, that was just the first step of my plan."

"Oh?"

"Now that I have Power that no one has dared to challenge, I can begin my plan."

"I see..." Victor smiled a little, "So much planning, so many years of controlling Demons... All this to become stronger."

"In a way, you are an example to be followed."

"You have great patience." Victor rose slowly from his Throne.

"With patience, you can achieve great things, and all I had left was Time."

"But I still don't understand something," Victor said as he stood up completely.

"You became a Nephalem; you should be powerful, but..."

Rumble, Rumble, Rumble.

Red Lightning started to cover Victor's body, and that Power made everyone retreat a few steps away from him.

He disappeared, leaving behind trails of Red Lightning, and appeared before Diablo.

"Why are you still so weak?"

"What- "

BOOOOOOOOOM!

A punch so powerful that it sounded like a thunderclap boomed outwards, and Diablo disappeared from where he was and shot away from the impact.

'...huh?' Not even Diablo understood what had happened as he tumbled through the air.

Even though he hadn't completed his evolution with The Egg of Creation, he should have been stronger than all the worms down there; he was a being that broke the Balance!

The first Hybrid on both sides of the Perfect Balance!

'Unacceptable!'

"Lilith, Darling. Be a doll, and go back to your daughter. I'll ensure you get your chance for revenge later, okay?"

Lilith swallowed hard and shivered a little. When she saw Victor's 'gentle' smile, it was obvious that this was not a request but an order.

She felt her heart beat faster, and her face turned slightly red. The Power emanating from Alucard's body was intoxicating and powerful, almost like a drug.

"O-Okay."

"Good."

Victor, who had his hands behind his back in an open chest position, just raised his hand and caught the punch that came flying toward him.

An explosion of Power took place, which sent Lilith flying. The woman quickly regained her center balance and looked up in shock when she saw Victor holding Diablo's hand.

She could clearly see Red Energy covering Victor's hand.

"...Impossible!" Diablo yelled in disbelief.

"Impossible? Why is it impossible?" Victor's sneer grew.

"There's no way a mere Vampire could be stronger than a Perfect Hybrid like me!"

"Fool." Victor twisted Diablo's hand, and the sound of breaking bones echoed out sickeningly.

"AHHHHH!"

"The answer is right before you, yet you still don't see it. How short-sighted for the 'great Diablo'.

Victor punched him in the stomach and sent him flying into the sky.

Red Lightning covered Victor's body, and he disappeared. However, he reappeared behind Diablo and attacked him again, sending him flying in a different direction.

He repeated this process over and over, hundreds of thousands of times until everything became a red blur to Diablo.

From everyone's point of view, they just saw a lot of Red Lightning flashing around constantly, treating Diablo like a toy.

"What the fuck is this?! How does he manage to maintain such a stable state of speed!?" Natasha grunted in disbelief.

What she was shocked at was not his speed but the consistency of his speed. He was making several movements but showed no signs of slowing down or speeding up. Instead, it was like he was standing at a specific speed point.

A feat that was even more difficult than controlling Lightning, proof that he had wholly Mastered the use of Lightning.

Could Natasha do something similar? Yes, she could, but it wasn't perfect. There were always going to be adjustments to her speed.

'Even I can't be that stable.'

"He's gotten so strong..." Aphrodite took a heavy breath, disbelief and excitement visible on her face.

The Angels just watched in disbelief at what they were witnessing. Even The Heavenly Father himself had no comment. Instead, they all seemed to have stopped in time and watched everything as if a movie were occurring.

Even Kaguya, who had always believed in her Master's potential for breaking common sense, reacted similarly.

Scathach was in a similar state to Aphrodite... She was hot.

'So much Energy... So much discipline... So much control... So much Power...'
Scathach shuddered in pleasure.

'Fuck, I'm so wet.'

Helena sniffed her nose and smelled arousal. She looked at Scathach, and the Generals, and at herself. Even Lilith herself, who was a little ways off, was giving off a similar scent.

'I guess that's expected.'

"ENOUGH!" Diablo screamed, and Power exploded from his body. When he stopped, everyone saw his battered body, which began to regenerate at high speed.

Rumble.

Victor appeared in front of Diablo.

The now Nephalem tried to attack him, but Victor just kept dodging in place."

"I am disappointed. I trained non-stop for 700 years, I expected a good fight, and this is the shit I get?" He looked at Diablo as if looking at a walking piece of shit.

'I even deliberately helped you get stronger, and you let me down like that.'

"Haah." He sighed as he dodged, then punched Diablo in the stomach again.

Cough.

He grabbed Diablo by the hair and made him look him in the eyes. Then he punched the Ancient Demon so hard that his whole face caved in.

Such brutality didn't even make Victor blink. Instead, he just threw the Demon-turned-Nephalem toward the ground, creating a crater with his body.

Soon, he gently floated down to the ground with both hands still behind him.

The reason for this stance?

He was simply giving his enemy a chance to attack him. This position was also a trap because, in the end, no matter what position he was in, he would still react so fast that few Beings would be able to perceive it.

He'd learned this in training, a position that demonstrated superiority. He was basically saying:

'I don't even need to get into a Martial Arts stance to deal with someone like you.' This was a message that anyone who trained in Martial Arts would understand.

An insulting message he only used for those he didn't respect.

"Let me teach you a lesson, Diablo."

"Don't worry; it's free."

"You- ."

Victor gestured with his hand: "Silence, I am speaking."

Cough.

Diablo touched his throat and felt blood seeping from his neck.

'H-How? How did he cut me!? I didn't even see anything!'

"Where was I?" Victor touched his chin: "Oh yes, let me teach you something."

"Yes, I admit, your Power has grown a lot. In your current state, you could fight your past self and defeat it easily."

"But from my point of view... You've gotten weaker."

"H-huh?"

"Diablo, you were a giant Being who used brute strength to attack and kill. That was your fighting style; your Power flowed better in that Form."

"Now, you are in a humanoid form and have no idea how to use this body. You are trying to fight as you used to in a completely different body. It is ineffective."

"Power is good, but Power without control is useless against someone of my level. Not only am I powerful, but I have a very solid Martial Arts foundation. It is simply revolting that you believed you could hit me with such mediocrity."

"Currently, even Scathach, who is much weaker than you in 'raw Energy,' would easily kill you."

"... that's im-"

Cough.

His throat and his entire body were cut once more.

"I'm not done yet."

"The basics are the foundation of all power building, at least for Humanoid Beings like us."

"Martial Arts, discipline, EnergyControl, more effective use of Power, etc."

"This is what you lack."

"By acquiring immense Power, you cut off your own legs. You've gotten weaker."

"You can use raw Power to crush the puny vermin, but when you're fighting someone on my level, you need a lot more than just raw Power."

"It's just disappointing that you can't see that."

Scathach nodded her head with a satisfied smile. She immediately realized this when she saw Diablo; ironically, the Demon King used to be stronger than he was now.

"You can speak now."

"I-I-Impossible! I will not accept this! Are you saying that I've gotten weaker!? I, Diablo!? A Hybrid! A Nephalem! A being that broke The Balance!"

"If you think breaking The Balance made by Primordial Beings that have existed since The Beginning of Existence is so easy,"

"Then you are a fool."

"..."

...

The Limbo Guy looked towards the Judges of The Abyss and saw the three of them looking at him with shit-eating grins.

For some reason, he felt the three were looking at him with disdain.

"What?"

"It's nothing."

"Just thinking a young man has more control and calm than you."

Okay, he definitely felt it.

"As a Primordial Entity, shouldn't you take it easy and look at the whole picture? You've gotten so focused on your duty to protect The Balance; you've gotten so focused on Diablo that you forgot that he is not the center of The Universe."

"Each action has a reaction. It is up to us, those above all, to foresee the whole picture and make the best decisions."

"Because of that, we made a deal with Diablo because we knew that other Supernatural Beings also needed time to act."

"The future is written by the free will of living and breathing Beings."

"There is no such thing as a 'right' future. It's today's actions that shape the future... The past has already happened, and the present is the foundation you build for the future. That's what The Universal Tree asked me to tell you."

Okay... He felt it too.

"Haaah... I hate it when you guys do that."

The Judges of The Abyss just grinned in apparent amusement.

"The Universal Tree has been feeding the World Tree of this planet since the conflict was started so that it is not destroyed. It also already has all the Souls that were killed in that war. In the near future, they will Reincarnate into new Beings."

"For now, use your Power to lessen the consequences of the two Beings' attacks."

"...Okay, I'm going to throw the remnants of Power into Limbo, right?"

"Yes."

...

Veins were bulging in Diablo's head. Various mixed feelings that only increased his anger surged through his heart. He had long since lost all aspects of rationality.

Feeling all his efforts being negated by the Being in front of him only pissed him off even more.

"Impossible!" He screamed with hate, helplessness, and rage.

Several Spears of Dark Power and Light were created behind him, and he threw them toward Victor.

Victor looked at them with bored eyes and just dodged the attack casually. To him, it was so slow it wasn't even funny. He could avoid it with his eyes closed.

Several gigantic explosions erupted behind Victor. If it weren't for the barrier, this whole place would have been destroyed, but a strange thing started to occur. The explosions began to diminish in intensity as if someone had deliberately diminished the consequences of the destruction.

"Die, Die, Die!"

"Nobody is stronger than me, not even a worm like you!"

"...Very well." Victor flicked his wrist, and Diablo's arms fell to the floor.

"Huh...?" Diablo looked down at his arms and saw tiny threads of blood, but he didn't have time to contemplate it when he felt a frightening pressure in front of him.

He quickly looked forward and saw Victor's body covered in Dark Red Power.

"You said you're stronger than me..." Slowly, the aura started to grow.

"So it's up to me to prove you wrong. It's up to me to show you how small and insignificant you are."

"I will show you, Demon." His voice began to distort, and the pressure began to build until it became suffocating.

"The true definition of Power!" Victor's eyes started to glow, and Miasma and Negative Red Energy became more intense.

In the next second, a gigantic black and red pillar of Energy soared into the sky. The pressure of Energy was so great that everyone on the planet could feel it and see the effects of the pillar in the distance.

.....

'What is that...?' This was one of the few phrases that popped into Diablo's brain upon seeing a great pillar of pure power.

'Why does he have so much power?' He felt numb. In his entire existence, he had never been this close to such an enormous amount of energy.

In the face of that power, he felt small and insignificant. It was as if he were in the presence of a being who made his existence and effort mean nothing.

And at that thought, along with the overwhelming, numbing sensation of Alucard's power, something began to well up inside him.

Fear.

The purest, most unsullied sense of fear.

In the face of the unknown, all beings were afraid, and Diablo was no exception to that rule. In fact, he may be even more affected by this rule than usual. After all, he had a very strong control streak, and he liked to have everything under his control.

And when something was completely out of your control to the point of becoming unknown.

Fear was born.

When you don't know how to deal with this stranger, and you realize you're at his mercy.

Desperation was born.

...

"By the holy father... What the fuck is this?" Ariel commented in shock, and she shivered as she felt the negativity of that pillar of energy.

None of the angels commented anything on Ariel's offensive statement. They were feeling the same way, and disbelief was visible on the faces of the angels present, even those who were very far away due to Ariel's orders were no exception to this disbelief.

The Heavenly Father raised his hand, and a sphere of positive energy was created around all his angels. As positive beings, being so close to so much negative energy could have very bad results.

'He really didn't lie when he said he was my counterpart.' The Heavenly Father thought that the amount of energy produced in that pillar was definitely at the level of a God King.

"My children, I will send you back home." He couldn't risk the lesser angels being exposed to even more negative energy.

With a wave of his hand, his entire army flashed with white energy and soon disappeared toward the sky.

"This is far beyond what I had anticipated..."

Hearing a woman's sweet voice, he turned towards the goddess of beauty.

"He got a lot stronger than I thought."

"One thing we learned, Aphrodite ..." Natasha took a deep breath as she looked dreamily at that pillar of energy, "Was that we should never underestimate our husband."

"... Even if we have that certainty, it's still not enough..." Kaguya took a deep breath, emotion visible on her otherwise neutral and cold face.

"He will always break our expectations... Just like this time."

"King of Hell, and a powerhouse that rivals the top gods of the pantheons, my husband is incredible." Aphrodite smiled proudly.

Hearing the sounds of heavy breathing, everyone looked to the side and visibly shuddered when they saw Scathach sitting on the floor with lost and dreamy eyes, entirely in her own world.

And in that world, there was only her and the man who was producing that abysmal amount of energy.

The look on Scathach's face now was just too disturbing.

Especially for Aphrodite, someone who could feel the emotions of others, Scathach's emotions of love, pride, obsession, and desire were off the charts.

Victor seemed to have pushed a button that should never have been pushed on Scathach.

'Just how much does this woman love power?'

Aphrodite didn't think the answer to that question was so simple; it wasn't simply power. Yes, most of that reaction came from that reason, but the other part came from Scathach and Victor's long relationship.

Son-in-law and mother-in-law.

Master and student.

Companions in fighting and in training.

The confidants of each other.

And not least, lovers.

All these emotions were acting in a spiral, increasing the effects they had on Scathach even more. The woman who always looked for someone her equal, someone to be her equal, finally found that individual. [Not that she doubted that Victor would reach that height. It was all just a matter of time.]

"I suggest not bothering Scathach right now," Kaguya murmured, and everyone, without exception, nodded in agreement with her.

The demons were also in a Scathach-like state. They were looking at that pillar of energy with adoration and indisputable desire.

As demons, they were the ones who most deeply felt the effects of that energy.

And Lilith, as a Demonic Goddess, was the one who felt the effects of this energy the most. Even though she was a goddess, she was still a demon, and like all demons, she loved power.

That chilling, oppressive feeling was just too delicious and intoxicating.

The Heavenly Father saw this and realized that the demons looked at Victor the same way his children looked at him. [Without the sinful desire, of course.]

'The new Demon King might not be the most hostile towards angels, but he's definitely the most dangerous.' The Heavenly Father secretly thought of increasing his angels' strength and producing more angels just in case.

He was a man who believed in the best in people, but his experience couldn't ignore someone growing up to become the same level as him; caution was needed.

The Heavenly Father was a god of creation, a primordial god of the biblical pantheon. The Demon King, in terms of energy, was at the level of a God King, and the difference between the two in terms of energy was stark.

But The Heavenly Father didn't underestimate him. He undoubtedly knew that the Demon King had more experience in fighting and war than him. The Heavenly Father wasn't a fighter or even a general; he was a creator, a craftsman.

The work of commanding his angels he left to his children and intervened only when necessary.

The Heavenly Father, for the first time in a long time, decided something. 'I'll have to get to know the new Demon King more.'

So far, the new Demon King has only treated him cordially, he even saved one of his angels in the past, therefore, he will return the same treatment, and learn more about the new Demon King.

'Haah... I wanted to go back to my home and focus on my creations, but it seems like that won't be possible, it's a necessity to learn about him after all... Before creation comes destruction.'

...

"... This... This was far beyond what I anticipated." If there was one feeling to describe what Vlad was feeling right now, it would be disbelief.

He made a wrong prediction, very wrong. Alucard grew much more than he expected, the proof of that is right in front of him, and the abysmal amount of energy that was being emitted was not funny.

Vlad knew very well that most of that energy didn't just come from Victor but was driven by the world tree within him.

'Does the world tree boost that much?' He had a prediction that the world tree would boost a being to a certain level, but he didn't expect that prediction to go even further than he expected.

"... Alexios, what were my sons doing when they were 700 years old?"

"...training reluctantly, enjoying their wealth, and toying with young vampire nobles."

"Right..."

In a perfect world, Victor would be his promised son, someone who would carry on what he'd all built up, and with the power Victor had, he would take Nightingale to new heights... But this wasn't a perfect world.

Vlad felt lost, he grumbled internally about not getting the world tree for himself, he felt apprehensive about having someone with so much power near him, someone he couldn't control.

In the past, he wouldn't worry about anything. Even his strongest warrior, who was Scathach, was still no match for him in his true form.

But that wasn't the case for Victor.

The second Progenitor, now the King of Hell, had an influence far beyond what he could imagine, not only did he command one of the biggest hells, but also most of Nightingale was under his influence due to his wives.

Vlad blinked, and before he knew it, Victor had surpassed him in influence, then seized the moment and gained influence and power that would make even Vlad think three or four times before trying to fight.

He may be strong, but fighting all hell alone? This was pure insanity. Unlike Diablo, Victor seemed to keep all hell under his rule and didn't divide hell between 'demon pillars'.

There were limits to what someone alone could do.

...

"...Adam."

"Yes...?"

"Your son-in-law is a monster."

"Yes." Adam opened his eyes wide when he realized what he had said and glanced quickly at his king, who wasn't even bothered.

"My King-."

"It's okay, even if your daughter chose to have a relationship with that man, I wouldn't do anything. There are limits to stupidity, and angering that man is one of them."

Adam blinked and blinked again, he repeated this gesture several times until he started laughing.

"Adam...?"

'That man managed to make the stubborn king back down just with that show of power. It was really a good choice to leave it in Victor's hands.'

He continued to laugh, completely ignoring Volk. He just couldn't stop. He didn't even know why he found it so funny, but he just couldn't help himself.

...

Feelings of disbelief were felt in every supernatural being in the world, the energy level was simply too great to ignore.

A God King level being was born, and it caught everyone's attention; soon, the supernatural beings' eyes were all focused on Earth.

Diablo managed to get the attention of most supernatural beings, but some pantheons like the Greek, Shinto, Norse, and Hindu pantheons were simply too busy to care.

God King level energies bursting like headlights attracting everyone's attention, and it was simply impossible to ignore.

Thor, who was standing in the sky in the distance, heard the cawing of a raven, and soon that raven landed on his shoulder.

"All-Father?"

"This is... Negative Energy... the purest negative energy..."

"Who is he, Thor?"

"The new king of hell who usurped Diablo. Victor Alucard."

"... The second progenitor of vampires that appeared recently?"

"Yes."

"..."

Thor had to credit Victor; he managed to make the All-Father fall silent in sheer shock for several minutes.

Well, he can't blame The All-Father, he felt in disbelief too, he couldn't imagine this man with the man he saw at the supernatural beings meeting, he changed and got stronger very fast!

The energy finally began to subside, and it slowly began to condense into a humanoid form.

Soon a being entirely made of darkness and crimson energy began to appear, and suddenly two wings of pure miasma and darkness appeared behind the being.

Then the man's crimson eyes opened, and the effects of pure negativity were felt all around.

The cold sensation of fear and despair began to be felt all around.

Thor found himself remembering all the bad moments of his life, as tears began to fall from his face when he remembered the death of one of the most important people in his life.

