

My Three Wives Are Beautiful Vampires

Chapter 701: A clue that leads to old enemies.

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Victor's smile grew, and the girls knew that smile very well.

"Victor, mind explaining," Scathach asked for the group.

"When I absorbed Diablo and his elites, I received tons of memories. I instantly knew all of Diablo's bases in the human world and his plans."

"... The way you're saying it... You said you have all the memories of Diablo since he existed."

Victor looked at his mother "Only the important events, but yes. You are not wrong."

"Isn't that dangerous for you?" Anna asked worriedly.

"Since I could fully access my Progenitor form, my Progenitor abilities came easier for me."

"When I absorb someone, I see all the memories as if it were a movie.

Most memories are filtered and remain dormant until I need them; it's a lot like the Google search engine. When I feel like I 'need' to know something, memories appear. Of course, I can also actively seek them if necessary.

"Oh... Good thing, I thought I would be just like Adonis." Anna sighed.

"Unlike Adonis, I didn't 'merge' with Diablo; I just absorbed him.

Merging with a being has a lot of risks involved, and it is something I will never do again. It's too dangerous." Victor wasn't interested in having multiple personalities inside his body.

"Continuing... When I returned to Hell, I quickly summoned my war general Vine, sent the demons into these bases, and reclaimed what is rightfully ours."

"The attack was successful, but..."

"Unfortunately, I couldn't retrieve the Egg of Creation, a tool that would make Diablo completely reborn as a Nephalem. From Diablo's memories, I know that it was Asmodeus who stole this tool, and since he is a spirit, it is very difficult to track down."

"Egg of Creation?" Morgana asked with narrowed eyes.

"It's a demonic tool made of blood, guts, and souls. An evil creation even by demon standards, it was this instrument he used to 'store' the souls he killed, and used those souls to revive demons and even give strength to selected demons."

"This tool also serves as an incubator, through an unholy ritual that requires the heart of the most righteous angel, the heart of the most 'evil' demon, and the heart of a high-ranking angel who fell into sin and became fallen. A ritual that can change the soul and a being's race is created."

"The end result of this ritual is a Nephalem, a being that breaks the balance."

"..."

"... He didn't look that strong, the Nephalem, I mean," Morgana spoke.

"That was because he made a mistake," Scathach explained and then continued when everyone's attention was on her.

"Power isn't just how much energy you have. If it was just that, Victor would be much stronger than everyone from the beginning, and he wouldn't even need training."

"Power is everything from technique, instinct, energy, and state of mind."

"By hastily becoming a Nephalem, he shattered his techniques and instinct, all that was left was mental state and energy."

"And that wasn't enough to knock Victor off, someone who built his foundations right."

"As my beloved master always says, the basics are important. It is through them that strength is built." Victor added.

"Correct." Scathach smiled in satisfaction.

"I couldn't find the Egg of Creation, but I wasn't disappointed. I cleared Diablo's remaining influence from my subordinates. I was taught that if I am going to destroy an enemy, I must destroy until there are no loose ends."

"No mercy, huh." Jeanne spoke in a curious tone, then nodded approvingly, "Good."

Victor smiled, then continued, "In that battle, I also absorbed most of the demon elites that were fighting for Diablo, and one of those people was Baal."

"Baal was contacting a group called the New Dawn."

"New Dawn, Is this an organization or something?" Scathach asked.

"They're more like a group of supernatural beings who came together with a lot of common goals."

"A group whose members were Niklaus Horsemann, James, the former general of the hunters, and the first prince of the werewolves, Fanir."

The girls narrowed their eyes when they heard the individuals' names.

"Old enemies." Scathach declared neutrally.

"Annoying enemies that just hide." Anna snorted. She was on top of the subject involving those names since they were responsible for attacking his residence when she lived in the human world.

"Baal was infiltrated into the group at Diablo's behest to observe them, and through those memories, I learned of their base."

Let me guess, your minions attacked the base, but it was empty," Morgana said.

"Correct."

"They are sneaky bastards. They know how to hide; no one can deny that." Scathach snorted.

"The problem is that they know how to hide very well, and not even Baal knew everything about them. I could try my luck with Agares, that demon was in charge of spying on the group too, but the demon also disappeared as if it had not existed."

"Understanding that brings us to what my father said just now."

"... You managed to find them."

"A base of them. Clan Blank and the demons are on standby waiting for Victor."

Nobody asked why Leon knew that. After all, for all intents and purposes, Oda was Leon's master, just as Hilda was Anna's master. If Oda included Leon in Victor's goals, it's because the assassin Master thought Leon was good enough for the task.

"Didn't you say you weren't going to work?" Jeanne asked in a slightly amused tone.

"I won't, but I won't let someone threaten my family and get away with it for too long. Now that I have a trail on them, I won't let it go cold." Victor removed Nero and Ophis from his lap and patted both of their heads as he got up.

"Why such a hurry? I mean, you faced the Demon King, and you are the king of hell and a leader of a rising faction that has several very powerful beings. They are just insignificant worms," Morgana asked.

"Do not underestimate your enemies, Morgana," Victor stated neutrally.

"Even when a lion goes after a rabbit, he uses all his strength. That thought can lead to ruin."

"...I'm not underestimating them. I'm just saying that you don't need to personally move to attack them. You're a King, Victor. Let your subordinates handle it."

"Before I am a King, I am the man responsible for my family."

"They attacked my family, and no one is going to do that and get away with it. I will destroy them, even if I have to use all the demons in hell to do it."

"This matter is a high priority for me."

Everyone in the room except for Zaladrac smiled in satisfaction when they heard what Victor said.

'Even though he's King, Victor is still Victor. He hasn't changed... Good.' Aphrodite chuckled inwardly.

"Not to mention that it might seem that this group is not dangerous, but that would be a very incorrect speculation."

"Tames is an excellent scientist, possibly a genius at his craft. He was the man capable of creating defective human-vampire hybrids, and now that he has even more support from influential allies, who knows what morbid creation that man invented."

"Not to mention that Niklaus was responsible for my daughter's direct suffering. As long as I live, he will not have the pleasure of feeling the rest of death. Believe me when I say there is worse suffering than just dying."

Nero shuddered slightly, bad memories started to appear in her vision, but they disappeared like the wind when Victor stroked her head.

Looking at her father and the gentle smile on his face, she smiled gently.

"Niklaus had Nero... Which means he has the blood of a hybrid." Jeanne narrowed her eyes.

"Blood that is extremely toxic to noble vampires and werewolves if handled correctly... You remember Theo's 'final' act."

"Yes, Vlad tried to hide it, but he couldn't completely," Scathach spoke, then she opened her eyes a little as she realized what Victor had said.

"They were able to create something that harmed a Progenitor as ancient as Vlad."

"Remember what happened to Michael and Gabriel"

How could they forget that? It's not every day you see an angel becoming fallen.

"With just one bullet of pure miasma, Gabriel became a fallen angel.

And from Diablo's memories, James and Asmodeus have worked together several times in the past, so it's fair to predict that James also has this research on hand."

"And I don't even want to think about what he's going to try to create with it."

"Not to mention, that's all we 'know' James may have a lot more hidden weapons; that man has no morals. The same applies to Niklaus, who, according to my beloved daughter, may still be in possession of a werewolf/vampire hybrid."

The girls looked at Nero, and the teenager shuddered a little at the women's gazes, so she held Victor's hand tighter.

She hated feeling weak with just the mention of her past, but that was a very hard trauma to forget. She would have reacted much worse in the past, and it was only thanks to the presence of Victor, Ruby, Anna, and Ophis that she was getting better.

"That's correct information..." Jeanne asked carefully with a gentle tone, not wanting to make Nero feel bad.

"Yes, something Nero told me when she got comfortable talking about the past. Don't ask too much unless she wants to talk to you about it."

Even among their family, only Victor and Ruby knew fully about Nero's past, and Victor didn't want to betray that trust. If Nero wished to speak, she would. That is her right as someone who has suffered all of this.

"I understand the danger now." Scathach got up, as did Morgana and Jeanne.

"We will kill them," Morgana spoke.

"Let me absorb them to get their information. I don't like to walk blindly, and I feel this is not as simple as it seems."

"Vic, they have something that can kill an entire population of noble vampires. They basically have a bio-terrorist weapon in their possession. How can this get any more complicated?" Jeanne spoke.

"It can get worse, believe me."

"What do you mean?" Scathach asked.

"Baal saw James and Niklaus meeting with the messengers of the Elder's Gods several times; they talked a lot when Baal was not there."

"...Fuck." Jeanne exclaimed, "I don't even want to think what they can do but their hands in the form of creating monsters of the Elder Gods."

"I don't think they would be foolish to give their greatest weapon to their 'enemy'. After all, anything other than their own population is their enemy."

"But it's not impossible to think that New Dawn has a pretty good understanding of the negative aspects of monsters, such as the poison of monsters that can harm all those who are not of Clan Adrastea."

"The hybrid's poison, and the monster's poison, two deadly weapons in the hands of our enemies, I forgot something," Jeanne asked a bit sarcastically. She didn't like the scenario that Victor was painting at all.

"Remember that the technology the Nightingale natives use is unknown to us. If the messengers of the Elder Gods are doing business with them, it's safe to assume they are in possession of several other ways to kill us."

"Great... Just Great." Morgana rolled her eyes.

"Not to mention that they may have other supporters behind them that we don't know about, this could be speculation, but it could also be true."

"Do you understand now that we are walking blindly

"Yeah... I don't like that either." Scathach spoke.

"Ugh, how do they have so much support?" Anna grumbled.

"Mutual interests. Many beings hate noble vampires, most notably Victor and Vlad himself, who has many enemies he has made in the past," Scathach replied.

"They're too cowardly to fight Victor head-on, but that doesn't mean they can't do it behind the scenes."

"It would be too presumptuous to say that these individuals are specifically targeting us. The Elder Gods likely want the entire vampire race extinct, and James' goals are unknown. Theoretically, he wouldn't have to be involved with me anymore since he's no longer a member of The Inquisition."

"And Niklaus... The man is a complete mystery too."

"It doesn't matter. They are our enemies, and the only good enemy is a dead enemy." Morgana snorted.

"Yes, I agree with you. But I wouldn't be a good king if I ignored what motivates my enemies. If I have an idea of what they want, I can work on it to set a trap, but so far, no one knows what they want, not even Baal or Diablo."

"Information is also a form of power. With it, the rhythm of war can change completely." Scathach added, clearly approving of Victor's thought process.

"Roxanne." A flash of red light appeared, and soon Roxanne was in the room.

"Ey, Eyyy! You called, Darling?"

"Are you busy?"

"Hmm... I was! But I always have time for you, Darling. Do you need something?"

"Yeah, I need to use Big Guy. Can I borrow him?"

Roxanne's smile grew predatory. "Of course."

Roxanne approached Victor and kissed him passionately, then she separated, leaving a bridge of saliva that connected their lips.

"Now, you can call him anytime you want."

"You just wanted to do that, didn't you?" Victor asked with a small smile on his face.

"What's wrong?" She asked with a smug smile.

"Do you see me complaining?"

"Good." She nodded, satisfied, "If you need anything, just call me. I'll get back to my work!"

Roxanne disappeared into a red light.

"I will go along with Scathach, Morgana, and Jeanne."

"Zaladrac, you stay."

"... Protection, I suppose."

"Correct."

"With Aphrodite here, the possibility of someone sneaking in is low, but I don't want to risk it in case someone like Agares is out there."

"As you yourself said, you and I are the only ones who can 'see' the world as it really is. With you around, the chance of someone like Agares or Asmodeus going unnoticed is very low."

"Grr..." She growled a little, blue fire with violet hues coming out of her mouth, her teeth getting sharper. "I don't like this, I want to go with you, but I will obey."

"Mm, look after them for me, Zaladrac."

".." Zaladrac's face went back to neutral as she sensed Victor's emotions in that statement, then she nodded her head with a neutral but resolute expression.

Aphrodite watched this exchange with an amused smile. As someone with a similar connection to Victor, she could clearly feel the emotions Victor was transmitting to Zaladrac.

"We'll go now... And when I come back, I'll play with you, okay" He told Ophis and Nero.

The girls who were sulking showed big satisfied smiles.

"Father will train us?" Ophis asked.

"Of course."

"Yay!!"

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Night.

In the sky of the Bermuda Triangle, five beings were standing above the clouds, looking at the sea with visibly confused expressions.

"Oda, are you sure this is the correct location?" Scathach asked.

"Yes. Look." Oda pointed to a spot, and as the group looked at it, they saw a cargo plane. The group kept looking at the plane until it suddenly disappeared into thin air.

"Huh!?" Morgana exclaimed.

"A barrier... Wrong, a pocket dimension?" Jeanne narrowed her eyes.

"Correct." Oda nodded.

"Just how did you manage to find this location?"

"... The demons in the king's service are very competent, and they tracked the location according to the data obtained in the invasions of the last bases."

The group looked at Victor, who was looking down with his draconic eyes glowing faintly in violet.

Sensing the group's stares, Victor explained, "The demons that Vine made available are part of a specific breed of demons hailing from the section of hell where it is pure darkness. They are very proficient at tracking, and with Oda's help, it was only a matter of time until they found them, but I didn't expect them to have a hidden base in another dimension."

"...Did you get the support of the demons of despair?" Morgana asked in disbelief.

"I have the backing of every demon, Morgana."

"... You really unified hell... Amazing..." Morgana's eyes sparkled with a glint of genuine admiration.

Unifying Hell was something that not even Lucifer had managed. Yes, he was the king of all, but hardly anyone acted 'supporting' him of their own accord. After all, at the end of the day, demons acted only for their own interest.

"I really want to see the new hell you've built," Morgana spoke.

"As long as you can withstand the Miasma of Hell, I'll take you there, but if not. You will have to wait for my people and me to build something that will help the visitors of hell to walk smoothly through the three cities I built."

"Three cities... You built cities!?"

"Yeah, the last time I checked, Alexandria's population was almost 100 million, and I think Abbadon must have more citizens. We are always expanding, and eventually, the population will get so big that calling them a 'city' will be misleading."

"Cities the size of a large country will be a better explanation. I think the prediction is that in less than 1000 years, the population of the cities will be 30 billion beings, totaling more than 80% of hell."

Even with two wars, one provoked by Diablo and the other provoked by Victor, the population of demons was simply ridiculous, and this population increased more and more with time.

Victor thinks that in less than 50,000 demonic years, the population of hell will reach 100 billion. Of course, that is if there are no internal or external wars that will reduce this population.

The reason there were so many demons was quite simple, sin.

It's easier to commit sins than to be a good person.

Another reason is that there are many demons that lived a long time in hiding, demons that didn't live in cities controlled by the ancient pillars.

Hell was massive, and because it was so big, there would always be possibilities for entire tribes of demons to live in hiding away from the main 'stage'.

"..." Everyone looked in disbelief at Victor, and from the numbers he casually used, here was a man who was the leader of billions of beings.

"You really weren't kidding when you said all demons answered to you..."

"..." Victor looked at Morgana with a blank expression that said, are you serious? You know I don't lie.

"Ugh, I'm sorry for doubting it. It's just that from my perspective as a former demon, it's pretty unbelievable, you know?" Morgana spoke.

"That's surprising, Vic. That means you have a lot of manpower for war."

"Unfortunately, that is not correct."

"Oh?"

"The overwhelming majority of the demon population in Hell are lesser demons who are very weak in the grand scheme of things."

"Elite demons take a long time to create, and exceptional demons like Baal or my generals are even more difficult."

"Although this restriction only applies to ancient kings... I can change that, and with a merit system in place, I can 'grant' strength to them based on their contribution to Hell."

"...I see. You're using negative energy to give demons more power, but negative energy is just the 'reward' they strive for and desire. The real goal is the merit system that demons strive for to get stronger... That's quite ingenious. You're using the main traits of demons well to your advantage." Jeanne laughed a little at the end with an admiring tone.

"There are no useless demons, only a visionless king who cannot use them; take the example of the demons of despair. If it was the ancient society, they would be useless if they didn't have the strength of the Horsemen of Death. At least, that's what the ancient king would see..."

"I, on the other hand, value their ability to hide with the miasma and blend in with their surroundings, not to mention that they can form a very resistant layer like armor, all thanks to the special miasma, and are also able to smell negative 'emotion'. These demons are natural hunters, and with the training they received, they became deadly assassins."

The assassin's job is to kill, not fight. That is, they use anything to kill the target. And these demons are experts at it.

"They really are quite ingenious." Oda nods.

Even though he was talking to the group, Victor's eyes were still on the dimension beneath them. With the dragon's eyes that could see the world in its true essence, the ability to hide in a subdimension was useless.

Not to mention that upon receiving the dragon's eyes, his visual powers basically merged with what they had before, making him even more powerful.

He literally could see between dimensions, and if he wanted to, he could see behind walls with perfectly normal vision.

Of course, he could also change the tones of his vision as he used to in the past if he so desired.

'The base is unoccupied... They are just using it as a resupply point.'

Narrowing his eyes even more, he saw several 'wires' in the air going to one point on the island.

Yes, the dimension beneath it hid a large island in plain sight, a very robust military base.

Focusing his eyes on that spot, he saw an entire community of people.

'Humans? They're all human... This doesn't make any sense. Are they using it for shelter? Or are they planning some kind of experiment on humans?'

"This is amazing... Honestly, I really need to see if I'm resistant to the miasma like before. I want to see the new hell." Morgana never thought she would want to go back to Hell so badly.

"The way he describes things, I also want to go in the future."

Scathach said: "This seems like an experience I've never had in the past." She laughed a little at the end.

'Being with Victor is never uninteresting.'

"I can agree with Scathach on that... I wish to see what Victor created.

I feel it will be an interesting journey." Jeanne added.

"I'll take you all one day. I just need to create an item that will keep the miasma away from you..." Victor trailed off as he focused on a man.

'That signature... There's no doubt about it.'

"Victor?"

"A god is at the base, and a very strong one at that."

The group immediately turned serious.

"Description?"

Victor raised his hand, and a sculpture of ice appeared on his palm, then using the sculpture as a reference, he explained:

"He is tall, with healthy skin, long black hair, oriental features, and wearing a black suit with gold trim. The feeling I get from him is the same as I had when I saw the angel of death, so a god related to death maybe?... But the feeling of death is too weak; he feels more 'dark'?"

"...." Everyone was silent. Even though the three women here were very experienced, it doesn't mean that they interacted with all the gods. Only a 'sociable' person was capable of that.

"I don't recognize him with just description and appearance... We need Aphrodite's knowledge."

"We also need Alexios," Victor added and narrowed his eyes as a portal appeared next to the man, and two more men came out of the portal.

The feeling they gave was very similar to that of the first man.

"Two other gods appeared." Victor made two other ice sculptures that show the two men:

"The first seems to be a god from Egypt, and the other, I have no idea."

"I've never seen them before either," Scathach spoke, then she looked at Morgana and Jeanne, and the two women also shook their heads, indicating that they didn't know them either.

"Why do we need Alexios? Can't you destroy the dimension?" Morgana asked curiously.

"Morgana... Destroying a dimension is very risky."

"Why?" Morgana was curious and a grown woman. So when she didn't know something, she simply asked.

"As Jeanne said, the dimension is something created by another being to protect or isolate an area. Without being invited, it's impossible to enter... That doesn't mean it's impossible to break the dimension, but if I do that, the whole island will disappear with the amount of power I will use."

"And if it isn't destroyed by the amount of power he uses, the sudden appearance of an island in the sea can cause the island to sink or cause other natural problems that I have no idea about but are best avoided."

"Oh..."

"Not to mention that the island is inhabited by an entire community of humans. There are even children in that place; if possible, I don't want to harm them with my direct actions."

"..." This made the girls' expressions soften.

"Is the plan still on, Vic?" Scathach continued.

"Yeah, even though the island looks abandoned, it could still be an important point for them. New information can be gained just by searching around the island and talking to the inhabitants, not to mention that if we capture one of those gods, we can learn more."

"Oh..? Why not just absorb them?" Jeanne asked.

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"Oh...? Why not just absorb them?" Jeanne asked.

"Although they are dark in nature, they are still gods... I don't know what kind of trouble I'll get from eating them."

"It's one thing for me to have my own divinity that is slowly growing; it's another thing for me to eat a divinity that isn't mine. War wasn't a problem because he was a newborn god, and he hardly had time to build a proper divinity, which is not the case with these gods."