"THOR!" Blue energy covered Thor's body.

"Pay attention. Negative energy automatically invokes all bad feelings in your sphere of influence. Shield your mind with divinity, or you will turn into a depressed brat."

"Y-Yes."

Thor had never felt such a bad feeling before in his life; it was just too depressing.

If a god like Thor felt that way, he didn't even want to think about the effects it would have on mortals.

Diablo was kneeling on the ground as he stared blankly at the monster in front of him. His body was shaking, and he could barely breathe as the sense of horror in his body was simply too overwhelming to take away.

He felt like a helpless child facing an unknown monster.

Suddenly, thousands of blood-red eyes began to appear on the man's body.

And that sight made the bad feeling in his body grow even more.

"Are you afraid?" The distorted voice, as if thousands of different voices were speaking at the same time, was just too disturbing.

Victor took a step forward, and that was enough for Diablo to fall backward, instinctively pulling away, all the while shaking like a scared kid.

Desperation was visible on Diablo's face.

Seeing this sight, Victor's disappointment simply grew again.

"Disappointing."

"Aren't you a Nephalem? A being that broke the balance? Aren't you above everyone!?"

"Prove it!" The negative sentiment amplified even more.

"Stand up, get into position."

"W- What A-Are Y- You ...?"

Victor didn't care, as he grabbed Diablo by the neck and made him stand up, created an ice sword, put it in the man's hand, and walked away.

He took a few steps away and heard the ice sword clatter to the ground.

Victor turned around and saw the man shaking as he looked at the floor where the ice sword fell.

The negative feeling amplified even more as all the eyes in Victor's body narrowed dangerously, and the grinding of teeth was quite noticeable to everyone present.

"Take the sword."

"I..."

"Take the sword."

"Can't..."

"Take that sword, get into position like the proud demon you claim to be!" Victor's anger made the negative feeling explode even more, everything around him was a well of negativity, and Diablo was feeling everything point-blank.

Diablo dropped to one knee, "I can't! Just kill me! I don't care; just get me out of this place!"

The silence that followed after that statement was simply frightening, the cold rage even more noticeable now.

"... In the end... Even you are only fit to be dog food." Half of Victor's body completely distorts, and the head of a demonic beast appears and flies toward Diablo.

Diablo looked up, and all he saw was the monster's toothy mouth. His last thought was how insignificant everything he had done was.

'I wished for power, power to stand above everyone else, above Lucifer, above Lucifer, above even Heavenly Father himself... And in the end... I couldn't...'

As he looked at Diablo's body being devoured, Victor thought with disappointment lingering in his heart:

'It's times like this that I miss War...' It had been the last decent fight he had, and that was over 700 years ago.

.....

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What is the definition of Power?

That's a question widely asked by all Supernatural Beings over the course of their lives.

Scathach had a pretty strong opinion about this.

Power came in many forms, and it was quite troublesome to name them all.

For Mortals, a gun was a form of Power. Politics was a form of Power. Money was a form of Power.

For Higher-Level Beings like Vlad, The Heavenly Father, and Victor...

Power wasn't just the amount of Energy you had. Power was the sum of everything from Techniques, mentality, one's own Race's quirks, and even Artifacts like weapons or armor.

A Being could have a lot of Energy and be weak.

A Being could have little Energy and be stronger.

Take The Heavenly Father as an example. He's a Primordial God of Creation, and the available Energy he could use is off the charts, but why didn't he fight directly in the war if he was 'so strong?'

The answer to that had already been answered.

Despite the staggering amount of Energy The Heavenly Father had, he was not a warrior but a craftsman.

This meant that if he were to directly fight a being like Diablo before he evolved, or even Victor himself, the probability of him losing was very high.

In a High-Level fight, everything mattered, not just how much Energy you had.

What was the use of having all the Energy of a planet inside your body if you couldn't use it correctly?

That was where Diablo went wrong. By evolving, he gained more Power and qualities as a Being with all the Biblical Races in his body. These qualities could initially be stronger than Lesser Beings and, in the long run, extremely dangerous for stronger Beings.

If someone like the Highest Order Angels or Lilith had faced him, the fight would have been brutal, but Diablo would have won. This was because his new qualities as a Hybrid Being of Darkness and Light would overcome these adversaries in time, even if he cut off his legs when evolving.

When fighting the Angels, he would have used his potent Miasma.

And when fighting Demons, he would have used Holy Light, that even though Lilith was resistant to that attribute due to being a Goddess, she was still a Demon and was still bound to the dark side of the Balance.

Not to mention that the more he fought, the more he would get used to his body and learn to control it.

Because of these factors, Diablo would have won.

But when facing Victor, his fate was sealed. Victor could not be fought because one's 'energy' was more abundant. He was a born warrior, had a large arsenal of Techniques that surpassed Diablo's and was not kind or stupid enough to wait for his enemy to 'get used to' their Power.

Furthermore, his very nature as a Progenitor of Vampires who had the Power to destroy Souls was a weakness to all Beings who lacked a basic understanding of the Soul and how to protect it.

Diablo rushed in, and he paid the price for it.

Scathach, at that moment, could very well understand the frustration that Victor was feeling. As a warrior, she always looked for stronger opponents and knew Victor was just like her.

Scathach herself carved that into his Soul, which was all just to deal with the one 'responsible' for throwing him in Hell.

Victor wanted a challenge.

The Being that caused so much chaos in the world was supposed to be strong, right?

And indeed, he was. But Victor had already surpassed him in so many areas that Diablo simply looked like an ant in front of him, and by changing form, that difference was even more apparent.

Scathach knew this frustration all too well. It was something she felt when she trained non-stop to fight her teacher's strongest student, only to find that in the end, she was not so much stronger than the student that they became a joke to her.

Anticlimactic, disappointment, and heartbreak were the emotions of losing a good challenge.

Scathach understood completely... But for her, it didn't matter now.

Right now, she felt a fire inside her that she thought she'd lost. The fire of improvement, the fire of training non-stop, the same fire she had when she was younger.

Seeing Victor's thunderous progress had her biting her lip in anticipation and arousal.

'I need to train. I need more Power. I won't be satisfied if we don't fight as equals. I need to think about how to deal with that Red Lightning of his that is clearly a Fulger Bloodline mutation, a Demonic mutation.' She shuddered again.

'Haa -, that immense Energy... To think that he would train to control his Energy fully.' In the past, when Victor was 'reborn' due to Roxanne's evolution, his Energies were off the charts. In terms of Energy, he was already at the level of a God-King.

But by training in Hell for so many years, he could further refine this Energy and managed to control it completely. Thanks to that, he turned into a very dangerous God-King level Being.

Power without control was useless, and Victor, as her apprentice, knew that. After all, since the beginning, Victor was like a small atomic bomb of Energy, so she had to carve these principles into his mind.

God-King. Despite being called that, they were not all the same. They were called that due to having immense Energy or being the Leader of a Pantheon of Gods.

And when two Beings of the same rank fought, the outcome would be quite challenging to predict.

Take Zeus and Vlad as an example.

In terms of Energy, influence, and Techniques, Zeus was at the level of a God-King.

The same applied to Vlad regarding Techniques and Energy, but who would have the upper hand in a 1 vs. 1 fight?

Vlad.

The reason for this was quite simple, his characteristics as a Progenitor were very much stacked against Zeus.

But that's not to say that Zeus would lose easily. He was still a Leader of a Pantheon, and the 'owner' of one of the most competent Forge Gods, so there would definitely be Artifacts that would be able to help him in the fight with Vlad.

Even if the Beings were classified as God Kings, it was impossible to predict a fight between them because many different factors had to be considered, from created Techniques to weapons and special abilities.

They could only 'speculate', not predict.

Seeing Victor approaching them, Scathach continued staring at him: 'This Form seems to be something similar to what Vlad has. It leaves Seeing Victor approaching them, Scathach continued staring at him: 'This Form seems to be something similar to what Vlad has. It leaves his body in a kind of strange liquid state that can deform him into as many Forms as he wants. Those eyes of his must be the Souls within him... He's actually fully accessed his Progenitor Power.'

Victor walked towards his Wives, the Generals, and the Angels with calm steps. With each step closer to them, the oppressive Power emanating from his body lessened to the point of disappearing completely, and he reverted to his Standard Form.

"You look disappointed, Demon King."

"That's right, Good Guy. Training for 700 years only to find your opponent a waste of time is a hard pill to swallow."

"...I can't say I know that feeling, but don't let it get to you. There are many more powerful Beings out there."

Victor displayed a small smile:

"The God of Angels cheering up The King of Hell, isn't that something new? What a time to be alive."

"There is a first for everything, and I am not the God of Angels."

"I know." He flashed an amused smile.

The man mumbled something in a completely unfamiliar language and spoke:

"Don't forget to take me on a tour of Hell."

"How will I contact you?"

The man raised his hand, and a golden rectangular cube with blue runes appeared before him; then, he tossed it to Victor.

"When you want to talk to me, just hold the cube up and say my name, and I will answer you."

"Oh... That looks like a smartphone."

"Yes, but it only serves to communicate between Dimensions. The Hell where you live has a lot of Miasma, which causes many problems with communication since where I live has a lot of Sacred Energy."

"I won't bother explaining the technical details, but just know that due to the high concentration of Energy, special devices are needed for communication to be possible."

"You underestimate me, Good Guy. I completely understand what you're talking about."

"...Oh?"

"If we were to put it in the Language of Elements, Miasma is dense and heavy like Water, while the Sacred Light is light and free like the Wind. Due to the distance between our Dimensions, and the accumulation of these two Energies in our respective Dimensions, it is very difficult to communicate without a special device."

"... Impressive."

Victor snorted when he saw the man's shocked face, "With Creation comes Destruction, but that doesn't mean Destruction can't understand how important Creation is. Nor does it prevent Creation from understanding the necessity of Destruction."

If before the man was surprised, now he was even more so. He completely understood the hidden message that Victor meant.

"... You are one of the Demon Kings I am most pleased to meet, Demon King."

Victor shrugged, "I feel the same feeling, Good Guy."

"Oh, sometime in the future, let me visit the Angels' home too."

"Fine by me; I'll take you on a tour of The Heavenly City."

"What!?" The Angels exclaimed in shock. They couldn't believe what they'd heard.

Victor ignored the Angels and nodded in satisfaction: "See you around, Good Guy. I have a lot of things to do, mostly trying to clean up the image of my Hell's Demons with the other Pantheons."

Suddenly, The Heavenly Father became completely serious.

"I must help you in this as well. I don't want a war between Pantheons to happen because of your predecessor's mistake."

"... The Mortal World has suffered enough." He spoke in a solemn tone.

"I agree with you, but just know that I won't bow my head to anyone."

"You wouldn't be a King if you did that, and I don't plan on doing so either."

"Good." Victor nodded, satisfied:

"I will contact you soon. I have a lot of work to do, mainly cleaning the Earth from Miasma. Let's go. my children." The Heavenly Father concluded.

"...Yes..." The Angels' response was gentler than what Victor had expected.

Victor raised an eyebrow when he saw the Angels looking at him with fear and respect in their eyes. Even The Angel of Death had the same look.

A Holy Light appeared, and soon they were all gone.

Victor looked at his Wives and smiled a little as he noticed the state of Scathach.

Victor walked over to her, and the woman didn't take long to get up and kiss him as if she wanted to own him.

Between kisses, she started talking: "You ... Fight ... ME!"

She separated their kiss and completed: "Right now!"

All the disappointment that Victor had been feeling disappeared before the look of this aggressive redhead.

'Haah—, how I've missed this.'

Chapter 691: War Ends 2.

Chapter 691: War Ends 2.

All the disappointment Victor had been feeling disappeared before the look of this aggressive redhead.

'Haah —, how I've missed this.'

"As much as I want to fight you, Scathach, now is not a good time. I need to go back to Hell, get everything in order... And I want to spend good quality time with you. Seven hundred years has been a long time."

Scathach's smoldering gaze began to fade in intensity, and understanding dawned on her face.

"Do not run away from me."

"Never." Victor declared as he hugged her once more and kissed her.

'How I missed this...' The two thought at the same time.

"Cough."

The two stopped and looked at Natasha.

"I know you have a thing for redheads, but don't forget about us blondes too." Natasha huffed in annoyance.

Victor laughed gently: "I promised myself I would spend months with you when I got back, and I will keep that promise."

Kaguya, Aphrodite, Natasha, and Scathach's eyes glinted dangerously.

"Don't you dare run away from your promises," Natasha spoke very severely.

"Of course not, my dear." Victor pulled Natasha and kissed her passionately, making the blonde melt.

A few minutes passed, and then the Goddess of Beauty threw herself in the middle and kissed Victor with intense love; the area even turned a little pinker due to the influence of her Divinity.

When they stopped kissing, Victor asked: "Fufufu, what would the Gods of Olympus say when they see the Goddess who hates Demons kissing a being from Hell?"

"They would be very jealous, especially the women, because you are the most beautiful man in existence."

"Don't stroke my ego too much, or I'll grow cocky." Victor laughed.

Aphrodite snorted in amusement and kissed Victor again.

A few minutes later, Victor separated from Aphrodite and went to Kaguya. He gently wrapped Kaguya in a hug.

"My Maid."

"My Master."

"I missed you." Victor caressed Kaguya's black hair.

"... Me too... I was supposed to go with you..."

Unfortunately, if you had gone, you would have died, My Maid. Even in my shadow, you would have suffered the effects of Miasma. Hell is not a kind place for Mortals." He pulled away from her a little and wrapped her in a soft, gentle kiss.

Kaguya opened her eyes wide but slowly started to close them and enjoyed this sweet sensation. She felt as if the wind had blown away all her anxious feelings.

A few minutes passed, and soon the two separated.

"...Can I go with you...?" She asked a little breathlessly.

"Unfortunately, you cannot."

She bit her lip in frustration. She belonged by his side! Always, at all times, and forever!

"Don't worry, My Maid. I've been researching from the beginning a way for Beings weak to Miasma to go to Hell. After all, I want to show you all the city I and my subordinates built."

Kaguya felt a sweet sensation when she saw that Victor was still thinking about them even after so long.

'Of course, he had been... He is Victor. The man who will never leave his family behind.' Kaguya smiled gently and felt lucky to be his Maid and Wife.

"... Will you come back?"

"Of course, with the Key to Hell, I can come and go more easily now. Oh, thanks for that, Girls. Due to what was happening, I forgot to say thank you."

A soft feeling wrapped around them, and Victor could feel Hestia's Blessing growing even stronger than before, something that wasn't lost on Aphrodite, who opened her eyes wide.

The Goddess looked at Victor with kind eyes and a satisfied smile.

Speaking of Goddesses...

Victor turned his eyes to the Demonic Goddess, who was hovering around as her entire focus was on him.

"Hey, sorry for not leaving you with something to vent on."

Lilith awoke from her stupor and spoke: "... A King should not apologize, Demon King."

"If a King cannot recognize the faults he himself makes, he is not fit to be a King."

Aphrodite and Scathach grinned widely when they heard what Victor said.

'It's good that even though he was away for so long, he grew up to become a worthy King.' Scathach was beyond pleased. She knew that Victor had the potential to be a King, not just any King, but a Wise King, something scarce in the Supernatural World.

"Interesting mindset, Demon King... In that case, thanks for the concern, I'm a little bummed that I don't have that piece of shit to torture for thousands of years, but I won't blame you for that. You were the victor, and the winner has full rights over the loser."

Victor nodded. He understood the mentality of Demons well not to find such thoughts strange.

"I will go back to Hell now. Will you go with me?" Victor asked.

"Yes, I will."

Aphrodite narrowed her eyes at the Goddess. She realized that as a Demonic Goddess and a Progenitor, Lilith was clearly not inferior to Aphrodite in beauty.

'This bitch, if she dares...'

"You sure like to overthink, Honey."

"HIEE!" Aphrodite felt a shiver run down her spine when she heard a voice in her ear.

"Vic! Don't do that!"

Victor smiled gently, a smile that made Aphrodite melt in front of him.

"You can feel it?" He pointed to his heart.

"...Yes."

"That's all the proof you need; you're mine until the end of time."

"... Vic."

"Fufufufu, the Goddess of Beauty feeling insecure. This is new."

"Jerk!" She slapped him lightly on the arm and then hugged him:

"Don't take too long."

"For you, it will only be a few hours. For me. a few days or months..."

"Jerk!" She slapped him lightly on the arm and then hugged him:

"Don't take too long."

"For you, it will only be a few hours. For me, a few days or months... Depending on what I have to do."

"Ugh, this is tricky," Aphrodite grumbled.

"Indeed, I wish I had some way to control this shit; this is entirely inconsistent." He grumbled.

Victor had long ago noticed the inconsistency of Time in Hell. It was not like there was Sun or anything like that, but inside the King's Castle, there was an Artifact that could tell Time Dilation. But that shit was utterly broken. The number went up and down constantly; it was never consistent.

"It's impossible to control the dense Miasma that causes time dilation. It is like a Force of Nature. For example, you can't control the behavior of the sea, right? It's the same thing." Lilith butted in and started to explain.

"The only way to avoid Time Dilation too much would be for you to go to the Upper Levels of Hells, where the Miasma isn't very dense."

"Hmm... Nothing is impossible. We just haven't found a way to make it possible."

Lilith opened her eyes a little when she heard Victor's statement. She looked at him and saw that he was in his own world, thinking about several things.

"I don't know if you're crazy or insane, but no matter what you do, it's impossible to control the Miasma of Hell."

My Dear, just because someone hasn't done it before doesn't mean I won't."

"..." Lilith opened her mouth to say something but stopped when she saw Victor's confident eyes. She looked at his Generals, who were listening to the conversation, and saw they had absolute confidence in him.

'Where does so much confidence come from? Even my daughter is acting like this...'

"If you say so." She crossed her arms, turned her face to the side, and ended the conversation.

Victor laughed gently and looked up at the clouds.

"Zaladrac"

The girls looked at the sky and saw a shadow approaching, then a gigantic Dragon appeared.

"Do you want to come back with me?"

[Yes.] The Dragon landed gently on the ground... Well, gently for a colossal Dragon.

Everything around her was destroyed with just her weight.

Victor raised his hand, and a few seconds later, a bang was heard, and soon a weapon appeared in Victor's hand.

Junketsu in her Odachi Form.

Junketsu hummed, indicating her dissatisfaction at being left behind. "Hey, girl. I hoped to use you, but the enemy was weaker than I thought."

Aphrodite narrowed her eyes. She looked at the weapon and felt a Soul inside it, a Soul connected to Victor.

'The weapon has gained even more awareness.'