"Understanding the nature of divinity is something completely opposite of the creatures of the night. I remember that Vlad also never tried to absorb a god before. He just killed them." Morgana spoke.

"One thing I don't understand is what they are doing here, aren't all the pantheons occupied right now or something?" Jeanne spoke.

"One of Diablo's long term goals was to create a pantheon with all the dark deities from different pantheons. Which is why he allied himself with all the kings of hell, so it wouldn't be strange to see dark gods cooperating with New Dawn. They had a close relationship, after all."

"..." Everyone's eyes widened in shock.

"... Creating a pantheon... That's ambitious." Scathach spoke.

"Indeed." Victor didn't deny it.

"...Speaking of memories, can't you identify them with Diablo's memories?" Jeanne asked.

"No, I can't. Looks like Diablo didn't interact with them."

"They might look different too. Remember, Aphrodite has done that in the past." Scathach spoke.

"Scathach, you cannot deceive a dragon's eyes."

"..." Scathach felt a delicious shiver run through her body as she looked into Victor's eyes.

"Seeing what the world truly looks like means that no kind of transformation, fakery, or illusion works for me."

"When I look at someone, I see the true appearance of that person, the appearance that the soul gives to the body."

"You are a nightmare to the gods related to deceit, illusion, and lies." Jeanne laughed.

"I don't deny it." Victor laughed gently.

Victor looked back at the island and saw the gods disappearing from the area and letting humans take care of everything.

"Okay, that just got even more confusing."

"What is it?" Jeanne asked.

"This place clearly looks like a shelter, and the 'cargo' on the plane were all supplies being made available to humans."

"... This is not something I expected." Morgana narrowed her eyes.

"Me either."

"... Lord Victor, I have a theory," Oda said.

"Speak."

"Even indirectly, a war between demons and humans took place, countries were wiped off the map, and the world's economy collapsed, the world was turned upside down overnight, just as everyone understands, this is the perfect opportunity to take action and gain influence in the world."

With just those words, Victor managed to understand the point that Oda had pointed out: "The world is being rebuilt... We basically went back to the second world war, only much bloodier and more brutal...."

"Like us, they are taking this chance to acquire... whatever it is they want."

Victor turned his gaze to the human city and narrowed his eyes as his vision went to the citizens' houses, and he saw a shrine of a god.

He repeated his action and saw all the houses on the island, and as expected, they all had a shrine with the image of a god.

"Each house in this place has a shrine to a god."

"... They are accumulating Faith." Jeanne opened her eyes wide.

"Faith? But the gods don't need Faith." Scathach commented.

"Yes, that is correct, but for a pantheon, that is quite important."

"What do you mean?" Victor asked.

"While they don't need Faith to use their powers, Faith is very much intertwined with the birth of powerful new gods."

"Tell me, Scathach, you who have traveled to many countries of the world must know. How long has it been since you heard about a new 'god' being created naturally and strong? I'm not talking about ascended gods like Albedo or your teacher."

Scathach opened her mouth to speak, then closed it and narrowed her eyes: "I've never heard of that."

"That's because it's been a long time since this happened."

"Gods that are born from the myths, imagination, and the Faith of humans have more potential than gods born naturally from two gods."

"In modern times, the creation of new powerful gods was completely interrupted. This almost never happened again like it did in the past; the reason for this is, as I said, to be born a strong god, they need a 'myth' and a 'faith' behind it."

"For example, even if Zeus has sex with Hera 24 hours a day, starting today, the chance of them having a child is high, but that child will not be as strong as Ares."

"But, if a new myth about the son of Zeus and Hera who was born in modern times is widely believed, that son may come into existence with various legends and myths, making him as strong as a greater god."

"... Hmm, I understand, but I don't comprehend something." Victor looked at Jeanne:

"If a god is born of another god, and he doesn't have a myth, can't he acquire a 'myth' for himself?"

"Yes, but that is an impossible task in modern times."

"The god must alone make something worthy of a 'legend', and it needs to be widely known by mortals."

"For example, in this war that took place between the humans and the demons, if a god with no myth behind them came down to help the humans and defeated all the demons along with Diablo alone."

"That would be the feat worthy of a 'legend', and thanks to that legend, that god would acquire several high-level concepts thanks to that achievement."

"Of course, the requirement for humans to be watching everything is also necessary for the 'legend' to be registered by everyone."

"... That is ridiculous and impossible," Scathach said, shaking her head in disbelief. No one wins a war alone; that was common sense.

"Right? But that is how a myth or a legend is born. In ancient times this was much easier; after all, humans were creatures who lived in a sea of uncertainty in the past."

"A giant snake would appear in the sea, and lightning would fall on its head. Two fishermen would see it, return home, and tell the story to their village, the story of a god of thunder who subjugated a snake and helped two fishermen. In time, this myth would be spread, and everyone would know about it."

"Throughout the generations, this myth would be passed down until another event that seemed to be related to thunder took place, spawning even more rumors and myths."

"Time would pass again until one day when this myth is well known, someone will whisper a name... Thor,"

"And Voila, the requirement for a god with great potential was born."

"Most gods with great potential came into being this way. They were not born from someone's womb unless specifically pointed out in a myth as in most Greek stories."

"With modernization, this type of scenario will hardly happen."

"... You seem to know a lot about this, Jeanne," Morgana spoke in a shocked tone.

"I've lived a long time, Morgana. I've seen that happen a few times over the course of history."

"Oh... Yes... I had forgotten about that." Morgana laughed sweetly.

Jeanne rolled her eyes as she looked at Victor and asked:

"Victor, what is the god in the image of the shrine like?"

"It is something like this." Victor raised his hand and an ice sculpture formed in front of them.

The sculpture had the image of a man with spiky hair holding an axe up with a heroic expression.

"Humans call him Thorron."

"I've never heard of a god with that name before, I might not know the physical characteristics of a god because it might be quite different from the books, but the names and myths behind it would hardly be forgotten," Scathach spoke.

"I assume you researched this because you wanted to fight them in the future, and you wanted references," Victor spoke.

Scathach displayed a small smile: "... You know me well, Victor." She laughed in a melodious voice.

"You never heard the name of that god, Scathach. It's because that god doesn't exist, not yet."

Scathach stopped laughing and looked at Jeanne.

"It's possible that this isolated dimension is all one big experiment in creating new gods."

"Think of what I said and think of the present situation. The 'destruction' of the human race by monstrous creatures, the isolation of a community without access to the outside world, the patronage of a 'real god'... Putting all these factors together, we have a group

of easily influenced humans, and if that community of humans was to believe in their hearts that the god they are praying to is indeed a real god..."

"As the years and generations pass, not just one, more new gods could actually be born here, all thanks to the 'myth' that will be artificially created here by the same beings who put them all here."

"They created a perfect setting to mimic what a day was in the past, a time when humans lived with uncertainty and insecurities about the day ahead, and could only count on Faith to keep them 'safe'."

"The human race was not destroyed, Jeanne." Morgana pointed.

"They don't know that, Morgana. Communications have been destroyed. They just know what happened to them, and for them, the entire human race has been destroyed right in front of their eyes by monsters... And I'm sure whatever god or organization planned this, it's in their interest to keep these humans as uninformed as possible."

"Fuck, the more I think about it, the more it implies that this is a controlled environment for the possible creation of new gods," Jeanne spoke while putting her hand on her brow as if she had a severe headache.

"Jeanne, does faith have to be just from mortals like humans?"

"Hmm? Of course not. As long as the group is not a god, it is possible to create Faith."

"Heeh, what about the demons? What do you think?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, the demons call me as if I were the antichrist, and I have done many great deeds in hell."

"Oh, but you weren't born a god, Victor. You are a mortal. What I said only applies to natural gods."

"Oh."

"The only option for you is to ascend to godhood like Albedo."

"..." A moment of silence fell over them, nobody said anything, and they just thought about Jeanne's words. Each one had their own thoughts going through their heads now.

This silence was broken by Oda, who spoke:

"In desperate times... Everyone clings to the smallest thread of hope possible in search of a new tomorrow. For mortals with a limited lifespan, their flames of hope are so great, and at the same time so ephemeral, and it is these flames that will give life to new gods... gods that could be enemies in the future."

"We need to do something, Lord Victor." Oda looked at Victor with a serious look.

"..." Victor nodded, and a decision was made:

"We need Aphrodite," Victor spoke.

"Preferably Rhea too. She is a mother goddess and also a former Queen, so she has a lot of experience in that matter." Jeanne added.

Victor nodded his head in agreement and said:

"I will contact Aléxios."

Chapter 704: Scathach's determination

Some minutes later.

A portal appeared next to Victor, and out of it came Aphrodite, who immediately jumped and hugged Victor, followed by Rhea and Alexios.

"Darling, I didn't expect you to ask for my help so quickly."

Victor chuckled gently, "We're in a very...peculiar situation."

"Oh? Tell me what happened."

Victor nodded and explained what he saw, then Jeanne joined in and presented her assumptions to the two Goddesses.

A few minutes after finishing the explanation, Aphrodite spoke: "First, show me what the three Gods looked like."

Victor nodded and made three Ice sculptures.

"Interesting, the Eastern God can be called a subordinate of the Underworld, but at the same time, he can also be called the Shinigami, or God of Death. That is an occupational position; someone can always replace him as long as the Shinto King of Hell declares it."

"The Egyptian God is Anubis, quite a troublesome guy."

"The last is a Celtic God, Taranis, a God of Thunder."

"...God of Thunder? Are you sure, Aphrodite?"

"Yes."

"Strange because when I looked at this man, I felt like I was looking at an Angel of Death. It didn't feel like when I saw Thor or Zeus."

"...That's weird. The only thing I can think of is that he somehow acquired a Death Divinity... But even if he did, it shouldn't have been that strong, the Celtic Pantheon might not have a big Hell like the Seven Great Pantheons, but they still have a Hell, and I'm sure Taranis is not part of it."

"Not to mention that the Celtic Pantheon is not part of the Great Pantheons that have a Ruler, consequently not having a God of Death under their command. For Taranis to have such a strong Divinity of Death..."

"Something must have happened."

In each sphere of influence on the planet, there were several Pantheons, but only a chosen few could be included in the Seven Great Pantheons. To be recognized as one of these, the Pantheon needed to have a large enough Hell with a flow of Souls large enough so that this Hell garnered the interest of the Judges of the Abyss. If this condition were met, the Judges of the Abyss would place this Hell as part of the System created by the Primordial Entities when the allocations for Hell occur.

A Ruler will be born in that Hell, and consequently, a God of Death, who helps the Ruler manage Souls, will also be born.

That way, the Pantheon will be recognized as a Pantheon with a Heaven, and a Hell, automatically making it one of the 'important' Pantheons.

Yes, the Gods of Death are direct subordinates of the Ruler, making them one of the agents of the Judges of the Abyss to a lesser extent, who aid and assist the Ruler of their Pantheon's Hell when trouble with Souls arises.

For example, for Souls that did not follow their natural course and were trapped on Earth for whatever reason, the God of Death of their respective Pantheons or their minions would go directly to that Soul to see what happened.

Simply stated, they are the agents that ensure the System created by the Primordial Entities works. After all, the Soul was an essential part of the maintenance and progression of Life in the Universe.

"Well, let's not think about that now. Alexios, can you create a portal to that Dimension?"

"Hmm..." Alexios looked where Victor was pointing. He opened his eyes, and just like Victor's eyes, he could see a Dimension there, but in Alexios' case, his eyes were more connected to the fabric of Space and Time.

"Easy, the Dimension is full of holes. Whichever retard made this, they didn't do a very good job. They focused too much on defense against attacks and ignored defenses against infiltrations."

A portal appeared in front of the group.

"This portal will take you to the Dimension. Once you're there, getting out shouldn't be a problem. The retard who made this didn't put any countermeasures in place for Supernatural Beings wanting to leave the Dimension and just prevented Humans from doing so."

"Whoa. I don't think I've ever seen Alexios curse at someone so much before.' Victor chuckled internally: 'I think he doesn't like a job done poorly.'

"Let's finish this matter soon and go back home," Victor said as he jumped into the portal.

The girls soon followed Victor, except for Scathach, who stayed behind.

"Alexios, why are you being so cooperative?"

"... King's orders. Not to mention he is also my son-in-law."

Scathach snorted, "At least you're honest with the main motive."

"I didn't lie when I said that him being my son-in-law is one of the reasons I helped him."

"But you moved because it's mostly Vlad's orders, right?"

"..." Alexios fell silent, and that silence was the answer Scathach wanted.

"Unofficially, Vlad is helping Victor because he saw he is the King of Hell now, right?"

Alexios sighed: "Lady Scathach knows him very well. My King has many faults, and the greatest of them is that he is a King before he is an individual."

"Well, I expected that. Now that Victor is the King of Hell, he will want to stay on our good side so that in the future, he can ask for some help in the war he intends to wage."

"Regardless of the King's attitude, Lord Victor would go to war whether he wanted to or not. He has a knack for getting into trouble, and the war will drag in individuals like Clan Adrastella. Lord Victor will not stand by and watch."

"And Vlad knows that, right?"

"Yes. "

"Haabh... Seriously, that old man needs to relax more. Isn't that Snow Clan woman helping him?"

"She is, but... Unfortunately, this is another flaw of my King. He doesn't listen to anyone most of the time, not even me, who is his 'adviser'."

"..." Scathach was silent, as she had nothing to say. After all, it was true.

"If anyone could make Vlad listen, it would be Victor, or his oldest friend, the owner of The Limbo Prison."

"Oh, Victor? Why do you think he can do that?"

"He did it the other time, during the Ophis incident." Alexios declared.

"It may not seem like it, but Vlad only listens to those he considers his equal. And reluctantly, he sees Victor that way now."

"Diablo and Victor's fight impacted him a lot, huh..." Scathach could understand that feeling very well. She still got wet when she thought about how much Power was inside Victor's body.

'Calm down, Scathach.' She took a deep breath: 'It's not the time yet.'

'I'll have my fight, but only when both of us are at our best.'

Scathach still didn't feel that she had reached her limit. Having someone like Victor around helped her immensely to refocus on her training. After all, now she also had a solid goal.

Taking a deep breath, she managed to calm down and declared:

"Honestly, Vlad should just get some Succubi, or Sex Goddesses, and get lost in an orgy. That old man is way too high-strung."

Alexios gasped when he heard what Scathach said as he looked at the woman with a disbelieving expression.

"What?"

"Nothing... I just never thought I'd hear those words from your mouth."

"That's what happens when you live with Natashia, Agnes, Maria, Violet, Morgana, and to a lesser extent, Leona and Roberta. They are women who don't have a filter."

"That seems to be complicated..."

"You get used to it over time, and they aren't like that most of the time. Just when something that upsets them occurs. Me, Aphrodite, Jeanne, Ruby, and Sasha are keeping them from saying things like that straight so that our children in the future won't be influenced."

"...Are you already thinking about that?"

"It's a natural concern, considering that it wouldn't be strange for one of the girls to suddenly turn up pregnant."

"Ugh, should I be worried about my daughter?"

"Believe me; your greatest concern should be whether Victor will spoil Natalia too much."

"Really...?"

"You have no idea how much that man values Natalia, do you?"

Scathach looked at Alexios with an amused expression.

"Well, she is an Alioth. He would be foolish-."

"Wrong, Alexios."

"Huh?"

"Victor doesn't value Natalia just because she's an Alioth. It's because of who Natalia is. Just like Kaguya and Violet, Natalia was one of the first women he encountered when he became a Noble Vampire, and she's been with Victor since the beginning."

"...Oh." Alexios opened his eyes in realization.

"That is quite illuminating... Thanks for telling me that, Scathach."

"No problem." Scathach spoke, then jumped into the portal as she said: "Stay tuned to the communicator. We'll contact you to return to Nightingale at any time."

"Okay. "

"Hmm? You took your time, Scathach. What was it?"

"I just wanted to talk to Alexios about something."

"Oh... Vlad, I presume?"

"Yeah, did you notice too?"

"Of course, the old man has gotten more 'gentle' these days." Victor laughed.

"It would be hard not to notice, wouldn't it?" Scathach laughed.

"Indeed." Victor looked back at the village. The two were looking at the village from afar atop a tree.

"Where is the group?"

"Oda went to look for evidence that New Dawn was here. As a Master Assassin, he is the best at that kind of work."

"Rhea, Jeanne, and Aphrodite went to do Divine 'things' to understand what was going on in the village."

"Morgana went to explore the island. Apparently, a set of caves is hidden under the island; the location is on the beach, and she was interested in that, so she went to explore."

"... That means we're alone..."

"Oh?" Victor looked into Scathach's beautiful face, "Aren't you insatiable, My War Maiden?"

"Smooth words." She snorted, feeling a slight sense of satisfaction when she heard him speak those cheesy titles: "And I'm not a War Maiden."

"You are to me." Victor smiled gently.

Scathach bit her lip and took a deep breath, her eyes turning blood red, and desire burned inside her.

"Haah ..." Exhaling all of her hot air, she spoke, "Why do you have to be so desirable? Curse Aphrodite for giving you that Blessing." She grumbled at the end.

"Fufufu, even without the Blessing of Beauty, Master, I would have you in the end."
Victor gently enveloped Scathach in a hug.

"Oh? You sure are arrogant."

"It's not arrogance; I'm merely stating a fact."

"..." Scathach smiled at Victor's confidence, one of the things she loved so much about him.

"Do you remember when we first trained?"

"How could I forget?"

"Do you remember how we acted with each other without caring about anything? An effect caused by living several months in close proximity to each other?"

"Obviously."

"From that moment, I had decided I wanted you for myself; my goal was to become stronger to claim you... And because of that, I am so strong now."

Scathach took a deep breath and tried to calm her heart, but it was just impossible. The scent of Victor, the words he knew she was enjoying hearing, the heartfelt feelings, it was just too intoxicating and devastating for Scathach.

"You were ahead of me before. Now, I'm ahead of you..." Victor lifted her chin.

Scathach looked into those Draconian violet eyes. Even though he had changed, she could still see the features that she always liked, and no matter how much he changed, Victor would still be Victor at his core.

"Now it's your turn to try to catch up with me." He kissed her. It was a gentle, passionate kiss that expressed all of Victor's overwhelming feelings for Scathach.

A few minutes passed, and the couple just stood there enjoying each other's presence as they explored each other's mouths.

But unfortunately, good things never last forever, and they had to part ways.

Scathach was a flushed mess, and her breathing was utterly messed up. Her face was a little red with excitement, and her eyes glittered with desire.

For Victor, this was a memory he would always cherish. She was stunning right now.

"... Don't get cocky, Victor," she growled.

"Just because you're a little ahead of me doesn't mean I won't catch up if you let your guard down." Then, her heart pounding with the feeling of challenge, she declared confidently:

"You won't have me that easy, Victor."

"Good, because I like a challenge. I will have you at your best and only at your best." He gently caressed her cheek:

"I will not wait for you or let my guard down, Scathach." He smiled.

"I would not be satisfied if you had done otherwise."

The two stared at each other for a few seconds, both with the same predatory smile, and then they attacked each other again.

Scathach jumped and wrapped her legs around his waist as Victor grabbed Scathach's butt and waist and leaned her back against the tree trunk.

They both knew. They knew it was each other's desire, and Scathach could no longer live without Victor, nor could Victor live without her.

The 'competition' the two had with each other wasn't as simple as a duel. Instead, they had the clash of each other's warring natures battling for dominance.

They desired each other, they had sex with each other, they fought with each other, and at the same time, they supported, and they complemented each other.

It was an endless game they loved to play, a game that nurtured their feelings of growing stronger, of searching for a rival and a partner who understood them, of possessing each other. This was an eternal game of dominance, fun, love, and desire.

Scathach and Victor had a complex yet simple relationship, a relationship that only the two of them could understand, and even if he tried to explain it to someone else, the others wouldn't be able to understand.

Probably only those who had a similar nature to Victor and Scathach could understand them.

As the saying goes, only an insane person can understand another insane person.

As their mouths dueled, trying to dominate each other, in the back of Scathach's head, an unconscious thought was going on:

'I think it's time to invest more time training in Runes to achieve it.'

Training in a standard way won't be enough. After all, my man is anything but normal.'

Chapter 705: Demonic Dragon's Breath.

Chapter 705: Demonic Dragon's Breath.