"... And your weapon is a woman... Of course, it would be. What did I expect, a man?" Aphrodite snorted.

[Those were my exact words when I saw the Dragon.] Roxanne nodded several times.

[Vic, can I leave? I want to talk to the girls.]

[Not yet; I don't know who might be watching. It's best to hide you until we return to Nightingale.]

[Ugh... Okay.]

[Don't be sad, I'll take care of you when I arrive.]

Roxanne's face lit up: [You're talking about that care, right?]

[What do you think?]

[Yay!]

A Gate big enough for a Dragon to pass through appeared in the distance of the party.

Victor looked at Scathach, Aphrodite, Kaguya, and Natasha:

"I'll be back before you know it and say hello to the old man. Tell him to retire and get a Wife to calm his paranoia."

"Fufufufu, I'll be happy to say so, Darling." Natasha laughed.

"Hmm, don't forget to send my regards to the girls."

"You should do that yourself, Vic... But I'll tell them," Scathach spoke.

"Of course, I will. I need at least six months of 'fighting' in the bedroom, Master. I feel like I haven't practiced that much over time."

The four girls shuddered when they saw his hungry gaze. Scathach, Aphrodite, and Natasha were holding back very hard now not to throw themselves at him.

"Master, didn't you have several Demon Girls waiting for you?" Kaguya asked curiously.

"...UNFORTUNATELY, Master only touched Lady Roxanne," Vine spoke, emphasizing the first word.

The girls looked at Demon Girl in shock, then looked at Victor strangely.

"What? I'm a loyal man. Remember, it was you who threw yourselves at me in the past, not I who came after you, and I will only do the same when my Wives meet my Generals."

"Cough." The four coughed and looked away.

The eyes of the four Generals gleamed with desire, and they looked at the four women.

Victor smiled internally: 'With this, they will try to get along with them, rather than the dry and formal treatment that would've been.'

Victor didn't give all the reasons. First, of course, there was the reason that he was loyal to his Wives. But the main reason would be the dynamics of the relationship. If he had bonded early with the Demon Girls, due to the accumulation of Time the girls would've spent with him, the girls would be jealous and even hate his Wives when he returned to the World of The Living.

And by understanding that, Victor purposely didn't hook up with or flirt with them as he usually would. He was always professional. Of course, he used his Charms generously so as not to let his influence over them fall; after all, they were still his Generals that held a large part of Hell under control.

Because of this, he kept a fine line between a professional relationship between a King and subordinates and minor, almost insignificant gestures of appreciation, gestures that, in time, would only increase the girls' obsession.

He didn't want to break the Family dynamic he'd built but didn't want to let the girls go, and he also wanted them to be like his beloved, obsessive, and loving Wives.

Only Victor could do such complex and patient work for a long time, all because he had the Blessing of Love and understood how 'Love' worked very well.

...Yes, he was creating more Yanderes... Demonic Yanderes.

While mediocre men might hate and even fear these perfect women, Victor was actively turning girls into Yanderes...

"Not to mention that between training and running a City like a King, dealing with traitors, exploring Hell, and dealing with Hells of Souls, things only the Demon King can do, there was little time for me to spend on anything else."

"You need a vacation, My King." Helena pointed.

"And I won't argue with you about that. I really do."

"Anyway, I need to go." Victor jumped up and climbed onto the Dragon's back.

Then Vine, Veper, Helena, Lily, and Lilith also climbed on top of the Dragon.

Victor looked at his women again: "Take care."

The girls nodded with smiles on their faces.

"We take care of each other, right?" Kaguya spoke.

Victor smiled gently: "Indeed."

Then he looked up and said:

"Come on, Zaladrac."

A mighty roar burst from her maw, and soon the dragon flew toward the Gate. The moment they passed through the gate, it disappeared.

"He's gone..." Kaguya murmured.

"Not for long." Scathach turned around: "Come on, we need to tell the others everything and prepare for when he returns... I foresee that I won't be able to leave his room for quite some time. Despite grumbling about it, she didn't seem the least bit upset."

The three girls lit up when they heard Scathach.

A familiar portal appeared, then Vlad and Alexios came through it.

"Were you hiding, Vlad? Why didn't you come to say hello to Victor?" Aphrodite asked curiously.

"...You know, I didn't want to disturb your reunion."

"Right..." It was clear that the four didn't believe him.

Cough.

Vlad coughed in a way to change the subject and pointed towards the gate: "Don't you guys want a shortcut?"

"..." Indeed, all Kings had thick skin. They were way too brazen; the four girls couldn't help but think.

They clearly understood Vlad's intentions; he wasn't even hiding it.

"We accept. Thank you, Alexios." Scathach spoke.

Alexios just nodded.

Soon the group passed through the portal created by Alexios back to Nightingale.

Chapter 692: The Flames of Hell Rekindle Again.

692 Chapter 692: The Flames of Hell Rekindle Again.

The Flaming Inferno, that was the first vision I had when I woke up.

"Who am I?" I questioned myself as I got up.

'How did I get here?' I looked around.

"What is my name?"

I do not remember.

All I knew was... I needed to survive.

"Surviving..." I started walking through this place, a hostile place that was full of dangerous monsters.

Flaming monsters as if born from the flames that burn in this place.

I must survive.

"Survive for what?"

I don't know, but I needed to survive; that's my instinct.

Therefore, I must fight.

"Fight." A growl came out of my mouth, and I jumped toward the monsters, killing them with my hands.

I must fight.

"Fight for what?"

For my life.

"Wrong, fighting for my life is not enough."

For someone?

"There is no one. I am alone."

For a purpose?

'Goal?'

Power.

'For the power....'

"Yes, I will fight for power."

I don't know how much time passed, but before I knew it, I was feared in this place. The creatures left me alone and didn't try to fight me either... Everything became so... meaningless.

"Should I look elsewhere?"

I still don't know who I am [not that it matters right now], and to my immense frustration, I don't feel my power increasing, and my body hasn't grown.

I look at my hands and wonder:

"Why am I so small?"

"Hmm?" I look up and see a man standing in front of me.

When did he get there? Was he there before?

The man was tall, and he was wearing some kind of black armor with a black cape on the back made of some kind of strange miasma.

His hair was floating around him and was covered in the same strange miasma as the cape, and his eyes were quite different from the color I was used to in this place, a striking shade of violet.

... Wait... Cloak? Armor? Miasma? Violet? Huh? How do I know what these things are?

How do I have knowledge I never learned before?

"Knowledge returns to you instinctively."

Instinct?

"Instinct.

Instinct...

My eyes narrowed:

"Who are you?"

Knowledge has not come, is something wrong?

Confused.

"Interesting... I didn't believe it when Lily told me, but it's true..."

Lily? Who is Lily?

"The flames of war burn in your heart, Boy."

Flames of War? Huh? What is he talking about?

"I am not a boy."

"Your stature doesn't say that."

"I can be small and be an adult."

"That is questionable. Tell me, Boy. What is an adult to you?"

"... Someone tall?" I replied uncertainly.

The man displayed a smile of amusement:

"Until you understand this question, you will never be a real adult."

"What is an adult to you then?" A growl of annoyance escaped my mouth, and flames began to cover my body.

When I did that, the creatures in this place would run away in fear, but this man just watched me with even more amusement.

Irritating. Is he not intimidated?

"Someone who goes their own way, I guess."

"... You guess? ... You're not sure?"

"It's a deep question, Boy. I can give you a million answers, and those million answers will be right or wrong depending on your point of view."

"... This sounds complicated..."

Why does one question have so many answers? Irritating. Don't you just need to have one?

"Yes, it's complicated. Just like all important questions are."

I felt my fire dimming, as it always does when I'm calmer.

"Tell me, Boy."

"Hmm?"

"What do you desire?"

I narrowed my eyes, I was going to blurt out some lie, but for some reason, I felt compelled to tell the truth. Those eyes wouldn't allow me to lie.

"I want power."

"Oh? Why do you want power?"

"Does it need a reason?"

My answer made the man's smile grow, and soon I heard his voice again.

"Power is a word that encompasses many things, Boy."

"Power can mean; political power, weapon power, the power of influence, the power of self-improvement, and that's just the tip of the iceberg."

"... Ugh, this is tricky."

Why can't things be simpler? And I didn't understand much of what he said, even though it seemed to be important.

"All the important questions are, Boy."

"What you need now is not the power you crave, but knowledge."

"Knowledge?... Knowledge is useless." I snorted.

"Knowledge is a form of power too, Boy."

"... What do you mean?"

"Why are you here?"

"What is this place?"

"Who am I?"

"What are these creatures?"

"All these questions are answered through knowledge."

"Do you understand now how important knowledge is?"

"...Yes."

"Through knowledge and self-discovery, you will acquire a part of the Power."

"And through the training and discipline, you will acquire the other part of the Power. It is all a natural process."

The man made a strange noise with his mouth, and from the surrounding flames, an entirely different creature appeared.

"He's beautiful, isn't he?" The man spoke as he petted the red creature covered in fire.

"..Yes..." I replied unconsciously as I didn't take my eyes off the creature.

"From today, he is your companion until the day you cease to exist."

"Huh ..."

"Take care of him, and he will take care of you."

The creature got close to me, and for some reason, I didn't feel threatened. Unconsciously, I let the creature get close to me, and it was at that moment that the creature lowered its head and rubbed my face with it.

... For the first time, I felt something warm and light in my chest.

What was it?

I didn't know what it was, but it wasn't a bad feeling.

"Take it."

I shivered when I heard the voice next to me. I looked to the side and saw the man standing there holding something.

"What is that?"

"A bag."

"What is a bag?"

"An item that is used to store other items."

"Oh... I assume there are other items inside the bag?"

"Yeah."

"What's in it?"

"Books and other things you'll need."

"Books...?"

"A source of knowledge that is acquired by reading."

"How will I know how to 'read'? I don't even know what that is."

The man showed a small smile again:

"You will know."

The man tossed the 'bag' to me, and I took it rather awkwardly.

He turned and started walking away, as I heard his voice again:

"Look for conflict, look for war. All your answers will come naturally on your journey, Boy."

"W- Wait! Who are you?"

He stopped walking and turned to me with the same smile on his face:

"You can call me Alucard."

'Alucard...'

"I'll be waiting for you, Boy." The man turned around again.

"Waiting for me? Where?"

"In the deepest place of hell, The royal capital, Abaddon."

"Meet me there, Boy, and I'll answer the questions you most want to know, the questions you won't find in a textbook."

Those were the last words I heard before waking up in a completely different place.

"... Huh ... What was that?"

I heard the noise of a creature, and I looked to the side, and there was the same creature that that strange man had given me.

The creature looked deeply into my eyes, and then I could feel the creature's 'intentions'.

"My hands?" I looked down and saw the 'bag' the man had given me.

Out of curiosity, I started to poke at the bag, and I saw something opening, and soon an 'endless dark space' appeared.

"Hmm ... This is definitely not safe."

I feel the creature poking me, and I look at him again. When my eyes met the creature's eyes, I felt his intent again.

"... Are you sure?"

The creature made a noise and nodded in agreement.

"Well..." I shrugged at the creature's response and put my hand in that hole, and soon information appeared in my head containing all the items in the bag. Out of curiosity, I pulled out an item.

"Book 1. Common Knowledge of Hell for Young Devils, Written by VD"

"... How can I understand this?"

'You will know,' I remember the man's words again.

Did he plan all this? Why?

Despite being full of questions, I opened the 'book' and saw strange letters.

'Letters? What is that?' Was I confused by that word that I had just suddenly learned?

Letters are graphic signs of words and represent the way phonemes are written.

"Huh... Okay, something popped into my head, just like in the past..."

Actually, it's been going on since I met that man. He must have done something to me."

Looking at these 'letters', I unconsciously say:

"For those who found this book, you are in Hell. This is where demons come to exist, a place that even with my intervention is still hostile and dangerous, a place that from this day forward is your home."

Demon? Is this what I am?

"First rule of hell, follow your instincts."

"Instincts are something basic for all supernatural beings, but for demons, instincts are something even more essential. It is the core of the demon's existence and will give you strength."

"Second rule of hell, survive."

"No matter the method, just survive; by surviving in the hostile lands of hell, you will earn your right to live here."

"Third and final rule of hell, look for one of the three main cities of hell."

"Alexandria, the city of the beginning, located in the first layers of hell, a place for those who are not very resistant to miasma, a place for demons to grow, and also the place where future visitors of hell will come."

"Alcantara, the great economic center of hell, located in the middle layers of hell, Alcantara is a city where thousands of demons live and practice their business, in the economic center of hell."

"Abaddon, the royal capital, where the king of demons lives, a place for those who are very resistant to miasma. All the elites and the most important demons of hell live in this city. Abaddon is the land of opportunity, and just living in that city is proof that you are a strong demon, a demon capable of standing in the king's very presence. Only those worthy of being in the king's presence are able to acquire a reward directly from him... The king does not tolerate mediocrity. He seeks only excellence, so do not go to Abaddon if you are not confident of your strength."

'Isn't that interesting?' I thought with a smile on my face as the flames started to grow around me, and my heart was beating in excitement.

"I expect you in Abaddon, Boy." Hearing that man's words in my head, I tucked the book inside my bag and climbed on top of the creature.

That gesture felt so natural to me, as did the next words:

"Let's ride."

The creature made an approving noise, then broke into a run; I didn't know where I was going and didn't care. I would just trust my new friend's judgment. I feel like this was the right thing to do...

Looking from a distance at the boy on horseback, Victor couldn't help but have a satisfied smile on his face.

"Is that prudent, My King?" Lily questioned.

"That boy is—."

"War, or a small part of what was my old enemy."

"... How is that possible, My King? Didn't you kill him?"

"Yes, I did. But unlike his brothers, I only consumed a part of his soul. If I consumed all of it, his body would be erased."

"Out of the respect he earned from me, I left the core of his soul intact so he could have a proper burial in the place where he was born."

"... Even with just the soul core, he's a demon god, and he would eventually reincarnate," Lily muttered. She knew very well that gods couldn't die as long as you didn't harm their souls. That was the same for the demons. As long as hell existed, the souls of demons would just go back to hell and be born again, with a new form and memories, but still with the same soul.

'Even though he almost doesn't have full divinity like my mother now, the fragment of divinity still exists in his soul, and the more he gets stronger, the more that fragment will grow and become stronger... Much stronger than it was before. After all, he was born as a full demon god now.

"Your Majesty is helping him to become your knight?"

"If he wishes."

"... Eh?"

"My main reason for helping him is the challenge he will provide me in the future."

"He will grow, become strong, and with my guidance, he will become much stronger than before, and when the time is right, he will fight me again." Victor couldn't hide the smile of anticipation on his face.

Victor was doing the same thing that Scathach did to him, taking a disciple to make him stronger so that in the future, he would have a decent fight.

Lily just sighed and shook her head, she wouldn't question her king, but to her, this act seemed rather pointless.

"Why not just let him be your knight? He will be a good subordinate."

Lily thought.

Almost as if he had read Lily's mind, Victor spoke:

"Someone like War becomes stronger when he is free, and even if he is not the War I knew, I will not sabotage his growth."

"War fought like a true warrior and died like a true warrior. And, even though we were on opposite sides, I respect him as a true war brother."

Lily opened her eyes a little in shock, and the next moment she just closed her eyes and smiled:

"I don't understand, My King... But I can respect that attitude." Lily was so used to seeing her king's cunning, sadistic, and majestic side that she forgot that her king was also a warrior.

An honorable warrior.

"Send some shadow demons to watch him from afar."

"Should I interfere if he is in danger?"

"No. Even if he is about to die, you must not interfere. This is his journey and his alone."

"He won't be worthy of my training if he doesn't survive hell."

Even if Victor had brought 'Order' into hell, that only extended to the big cities where most of the demon population lived. Outside of the city, in the sandy wastes of hell where there were mindless demonic monsters that didn't have a shred of conscience, that hostile place was lawless ground.

After all, this was still hell, a place where only the strong thrived, a place where strength and cunning were needed to survive.

"Yes, My King."

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Chapter 693: Hierarchy and 700 Years of Accumulated Frustration 1

Nightingale.

In a very spacious room, Victor's wives were present, Natasha, Agnes, Ruby, Violet, Sasha, Aphrodite, and Kaguya.

But not just them. Scathach, Leona, Eleonor, Jeanne, Morgana, Haruna, Bruna, Eve, Maria, and Roberta were also in the room.

Not counting a very anxious Natalia, a frowning Mizuki who seemed to be thinking about something, and Rose sitting calmly next to Eleonor.

The Scarlett Sisters, Pepper, Siena, and Lacus, were also here, playing cards with each other and Victoria Fulger.

In total, there were 26 women in that room. [A/N: Damn, I went overboard ... For god's sake, I need to control myself.]

"He is coming?" Violet asked as she anxiously paced back and forth.

"Yes," Ruby answered.

"He is coming!" Violet practically screamed, jumping up and down.

"Yes, Violet. He is." Ruby answered again.

"Then why isn't he here!" Violet snarled in fury.

"Calm down, Violet!" Agnes shouted in the same tone as her daughter.

"Don't ask me to calm down, or I'll get angrier, Mother! You know that!"

"I know, but calm down!"

"Fuck this..." Violet began cursing a variety of insults, enough to make a sailor blush with embarrassment.

"Hmm ... I want to ask something," Haruna spoke.

"What is it?" Violet looked at Haruna.

"Not to you, Violet-dono, but to Kaguya-dono."

"First, drop the formality; we are allies," Kaguya spoke in the same neutral voice, but it carried much more weight and authority than before.

Kaguya was the one who practically took over the functions of the Alucard Clan in Victor's absence. The other Wives were too busy with their own problems. The Family, the new city, and the entire Amazon population were not easy things to manage. Even Ruby had to halt her personal projects and the alliance growth to help a few times, not to mention that the incidents where the Amazons got into trouble occurred quite often in the beginning.

Fortunately, Scathach was here. The saying, 'What doesn't kill you changes you and makes you stronger,' was applied liberally.

Every time an Amazon got into trouble, Scathach would have a somewhat 'deep conversation' with the offending party, which usually ended with the woman begging for mercy.

Thanks to this effort, the women began to behave, and some even began to change their mindset. Of course, they still didn't like men, but now they didn't go around trying to kill or enslave them.

While it was obvious that breaking an ingrained cultural way of thinking would take a long time. Fortunately, time was the resource everyone here had the most.

"Okay, Kaguya... Then why am I here?"

"I don't understand the question," Kaguya asked confusedly.

"I mean, why am I here? I know we're allies, but isn't this a meeting between you and... Hmm..." Haruna didn't know what to call Victor right now.