Victor was sitting a few inches off the ground; he was floating in the air while a woman with long golden hair was sitting on his lap with an embarrassed red face.

"So? What did you find out?" Victor looked at the group standing before him, specifically Aphrodite and Rhea.

"It's like Jeanne deduced, this whole place is one big field of experiment." Aphrodite sighed.

"Through various testimonies from the citizens we questioned, the 'monsters' appear occasionally, kill some people, and then are defeated by the 'God' they believe in. Seeing the marks of struggle around, we can conclude that those responsible for this place are 'endangering' the population and saving them by 'unknown means' so that fear, insecurity and, consequently, the Faith of the citizens increase."

"They are replicating the 'coincidences' of the past, only this time on purpose in an attempt to create a God."

"Hmm," Victor nodded as he stroked Jeanne's head, who, despite being embarrassed, was really enjoying it.

"That's horrible; there's that point. They're just Faith generators, a battery that can be replaced at any time." Jeanne spoke.

And nobody refuted what she said because that's really what they were now, just a generator to create the Energy called 'Faith'.

"Honestly, yes. You're not wrong, Jeanne." Rhea replied.

"But looking at it from a cold, analytical point of view, this is a brilliant plan. It's time-consuming, complicated, and uncertain but still brilliant." Rhea commented, "The conditions for a powerful God to be born naturally depends a lot on the circumstances involved and the time when it happens, and they're managing to do that in such an isolated location through manipulation."

Rhea took a bag from her pocket, unfolded it, and put her hand inside it. Then she removed the symbol of the altar that was in that village.

"This isn't just some God's symbol on some random altar. This here is a Divine Item that was created specifically to gather 'Faith' as 'efficiently' as possible."

"...Faith can be stored?"

"Of course, is Faith a type of Energy too, much freer and almost impossible to contain properly? Yes, but it is still an Energy that can be stored under the right conditions."

Victor looked at the symbol in Rhea's hand with his eyes and saw a small gold and white liquid in the item's core.

He wouldn't have noticed it if he hadn't focused his eyes; it was so small it was almost invisible.

"Do you know about Athens?" Rhea asked around.

"That bitch Athena's town, right?." Morgana spoke.

"... Correct. In the past, the city also had a place where all the 'Faith' of the city was stored; that place was The Temple of Athena itself."

"The principle is the same here, only with one difference. Unlike in the past when the whole process of collecting Faith' was more natural and inefficient,"

"Here, the 'Temple' was specifically made to capture the Energy and redirect it into this object."

"Thanks to this method, even though this place has not been created for a long time, the amount of Faith in this symbol is ridiculous."

Victor narrowed his eyes. 'Is that a 'ridiculous' amount?' His ability to measure the normal was so broken that he no longer understood common sense. For Victor, this amount was nothing more than insufficient...

"...Oh, the point here is that this place hasn't been around for long, and it already has so much Faith like that, huh."

"What do we do?" Rhea asked as she looked at Victor.

"Before making a decision," Victor looked at two individuals: "Oda, Morgana, your reports."

"Just as Lord Victor predicted, this entire place was abandoned. On this island, there are laboratories and even an underground tunnel used as an alternative means of escape."

Morgana added: "And it was this tunnel that I found. The whole island has several alternatives to escape; this place is practically a fortress."

"Here, Lord Victor, I found the blueprint of the island." Oda handed a large scroll to Victor.

Victor took the parchment and opened it.

"Hmm." Victor nodded as several ideas raced through his head, his eyes narrowed a little, and he tossed the parchment to Aphrodite.

The Goddess took the parchment and opened it. The moment she looked at the drawing, her eyes opened wide.

Apparently, the Goddess and Victor came to the same realization.

"This place is a created Dimension, that is, some God created it. Who was it?"

"Probably a God of Space," Aphrodite spoke.

"Why a God of Space specifically?"

"They are the only ones who can naturally create Dimensions like this."

"That's a pretty bold statement; Witches can't do that?"

"... Honestly, probably yes, their Magic somewhat has effects similar to Deities, but the Energy cost would be ridiculous. Unlike Arcane, which is just a huge protected land with lots of complex Magic, this place is a Dimension created from scratch."

"They might be good, but the feat of creating a Dimension in the middle of the Bermuda Triangle, and within that Dimension creating an entire island... Only a group of Gods can do that."

"What? Was this island created from scratch?" Rhea asked, shocked.

"Look." Aphrodite handed the parchment to Rhea.

"...this..."

"Isn't it very well planned? As if an architect had done all the planning for the island?" Aphrodite added.

"Yes..."

"Tsk, that's a shame," Victor spoke with annoyance.

"Why is it a shame?" Jeanne asked curiously.

"I was planning to use the island, steal the worshipers of this False God, and give them to Aphrodite."

"...You were planning to deliver me faithful...?" Aphrodite said in amusement.

"Rather than an average-looking man who looks like a hooligan, everyone, including women, would prefer a beautiful, motherly, kind Goddess who actually exists. A Goddess who is willing to 'lead' the lost lambs."

"..."

They tried to say something, but they just kept silent because after thinking about it for a while, they realized he was correct.

Aphrodite couldn't help but smile in amusement at Victor.

Rhea raised an eyebrow at Victor:

"Why Aphrodite? Can't it be me? I am a Mother Goddess, you know?"

"She is my Wife." He said it like it was obvious.

"..." She had no way of refuting that.

"She's prettier than you."

"..." A vein bulged on Rhea's head, and Rhea's gentle smile nearly broke in annoyance.

Aphrodite had her hand over her mouth to avoid laughing at the 'Mother' Goddess's expression.

"But don't worry, your motherly aura is greater than Aphrodite's; you are the perfect MILF."

"... Victor... Don't give me derogatory adjectives coming out of a porn video!" Bulging veins were visible all over Rhea's face.

Victor blinked twice, and a kind and understanding smile appeared on his face:

"So you know about it."

Rhea froze.

"W-Wait- "

"I understand, don't worry. This is completely normal. Even for a woman with so many children, it's normal that she still has desires, not to mention..."

"You're Greek, right?" He spoke as if that explained everything; in fact, it kind of did.

Hot air rushed from Rhea's nostrils; she was hyperventilating with several complex feelings, the biggest one being embarrassment.

"Darling! Don't tease my sister! Even if she's very horny because she hasn't had a mate for thousands of years due to her children's fear of the Gods, you shouldn't point it out!"

"Shut up, Aphrodite!" If looks could kill, Aphrodite would have died a hundred times over from Rhea's gaze.

"Fufufu~~."

Morgana shook her head, "Even though the teasing of a horny Goddess is interesting to watch-."

"Oyy!"

"We still need to sort out the problem here, Vic."

"I know, and I already have the solution."

"Oh? What solution?"

"Nuke."

"... Excuse me?"

"If this can't be mine, then it can't be anyone else's. So therefore, we will remove the citizens from here, erase their memories of the 'brainwashing' they suffered, and take them to the Human side of the New City in the Snow Clan, after which I will destroy this Dimension."

"..."" Everyone was speechless by what they just heard.

"Haah... What a waste. I wanted to use the Dimension, but since it was made by a God, that God can come here and even spy on what I'm doing; thus, it doesn't make me feel very safe."

Victor gently kissed Jeanne's cheek and let the woman off his lap.

Victor stood up: "Though I'm curious," He looked at Rhea.

"What?" Rhea replied in a grumpy way. She wasn't too happy with the 'teasing' from before.

"You've been in Nightingale for a long time. Why didn't you try to reunite Faith with the citizens of the New City?"

Rhea looked at him with a blank expression.

"... You're kidding, right?"

"About...?" Victor spoke, confused.

"Do you really not know that practically the entire population in the New City looks up to you as if you were a God?"

"...Huh?"

"Unbelievable, you really don't know..." Now it was Rhea's turn to look at Victor in shock.

Victor narrowed his eyes and looked at Aphrodite, and the Goddess just turned her face away and started whistling.

Sensing his Wife's feelings, Victor narrowed his eyes even more and looked at Morgana, Jeanne, and Scathach.

Morgana reacted similarly to Aphrodite, turning her face to look at the trees like they were fascinating.

Jeanne didn't want to meet Victor's eyes and just avoided them.

Scathach was the only one who seemed confused by it all.

Oda was still as expressionless as ever.

"Okay, your reactions state the obvious; explain." Victor looked at Aphrodite.

"Huuu... Well, Me, Morgana, Jeanne, Kaguya, and the Maids, may or may not have spread our cult's influence into the New City and may or may not have made carvings of you and distributed them to all women of all Races of the New City."

"..."" Victor opened his eyes in shock.

"See? How will we spread our influence if everyone practically already adores you?" Rhea snorted. She also hid the fact that she'd also taken some sculptures and pictures for her... needs.

"Not to mention that Faith is useless to us right now, and won't add anything to the overall situation, so it's best that all fanaticism be focused on you so that you have political power."

Victor still couldn't believe what he was hearing. 'I mean, I know they had a cult led by Kaguya and the Maids or something; I haven't minded the details in the past, but is the cult that big already? Holy fuck.'

"Speaking of worship, when is the new Bible coming out?" Morgana asked curiously.

"Hmm, as you know, we haven't really had much time since Victor came back, but I was planning on writing Volume 7 next month."

"Hold a sec... You have a Bible on Victor?" Scathach asked.

"Yeah, currently, we have a whole six volumes. We are documenting all of Victor's principles and gospels and writing them down. Then, volume 7 will discuss his Ascension as the God of the New World." Aphrodite answered in a professional tone.

"The entire collection of books will only be seven volumes, and our job is just to add more content over the years until everything is perfect."

"Oh, the one who came up with the idea about the new volume's name was Ruby."

"..." Scathach and Victor's feelings at this current moment were so indescribable with what they were hearing that they didn't even know how to react.

They only thought, 'Did we focus so much on our training that we didn't notice this?'

"...No wonder Vlad is so irritated with Victor..." Scathach could understand Vlad's frustrations with Victor now; it turned out they weren't unwarranted!

"Haah, somehow, you would get along very well with my Generals."

"Oh? Why do you think that?"

"They did something similar in Hell."

"... Heh, I'll have to talk with them later." Aphrodite nodded.

'With this, we can spread the Gospel to Hell too!'

"Tust don't overdo it."

"... Eh? You're not gonna stop us?" Morgana asked.

"Why should I?" Victor asked, confused.

"I mean, we thought you wouldn't like it..." Jeanne spoke.

"I don't particularly dislike or like it, I see the usefulness of it, and I just think it's something you guys like to do, so isn't that okay?"

"..." Jeanne, Morgana, and Aphrodite smiled gently.

Rhea and Scathach just shook their heads.

"You spoil them too much, Vic," Scathach spoke.

"So what?" Victor snorted, "They deserve it."

"Hehehe~"

"..." Scathach rolled her eyes when she saw the smiling expressions of Aphrodite, Jeanne, and Morgana.

"I pity your children when they are born," Rhea commented.

"Why?"

"I mean, they will grow up spoiled..."

Victor and the girls just looked at Rhea with amused eyes.

"Do you think this will happen to my kids? Especially when me and Scathach, Jeanne, Haruna, Ruby, and Kaguya are here?"

"..." Rhea opened her mouth to speak but stopped when she realized he was correct. The people mentioned were very disciplined; they wouldn't allow that to happen.

"I can spoil them, but I won't overdo it. I know very well the result of this action; I don't want my children to be incompetent."

"Somehow, I feel like I'm being attacked..." Morgana grumbled.

"Hey, it's not your fault that Lilith is incompetent; it's Vlad's."

"Ugh, at least she's stronger than before now that I'm supervising her ."

"Anyway, Scathach, call Alexios. Let's finish this job."

"Yes."

Victor started to float in the sky towards the village. "It's been a while since I used my Vampiric Charm; let's see if it still works."

Victor opened his mouth, and a powerful, heavy voice resounded around:

"Sleep ."

Everyone who heard that voice suddenly felt an overwhelming urge to sleep and fell to the ground.

"..."

"Was that a Statement? But he is not a God!"

"Rhea, that was just the Power of his Vampiric Charm, a Basic Skill of a Noble Vampire ."

"... Huh? But I've never seen anything like it."

"Since when was Victor normal? You should know that by now."

"He doesn't need to look into someone's eyes to Charm them, Rhea ."

"His voice alone is enough to bring several Mortals under his dominion...." Aphrodite thought momentarily and added, "He can also do that to Supernatural Beings as well. I guess those of strong minds and wills won't be affected, but everything else will."

"... He's like a male version of you," Rhea spoke.

"Yeah."

Alexios appeared through a portal.

"Alexios, take all these Humans and put them in the Snow Clan training yard; that place is big enough to fit them all. Can you do that?"

"Easy." Alexios opened his eyes, and then he snapped his fingers.

Soon hundreds of small portals appeared beneath each of the Humans, and soon they all disappeared.

'Fuck, I really want this Power of Space and Time; it's so useful,' Victor thought with a deadpan expression.

30 minutes later.

After collecting everything of value from the Humans and sending them to Nightingale, the group stepped through Alexios' portal and reappeared outside the Dimension.

"Then, who will do the honors?"

Morgana pointed her hand up.

"Me, Me! I want to try!"

"Go on-."

"Wait." Jeanne interrupted.

The group looked at Jeanne.

"I don't think it's a good idea for Morgana to do this."

"Why!"

"You will contaminate the entire ocean with radiation!"

"..."

"Come to think of it, Morgana is literally a walking atomic bomb, huh," Scathach spoke.

"Victor, the two Goddesses, or I must do it." Jeanne pointed.

"Hey, I don't have that much destructive power, you know? I am a Goddess of Fertility." Rhea spoke.

"Me neither, I can mold my Divine Energy, but I don't have that much destructive power," Aphrodite spoke.

"So that leaves Victor and me."

"Why can't I do this?"

"Ice isn't exactly Scathach's destructive property ."

"Humpf, I can freeze the entire island and make the island disappear by shattering it!"

"But you won't be able to destroy the entire dimension with one blow unless, of course, you transformed into your Vampire Count Form, but that would draw the attention of every Supernatural Being on the planet."

"...." Scathach grumbled but didn't deny it.

"I can pierce the dimension with my Spear, but the Space would soon recover, and it wouldn't be destroyed."

"Victor, can you destroy everything?"

"Of course, I have several weapons at my disposal. I can use my Fire, my Lightning, my Miasma, a blast of Negative Energy; they all have the option to go nuclear; which one do you choose?"

"...!" Now that they thought about it, this man had an entire arsenal of Powers at his disposal, huh... Wasn't that too broken!?

"Bloody freak, I've never seen a Progenitor with that much Power at his disposal," Rhea grumbled.

"Indeed, he is breaking the rules." Morgana added: "And you know what's worse? He didn't even talk about the other Powers. I bet he could flood the entire island with the Power of Water if he wanted to."

"Humph, my two daughters can do that too." Scathach pointed.

"They are not here, Scathach ." Morgana rolled her eyes.

'Yeah, they're resting in that bedroom after a year-long orgy!! So jealous!' Rhea groaned internally.

Ignoring the three, Jeanne said, "How about the Fire? Everything would turn to ashes, and the surrounding water would replace what was lost."

"Okay." Victor looked at the Dimension.

"..." They waited a bit, but nothing was happening. 'Why isn't he doing anything?' They wondered.

"Back off a little."

"Oh."

The group flew back a little further and observed that Victor began to change. Dark violet scales began to appear from his neck to his cheeks, his teeth became sharper, his lips disappeared, his face became sharper, and his eyes began to glow a bright violet.

"...Wait...this is." Jeanne broke out in a cold sweat.

"That doesn't look good...." Alexios commented.

His body began to be covered in violet flames, then he took a deep breath, and all the violet flames began rushing towards his mouth.

"Don't tell me his Fire mutated too because of Zaladrac!?" Jeanne exclaimed in panic and quickly added:

"Victor, stop! STOP! Dragon Flames have very destructive properties-."

"ROAAAAAAAAR!" A deafening Draconic roar was heard.

And a gigantic beam of Fire erupted from Victor's mouth towards the island.

The Fire devoured the Dimension Space as quickly as if it were made of paper and crashed into the island.

In the next moment. all that followed was silence before a deafening explosion rocked the surrounding area, followed by a violet glow in the sky.

Edited By: DaVo 2138, IsUnavailable

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Chapter 706: Beast of Ragnarok.

Chapter 706: Beast of Ragnarok.

"Holy fucking Satan! What the fuck is this, Victor?!" Morgana completely lost her composure.

"Dragon breath?" Victor replied innocently as the features on his face returned to normal.

"I know what it is!"

"Then why did you ask?" Victor replied, confused, with a small smile on his face.

"Wha — Ugh — I mean ..." Morgana was completely speechless.

When the explosion started to subside, the group began to see the result of Victor's attack, and soon the image of a massive hole in the sea was seen. They couldn't even see the bottom of that hole!

"... bloody hell ..." Alexios commented as he shuddered slightly. 'No matter how I understand it... This man's destructive power is insane.'

"I think only the god of destruction, or the god of the sun, can do something like that so casually..." Rhea swallowed hard as cold sweat broke out on her face.

"... The species known as dragons are the most dangerous 'mortals'. They are the ones who naturally grow to be on par or even superior to the gods in matters of destructiveness. Even if Victor is not a full dragon, he still has their characteristics due to having a bond with a dragon." Aphrodite explained.

"..." Scathach looked up at Victor's smug smile, her eyes glowing a possessive blood red.

"Victor..." Jeanne's body trembled: "You overreacted!"

"Eh? But you said to use fire."

"Snow Clan's bloodline fire! Not a bloody dragon's breath! Don't you know how dangerous this fire is? The destructive properties of dragon fire are so powerful that it can completely wipe a god out of existence!"

"No soul, no reincarnation, no nothing! Dragon flames are something closer to what the divinity of a god of destruction can do!"

"But I used the Snow Clan's fire?"

"... Huh?"

"Like my lightning, the Snow Clan bloodline mutated when I bonded with Zaladrac."

"Ln There was a reason why true dragons were feared so much by mortals and the gods, they may be few in number, but each one of them was like a force of nature.

Zaladrac Zeovnur was a demonic dragon; did that mean she was both a dragon and a demon at the same time?

Wrong, that means she was a dragon that grew up and developed in hell. The dragon's childhood was very important for its development; the environment, location, and everything influenced what kind of characteristics the dragon would have.

Zaladrac grew up eating negative energy and miasma for food. These two energies, when they entered the dragon's metabolism, changed everything inside her and made her flames even more destructive.

Victor, who united his soul with her, received these characteristics, and consequently, he also inherited these flames.

"Dragon skin, dragon powers, dragon senses, dragon heart which basically gives you an energy reactor, dragon veins to support so much power... You're practically a dragon minus soul, Victor." Scathach spoke.

"But I'm not a dragon yet. The soul is the most important part of a dragon; that's where everything it means to be a dragon is. I'm just an ordinary Noble vampire with dragon traits."

Everyone rolled their eyes in exasperation.

"Let's go back-..." Victor suddenly turned his head in the direction of where the island used to be, his eyes glowing a dangerous violet.

Rumble, Rumble.

Red lightning flashed around him, and soon he was gone.

Victor appeared not far away, his body crackling with red lightning, pure miasma pouring out of his body, and his violet eyes narrowed dangerously.

"Victor!? What was that?" The group flew towards him.

"Be on guard!" He commanded heavily in a serious voice that did not allow for refusal.

Unconsciously, everyone stiffened and looked around cautiously.

"Someone's here..." Aphrodite spoke when she sensed Victor's caution.

'I can't feel anything...' Aphrodite thought.

Scathach narrowed her eyes and tried to look around, but she couldn't feel anything.

"Alexios?" She asks.

"I'm not seeing anything either."

"Morgana, Oda, Jeanne?"

"I can't feel anything," Morgana replied.

"Nothing here either," Jeanne spoke.

"Nothing," Oda spoke.

Victor sniffed the air and looked around with his draconic eyes, alternating through several views with them, but he still couldn't feel anything.

"Grr ..." An annoyed grunt was heard.

"Was I wrong...?" For a moment, he almost doubted his capabilities, but that feeling just disappeared in the face of his overwhelming confidence. 'Wrong, I felt someone, I felt someone's gaze. Did he disappear?'

"I don't like it... Let's go back, we are very exposed, and that attack must have drawn a lot of people's attention." Scathach spoke.