Should she call him the Demon King? Lord Alucard? His Majesty?

"Just call him Victor. He's not really into formal things, and we're not having a formal event here." Leona spoke.

"I agree with the Wolf here. Darling doesn't care about that kind of stuff," Violet added, then she continued:

"Don't you want to be here, Haruna?"

"... It's not like I don't... but isn't it a meeting between him and his

'Wives'?"

"Don't lump us together as his Wives!" Pepper screamed with a very red face.

Lacus and Siena just nodded in support of Pepper.

Mizuki, Victoria, Eleonor, and Natalia turned their heads away from the group and ignored them.

"...Huuuh... Okay?" Haruna didn't know how to answer that.

"Actually, that's something I'd like to know too... Why am I here?"

Rose asked. She had even tried to leave Eleonor alone here, but the girls wouldn't allow it.

Ruby, Violet, Sasha, Natashia, Agnes, Scathach, Aphrodite, and Kaguya looked at each other and nodded.

"Aphrodite, you explain. As a Goddess of Love, your word has more credibility." Violet spoke.

Now it was the girls' turn. They narrowed their eyes when they saw the group acting strangely. Was something going on that they didn't know about?

"I'll get straight to the point. If you count the number of women who love Victor dearly and are potential future Wives, it amounts to 31 women."

"... Huh?" Some didn't fully understand what Aphrodite meant, but those of them who were more insightful, like Morgana, Haruna, and Jeanne, quickly understood where this conversation was going.

"I think you've got the math wrong, Aphrodite. There are only 26 women here." Jeanne pointed.

"I'm counting the Demon Generals, Lilith, and the Dragon, too, of course."

Morgana and Jeanne's faces trembled when they heard Aphrodite mention the Dragon and Lilith.

Lilith, they might understand, but the Dragon too? Of course, they understood that the dragon could take on a more Humanoid Form, but wasn't that too outrageous?

"Darling is the most handsome, perfect, good-natured, responsible man there is," Violet spoke with an unshakable conviction that everyone couldn't help but agree with. [Though it's not like they thought otherwise.]

"It's obvious that he can charm even a Goddess. He did so with Aphrodite; what's to stop him from doing the same with Lilith and the Dragon?"

"..." Again, another argument they couldn't dispute.

"W-Wait, are you counting us in this too?" Siena suddenly realized the numbers didn't add up.

"Yes," Aphrodite said, nodding in agreement.

"Why!? We didn't show any interest in him!"

"Oh please, your hungry gazes are as subtle as an angry griffin in a china shop." Aphrodite rolled her eyes.

The three sisters backed away, their faces even redder than before. - "Which is why your mother sold the three of you to Victor," Aphrodite spoke with a genuine smile.

"... Eh? HUH!?" The three looked at Scathach and Ruby.

"Don't look at me; I'm not a part of this." Ruby snorted.

"As a mother, it is my right to want the best for my daughters, and Victor is perfect for you," Scathach spoke with a very serious look.

"But he is your Husband!" Siena pointed out.

"And Ruby's too!" Lacus added.

"That makes it even better."

"... Huh?" Lacus, Pepper, and Siena thought they had misheard something.

"Since he is a man I've approved of, he will be perfect for you. And he is not my Husband! He has not defeated me yet!"

Natashia, Agnes, Violet, Leona, Kaguya, and Aphrodite rolled their eyes.

"Unbelievable... You sold off your daughters!" Siena screamed in horror.

"Oh, stop with the drama, Siena. It's not like I haven't heard you scream in your sleep:
'Yes, Vic! Harder~. Stronger~-'

"Violet!"

Violet just stuck her tongue out at the furious and embarrassed Siena.

"See? It's not like you haven't thought about it. Honestly, I still marvel at the fact that you haven't thrown yourselves at him yet."

"That's because we're not as brazen as you are!" That was what the three sisters thought simultaneously, and these thoughts made them even more embarrassed because they were practically confirming the obvious.

"Therefore, with my blessing, I approve. You can chase Victor."

"..." Pepper, Siena, Lacus, and Ruby never thought they'd hear their mother's words permitting them to pursue a man who happened to be in a relationship with her as well.

"What a crazy world this is... It feels like I'm living in a Hentai." Ruby thought.

"W-Wait, when you did the math, you were including everyone here?" Eleonor suddenly spoke.

"Wasn't that obvious?" Aphrodite asked with an expression that asked, "Are you stupid, girl?"

"..." Eleonor opened to say something but was cut off by Aphrodite's following words.

"Or will you lie and say you don't want this? Like Rose was just about to say?"

"I haven't said anything yet!" Rose said, "And I'm an old woman-."

Agnes interrupted Rose, "Bitch, please. Aphrodite is older than virtually all of Civilization-."

"Oyy!"

Ignoring Aphrodite, she continued, "Not counting Jeanne, who's been around since The Universe was first birthed into existence."

Jeanne grimaced. It wasn't nice to hear how old she was.

"You are practically a child in front of these two women."

Rose opened her mouth to argue but knew it would be a losing battle.

"Stop making excuses. We know about everyone's feelings here."

Natashia positioned herself to get everyone's attention.

"... Why am I here? I haven't had enough interaction with Victor to start liking him. Yes, I find him attractive, hot, but-."

"The Family must stick together!" Natashia growled.

Victoria recoiled at her sister's angry, obsessive glare.

"As my little sister, you will always have the best. I will not let some pig be your Husband."

Victoria looked to Sasha for help.

"Sorry, Aunty. But I'm with my mom on this one."

"Impossible! He is your Husband, you know?!"

"And my mother's too. So that's not a valid argument anymore."

"Ugh."

"But while I agree, I also don't want to take away anyone's free will.

So if you really don't want anything to do with Victor, I'll convince my mom so that you can leave, but this will be your only chance."

"Tell me, Aunty. Do you really not want anything to do with my Husband?"

"Tell me your real desires. Aphrodite will know if you lie."

Victoria swallowed hard and thought of Victor, then she thought of the 'night battle' she'd witnessed, and her face flushed.

That memory was what satisfied the days when she got too stressed.

"...I am not particularly against this venture." She turned her face away and crossed her arms.

Sasha and Natashia flashed amused smiles.

"See? It's easier just to accept your feelings and move forward. Does anyone else want to deny the obvious?" Violet spoke, then looked at the girls. Her gaze went from Morgana, Jeanne, Natalia, and even Mizuki.

When she saw that no one was going to back down, although some were embarrassed, she spoke up.

"Now that the situation is clear, we must clean up this mess."

"Mess? What are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about the mess that is my Husband's relationships with other women."

"My Husband is a King now, the King of Hell, and The Leader of a Faction. He has more political and military power than Vlad now."

"In the future, if we follow Ruby's plans, we need to enter into a political alliance."

"According to what the girls who were in Japan said, the Leader of The Shinto Pantheon, Amaterasu, 'casually' suggested a marriage between her and Victor."

"... Are you really considering that, Violet?" Haruna narrowed her eyes. From the girls' postures, Haruna understood that Violet, Sasha, Ruby, Scathach, Natashia, Aphrodite, and Agnes were the women who led and organized the 'harem'.

Not to mention that Violet was the 'Leader' of them all.

"If it gives us more power in the Supernatural World, then yes."

Chapter 694: Hierarchy and 700 Years of Accumulated Frustration 2

"If it gives us more power in the Supernatural World, then yes."

"But that's not the point. It all depends on Victor, and I don't particularly like throwing my Husband to other women, even if it gives us more power."

"Violet-." Ruby was going to say something and add how

'important' it was, but Violet interrupted, saying:

"I know, Ruby. I understand the importance, but that doesn't mean I like it."

"Mm."

"Forget that for now. The point is that political alliances through marriage can happen in the future. We've already discussed that.

Another thing that can happen is Victor becomes interested in a powerful woman, and she ends up in his clutches."

The girls couldn't help but agree. Everyone present here had a considerable influence over a group or was the Heir to a great family Lineage. The only 'commoners' would be the Maids, but each was an exceptional talent.

"Which means that in the future, the number of women in this group could increase."

"So order and a fixed hierarchy are needed."

This was something that Scathach, Jeanne, Aphrodite, and Morgana pointed out. As the most 'experienced' on the subject, having seen thousands of relationships, they knew how important this was.

"Before Violet continues," Aphrodite spoke up,

"I must address an important point."

The girls' gazes went to Aphrodite.

"Just because we're going to assign 'ranks' doesn't mean that Victor will love them less or anything like that. Everyone here knows through his interactions with us that he has plenty of love to give. As a Goddess of Love, I can assure you of that."

"He has so much love that even I sometimes feel overwhelmed."

Eleonor, Rose, Mizuki, and Natalia gasped when they heard the Goddess of Love's admission.

"Violet."

"Mm... Moving on. The hierarchy will be like this: Me, Ruby, Sasha, Kaguya, Aphrodite, and Leona will be responsible for administrating and controlling everything involving us women and future women."

"... Me?" Leona pointed to herself. She could understand Ruby, Sasha, and Violet, as well as Kaguya and Aphrodite, but she didn't understand why she was included.

Sasha, Violet, and Ruby were The First Three Wives, and they had direct contact with Agnes, Scathach, and Natashia, so the three mothers need not be included. Kaguya was also obvious, the Maid was already well known in the Supernatural World as the one who bonded with Victor, and she also took the Clan's work quite seriously. She also had the other Maids with her.

Aphrodite went without saying. She was the Goddess of Love. She possessed the Power of Empathy and would know when things went wrong and fix them if necessary.

But why was she included?

"It's annoying to say this, but Leona is the woman who grew up alongside Victor. Apart from Anna and myself, she is the one who has the most knowledge of the 'old Victor'. Even though Victor has changed a lot, his essence has remained the same, and she's the one who knows that side of him the most." Aphrodite spoke.

"Although I am Soul-Bound with Victor, I don't know everything about him or what he was like before. Only Leona, Anna, and Violet know that, and I believe that because of that, Leona will always prioritize the well-being of everyone because she will understand how Victor will feel."

"She was the reason for inviting Eleonor, Rose, Haruna, Natalia, and Mizuki to this discussion."

The aforementioned women looked at Leona with questioning glances.

The Wolf just snorted and said, "I'm not blind. I don't need to know emotions like Aphrodite to know when someone is 'genuinely' interested in Victor."

"Most girls see Victor just by his looks or capabilities, like Victoria here."

"..." Victoria didn't refute. She knew that Leona was speaking the truth; after all, she didn't have many interactions with Victor, so her interest, for now, was just his outer side, but that didn't mean it couldn't be changed in the future.

"But the four of you are not like that." Leona finished speaking.

"... See? She's perfect for the job. So when me, Violet, Sasha, Ruby, and Kaguya aren't there, she'll know what to do." Aphrodite replied.

"I see... So you put the women who know Victor the most in charge, huh...." Haruna spoke in a monotone.

"Yes," Violet spoke.

"Then why was Scathach not nominated?" Despite only recently being involved in this group, Haruna knew very well that Scathach was one of the women who knew Victor the most.

"I am not his Wife." Scathach snorted, "I will assume no role until he defeats me."

This time everyone rolled their eyes at the woman's stubbornness.

"As you can see, she has already been nominated but will only 'officially' take up the position once she gets her ass kicked by Darling." Sasha pointed.

"Humpf, that's unlikely to happen." Scathach rolled her eyes.

"I have a few tricks up my sleeve that are quite useful against someone like Victor. Don't underestimate The Runes."

Aphrodite and Jeanne, who had already encountered Rune-wielding Beings, knew the woman was correct. Unfortunately, fighting a Rune Master could be just as bad an experience as fighting a Master Witch in her territory.

"Now that we've decided, I'll reiterate it again. Keep an eye out for the thirsty bitches. Keep them away from Darling!"

"Oh, and don't kill them. Just scare them. We can't afford to get a bad rap," Ruby added as she looked accusingly at Violet, Natashia, and Agnes.

The three women just turned their heads and started whistling as if they didn't know what they were being accused of. :

A portal suddenly appeared in the room, and Natalia soon emerged.

"Eh? When did you leave, Natalia?" Violet asked.

"When I felt Victor calling me."

"That means..." Violet swallowed hard.

The girls' eyes sparkled in anticipation, and when a short-haired man wearing a black suit stepped out of the doorway,

It was as if time had stopped.

His gentle smile lit up the entire room, and for a moment, they thought they'd been transported to a completely different world.

'...The Blessings I gave him are passively reacting to his mood now...

And since he has so much Energy, it's having the same effect as if he were a God.' Aphrodite immediately understood what had happened.

"Hey, Girls, I'm back."

"Vic-"

"Before you say anything, I have something to say."

".. Eh?"

"I spent 700 years in Hell. You guys already know that, right?"

Each of them showed a different nod of confirmation.

"Which means I have 700 years of love, affection, and lust to give."

The girls gulped when they saw his intense gaze.

Roxanne appeared next to him, and she looked the same as the last time they saw her:

"Believe it or not, Girls, I could barely handle him. It was difficult to deal with him alone for 700 years."

"... Didn't you touch the Demon girls?" Violet asked in shock and disbelief.

Victor snorted, "I'm loyal to my Family, and you all know it was you who came after me, not the other way around."

Violet felt her heart melt at Victor's statement; she wasn't the only one.

"Vic-."

"I'm sorry, Violet. But please be silent, okay?" He asked in a gentle but firm tone that brooked no refusal.

"Mm." Violet nodded as her breath got a little heavier from the 'domineering' side of him and the smell of his delicious blood coming from his neck.

'Oh, how I've missed this...'

"I have 700 years of various feelings bottled up, so... To those who do not wish to associate with me, please leave now."

Victor was genuinely surprised when no one left, but he wasn't in the right frame of mind to question it right now. He was barely holding back.

"I'll ask again..." He took a deep breath and let the air out of his mouth as hot steam.

"Those who don't want to associate with me, get out of here now."

Natalia, Mizuki, Eleonor, and Rose debated a lot about whether they should leave, but with the girls' talk still fresh in their minds, they decided not to. Besides, the look Victor was giving them was scorching, so they wanted to know what would happen.

The same reaction was seen in the Scarlett sisters.

Bruna, Eve, Roberta, and Maria didn't need to think about anything.

They already belonged to Victor.

Looking around and seeing that everyone wasn't going to leave,

"Very well..."

Victor couldn't take it anymore and let out everything he was holding in.

The girls sucked in a deep breath when they smelled the scent that erupted from his body. It was like an extremely potent pheromone that attracted everything to him.

"Roxanne, inform everyone out there that the women present will be unavailable for a year. I'm counting on you to manage everything.

Summon the Generals if necessary."

"Yes, Darling~."

"O-One Year." Natasha was practically panting, which Morgana, Violet, Scathach, Maria, Bruna, and Agnes were doing as well.

"I wanted more time, but we have important things to do. A year will be enough, but don't expect to leave this place very often."

The girls swallowed hard. Then, wooden branches emerged from Victor's feet and covered the whole room. Pure Ice immediately followed and froze everything.

Roxanne took a bag out of her pocket and started placing several beds around the room.

"I'll visit often, have fun girls." She walked toward the door, opened it, and then closed it behind her.

The door was sealed.

"W-Wait, I need to leave." Pepper just realized she's bitten off a lot more than she could chew.

"It's a bit late for that, Sis," Lacus spoke with a resigned but expectant look.

Pepper watched absently as several black Magic Circles appeared around the room, effectively isolating the room from the outside world. She couldn't even hear the noises coming from outside.

Surprisingly, it wasn't Victor who attacked first, but Violet.

The girl wasted no time.

Victor kissed her very lovingly and gently stroked her back with his fingers.

"Aaan~... What is this...?"

'How could I come with just one touch?'

"I discovered several interesting applications of my Goddess's Blessing of Sexuality."
Victor smiled gently:

"Try not to die of pleasure, my dear... Because I won't hold back."

Victor disappeared with Violet and reappeared in bed. The two were already wholly without clothes.

"Ooooh? W-What?" Before Violet knew it, she was filled up completely. Even her womb's barrier couldn't stop the invader.

'Did he get bigger? Impossible!'

"Scream for me, baby."

Violet turned her eyes to Victor, and seeing his obsessive eyes, her eyes began to stray into his, and her smile grew.

She effectively just threw her rationality away.

And a battle that would last one whole year began.

Insert 50,000 words of extra detail about what happened here. :

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One year later.

A woman with long black hair, red eyes, and a curvy body walked with confident steps and an aura of a noblewoman.

"Good morning, Lady Anna."

Anna looked at the Maid who spoke and the ten food carts behind her that other Maids were pushing.

"This is more than usual."

"Yes, Lady Mizuki, Lady Leona, Lady Haruna ordered a lot of food.

They said they needed it because it is nearing the end of the..." The Snow Clan Maid's face turned red with embarrassment, but she managed to swallow her embarrassment and continue:

"Training... Lord Victor is more active than usual. They barely get any more sleep."

"I see..."

Anna flashed an amused smile at the expression of the Maid and the other Maids who overheard what she said. Imagine her surprise when she came out of training, wanting to know the news of her son who was apparently thrown into Hell, only to find he was having an orgy with all his Wives and that the time limit for this orgy was one year. ?

Literally, non-stop sex for 24 hours and 365 days non-stop.

A feat that could only be accomplished by someone with an abnormal amount of energy like Victor.

Anna wouldn't even be surprised if some of those women inside the room suddenly became pregnant. She'd heard from Roxanne that Ruby and Aphrodite assured her that they'd taken care of that particular matter, but she still wouldn't be surprised if any of the women in that room became pregnant.

Not that she doubted the Beauty Goddess, her oldest friend, but accidents could happen, right?

'Haah... I should stop thinking about my possible future grandchildren and focus more on my work.' Anna scolded herself internally.

Due to the absence of virtually all of their 'Faction' Leaders, Anna, Leon, Roxanne, Hestia, and Hilda were left in charge of handling everything.

On some occasions, during the 'rest times', Ruby, Violet, and Haruna would help them. Still, these occasions only occurred when Victor was 'dueling' with Aphrodite, Scathach, Jeanne, or Morgana, the women with more 'durability' and 'stamina' in the group, Aphrodite being the one who could accompany Victor the most.

When that didn't happen, and they needed more help, Roxanne would call her Son's Demon Generals, Vepar or Helena. The two were responsible for the government in the Demon World and were very experienced in these matters.

"Keep up the good work. Have you seen that old man around?"

"Abe-No-Seimei is in Lady Mizuki's room. He said he was studying the Mysteries of Life."

"Is that old man still angry with my son?" She snorted.

Before all this 'sex' wave had occurred, Victor somehow kicked all the 'men' out of the building. Anna didn't know the details about it; she just knew that Abe-No-Seimei, the Heroic Spirit living in Mizuki's body, was expelled from there and gained a more 'alive' body, so to speak.