"I agree. We need to get out of here." Morgana spoke.

In the supernatural world, where all kinds of strange powers exist, uncertainty and the unknown are the most dangerous elements. Even a God-King can fall if he doesn't have his guard up.

In front of Victor, a beautiful woman with long black hair had her hands over her mouth as she stared at the man in front of her with a startled look.

Despite being only 10 centimeters away from his face, Victor couldn't see the woman.

'Fuck, Fuck, Fuck, I nearly shit myself with fright!'

Nyx slowly pulled away from Victor, looking at his features, specifically his eyes.

'... The eyes of the dragon! Is that what identified me? But that's impossible! The dragon is still a young dragon; even if it looks huge, its soul is still young, and its eyes shouldn't be able to see me. Only a highest ranked Elder Dragon King can see through my divinity! How did he feel me?'

Nyx remembered what had happened. She was in the Greek pantheon watching the gods acting like headless chickens since one of the athletes of the gods, Hermes, died. When for a few seconds, she felt Rhea's divinity, the sign was so fast that if it wasn't for who she was, Nyx wouldn't even have noticed.

Curious to know why Rhea was on Earth, she quickly left the Greek pantheon and moved to Earth, and as soon as she arrived, she saw a big hole, then suddenly, this man appeared in front of her!

'...Did he sense my arrival?' That was the only thing she could think of.

"Victor, let's go," Aphrodite called out to him as she waited in front of a portal.

"Hmm." Victor nodded, looked around once more, and finding nothing, started to walk away toward the portal, as his turbulent power started to calm down until it returned to normal.

Nyx watched Jeanne as she pointed her hand toward the gigantic hole in the sea and saw green energy coming out of her palm toward the sea.

'... Is this natural energy...? How can she use this? Is she connected to a world tree?'

She saw the hole closing in as if it were going back in time, and soon it was all sea again.

Jeanne nodded in satisfaction.

"Was that necessary?" Victor asked.

"I couldn't ignore the damage done to Earth by my own husband. Destroying nature is not the answer, Vic."

"Hmm, next time, I'll ask you to do that then."

"Mm, that sounds like a good idea."

Soon the group passed through the portal, leaving one spectator alone.

As silence fell, Nyx let out a breath she didn't realize she'd been holding.

'...I need to be more careful when observing him; that man's senses are very sharp.'

As Nyx was about to leave, she felt two divine signatures.

"More visitors? Taranis and Anubis, huh."

"What the fuck!? What happened here! Everything disappeared!" Taranis exclaimed in shock.

"Calm down, Taranis."

"Calm down!? All my work was-."

"Like Anubis said, calm down, boy."

Taranis froze when he felt someone talking next to him as he looked to the side and saw only a mass of darkness there.

The mass of darkness turned to face Nyx, and this action caused Nyx to raise an eyebrow.

'... What is my brother doing here? And why is this bastard giving his energy to a foreign god?' Nyx narrowed her eyes as she looked at Taranis.

"Erebus." Taranis shuddered a little as he felt the primordial god's gaze on his body.

"Do you know what happened here, Erebus?" Anubis asked.

Erebus didn't respond right away, just staring at where the island was before he finally said:

"... This energy, I've felt it many times in the past, the breath of a dragon... Alucard was here."

"That irregular abomination?" Anubis narrowed his eyes.

Anubis, in his entire existence, had never seen someone so irregular. The amount of energy that man contained in his body was enough to fuel an apocalyptic inferno. He could still clearly feel the effects of the 'negativity' that was used in the last war.

"... Demon King, Alucard ... This man is getting more troublesome than before." Taranis grit his teeth: "We need to hide our tracks even more."

"We should hide the other research fields... Tsk, if only we could kidnap a god of agriculture, the problem of food for humans would be solved."

"The Greek pantheon is in civil war. We could kidnap Demeter."

Nyx narrowed her eyes even more. She didn't like this conversation at all. Despite not liking the Greek gods very much, she didn't want to see the Greek gods being exploited by gods from another pantheon, she had no idea why her brother, and ex-husband, was letting her overhear this conversation, but she would find out.

"Demeter is not in the Greek pantheon," Erebus said.

"The whole group of goddesses like agriculture, medicine, home, and those who aren't useful for war pretty much went over to Alucard's side."

"...That man again... Ugh, it seems he has a specialty in being troublesome." Taranis grumbled.

"Let's go. We need to warn the others of what happened." Anubis spoke.

Taranis nodded and disappeared into a dim light.

Anubis did the same, leaving Erebus there alone.

Erebus looked at Nyx again, the meeting of eyes lasting a few seconds until Erebus turned his head and disappeared from the area.

'I don't like this... What are you planning, Erebus?' Nyx thought about a few things for a while and then made a decision: 'I need to see some old friends. I need to know what's going on.'

Samar: In a lush forest.

"It's impossible."

"What do you mean by 'impossible'?"

"That's exactly what I mean, King of the Werewolves."

Volk narrowed his eyes at the female angel in front of him, Ariel, the new commander of all angels and the Heavenly Father's new right hand.

Ariel ignored Volk's glare as she looked at the direwolf in front of her.

Despite having a weakened appearance, the beast was very beautiful and majestic. Its fur was a mixture of snow white and black, the wolf's eyes were heavenly blue, and even weakened, the presence of 'END' was still present in the face of this beast.

Fenrir, the beast of Ragnarok.

"I can't pinpoint what the Ragnarok beast's problem is."

"Grrr."

Volk and Fenrir growled when they heard what she said.

"Don't call him a beast, Ariel."

"I apologize if I was rude; that was not my intention. However, my words stand firm. I don't know what's going on with Fenrir."

"And since I don't know what it is, it's impossible to treat."

"Aren't angels experts in healing?"

"Yes, we are."

"Then how can you not heal him?"

"... Haah." Ariel stopped looking at Fenrir and looked at Volk:

"This is not as simple as you think, werewolf king."

A frown appeared on Volk's face: "Explain."

"Whatever hit Fenrir, it's something strong enough to cripple a god with the concept of 'END', a concept that is literally the embodiment of the end of everything."

"This is not a simple disease that anyone can solve. You need specialist help."

"Who should I look for?"

"Odin, the God King of the Norse pantheon, might know something."

"Grrrr." Fenrir snarled with rage.

Ariel backed away from the angry wolf.

"I will not ask Odin for help. He would take this chance to kill my friend."

Fenrir's expression softened more when he heard what Volk said.

"I can think of a few who might know what's going on."

"Who?"

"Tiamat, the primeval goddess."

"Gaia, another primordial goddess."

"Albedo, the goddess of alchemy and research."

"The two primordial goddesses are obvious. They are mother goddesses, so they might know something, but if you ask them for help, they will demand some nonsense."

"I recommended Albedo because she is a knowledge-hungry goddess. She has researched many things, so she may know something, but she may demand various bits of knowledge that could be dangerous for her help."

"..." Volk clenched his teeth.

"Is there no one else?"

"Practically every first generation god of every pantheon is on the list."

"The targets are ancient gods, gods of life, and beings who are always in search of knowledge."

"...Does your god have any information?" Volk asked.

Ariel narrowed her eyes, "You're crossing the line, King of the Werewolves."

"We had an agreement. I'm here fulfilling my part since you fought 'hard' in the war."

"The only one who can ask anything of my father is the new king of hell."

Heaven was indebted to hell, specifically the new king of hell, he didn't just save Ariel, but also indirectly, he ended a war that would need several sacrifices on the part of the angels to be won, a very ironic situation in fact.

Volk's face was ugly now, he gritted his teeth and squeezed his fist so hard that blood was coming out, but he didn't lose his composure. He knew he was going over the edge, so he focused on the most important matter.

"Is this disease life-threatening?"

"I don't know. All I know is that Fenrir is getting weaker with each passing day. I don't know if that's detrimental to his well-being or not."

"The only advice I can give is; hurry, find someone who knows what's going on so they can help you." Finishing with her warning, Ariel turned and walked towards the exit of the forest.

"I will leave. I need to take care of my brothers and sisters, as well as the humans of Earth." She spoke as she walked.

Fenrir's view:

"Don't worry, old friend. I will help you; even if I need to move heavens and mountains, I will help you." Volk's eyes gleamed with determination.

Fenrir's eyes reflect Volk's determined face. The wolf blinked his eyes twice. then closed them and lay down on the ground to rest.

Chapter 707: Discoveries and Talented Daughters.

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Victor was standing in the middle of a training ground of the Snow Clan mansion, wearing a completely black training outfit.

Suddenly, there was a flash in front of him, and a white-haired girl appeared with her fist back to punch his face.

Victor casually turned his head to the side and dodged the attack.

"Your posture is wrong." He lightly punched the girl's belly, and she flew backward.

"Ugh." The girl clutched her stomach in pain but quickly pulled herself together and looked straight ahead.

"Remember my teachings, when fighting a superior enemy, do not foolishly attack head-on. That will only lead to death. When you attacked me just now, I had a hundred different ways to kill you."

"But that's normal, Father... You're much stronger than me..." Nero sulked.

"Currently, I am limiting all my strength. I am as strong as a 21 year old noble vampire." Victor raised an arm, and soon several written runes appeared.

"Look, those are runes of limitation."

"... Eh? Why did you do it? Is that ok?"

"Yeah, I can withdraw these runes anytime; they're not that strong. The reason I do this is simple; if I don't limit my strength, it won't be training."

"Not to mention that way, it avoids the risk of me accidentally killing you."

Nero felt a shiver run down her spine when she heard what Victor said:

"But if you are so weak now, why can't I beat you?"

"Although I am limiting my strength, I am still superior to you in fighting experience, not to mention my senses, and a naturally strong body cannot be limited completely by the rune."

"Despite being an ordinary 21-year-old noble vampire in terms of power now, I also have the strong body equivalent to an alpha wolf."

"Put that together with my experiences and senses, and you are still a long way from trying to defeat me, little girl."

"Ugh..."

"Enough talk; let's continue. This time we're going to improve your close combat. Attack me."

"Yes!" Nero got into position, and a few seconds later, she shot toward Victor.

Victor took the hit and casually started giving her instructions while defending himself.

"Your opponent is taller than you, don't jump towards him like a fool. You are not using your claws right now, so you don't need to slash your opponent. Use your height to your advantage."

Victor smacked Nero's hand, and the girl's posture was broken.