The thing is, he was still a Soul, but he was more visible and could be touched almost like a human, something that could only be done if he was using Mizuki's Energy.

Since that day, the old man had been irritated because he was kicked out of his 'disciple' and couldn't return to her.

"Should I tell him that you wish to speak with him?"

"That's not necessary. As usual, if there are any changes, let me know immediately."

"Yes, Lady Anna."

Anna started walking toward her temporary office with light steps.

During the walk, she couldn't help but remember her training.

Hilda was... a sadistic woman, something she came to discover was inherent in most Noble Vampires. But despite being sadistic, there was no doubt that she was an excellent teacher.

She'd taught her everything from how to use her body and talents perfectly to etiquette and how to behave.

Lessons in etiquette and politics were absorbed easily. Anna may act carefree, but she was raised in a good family, and as a lawyer who often defended politicians in the past, she was well-versed in this area.

The only difference between the politics of Humans and the politics of Supernatural Beings was that any conflict could lead to a large-scale conflict. Still, the way the politics manifested and was performed were the same. Sometimes the politics of Supernatural Beings could even be more old-fashioned than that of Humans.

If there was one class that Anna wasn't very good at, it was culture.

Supernatural Beings thought completely differently from Humans.

What for Humans would be considered a heinous crime or highly taboo for Supernatural Beings was just another Tuesday afternoon.

The mentality that the strong were always right was employed in all cultures. Even if there were laws and rules in some Factions, the strongest still spoke the loudest.

A perfect example of this was in Samar's society. Werewolves had a King, and that King could be replaced at any time if he accepted a duel that put his 'Alpha' position on the line.

Even in Nightingale itself, Vampire Count Families had so much influence, but they lost completely in front of the 'power' of the King. At least, that was how it was until Victor came to this place and messed everything up.

Due to the existence of the Second Progenitor, society was divided.

Except for the Alioth and Adrastella, the most influential Clans supported Victor, and the rest of the Vampire Nobles supported Vlad.

Arriving at the temp office, she opened the door and walked in, and what she saw left her quite surprised.

Victor sat shirtless, with Kaguya lying with her head on his thigh. He was checking some documents with his right hand while his left hand was stroking Kaguya's hair.

"Mother."

"Vic...? You..."

"Yeah?" Victor replied, confused as he stopped looking at the documents and looked at Anna.

"You look so different..."

"Oh, I guess that's normal. I've changed a lot since the last time we met."

"...Yeah." Anna was still lost as she looked at Victor.

Not only did his appearance change, becoming more 'inhuman', but so did his composure.

She could see that easily when she walked into the room.

"Please sit down."

Anna nodded and walked over to the front of the couch Victor was on.

Halfway through the walk, she overcame the shock and forced herself to act normally.

"Did you finish your 'training'?"

"Yes. When I returned from Hell, I felt like I could explode at any moment. Now, I'm so much lighter...I really missed everyone." He commented with a gentle smile as he stroked Kaguya's black hair.

Anna nodded and looked at Kaguya, who was sleeping peacefully with an amused look.

"She couldn't let you go?"

"Yeah, even while sleeping, she tightly clung to my shadow. But, when I got to this room, she suddenly materialized from the shadows and went back to sleep."

"Kaguya's attitude, in a way, resembles Violet's when it comes to Victor." Anna thought.

"What happened to the girls?"

"They're all sleeping, entirely exhausted. It will probably take a few weeks for some of them to wake up."

"I see... I saw the Maids with several food carts. Did you let them in?"

"Not until Roxanne was around."

"So overprotective."

"It's who I am." Victor laughed.

"I assume you were kind to girls who weren't in a relationship with you before."

"Of course, even in my lust, I wouldn't dare to hurt anyone."

"Don't forget to take them all on a date later."

"Of course, I was thinking about that too." Victor smiled gently:

"Now that I'm more free, I can spend more time with them and my two daughters..."

"Are there no compromises? I thought being a King was more chaotic."

"Sometimes, yes, but I have competent subordinates, and currently, the world is a mess."

"Starting with the Divine side, the Greek Pantheon is in the middle of a civil war; the Nordic Pantheon has the Bifrost destroyed and are heading towards a civil war themselves. On the other hand, the Shinto Pantheon is recovering from a war, and the same applies to the Egyptian Pantheon and the Hindu Pantheon."

"Not to mention the smaller Factions of Supernatural Beings on Earth. They are all recovering from the last war. A year is not enough to recover all that was lost by the onslaught of Demons."

"Everyone is busy." Anna nodded.

"Indeed."

"I wonder what will happen to the Humans. Now that the Supernatural World has been exposed, and most of the countries across the globe have been affected, the economy has gone to shit, and some countries have been completely destroyed, not to mention the minor related problems surfacing in each country. There is no way this can all be resolved quickly."

"That is not entirely true..."

"Oh? What do you mean?"

"The top God-King level Gods of the Supernatural Beings gathering together could easily solve this problem. They can even restore everything that has been destroyed; they have that much power..."

The correct question would be, will they do it?"

"There are more advantages to leaving things as they are and announcing themselves to the Human World. I can very well see the Gods acting as the 'good guys', and taking advantage of the situation to gather followers."

"What good would it be to gather the followers?"

"More influence in the Mortal World. It's no secret that Humans, with the right help, can be good soldiers. Just look at all the Heroes of the past."

"I also see some Pantheons like the Greek and Egyptian taking advantage of the situation to make more 'Demigods'. They may not be as strong as a Combat-Oriented God, but with the right training and equipment, they could easily take on most Supernatural adversaries who are stronger than they are. It's no secret that the Pantheons have the best blacksmiths available."

"There are a lot of situations where Humans are useful."

"A prevalent practice in the past, huh."

"Yes, they still do that today but will get more aggressive now. After all, Diablo threw the status quo out the window, and many will take advantage of that."

"Of course, so will we, right?"

"Indeed." Victor smiled.

"But enough of this depressing talk. I don't want to talk about work right now. Tell me about yourself, Mother."

"How was your training?"

"If I were to describe it in one word... Infernal."

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"If I were to describe it in one word... Infernal."

Victor chuckled in amusement, with a melody so beautiful that it made Anna squirm internally, although she didn't show it externally.

She'd gotten pretty good at controlling her urges.

'It wasn't a lie when he said I would subconsciously desire him.'

Perhaps, that was one of the biggest cons of becoming a Noble Vampire.

"Why is my son so damn perfect? Fuck."

"Hilda doesn't take it easy," Victor commented.

"Yeah, but thanks to her, I know myself better now." Anna flashed a big smile.

"Oh? Tell me more."

"Victor, my son... What you have given me is a blessing! I have never felt so strong, so full of energy, and so beautiful as I do now!" Anna looked like an excited child who had been given a lovely present.

Victor smiled in satisfaction when he saw that she was speaking honestly.

'Of course, she would be. She wouldn't be my mother if she didn't speak honestly."

"I'm glad you like it." Victor nodded in satisfaction.

"Mm!" She nodded several times in satisfaction: "I'm doing things that only I saw in movies! It is immensely gratifying! It's a pity that I could only enjoy it now..." She commented a little dejectedly at the end.

"That's normal. It takes a while to get used to controlling your desires. Only when you are able to control yourself do you realize what a blessing this is."

"That is true." She laughed gently, returning to her earlier excited state.

"Speaking of desires, tell me honestly, how are you feeling?"

Anna looked into Victor's violet eyes for a long moment. Seeing that he wasn't going to back down, she sighed and decided to be honest:

"To be honest, even now, I want to jump on top of you and ride you until I'm lost in lust while I drink your blood to my satisfaction."

Her eyes glowed a predatory blood-red. She bit her lip in desire, but soon the intensity in her eyes subsided, and she turned her face away:

"But at the same time, I think it's very wrong, and I don't want to do that. It would be a betrayal of myself and my husband; I don't want to be someone driven by their desires."

"Mm." Victor nodded gently, "It's not wrong to be driven by desire, Mother."

"... Huh? But you said..."

"I know what I said, Mother... Haah, why do you always take things to extremes?" Victor sighed.

"What do you mean?"

"Balance, Mother, Balance.":

"Balance?"

"Correct. You must not become someone who only acts on desire. If you do, eventually, you will lose yourself if you go too far. Restraint is important. But at the same time, you shouldn't hold back too much, or you will get so frustrated that you can't hold back any longer."

Seeing that she still didn't understand, Victor decided to elaborate:

"Take me as an example."

"I spent 700 years in Hell. All I did was train, Rule, train, and recruit Demons in my spare time."

"Sometimes Roxanne would pull me out of training and comfort me, but I still didn't stop."

"I kept training, but what happened in the end?"

"You focused so much on one thing that you overdid it and got really frustrated."

"Correct."

"Because of that, you had to 'let off steam'. You couldn't take it anymore, all that longing, wanting, worrying, all of that bottled up for 700 years... My god, Vic, it must have been hell to hold all that back."

"Correct, it was even worse of a hell than you think."

"What do you mean?"

Victor raised his hand, and a pure sphere of Negative Energy appeared in his hand, and next to that sphere was a sphere of pitch-black Miasma. It was like the very light around the Miasma was being absorbed by it like a black hole.

"The Energy I use now incites the user's impulsive desires. It is volatile and dangerous. Now, I feel everything more intensely, even more intensely than before. Take the desires of a Noble Vampire that are already intense, and increase it by a factor of 500."

Anna opened her eyes wide. Just being a Noble Vampire, she could barely control herself properly. Imagining it even worse was very difficult.

"How can you control yourself...?"

"Discipline, willpower, love for my loved ones, and pride in my own existence." He spoke solemnly as he closed his hand, making the spheres disappear.

"I am Victor, and I am the Ruler of my own actions. I, who determine my own path, I, who act by my will, and my will alone."

"That is my pride."

"My Beloved Mother, if I lost myself in my desire, I would become a monster far worse than Diablo or any Demon."

"... This is amazing, my son... You are amazing."

Victor just smiled gently, "I know, but it's nice to hear it from your mouth."

"Terk." Anna snorted.

The two laughed gently in a much more friendly atmosphere than before. The 'ice' that the two had been feeling from not seeing each other for a long time was melted by this interaction.

"Water, which is harmless to almost all Beings, if drunk in excess, can cause many problems."

"Everything in life needs Balance."

"If you want to do something, do it. Just don't overdo it."

"Even if that means wanting to ride you to doom?"

Victor raised an eyebrow in amusement, the phrase came out as a joke, but Victor clearly understood that behind the joke, there was a very serious question:

"Just make sure it is what you truly want and not something your blood is craving."

"..." Anna opened her eyes wide: "W-What?! Are you serious!? B-But this is w-wrong!"

Victor rolled his eyes: "Mother, please, I spent the last 700 years in Hell. I've experienced horrors straight out of Lovecraft's books."

'Although it was Lily who did it.'

"Mentally speaking, I am over 2400 years old, not counting the combat memories I took from the other Demons I consumed."

"Mentally, I might be older than even Vlad himself."

"For me now, there are few moral barriers that I have not crossed. From the point of view of Humans, my actions can be seen as monstrous. Supernatural Beings call me a genocidal tyrant! The Demons call me the Demon King, sometimes even the coming of the Anti-Christ himself."

"Incest is the least of my problems right now."

"Are you really saying that!?" She asked, embarrassed, confused, and even disbelieving.

Victor chuckled, "You seem to be getting something wrong, Mother."

"W-What?"

"It is not you who would be committing incest but me because I am your 'Father'."

"... huh?"

"Scientifically speaking, the moment you became a Vampire, your entire existence was destroyed and rebuilt into a new Being, a new Being created from my blood."

"If you took my blood and the blood of all the girls I've turned into a Vampire and performed a relation test, you would see that they all have my blood, that is, my direct DNA. And if they have my DNA, I am the Father of them all."

"It is because of this that I am called the Progenitor. I am the Beginning of Everything."

"B-But, if you follow that logic, all of them..."

Victor's smile of amusement grew:

"Yes, Mother, I just had an orgy with basically all of my daughters."

"...What-Eh? Huh?"

"Hahahaha~" Victor laughed even harder at Anna's face of disbelief.

It was just so much fun to see her face now. He could clearly see Anna's worldview shattering even more.

"You see how worrying about 'blood relation' for Noble Vampires is meaningless? For Vampires, Blood is Power. The closer to the Progenitor's Bloodline one is, the more they will be strong and have very high potential."

"Y-Yeah, b-but, t-this..."

Victor laughed even harder.

Veins bulged on Anna's head: "Don't laugh! This is not funny!"

This made Victor laugh even louder.

Despite the noise the two were making, Kaguya slept like a princess.

"Hmm~~, I can't take it anymore, Master... But I want more~" She mumbled with a smile on her sleepy face.

Kaguya was having a good dream.

The door suddenly opened, making Anna and Victor stop what they were doing and look at the door. Soon, they saw Lily together with Helena:

"Master, you are finally back."

"Yeah, did you hear my call?"

"Yes."

"Hmm? What happened, my Generals? Why so serious?"

"Lilith is awake. She is resting in her chambers in the castle and wants to see you."

"Oh..." When Victor returned to Hell to perform his duties, Lilith suddenly fell into profound exhaustion. She was fine physically, but her mind needed rest. She had spent a lot of time fighting what had been controlling her.

And even with the resistance of a Demon Goddess, she was still exhausted, and that exhaustion hit her when she realized she was no longer in danger.

"Vic... will you be back soon? We didn't even get to talk for a long time..." Anna asked with worried eyes.

"Don't worry, Mother. I won't be long. I'll be back before the girls wake up." Victor placed Kaguya on the couch and stood up.

He gently stroked Kaguya's head for a few seconds and placed a kiss on her cheek.

"Mm... Master..."

Victor smiled gently.

Soon he turned his gaze to Anna: "Take care of them all, Mother."

"And don't think about nonsense. Take your time to sort out your feelings and desires. Explore your new self. After all, you've finished training now."

"IT will support whatever decision you make."

"Don't spoil me too much, Vic. I don't want to make the same mistake as before."

Victor snorted, "Bullshit. You are the most important woman in my life. I will spoil you a lot, but I will pull your ear if you act like before."

"Previously, due to the Race Change, you acted like a mindless animal."

"You are not an animal that acts on desire, Mother. You are an amazing, smart, and sincere woman, and that's what I want you always to be."

"Vic..." Anna looked at him gently. Her heart melted whenever she heard his kind words.

"About training... In the not-too-distant future, I want you to train with Scathach."

That sentence brought her back from her stupor: "M-More training?" She shivered visibly.

"Of course! I don't want my mother to be helpless. You must be as strong as a low-level God, at least."

"Aren't you putting too much expectation on me? Until recently, I didn't even know what fighting was."

"I believe in you. After all, you are my mother. You cannot be less talented than me."

"Ughh." She pouted. She knew there was no backing down now that he said it.

Victor laughed gently and kissed her cheek as he hugged her. He completely ignored her shudder.

"I missed you, Mother."

Her shivering stopped, and she relaxed, then returned the hug.

"Me too, my son."

The hug lasted a few minutes; then Victor released Anna.

"I'll be back in less than a few hours, I promise. I want to spend time with everyone. Especially my cat. Speaking of which, where is my goddamn cat?"

"Who knows? Zack is a celebrity at the mansion. Everywhere he goes, the Maids pet him and feed him."

"Little bastard who forgot his Master," Victor grumbled.

"I'll be back soon, Mother."

"Take care of yourself."

"I will."

Victor walked towards the exit as dark Energy flooded his body. Soon he was back in his black suit, his hair grew to his waist, and black Miasma covered it, making it flutter around, defying gravity.

"Come, My Generals."

"Yes!"

Chapter 697: Lilith, Demon Goddess.

Chapter 697: Lilith, Demon Goddess.

"Are you trapping me here?"

"No, Lady Lilith. This is for your safety."

Lilith snorted at the two Generals, Vine, and Vepar, who were standing in the doorway:

"I never thought preventing me from leaving the Castle and having two Elites stop me from leaving was for my 'safety'."

The two Generals were silent. Lilith didn't miss that the two were prepared to act at any moment.

"How long did I sleep?" Finally, she decided to change the subject.

"Hard to say, but likely a few years," Vine replied.

"Oh, Time is really messed up here, huh," Lilith spoke when she remembered that detail.

"Correct, although, now that is no longer true." Vine continued.

"What do you mean?"

"Recently, our Master managed to prevent excessive Miasma from flowing out of the Castle. Instead, he trapped all the Miasma inside one room." Vepar added.

Lilith opened her eyes wide, "...That's impressive."

The two women nodded in satisfaction.

"According to his words, the Castle is built on top of where the Miasma is born. The entire structure of the Castle is strong enough to withstand the Miasma, so filtering out most of the Miasma in a room is not impossible." Vepar spoke.

"... It surprises me that he discovered this feature of the Castle, only Lucifer and I knew about it."

"His Majesty was taught by the Ancient Demons." Vine continued.

"Ancient Demons?"

"Also called Guardians of Hell, whose names are Zahal and Albu," Vine explained.

"... Oh... I had forgotten about them." Lilith was honest. If there were any other Beings in existence that knew more about Hell than Lilith and Lucifer, they would be those two Demons. They were here even before Lucifer and Lilith came to Hell.

"It's understandable. The two only appear when our King is present.

Most of the time, they are in his garden." Vine spoke.

"..." Lilith nodded, indicating that she understood, but suddenly opened her eyes wide when she realized what was said.

"Wait. Garden? What do you mean by that? There can be no life in Hell." Hell was a barren and extremely hostile desert. Biomes like Ice and Flaming Hells were prevalent. These were not easy places to live. If you didn't die for the Miasma of Hell itself, you would die at the hands of the Demons. Only the strong ones survived in that place.

"There is a reason our King is called the True King of Hell." Vepar smiled.

Lilith snorted when she saw the two women's proud expressions. It was obvious they weren't going to say anything.

Suddenly a thunderous roar was heard, making the windows and the Castle itself shake.

"Oh, looks like that slacker Zaladrac has woken up." Vine couldn't hide the happy smile on her face.

"You know she only does this when our King comes back," Vepar spoke as she thought of the dragon that slept around the Castle most of the time.

Due to the Dragon's size, a new area behind the Castle had to be made, something simple to do with the Demon King's Authority. The Castle was connected with him and was almost sentient. Therefore, changing some rooms to leave enough space for a Dragon to stay was easy.

The reason for doing this was that Zaladrac didn't want to be away from Victor. Most of the time, the dragon was seen sleeping or flying through Hell in search of food. Her diet consisted of gigantic Demonic Beasts that lived in the wild parts of Hell.

"I know," Vine laughed.

The door behind the two Generals clacked as someone on the other side knocked. Soon, the two heard the soft voice of a woman.

"General Vine?"

The two Generals assumed neutral expressions.

Soon, Vine replied:

"Come in."

Soon a demonic woman of 182 cm with long snow-white hair, chocolate skin, and white eyes entered. She had white horns and a demonic tail of the same color as her horns.

"His Majesty has just arrived. He is on his way to these chambers. I would like to speak with him about that plan..." She commented casually in a neutral tone, but a bit of anxiety was heard in her voice.

Vine raised an eyebrow, "Aren't you too anxious, Aline? You could have waited for the King to settle down."

"I don't know how long the King will stay, and last time, he left for a long time. I don't want to miss the opportunity."

"Well... That's understandable." Vine looked at Vepar, "She's your subordinate, Vepar. You decide."

"...Very well, you can stay. But only speak when necessary, okay? Do not disrespect the King because you are anxious."

"Yes, thank you for the opportunity."

Lilith looked at Aline with a confused look, "You have the traits of Valefar and an Ice Demon. Are you his descendant?"

Aline looked at Lilith with a neutral and cold gaze. The Demon Goddess was surprised that she didn't see respect or fanaticism as was usually expected in the eyes of Demons when they met her.

"Yes, Lady Lilith, I am the daughter of the former 6th Rank Pillar Demon Valefar. My mother was an Ice Demon."

"My name is Aline Valefar, Head of Abbadon's Technology Development Department and one of the Four Commanders who report directly to General Vepar."

"Technological Development Department?"

"A government body created by His Majesty to innovate technology in Hell. The department is divided into two sectors, Military and Domestic. We develop everything in Hell, from simple chairs to weapons of mass destruction." Aline explained with pride in her voice.

Lilith nodded with a look that said she understood and yet didn't.

She asked, "Abbadon? What is that?"

"That's the name of the City we are currently in. In total, the King built three Mega Cities to separate the economy, the development of Hell, and to help the Demons who haven't developed enough to come to Abbadon."

Lilith just looked at Aline like she used four different languages in the same sentence.

"... It seems like a lot has changed since I've been away." Lilith sighed.

"Which is why we stopped you from leaving, Lady Lilith."

Lilith looked at Vepar with a look that said: "Explain yourself".

"Hell has changed a lot. This place is not what it used to be. For someone of your Power, it can be stressful. We don't want you going around destroying things because you don't understand them."

Lilith huffed, "I won't do that."

"Yes, you will. As soon as you leave the Castle, and, for example, stumble across some food shop or stall and want something but don't have Knull for it, you'll get pissed off, and you'll try to get it by force, only to be thrown into the gallows."

"...Knull..."

"It is the currency of our Hell."

"Money...? Does Hell have a currency system now?"

"Yes."

"...Fuck."

"As I said, if you left here, at the first sign of trouble, we'd have to arrest you."

"Oh? Do you think you are capable of arresting me?"

"No, we don't." Vepar casually admitted, "But if you created a mess in the middle of Abbadon, the Royal Capital where the King lives, you would become an enemy to all of Hell."

Lilith swallowed hard.

"It is an unspoken rule that no one can cause trouble in The Three Cities built by the King, and all those who cause trouble will be hated and hunted throughout all of Hell. This crime is even more severe if committed in Abbadon, the Royal Capital."

"Believe me; you would have no place to hide. All Demons, from the smallest and most harmless to the Elitest of Demons, would be after you." Vine added.

"The Three Cities are so safe that Vine doesn't even need to deploy our military forces for the 'protection' of the citizens. The citizens do it themselves; after all, most Demons don't want to lose the peace we have in The Three Cities." Vepar added, leaving aside the fact that they had several 'assassins' spread across all three cities to keep an eye on everything.

After all, there was no such thing as too much security.

"...The new King seems to be doing a great job..." Lilith couldn't help but comment sarcastically as she tried to ignore the 'subtle threats' the two Generals were making.

The three women smiled widely at those words.

Meanwhile, in the halls of the Castle, Victor, Helena, and Lily walked quietly while conversing with each other.

"Hmm, looks like development has been going well since I left."

"Yes, thanks to the feat of Your Majesty controlling the amount of Miasma spread throughout Hell, the weather has finally become stable. Now we can have schedules, days of the week, and a Conquest Calendar."

"Conquest Calendar?"

"Since we don't have a moon like Earth, we decided to make a calendar based on the day you conquered all of Hell."

"The calendar will have 377 days, and a day will have 27 hours," Helena responded excitedly.

"Why the fixation with the number 7?" Victor thought amusedly.

"So, how many years has it been since I conquered Hell?"

"... Unfortunately, that's hard to say." Helena looked quite distraught.

"For you, it may have been 700 years; after all, you spent most of your time in the Deepest Pits of Hell where Miasma is born, but for us, in Abaddon, it may have been 400 to 600 years."

"In other Cities, the number may be even lower."

"It's hard to say how accurate that number is."

"I see... In that case, we just have to count the calendar from today.

Don't forget to put the speculation of the time it took me to conquer Hell in the history books."

"History is written by the victors, huh."

"Indeed, this will influence the Demons of the new generation in the future." Victor nodded.

"Don't forget to put a day of the week as a holiday, too. Of course, the citizens are not obliged to take that day off, but this will be important for the future."

"Will you move the entertainment project forward?"

"Correct, fighting each other is good, but having only that as entertainment is unhealthy. I was thinking of putting some arenas where Demons fight Demonic Beasts as well."

"Oh..."

Victor could see Helena's brain thinking about his proposal. That's what he liked about his subordinates. They knew how to think for themselves, so he didn't always need to be here; they were very competent.

"That's perfect. We can guarantee a controlled environment for Lesser Demons to learn about the horrors of the outside world. As a result, the death rate will go down even further."

"Yes, but we must maintain a certain amount of danger. Do not curb the possibility of dying."

"Only when Souls are nearing their end do they show their true potential, don't forget that."

"I understand. We should lower the chances of dying from 100% to 50%."

"Correct, and keep an eye out for 'geniuses'. If you see that the younger Demons are passing the challenges easily, we can introduce them to harder challenges."

"Yes, Your Majesty."

"We live in Hell, a hostile place. Danger is always among us; we must not forget that. Although I brought order to Hell, that only applies to The Three Great Cities. Outside the Cities, it's still the old Hell we know."

"We are survivors and warriors. We must not forget that."

The two women nodded, and as they looked admiringly at Victor, it was obvious that they were absorbing what he was saying as if it were a life tenet.

"What about our mutual friend, Lily?"

Lily awoke from her stupor, replying, "... He's growing at an absurd rate. He fought a Demonic Beast that would require at least 10 Elite Demons to defeat. He almost died and fainted shortly afterward, but he managed to defeat the Demonic Beast."

"When he fell unconscious, the horse protected him from the other Demonic Beasts."

Victor flashed an anticipatory smile.

"He was already strong before I met him. He seems to be growing well, and the bond with the horse seems to be growing as well."

"Bond?" Lily asked.

Victor nodded and explained, "The Bond between a Horseman and his horse is absolute. They are lifelong companions. Wherever a Horseman goes, the horse follows him. It too will grow stronger along with its Horseman."

"Oh... I thought that was just a myth."

"I guarantee you, My Dear. It is no myth."

Lily just nodded. She didn't even question the veracity of Victor's words considering that the man had consumed The 4 Horsemen in the past.

Not to mention that at this point, her loyalty and trust were so great that if Victor said that the sky was pink, she would believe with all her being that the sky was pink.

"Will he arrive in Alcantara soon?" Victor asked.

"With his pace, it will take him a while to get to Alcantara."

"Hmm ..." Victor hummed and thought about plans for the future.

Lilith found herself staring into the violet eyes of a man who seemed to be perfection personified.

He was wearing an exquisite black suit.

"I had forgotten how ridiculously handsome he was."

"Tell me, Lilith, how are you feeling? How was your stay? Did my subordinates treat you kindly?"

"...I'm feeling fine, and your subordinates have been very 'kind' to me." Lilith finished with a sarcastic tone at the end.

If Victor, or the women behind him, noticed it, they didn't take it to heart.

"I see. I am happy about that." Victor nodded in satisfaction as he smiled gently.

Lilith visibly swallowed her saliva as she tried to calm her heart.

"Damn, you! Why is he so charming!?"

Lily rolled her eyes when she saw her mother's attitude. It was obvious what was going on. This was already a common effect on all the women who wandered through the Castle.

"Cut the bullshit, Demon King. What do you want from me?"

"I do not understand what you mean?" Genuine confusion was seen on his face.

"You didn't help me without wanting anything in return, so spit it out. What do you want?"

Victor was silent for a few seconds and looked at Lilith with appraising eyes. She was beautiful; that was a fact. As a Progenitor, Queen of Succubi, and a Demonic Goddess, her beauty was second only to Aphrodite's.

Lilith felt a delicious shiver run down her spine when she saw Victor's gaze wanting to devour her.

Immediately, the memories of Diablo's 'battle' with him appeared in her mind, all that intoxicating Power coursing through every thread of her existence, the gravity of his very presence. The memories left her completely wet.

Lilith's breath got a little heavy as images of what could happen were already flashing through her head.

"You are correct."

Her body shuddered a little when she heard his words.

"I want something from you."

"...Right? You wouldn't be a Demon King if you didn't want something. Now tell me." Her voice sounded anxious for various reasons that were pretty obvious to everyone present.

"I want you to learn about the new society I've built and follow your own path."

"...Eh?"

An amused smile appeared on Victor's face, "I may be a Demon King, but I'm not cruel."

Vine, Lily, Helena, Vepar, and Aline just rolled their eyes when they heard what the man said. If Victor isn't cruel, Demons might as well be saints.

"And far be it from me to want to imprison a Demon Goddess.

You've been imprisoned for too long at the mercy of someone else's will, and no one deserves that."

"..." Lilith narrowed her eyes when she heard about this topic.

"Therefore, all I ask of you is to learn about the new society I've built, and when you're confident, you can leave the Castle. Until then, the Castle will be your home... Of course, I won't stop you from leaving if that is truly your wish."

"Just keep in mind that any act that jeopardizes the peace and order of my Cities carries grave consequences,"

Victor said it all in a cordial, gentle, and noble tone, but the cold threat in the last sentence was obvious to everyone.

"Helena, my dear, bring me the Orb, please."

"Yes, Your Majesty." Helena put her hand in her pocket and removed a bag. Then she unfolded the bag and pulled out an orb from inside.

Helena walked up to Lilith and handed the Demonic Goddess the Orb.

"I call it The Learning Sphere. Thanks to the splendid work of the Technology Development Department at Abbadon, we managed to make a device that stores our entire educational material."

"This is a far cry from what the internet is, but it's close enough. Unfortunately, the Orb's design itself isn't good enough. I wanted something more compact that I could wear on my wrist, like those futuristic bracelets... Haah, there's still a lot of work to do."

"The Orb in your hand has material that covers the most basic topics of the new society to the most advanced. It will be your guide in this new Hell. All you need to activate it is to put a little of your Energy into the Orb, and it will open an interaction screen."

"That Orb is still not complete. We plan to add more things to it in the future, we should..." Aline stopped talking when she saw the look of the Four Generals and Victor's look of amusement:

"Uhh... Sorry." Aline lowered her head in shame. She knew she always became hyperactive when it came to technology.

"Intruding is not polite, Aline."

"I-I'm sorry-."

"It's okay, just hold back, okay? I like your enthusiasm and value your talent, but remember that there is a time and place for everything. Remember that your behavior affects Vepar's image and, consequently, mine too."

"Mm."

"Good." Victor smiled, satisfied, and looked back at Lilith.

"Treat the Orb with care; it will help you a lot." Victor smiled gently and soon rose from his chair. He raised his hand to the side, and soon Helena placed a bag of coins in his hand.

Victor opened the bag to check something, then nodded, seemingly satisfied. He then placed the bag gently on the table before him and said:

"Here is 100,000 Knull. For reference, the Knull is equal to the Dollar in the Human World. That is, 1 dollar is equal to 1 Knull. So you have \$100,000 in front of you. That will help you move around the City."

"Enjoy your stay in Hell, Lilith." Victor turned and left along with the five women. Soon the bedroom door closed, and silence greeted the room.

"...Huh... What was that?" Lilith looked at the Orb, then at the bag of money, and then at her legs and saw that she was very wet. Her face turned red with anger and shame:

"Damned provocateur! I will kill you! How can he leave me like this!" -

Chapter 698: Lilith goes exploring.

Chapter 698: Lilith goes exploring.

"What the hell is this?"

Lilith was looking at the seven prominent skyscrapers in the distance, reaching into the dark clouds of Hell, each positioned as if they were a carefully planned structure.

"T-This is Hell?" Lilith looked towards the area closer to the castle and saw several smaller buildings, not the size of the giant skyscrapers but still tall enough to be 10 to 20 stories high. She noticed several smaller Demons walking up and down the street, talking and laughing together.

Laughing Demons! For God's sake! They were laughing and eating something out of their hand that she couldn't identify!

She didn't know what she was looking at, but this was definitely not the 'Hell' she knew.

The image that Lilith was looking at now was as if she was looking at a very urbanized Human City, but unlike those cities, it was immaculate and carefully planned.

It was like Victor took an ideal city built by Humans and put it in Hell.

Even though she hadn't left for the City yet, Lilith could clearly see all this with her eyesight. She also noticed that the Demon King's Castle was in a secluded area. She could see the 'land' on which the Demon King's Castle and the Demon King stood. Clearly, the new King didn't want any trouble for himself.

"This doesn't make any sense. How the fuck did they build all this so fast?" Lilith suddenly remembered Victor's words and looked at the Orb in her hand. Then, putting in some Energy, a screen appeared before her.

Looking closely at the screen, she noticed it had several sections, just like Victor said.

Selecting the City section, three big cities appeared. Lilith chose Abbadon City, and soon several sub-sections appeared, sections that ranged from the destruction and reconstruction of the City and buildings to the creation of skyscrapers.

"Fuck, this is very detailed. He didn't lie when he said this would help me." Lilith realized she was saying a litany of inappropriate words that she didn't usually use, but she was just so shocked that she didn't even care anymore.

She just desperately wanted knowledge.

A feeling that she had utterly forgotten due to falling into the

'boredom' that accompanied 'immortality'.

Choosing the skyscrapers, she heard the explanation in her head.

[Skyscrapers of Abbadon City, a structure created in cooperation with General Helena Gremory and the Demon King, Victor Alucard...

Counting over 70,000 rooms in total, The Seven Pillars of the new society as it came to be called among the Demons. These are where the most meritorious and Highest-Ranked Demons in society live.

Skyscrapers are a symbol of the new society. As long as you had talent and enough merit, you could live in one of those rooms. The higher up you lived, the more 'opportunities' were open to you.]

Seeing that the voice stopped talking, Lilith opened her mouth in shock.

'Each structure like that has 10,000 rooms each? How high is it? I can't even see the top because of the Miasma Clouds!'

Thinking about what she had just heard, she said, "... The description is quite vague and informative ... But I can understand its intentions. Actually, it's quite obvious." Lilith looked up at the skyscrapers again.

"He's encouraging competition... Those skyscrapers are where the new 'Elite' who control Hell through the King will be born... That's smart." Just from this text, she could understand what kind of society he had created and the reason behind the seven structures: "I am 100% sure that those structures are a way for the King to keep an eye on the Demons."

By making The Seven Pillars an 'honorable' and 'valued' location, he instilled into the minds of the Demons that it was a privilege to live in that location. Any new Demon that rose high in society would automatically go to that place, where they would be monitored without knowing it.

'Keep your friends close... And your enemies even closer, huh.'

Lilith looked around, specifically at the shop owners. Weak Demons who, despite bearing the heavy Miasma of the Lowest Hell, still weren't as strong as the Elite Demons. Demons who, in the old society, were at the very least slaves to the Great Families, but here, had an opportunity to prosper.

Victor Alucard created a society based on merit, a place where even the weakest Demon could thrive. As long as they put in the effort and were useful to the King in some way, they would be able to profit.

'Interesting.' Lilith's eyes gleamed with interest; this approach differed significantly from the approach of the Kings of old.

Looking back at the screen in front of her, she saw two sub-sections, one explaining how the towers were created, and the other explained how you could get into that place.

Lilith was more interested in how skyscrapers were built.

[Using the power of the Gremory Bloodline, Helena Gremory can increase and decrease the size of an object. Bearing this principle in mind, Aline Valefar and her subordinates from Abbadon's Development Department created seven identical structures made from the most robust materials in Hell. Victor Alucard 'donated' his abundant Energy to power the structures, making them virtually indestructible. Upon accomplishing this feat that only His Majesty could do, His Majesty, Victor Alucard, placed The Seven Pillars in their specific locations in Hell...]

The voice stopped talking, and soon a video appeared before Lilith.

She saw Victor and the two women she saw at some point behind him. She watched as Victor nodded to Helena, and in the next moment, the skyscrapers began to 'grow'.

Lilith opened her eyes wide in shock. As someone who knew how the Powers of the 72 Demonic Pillars functioned, this demonstration, in her opinion, should be impossible. After all, previous Gremory could not enlarge or shrink structures with large amounts of Energy or very difficult-to-handle materials; it was one of the limitations to their Power.

For example, the previous Gremory couldn't just touch The Last Hell Gate and 'shrink' the structure; it was impossible.

If the Orb wasn't lying, Lilith deduced that the same material used in The Last Hell Gate was also used to create those structures.

"That girl surpassed the former Gremory..."

[Thus, The Seven Pillars of the new society, created by His Majesty, the Demon King, Victor Alucard, were born.]

"This... This is incredible..." Lilith couldn't help but speak. She was impressed; this Orb, this City, the seven skyscrapers, everything was impressive to her.

The Demon King took a backward society and practically pulled all of them into the modern era, thus creating technologies of his own made by Demons and for use by Demons.

This Orb was an excellent example of that. Of course, she noticed the Orb's subtle 'influences'.

With each explanation of the Orb, using phrases like; 'His Majesty' and 'Powers that only the Demon King could use' were heard, it was obvious that this Orb was subtly influencing the loyalty of the Demons who use it.

Lilith understood subtle manipulations like that, but even if she didn't, his accomplishments were indisputable, which was undeniable.

The Demon King was clearly competent, as were his subordinates.

"Haah ... I can't stay here. I need to see it for myself." Lilith stopped feeding the Orb, opened the window, and jumped out.

Dropping in the middle of an urban center, she retracted her wings.

She looked around curiously.

"Stop right there, criminal scum!"

Lilith looked back and saw three Demons fully armed with armor and swords in hand:

"... Scum... Are you talking to me?" She narrowed her eyes dangerously, but the guards didn't seem affected.

"Are you deaf? Of course, we are talking to you!"

'...The audacity of these vermin...' She snarled in annoyance.

"You've violated the law, pay the court a fine or serve your sentence!"

Lilith raised her eyebrow when she heard the word 'law', and Victor's conversation came to mind. Then, deciding to be more cautious, she asked:

"...Law? What are you talking about?"

"...Oh... A country bumpkin."

"Excuse me!?"

"Haah, I thought those Demons outside would at least have the slightest decency to learn about the rules."

"Right? This is a disgrace to His Majesty; he tried so hard."

"Indeed, this is why our work is so important."

"Anyway, it's obvious you're new around here, so we're going to be nice, and we're not going to charge you, and we're not going to put an infringement on your name, lady... But, hmm, wait, let me check the log." The man touched his gauntlet, and a red beam swept over Lilith's body, and soon a screen appeared in front of the guard.

"Huh? She is not registered."

"I guess she hasn't been to the registration center yet."

"That's impossible. If she just came from one of the Hells, General Lily would have registered her; she wouldn't fail His Majesty like that."

As the three guards argued with one another, Lilith narrowed her eyes.

"What's with this lack of reaction? Don't they know me? This does not make any sense."

"Okay, enough! This is clearly an irregular situation! I'll talk-... Huh?" The Demon put his finger to his ear, and a small Rune Circle appeared on his finger.

"Yes?...Oh... I see, very well."

The Demon looked at Lilith strangely: "I'm sorry for being rude, Lady Lilith."

The two Demons around him visibly froze and looked at Lilith.

Lilith snorted, "They really hadn't met me, huh?"

"Now that you understand who you are talking to, I will—."

"Wait a sec."

"Huh?"

"Before you go, know that unauthorized flying in shopping malls or areas near The Seven Pillars is against the law."

"The minimum penalty is 100 Knull, which can reach up to 1000 Knull. In addition, if a repeated infraction occurs, a prison sentence or community service may be meted out as punishment."

"Flying close to The Seven Pillars has even more serious consequences, which can even lead to death."

"So keep that in mind, or the next guard who finds you won't be so kind and will charge you."

"... Are you still going to charge me even though you know who I am!?"

"Obviously." He spoke as if it were natural in a respectful tone.

"The law is His Majesty's will, and His Majesty's will is absolute.

You broke the law and, therefore, will be punished, Mother Goddess or not."

"..." Lilith went through a ridiculous amount of complex feelings now.

She didn't know whether to be angry or find the situation amusing; she couldn't believe the audacity of this man.

"Lady Lilith seems to be having difficulty understanding our posture." The Demon beside the leader spoke.

"...Yes...?" She responded, uncertainly.

"The thing is, you're not the first to act like this with us."

"Several Ancient Pillar Rank Demons from the past did the same thing."

"But one thing you Demons who had authority in the previous government hundreds of years ago need to realize is that; this is no longer your reality."

"..."

"His Majesty is The Supreme Authority of Hell, and all Demons answer to him, and him alone."

"The Law is personally written by His Majesty, the law is his will, and no one goes against his will."

"I suggest you quickly understand that even if you are a Goddess, it means nothing to us."

"Have a good day, and please pay attention to the signs. They will indicate whether or not you can fly in an area."

"..."

Lilith just stared in utter shock as the three Demons walked away from her and went back on patrol. In that man's little speech, she could see in the man's eyes the feelings of respect, fear, and idolization. However, Lilith was sure these feelings weren't for her but for the new King.

"...Just what the fuck is going on?"

Hell seemed so foreign to her, like she couldn't recognize it anymore. Just how far did the new King's influence reach?

Looking around, Lilith realized that when the Demons passed around and looked at her, some of them recognized her but didn't do anything else. Instead, they just gave a polite nod and went on their way.

It was like she wasn't even important!

It was a bizarre feeling... Lilith was thinking that maybe she couldn't get used to the new Hell...

"Hmm?"

Lilith smelled a delicious smell in the air and felt her stomach rumble, demanding food. She looked towards the scent and saw several Demonic Beast meats being roasted on a skewer.

She started to salivate.

"...Hmm, I can think about it later. First, I'll eat!"

"Welcome -... Oh, Lady Lilith, it's an honor to have you in our humble establishment!"

"How much is the meat?"

"Skewers range from 8 for small size, 20 for medium size, to 50 Knull for the large size."

"Since this is your first time shopping with me, and you are our Mother Goddess, I can give you a 50% discount."

"Give me a big one, then!"

"Aye, that'll be 25 Knull!"

A few hours later.

Lilith was walking around the mall with five large skewers of different meats. She wore black glasses with a bat symbol and a tiara with cat ears. Initially, she was annoyed by the guards' treatment, but that feeling quickly washed away when she realized that everywhere she went, she got some sort of discount for just being her.

Apparently, being Mother Goddess and Progenitor of Demons still had its advantages.

Despite being content now, Lilith didn't ignore the irregularities.

Clearly, some of the Demons previously didn't know of her, but suddenly everyone did. After the 'meeting' with the previous guards, they all knew.

'Just how is that possible? How does information travel so fast? Is it because of that strange Rune?' She knew that in the Human World, information traveled instantaneously, but this wasn't the Human World, and they still didn't have the means to do so thanks to the Miasma in the air that prevented that kind of communication, but it clearly wasn't the same now.

She'd totally forgotten about the Orb in her pocket.

"Hmm? What is that!?" Lilith's eyes sparkled with excitement as she looked into a toy store.

Of course, the Demons' 'toys' were quite brutal; it was a weapons shop.

Lilith looked at some weapons and saw firearms with extraordinary designs.

"What is that?"

"That is a Demonic Firearm." The shop owner spoke as she approached the counter.

"Demonic Firearm?"

"It's not an official name yet and is in the design stage. For now, we just use it to play target shooting. With a Demon's physique, having melee weapons is still better than ranged weapons."

"Abbadon Development Department has allowed them to appear in stores."

"Interesting... Can I try?"

"Of course, that's 39 Knull."

"Do I have a discount?" She asked in an innocent tone.

The Demon laughed, "You are already paying at a discount. The regular price is 69 Knull."

"Yay! Thank you, old man! I'll get that one over there." Lilith pointed to a spot as she placed all the items in her hand on the counter.

The shop owner winced.

'Old...? You are The Mother Goddess of Demons, you know? I'm a child in front of you!' He felt like snapping back but decided to keep his mouth shut for the sake of his own life.

A distance from the establishment, in one of the buildings in the distance, Helena and Lily were looking at the image of Lilith with big smiles on their faces.

"This is unexpected. I never thought she would get a discount at all stores. Did you talk to them, Helena?"

"Of course not, His Majesty said not to interfere, and so I didn't."

"Did he foresee this? Did he predict the Demons would 'spoil' my Mother?" Lily asked.

"Probably. His Majesty understands a lot about the psychology of Beings. Even though Lilith has no real power in today's society, it is still a fact that many Demons love her."

"So it wouldn't be impossible to imagine a scenario where everyone treats her with respect wherever she goes."

"She is an idol to everyone, huh," Lily said.

"Indeed, in a way, Lilith is the most popular person in Hell, second only to His Majesty, of course."

"Popularity... And not respect?" Lily asked.

"Respect is different from popularity, Lily."

"Hmm ... Isn't that basically the same thing?"

"It may seem like it, but it's not."

"Tell me, what has Lilith done for these Demons in the past?"

"Nothing."

"Correct ... But she is still The Mother Goddess and The Progenitor of Demons, a woman most of Hell's Demons have heard stories about and few have had the opportunity to interact with."

"What did His Majesty do for us?"

"Everything."

"Correct. He changed our society, and the absolute respect of the Demons will always be with him, especially the Lesser Demons, like those who owned the businesses that Lilith went through. Demons that, if it were in the past, Lilith wouldn't even talk to or even look at them."

"That's the difference between the two, and everyone understands that, especially Lesser Demons."

"...By letting Lilith loose and allowing her to interact with the Lesser Demons, it serves to increase his own reputation..." Lily opened her eyes in surprise, "Did he plan this?"

"By letting Lilith loose and seeing The Mother Goddess walking around buying things, everyone will understand that it was the 'King' who allowed her to do this, which will automatically increase his reputation as a side effect."

"On a normal occasion, these Demons could never interact with Lilith, but they can now because of the King."

"...Pretty sneaky tactic, splendid," Lily chuckled.

Helena laughed with her: "What happened was; The Demon King looks at Hell broadly, not just the big things, but also the little things like that trade owner."

"Having The Mother Goddess liking your wares is good , isn't it?" Helena's smile grew: "Not to mention that the more Lilith enjoys the 'luxuries' of our new society, the more she will be afraid to try to change it, and consequently, she will support the new King."

"How does the saying go? Killing two birds with one stone? Something like that." She laughed.

"Haah... I knew it was something like that. These manipulation games you and the King play are very tiring."

"Ara, didn't you do this before? After all, you taught me some of the tricks of this wonderful art in the past, Lily."

Lily's smile grew, "Yeah, but that doesn't mean it's not exhausting, which is why I'm taking care of Hell, and I've left this part to you."

"I've spent my entire existence planning the next move. So I just want to put that aside for now and enjoy it."

"Understandable."

Walking through the corridors of the Demon King's immense Castle, Victor strolled with a small satisfied smile on his face.

He had just come out of a meeting with Aline and Vepar. Both women had had only good news for him.

'Now that future development has been secured, I can focus on the most current issues.' He couldn't help but smile even more. He'd achieved the feat of lessening the excessive Miasma levels in Hell, decreasing it enough so that it didn't harm Hell itself but also didn't create time-related problems.

Applying the thought that 'Balance' was the answer to everything, Victor, along with Vepar and Aline, managed to lessen the Miasma's influence throughout Hell.

"One year on Earth, five years in Hell." Victor thought aloud.

Though he wished that Time in Hell was like that of Earth, diminishing the Miasma's influence even further for that to happen could be dangerous for all of Hell. After all, the Miasma wasn't just a harmful Energy; it was the source of everything that existed in Hell.

Though it was a somewhat unorthodox way of describing it, Miasma was the 'Natural Energy' of Hell.

Victor couldn't foresee the consequences it would have if he diminished the Miasma in Hell even further.

Speaking of Hells.

'The Seven Hells that assign punishment to Souls will have to remain unchanged...' This was a topic of the meeting just before.

Lily, who was currently the general in charge of these Hells, pointed out that having the Miasma come out of the sinners' Hells would be counterproductive; after all, that's where the Demons came to exist.

Take the Hell of Flames, for example, the place where War was born.

In that place, sinners who committed crimes involving the Sin of "Wrath" were punished. The Demons seen to be born in that Hell were commonly called Demons of Flames, as they were very proficient in Hellfire.

Though few, if any, acquired the ability to wield Hellfire as proficiently as War.

The Hell of Despair, a space wholly made of pure Darkness, was where the Ancient Horseman of Death came to exist. Consequently, the Demons that came into existence in that place were highly proficient in a dark and unique 'Miasma' that was in that area of Hell.

These Demons were commonly called the Demons of Despair, though like with the Demons of Flames, none truly managed to reach the level of proficiency of The Horseman of Death.

The time it took for a Demon to come into existence in one of these Hells is inconsistent, but one thing was sure: the levels of Miasma had a lot of influence on it.

But this was where the problem of everything was born. As Victor was preventing the Miasma from spreading through Hell like usual, The Seven Hells of Sinners were not producing as many Demons as before.

Fortunately, he was able to resolve this issue at hand with the help of Lily and Aline.

In general terms, the Seven Hells of Sinners were seven individual sub-dimensions in Hell itself. As shown in the past by Diablo himself, the 'Ruler' could control those places because it was there that Souls would pass through before moving on.

Using that experience, it wasn't difficult for Aline to create seven Orbs representing the seven sub-dimensions of Hell, allowing Victor to place these Orbs in the room where he channeled the Miasma like a dam.

The result of this crazy experiment? Hell began to produce even more Demons than before.

As the Miasma was being focused in one room, its concentration was far greater than when it had been scattered across all of Hell. Since the seven Orbs acted as a conduit to the seven Hells, the Miasma fueled the dimensions even more efficiently than before.

With these thoughts in his head, Victor couldn't help but think of the chocolate-skinned Ice Demon, Aline Valefar. In some ways, she reminded Victor a lot of Ruby and Sasha.

The woman shared the same loyalty and love of science as his dear redhead Wife. Also, while she may look cold on the outside, she was also very sweet on the inside, much like Sasha, something scarcely found for a Demon.

Ruby's brain and Sasha's big heart.

For Victor, who spent 700 years training non-stop and without contact with his Wives, Aline was a very... complex experience.

She resembled his Wives, but at the same time, she was different in little ways, which reminded Victor that Aline wasn't Ruby or Sasha.

And it was in those moments that he realized his mistake. He was comparing someone to someone else and wasn't truly looking at that person.

Victor understood very well what it was like to be compared to someone. In the beginning, when he'd absorbed Adonis, this kind of thing tended to happen.

And he didn't like that, and because of that, he completely stopped the comparisons and just looked at Aline.

And when he did, he found someone he could truly trust. Aline's loyalty was to him, but it wasn't enough for Victor. He wanted her obsession too.

Because of that, he did something that no one would have expected.

Aline Valefar was many things, a Commander, Abaddon's Head of Technological Development, a loyal woman, and at the same time, she was... The Ruler of the Hell he ruled.

Victor's appointment of a Ruler and who that individual was, was confidential information that only The Four Generals knew.

Officially, she was one of Vepar's four subordinate Commanders.

Unofficially, she was the Ruler, a Being who was an integral part of Hell and the 'System' created by the Primordial Entities.

"If you wanted to hide something, just hide it in plain sight. No one will ever notice." Victor smiled.

Victor looked at the walls of the Castles.

In the past, the Demon King's Castle was the ruling center of Hell, where various Demons came and went. But that was no longer the case these days. Currently, the Demon King's Castle was as the name suggested: The Demon King's residence.

A highly restricted location where only a select few could visit.

Victor Alucard, the Demon King, lived here with the new society's most influential figures, namely the Four Generals and the 12 subordinate Commanders of Helena, Vine, and Vepar.

These women were the top authorities of Hell, and Victor wanted them close to him. That way, he would be able to maintain the women's influence and prevent corruption in the upper echelons.

And by having society's most important figures move in with him, he'd have the excuse to keep Aline close and protect her.

If he so wished, the Demon Castle would be an impenetrable fortress.

The Castle itself seemed to have a bit of sentience due to being constantly bathed in Miasma.

If the Demon King's Castle was no longer the center of Hell's rule, where was it?

The answer to that was quite peculiar. In the middle of the Seven Skyscrapers, better known as the Seven Pillars, there was a government building connected to the seven structures, a connection that allowed employees who worked there and lived in the skyscrapers to travel back and forth to meet their work schedules easily.

The government building was also the headquarters where Vepar, Helena, and both women's subordinates worked. The only difference from the others was that when those specific women finished their work, they didn't return to one of the Pillars. Instead, they returned to the Demon King's Castle through a similar pathway to those between the skyscrapers and the government building. However, that particular pathway could only be used by those that Victor allowed.

It was worth mentioning that the girls' position was very 'enviable'.

Living directly with the King, the man who could give power to a Demon with a wave of his hand, was very coveted.

Just what kind of opportunities were offered to those who achieved those feats?

Did the King train them personally? And it was because of that they were so strong?

What was in the Castle?

Through rumors like this, Victor influenced the Demons to 'work' harder in pursuit of conquest.

Other factors that helped this were lust and desire, which further amplified a certain demographic of Demons even more in pursuit of becoming a resident of the Castle.

Stopping before a large door, Victor put his hand in front of it and pushed it open easily. What greeted Victor beyond the door was a gigantic Black Dragon with violet details on its scales.

"Hey, Girl. How are you?"

The Dragon's eyes opened, revealing striking eyes of a color similar to Victor's deep violet eyes.

When Victor's and the Dragon's eyes met, Victor's own eyes lost the change he'd been maintaining, reverting to their 'original' form.

As the connection between the Dragon and its Rider deepened, the two began to take on each other's physical characteristics.

An example of this was the color of the Dragon's eyes and the change in Victor's eyes, whose pupils became 'thinner' like the Dragon's eyes.

Not to mention the other minor changes, such as the coloring of the Dragon's scales, which changed to dark violet. Victor could also 'activate' a second skin that would look like a Dragon's scales, a second skin with more 'tough' properties similar to a Dragon's scales.

Victor fully believed that when he wore this second skin, his enemies would need an extraordinary weapon to penetrate his skin. After all, joining the second skin he'd acquired with the connection to the Dragon, with the resistance he'd already had due to Roxanne, he highly doubted that an ordinary weapon could harm him.

"Victor..." Warm air emerged from the two openings in the Dragon's snout: "How many times have I told you not to call me Girl? I have a name." The voice reverberated throughout the room.

"If it weren't for you being my Rider, I would have burned you for such disrespect."

"Your name sounds like a tongue twister...." Victor snorted. "I wouldn't be surprised if you burned people for merely saying your name incorrectly."

"That is a possibility."

"Just keep from burning the Demons to death, Zaladrac. After all, your actions reflect me." Victor approached the Dragon's snout and stroked between the two large openings.

"Hmm..." A satisfied voice escaped her throat like a low rumble. She was clearly enjoying the feeling he was conveying, "I won't do that; they are too scared just to approach me anyway."

"Good."

"... Huh? How is that good?" she asked, confused.

One thing about young Dragons was that they were very honest and didn't understand social niceties.

"Because then I can have you all to myself."

The Dragon's violet eyes seemed to glow for a few seconds.

Through their connection, which was much stronger than before, she could feel genuine and somewhat overwhelming happiness coming from Victor now.

'... He's so happy to have me all to himself? ...Weird... But it's good."

Despite not understanding subtleties as other Beings usually did, Dragons were instinctively good judges of character.

Victor then jumped on the dragon's head. He lay on his back and looked up at the blue lighting coming from the flames on the ceiling.

"What are you doing...?" Zaladrac asked curiously.

"Thinking..."

"About what?"

"Things."

"Grr..."

"Hahaha, no need to be so sullen." Victor sat up and started stroking her scales.

"Is that dark violet coloring because of our bond?"

"Hmm." Zaladrac affirmed.

Victor smiled, somewhat confused at the feeling of appreciation coming from the Dragon, "Are you really enjoying this? I don't even feel like I'm making a difference at all."

"You are correct; I don't feel anything."

"Right? After all, you are huge; this should hardly be able to make you feel anything at all, let alone feel pleasant." Victor nodded.

"Do not underestimate yourself; our connection makes it very easy to transmit feelings."

"...Oh, you're saying it's not the caress itself but my warm feelings for you that make you comfortable."

"...Hmm... Correct ."

A moment of silence fell in place, and Victor returned to lie down with his back to the scales. Then, knowing that it was because of their connection that she was feeling good, he focused on sending her the maximum amount of affection and care he could.

"... That is good..."

"I'm glad you like it."

"Mm."

A comfortable silence fell over the place once more, both just enjoying each other's presence.

Victor's words broke this silence:

"I wonder if you can downsize or change into a more Humanoid Form."

Zaladrac, who had her eyes closed, opened her eyes and asked:

"Why do you want to know that?"

"I'm planning on visiting the Mortal World more often; I don't want to leave you alone here."

"The Demons will be out there."

"Hardly any would they enter this place; just like you said, they are terrified of you."

The only person who would likely not care about Zaladrac's overwhelming presence would be Lilith, but the woman was too busy enjoying the City to care about that.

Feeling the concern he had for her through their connection, Zaladrac narrowed her eyes. Soon she fell into a deep meditation. She was searching for something in the memories she'd inherited from her parents.

It was an unconscious action. She didn't even think about why she did it; she just did it.

Victor had this weird effect on her. Usually, she would think about the pros and cons or grumble and go to sleep, but when she felt Victor's sincere emotions, she tended to subconsciously act in a way to please him and consequently please herself.

"Hmm... There is one thing I can do."

"Oh?"

"Get off my head."

"Okay." Victor jumped off Zaladrac's head and landed on his feet.

Then he looked at the dragon that had raised its head.

Only when she got to her feet did Victor truly realize how big she really was.

The Dragon's body suddenly began to glow violet. Soon her form began to shrink and take on a more Humanoid Form.

When the light disappeared, Victor saw a 184CM tall woman standing before him. She had long black hair with shades of violet, two Dragon wings with the same color scheme as her Dragon Form, pointed ears like an Elf's, and violet eyes with slit-like pupils.

Her body was toned and perfectly balanced, not too big or too small, and her skin had a healthy, fair tone. Overall, she looked like a woman with an ethereal and distant beauty, an otherworldly allure that could not be seen in Mortals.

"Hmm... It worked." A soft, beautiful, and emotionless voice was heard.

Her emotionless face never seemed to change, even when she looked at her body.

"This is...unexpected..."

"Unexpected? Why?" Zaladrac questioned, confused.

"I didn't expect you to be able to do that."

"Understandable. I personally never tried to assume a Humanoid Form. I never had an interest."

"... Wait, you could do this from the beginning?"

"Probably. As I said, I was never interested in knowing."

"I assume this ease in doing new things is due to the knowledge inherited from your parents."

"Mm." She nodded as she pinched her skin. She narrowed her eyes a little when she saw how malleable her skin was compared to her usual scales.

'Weak.' She snorted inwardly at this 'fragile' body. Although it wasn't as tough as her Dragon Form, her body definitely wasn't fragile.

"My parents left a lot of things to me, thousands of years of knowledge. When I'm sleeping, which is most of the time, I absorb this knowledge for myself to use as if it were natural."

"I will most likely be able to absorb everything when I reach adulthood ... But that is thousands of years from now."

'Dragons are such broken Beings.' Victor rolled his eyes. No wonder they were called the pinnacle of existence, different from the 'Ryujin' that Victor fought in the Youkai war.

True Dragons were broken Beings who were naturally born strong.

With the knowledge of the past generation in their heads, their only flaw was that they needed thousands of years to develop fully.

Victor approached Zaladrac. While doing so, he took hold of his Spacial Bag and removed a dark violet dress.

"Hmm? What is that?"

"Special clothes made with Demon Beast material."

She huffed, "I know what clothes are. I'm asking why you're giving this to me."

"I can't let you walk around naked. I don't want to have to kill all my citizens."

Zaladrac looked into Victor's eyes, which were an exact reflection of hers, and hummed in approval:

"Hmm--~" She liked the 'possessive' feeling she was feeling from Victor right now.

"Will you help me get dressed? I've never had to do that."

"Sure."

Chapter 700: Dragon meets Wives.

Nightingale.

"Hmm? You came back, Vic..." Anna, who had just entered the room, spoke.

"I told you I would come back soon." Victor chuckled as he stroked a woman's long dark violet hair.

The woman with her head in Victor's lap opened her eyes and looked at Anna.

When Anna saw the woman's eyes, she unconsciously shuddered and froze like a deer in headlights.

"W- what is this?" Instinctive fear ran through her entire body. It was the same fear a herbivore had before a predator.

Behind those violet eyes with narrow pupils, a terrifying being lurked.

The woman sniffed the air, then turned to Victor: "Your Wife?"

"No, she's my Mother."

"Oh... So that's why she smells like you."

"Indeed."

The woman didn't do anything else. She just made herself more comfortable on Victor's thigh and ignored Anna.

Anna fell sitting on the floor and looked at the girl with wary eyes.

Her breathing was labored, and she was sweating profusely.

Victor just watched this with amused eyes. From the beginning, he didn't interfere with what was occurring to his Mother because the woman resting on his thigh had done absolutely nothing.

What Anna had just experienced was a normal reaction when one came across a Being considered the Pinnacle of Existence. Even the Demons and Victor's Generals reacted similarly when meeting the woman.

Before their connection, Zaladrac was already a formidable existence.

Now that they were together, she became even more terrifying to the point where her very presence affected all those who weren't strong enough.

In Hell, only Lilith and he could stand before Zaladrac without feeling anything. Even the Ancient Demons Zahal and Albu shuddered before her.

This was one of the reasons for Victor not interfering either. He wanted everyone to get used to the presence of Zaladrac. Victor predicted that, just like Kaguya, the female Dragon would hardly leave his side.

She was very protective.

Not that Victor was complaining. In fact, he preferred it that way.

"W-Who is she, Vic?"

"Demon Dragon, Zaladrac Zeovnur."

"Zal- Zala - Huh?"

Zaladrac grunted when she heard her name being mispronounced.

Victor laughed in amusement: "I did say your name was a tongue twister."

Zaladrac just snorted and turned her face away, ignoring Victor.

"Wait... A Dragon!?"

Victor raised an eyebrow at Anna, "Didn't you get the battle report?"

"There's a report!? Why didn't I know about this?"

"... Well, I guess that is my fault; I've been too busy with my Wives..."

Victor put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a black bag. He opened the bag and pulled out a small sphere of several colors.

"Scathach, Natashia, Aphrodite, and Kaguya made their memories of the event available to the Witches under our command, and we made a battle report. Here."

Anna got up from the floor and took the sphere.

"As you were taught, just put your Energy inside, and the Orb will do the rest."

Anna nodded and did as Victor said. Soon a screen appeared before her, and she started watching the fight.

At that moment, the door opened, and several women entered.

Leading the group was Scathach, followed by Aphrodite, Jeanne, and Morgana, the four women with beaming happy smiles on their faces.

They were all in casual clothes made for staying at home.

"Darling!" Morgana wasted no time and threw herself on Victor's body while hugging him.

"Why weren't you in bed? I still wanted more!"

"You are so insatiable, my Succubus." Victor chuckled as he stroked her head.

"To answer your question, even if we want to spend several years just indulging in pleasure, that is unhealthy. Not to mention that we have our responsibilities."

"I know, but..."

"Also, how long has it been since you've spoken to your daughters?"

"Oh..." Morgana opened her eyes wide.

"You completely forgot about them, didn't you?" Morgana turned her face away as a healthy color of red spread across her cheeks. It was quite obvious that this question didn't need an answer. Her reaction was enough.

"... Scathach forgot her daughters too."

"If you hadn't noticed by the extra redheads in the room, I had been beside my daughters the entire time." Scathach rolled her eyes as she walked closer to Victor. She leaned in slightly and kissed Victor gently on the mouth.

Victor was mildly surprised by this display of affection. Usually, she would just sit back and stay away, but this was a welcome surprise.

"Don't forget to make it up to my daughters, Vic."

"Of course. Even though it was a decision driven by my frustrations, I will not shirk my responsibility."

"Mm. Good." Scathach nodded in satisfaction and turned her body with a healthy sway in her hips that obviously appealed to Victor.

'This woman will be my undoing one day.' Victor chuckled internally.

Soon she sat on the couch and stretched her body. She still felt very sleepy.

"Also, don't forget about Mizuki, Leona, Rose, Eleonor, Haruna, and Natalia. They pretty much got thrown into that situation too." Jeanne spoke while picking up some documents. She approached Victor, gently kissed his lips, and then went to look at the documents.

"Of course, I haven't forgotten about you either, and Morgana."

A small, gentle smile appeared on Jeanne's face, and a low, melodious laugh escaped her throat, "You don't have to worry about it, Vic."

"Unfortunately, this is something you don't have a say in."

"Oh? why not?"

"Because I decided I was going to spoil you all."

"... Just don't spoil us too much." Despite her disapproving voice, she couldn't hide her delighted smile.

"That is something I cannot promise."

Aphrodite approached Victor. She pulled Morgana away and hugged his vacant now right side.

"Now that I'm more free, I want to spoil everyone and treat it like my vacation."

"That's good. Ever since you entered the Supernatural World, you've done nothing but work."

A loving smile spread across Aphrodite's perfect face, and Victor smiled gently when he saw the heart in her eyes; her Love Divinity was greater than ever.

He kissed her cheek. "Are you satisfied, my Goddess?"

"Mm... I'm satisfied... For now."

"So insatiable, My Goddess of Love." Victor laughed.

"Humpf, you really have to spoil Roxanne. If it weren't for her, even you would die dealing with so many women with such staggering stamina."

'You have no idea how much I spoil that woman," Victor chuckled internally.

"If I, Morgana, Scathach, and especially Jeanne can't wring you dry, probably no one can."

"Well, we can always test that theory, can't we?"

Aphrodite smiled lovingly and passionately kissed Victor.

Even absorbed in watching the battle that was going on, Anna still had her ears on the girls' conversation with Victor, and this particular subject caught her attention.

"What do you mean by 'especially Jeanne?', Aphrodite?"

Aphrodite stopped kissing Victor and looked at her longtime friend.

Then, seeing her appearance that was much better and more confident than in the past, she smiled:

"Let's just say that maybe in the future, I will lose the 'Most Passionate Goddess' Title to Jeanne."

"..." Anna opened her eyes in shock and looked at Jeanne, who was hiding her face in the papers.

"She may seem like an unsullied Saint, but in the bedroom, she easily bests Aphrodite, Morgana, Violet, and Natashia in debauchery."

"Morgana!" Jeanne screamed in embarrassment.

"What? I'm just spitting out facts."

"...They do say it's the quiet ones you have to look out for... And I saw theory prove itself three times over in that room."

"One with Jeanne, another with Pepper, and lastly with Haruna," Scathach completed.

Anna looked back at Jeanne with an incredulous look.

"Waaa, my reputation!" Jeanne grumbled.

"You didn't worry about your reputation as you rode Victor until your womb was completely filled." Aphrodite snorted, then added in a perfect imitation of Jeanne:

"How did she go? Oh yes... 'I want more! Please fill my uterus! Cum on my tits! Mess me up completely! Grab me by my hair and spank me harder, rougher! More, More! -' She was going to keep talking but quickly dodged a book thrown in her face by a very embarrassed Jeanne.

"Aphrodite!"

Amused laughter erupted around the room.

Anna looked at all this in disbelief and a little embarrassed, too, after hearing all this 'dirty' talk. She didn't want to know about her son's 'remarkable' sex life!... Even though she was very curious about it, it was a year's worth of non-stop sex, after all... No! She didn't want to know!

Another laugh echoed around as people saw Anna's expression, which was almost precisely like Jeanne's.

Suddenly the door was violently opened, which attracted everyone's attention. Soon they saw Nero, followed by Ophis, holding a fat cat in her arms. The cat struggled to get out but was obviously powerless in the face of Ophis's strength. Even if she was a child, she was still a Vampire Child, one with a Progenitor's blood coursing through her veins. She was not normal.

"Father!" The two screamed simultaneously but stopped when they saw an unknown woman lying with her head in their Father's lap.

Ophis and Nero narrowed their eyes when they felt an instinctive danger from that woman. Then, when the woman opened her eyes, and those familiar violet eyes stared at them, that danger instinct increased even more.

"My daughters, I missed you."

The two's sense of danger disappeared when they heard Victor's voice.

They had complete trust in Victor and knew nothing would happen to them as long as Victor was here.

Unfortunately, that wasn't the same for Zack as when he saw the girl, and when she looked at him, the cat literally froze and seemed to go completely pale as a blank canvas despite being covered in fur. Soon the cat's eyes rolled back into its skull, and he fainted.

"Shit, Zack? Zack!" Victor got up from where he was and approached his cat. He took the cat in his arms and saw that he was completely fine.

Zaladrac growled in annoyance and then sat up normally. When she did so, the wings that were once curled up behind her opened, showing a small fraction of the majesty of the Dragons.

This drew everyone's attention to the woman, and they looked curiously at the girl's wings, but those who had seen her before, such as Aphrodite and Scathach, ignored them afterward.

Victor sat on the floor and placed Ophis on his left leg. He then put Zack on Ophis's lap while placing Nero on his right leg.

"I'm glad Zack is okay, though he's sure is fatter than before."

"He is very pampered at the mansion." Anna reminded Victor.

"But why is he with Ophis and Nero?"

"When I saw Zack walking around... I couldn't get him out of my head anymore. So now, I drag him everywhere. Ophis kind of got caught along the way." Nero explained.

Victor didn't know whether to laugh in amusement or look at his daughter in disbelief:

"Just don't overdo it. He's still just a regular cat."

"...I sincerely doubt that, Father."

"Oh? What do you mean?"

"He is too smart for a normal cat."

"Mm... Zack smart... Good Boy." Ophis rubbed Zack's belly.

"As far back as I can remember, he's always been this smart."

"Oh? So he could write even when you were little?"

"... Excuse me?" Victor looked at Nero in disbelief.

"Look, Father, this was written by Zack." Nero took a piece of paper from her pocket and handed it to Victor.

Victor opened the paper and saw the note saying: "Food, Now!" in perfect English. It even had the correct punctuation!

"The cat is smarter than the majority of Human teenagers, which isn't too difficult, let's face it."

That remark earned some amused laughter from Victor, but he stopped when he realized something.

"... Mother, how long have we had Zack?"

"I got him when you were a baby. And he was a little big then, too... But, if I'm right, then it's been 20 years?"

"Impossible. How is he still alive, then? The average lifespan of a cat is 12 to 18 years. Zack is easily past that." Victor replied.

The women looked at the cat with curiosity on their faces. Aphrodite, Jeanne, and even Scathach watched him, trying to find some hint of anything abnormal, but he just looked like a fat, fluffy cat.

"Okay... Why is nothing in our Family normal? I had a friend who turned out to be a Goddess, an acquaintance who was the Former General of The Werewolves, and one of my acquaintances was a Former Hunter. And now the cat isn't normal either!" Anna screamed in exasperation.

"To be honest, he wasn't normal from the beginning, but we just brushed it off because we didn't want to think about it."

The girls looked towards the door and saw Leon, who looked like Victor's brother, only less handsome, with shorter hair than Victor and red eyes.

They were quite similar, although Leon lacked the details of Victor's face that he'd inherited from Anna.

"Father, you really look like me now."

"Shouldn't it be the other way around? After all, I came first."

"But I am more perfect."

Leon rolled his eyes: "Narcissism at its best...- Hmm? What is that? Your eyes have changed."

"I thought no one would comment on it..."

"To be honest, we just ignored it. It was easy to understand what happened when we looked at her." Scathach pointed to Zaladrac, who was looking at Leon with neutral eyes.

When Leon looked at Zaladrac, he shuddered visibly, and his face turned paler than usual. The woman, as well as all those who interacted with his son, were beautiful, but that was not what made him like that. Instead, it was the feeling that she gave it to him.

She was dangerous. Even though she was just sitting there doing nothing, he could instinctively feel it.

"I'm still amazed at how all Beings react to Zaladrac." Victor laughed.

"I am a Dragon, Victor. A much-loved Dragon who has a mate who was already very strong when we made our bond with each other. It's normal for them to feel that way."

'Oh? This is rare. Is she feeling competitive because of the women around?' Victor could easily feel jealousy, and possession from her, which was expected. She was a Dragon, and Dragons were very possessive Beings by nature.

"Unlike the other mediocre Dragons who make contracts with low-level Beings, I made a contract with someone stronger than me. As I was the 'weaker' one when the contract was made, I received most of the characteristics of my contractor. Because of that, my Original Form has changed so much, as have my eyes."

"Does that mean Victor got nothing but a prettier pair of eyes?" Morgana asked.

"Incorrect. A Dragon's eyes are special by nature. We can see the world as it really is. And most of my Draconic Perks like my scales, Energy Control, instincts, lung capacity, and my heart were received by him."

"Do you have two hearts now, Vic?" Aphrodite asked.

"It's not that. When she says I received her heart, it means that my heart was strengthened, becoming much like a Dragons, not that it was replaced."

"The same applies to my lungs as well. Simply put, you can think of my insides as growing stronger than before, and thanks to that, I can release Dragon's Breath too."

"Essentially speaking, you could say he's a Humanoid Dragon," Zaladrac adds.

"The Progenitor of Vampires and Dragons, huh ... Not bad at all." Victor laughed playfully.

Zaladrac looked at Victor: "You are not a Dragon, Victor. For you to become a Dragon, it is not the flesh that must change, but the Soul. A Dragon's Soul is what contains everything that it means to be a Dragon."

"My flesh may be that of a weak Human, but if my Soul is that of a Dragon, I'm still a Dragon."

"Fufufu, I know that. Remember, I'm kind of an expert on Souls."

"Mm."

"In a way, I'm just like Eleanor. I'm a Noble Vampire with the Traits of a Dragon."

"Eleanor...? Is that one of your Wives? Does she have the characteristics of a Dragon as well?"

"Yes, although I don't know what type. I just know that in that Form, she has Green Fire and can control the gravity around her."

"Hmm... I feel like I've heard of a Dragon like that in the past, but I don't remember."

Seeing that the conversation had ended, Leon spoke: "Victor, we found them."

Victor's expression turned very serious: "Who found them first?"

"Oda and the Demons Vine made available for the chase."

Victor's smile grew. and the girls knew that smile very well.