"Remember, the basics of close combat is to always stay grounded."

Soon he kicked her in the stomach and sent her flying.

Nero grunted in pain but quickly regained her center of gravity and positioned herself as she glared at Victor.

"Again."

She lunged again, and this time she didn't leap into the air toward Victor's face but tried to attack his lower body.

The two engaged in combat again, and Nero's movements this time were more fluid than before.

'Oh?' Victor raised an eyebrow when he saw the smirk on Nero's face.

Victor watched with amusement as he saw Nero attacking in a four-legged stance like a cat.

She used a combination of strikes and kicks then when she jumped toward him and stayed in the air, she used her powerful legs to change the direction of the attack while staying in the air.

'Is she imitating me?' Victor thought as he dodged and parried.

In the past, when Victor didn't have complete control of his vampire powers, he used an ice platform to propel himself through the air.

The concept here was the same, but the difference was that Nero was using her legs to do this; she was 'kicking the air'.

'A unique talent, huh ... She learned a lot while I was gone.' The attack Victor was taking was deadly to any careless adult vampire, and that was just close combat.

But was that enough?

Of course not. They were his daughters, and they could go further. Victor wholly believes in that.

Victor's eyes observed the flow of natural energy in Nero's body, an energy much like the Senjutsu that Haruna uses, and saw that this energy was empowering her every action.

'It seems that the 1% werewolf soul gave her access to energy unique to the wolf race... Her father or mother must have been powerful werewolves.'

Although he said 'exclusive energy of the wolf races', Victor knew very well that this energy was the remnants of the natural energy of a world tree.

No wonder it resembled Senjutsu. After all, the very art of Senjutsu meant absorbing natural energy and using it for yourself.

'Wolves must be creatures very close to a world tree. Even now, their bodies could produce natural energy only much less refined than a world tree, as if it were a diluted version of the energy.'

Noticing that Nero had begun to wear herself out a lot, he spoke:

"Okay, stop."

Nero stopped running around and got back to his feet, her breathing very labored.

"May I ask why you were fighting like you were a four-legged animal?"

"...it felt natural to me. I have no idea why I did it." Nero blushed a little as he humbly replied.

"Instinct, huh."

'A werewolf's instincts are very strong.' Victor wasn't all that surprised by that fact. Unlike Vampires, werewolves are creatures closer to animals.

"While it's interesting to see you fighting like a cat, this method is very inefficient."

"Look at yourself. You are panting."

"Ugh... I don't know how to fight an opponent who is taller than me and also stronger."

If it was any fool, she would just rip him apart with overwhelming power, but that won't happen to Victor.

"Well, admitting fault is a good thing." He nodded in satisfaction.

"About these failures, don't worry. Your father will help you." Victor's body was completely covered by pure crimson darkness, and a few seconds later, he appeared again.

This time looking younger, he looked like he was 13 years old, and his height had decreased to 150CM.

He went from being a divinely handsome man who could charm any woman with his beauty to a very handsome and cute pre-teen.

Inexplicably, his 'manly' features were still sharp, even though they were less than his adult self.

"Originally, I intended to train you two to fight all kinds of opponents. From the lowest to the highest levels, experience is important," Victor spoke as he rotated his shoulder and did little warm-ups as if he was trying to get used to his new size.

"..."

"Hmm, I feel weird. Is this what it's like to be shorter?" He muttered to himself as he narrowed his eyes a little and ignored the strange feeling in his body, understanding that he would get used to it soon.

'Come to think of it, I think I should start training in several different forms. Changing size suddenly in battle can confuse my enemies." Victor thought.

"Hmm? Nero? What's the problem?" Victor looked at his daughter, who looked stunned.

"..."

"Nero?"

"E-Eh? Huh— Whaa—- Hmm ..." She blushed deeply at her confused state and did her best to calm her pounding heart:

"I-Im fine! No problem at all!" She turned her face to the side in an attempt to hide her embarrassment.

"Well, shit." Victor thought as he fully recognized this pure reaction.

"Father, I finished preparing myself-..."

Victor looked at Ophis, who suddenly appeared with dark power, and froze as she stared at him in disbelief.

Ophis was wearing a training outfit similar to what he and Nero were wearing.

"F-Father?" Ophis asked as a small blush appeared on her face.

"Yeah. Looks like you've finished your preparations, Ophis."

"Mm..." Ophis nodded absently.

'The same clear and serious tone of voice, with the only change being looking younger, the same smell, the same appearance, my mark is there too... Yes, he is my father.'

"Good, now show me everything you know."

"Yes."

After 5 hours of training non-stop.

Ophis and Nero fell to the ground, utterly exhausted while panting and sweating.

'Father is a Spartan...' Nero thought internally.

Victor was completely abusing the physiology of noble vampires. He took the girls to the limit, then gave them a 10-minute rest, which was enough for the body to start healing from the pain and fatigue.

They repeated this several times to the point that both of them were thoroughly mentally tired and hungry, and because of their hunger, their bodies had no energy to cure their fatigue.

This training method was also good in that it increased the vampire's physical stamina, and the more physical stamina a vampire has, the more energy for them to use their powers they will gain.

The physiological functions of noble vampires used almost no energy, but when training for several hours, using their bloodline powers, and racial powers, while pushing the body to the limit...

Even if they are noble vampires, they will get tired.

"Hmm, good job. You guys made a lot of progress today."

Upon hearing their father's voice, the two smiled in satisfaction.

A pink light appeared nearby, and soon Aphrodite emerged.

"Victor, the girls-..." Aphrodite froze as she looked at Victor in a more youthful appearance.

Victor watched the goddess' reactions with amusement, fully sensing all of her feelings through the connection.

First, there was the shock, then the realization of what he was seeing, then appraisal looking him up and down, then appreciation, then acceptance.

As soon as she accepted what she saw, the craving came.

"You have to use this in the next night battle." She spoke in a very serious tone.

Victor rolled his eyes, "As expected of the Greeks, always the degenerates."

"Being a degenerate is good. Embrace the dark side, Husband."

"After all, living hundreds of thousands of years with 'normal' nocturnal activities is boring."

Victor snorted again, "I'll think about it."

"Ehhh? Darling, please! I can change into my 15 year old form too!"

"..."

"Aya? Are you interested now? Hehehe ~."

Admitting nothing, Victor said, "Do you really remember when you were 15?"

"Of course, that was a few years ago."

"... Huh? What do you mean?"

"Ara? Don't you know, Darling? I am 18 years old for eternity."

"..." Victor looked at Aphrodite with a blank expression, a look that said, are you serious?

"It's a shame you're 18."

"Oh? Why?"

"I like older women." He spoke with a naive face and an innocent voice.

Aphrodite felt like her heart was blasted with a cannon of cuteness just now.

Her pink eyes glowed a neon pink as heart symbols appeared in her eyes, and she quickly ran over and hugged Victor.

"Kya! So beautiful! I will give you anything you want and teach you everything! Just call me Mommy!"

"..."

"Come on, come on, my little boy, be a good boy, and call me Mommy." She spoke with a seductive tone.

"..." Victor, with a blank expression, felt Aphrodite's large breasts on his head and looked up at the heavenly valley of the goddess of beauty.

"Actually, that's not bad at all." Embracing his wife with another point of view was a very interesting experience.

Aphrodite's smile just grew and grew. After all, she was fully feeling Victor's emotions.

30 minutes later, Victor was walking with Aphrodite, Nero, and Ophis.

Nero and Ophis were being carried by Aphrodite; the two girls were still mentally tired and hungry. They were entirely out now and needed blood to replenish their energies.

For a moment, Victor thought about giving his blood to the girls, but he soon stopped due to it being too strong. His blood had become much more delicious for vampires now, and drinking it straight from the source was a big no for the two young girls.

'I'll go see if Ruby still has a blood supply.'

Thinking of his wives, Victor's experience with Aphrodite came to mind. Embracing Aphrodite from such a different perspective was a very good feeling. His wife looked bigger than he was used to, and her big breasts looked like two mountains of soft flesh; it went really well.

'...Perhaps, I should embrace Eleonor, Rose, or Scathach in this form.' Victor almost drooled when he imagined embracing those perfect abs of his warrior wives from a different perspective.

"Darling, how long are you going to stay in this form?" Aphrodite asked curiously.

"... For some hours," Victor answered casually.

"Hehehe ~, you want to see the other girls' reactions, don't you?"

"...." Victor didn't say anything. He didn't need to; his silence and expectant smile were proof enough.

"I never thought you were so mischievous, Victor."

"Heh ~, I've always been mischievous, Honey."

"You know that very well."

"Fufufu ~, indeed." A perverted smile appeared on the goddess's face.

"Besides, this is my vacation. I want to have fun."

"Fun, huh..." Aphrodite seemed to think for a few seconds, then continued:

"Is that why you ordered Roxanne to set up a large recreation area that has everything from games, spa, pool table, etc.?"

"Yeah."

"Everyone deserves to rest, including me."

"What about our enemies?"

"I have competent subordinates for that."

Aphrodite nodded, understanding Victor's reasoning, and then looked at Nero and Ophis :

"Did you go hard on them?"

"Not too much, if possible, I don't want to hurt them like Scathach did to me. Yes, thanks to that training, my body's natural regeneration became more efficient, but I clearly understand that not everyone can withstand that type of training."

"So that is why you are going with a slower, less efficient method?"

"Yeah, they're still young. I know they want to get stronger quickly, but torture isn't the answer right now. After all, they are not alone. I am here, just like all of you."

"..." Aphrodite smiled gently.

Passing through the door, Victor was graced with a view of Sasha, Ruby, Violet, Eleanor, Rose, and Anna, who was talking to Ruby.

"I see, you seem to work very efficiently-..." Ruby gasped as she glanced at the door.

"Hmm? What happened-..." Anna looked in the direction Ruby was looking and froze as well.

Smelling the air, and smelling Victor, Violet, and Sasha, who were sleeping on the couch, opened their eyes lazily and looked at Victor.

Just like the others, they opened their eyes wide in shock.

"... Hahaha, that reaction was unanimous. Now I understand why you wanted to do that."

"You reacted the same way, Aphrodite."

"I know."

"V-Victor." Violet, Sasha, and Ruby stuttered.

"Hey girls, how are you?"

"Hmm?" Eleonor, who was lying on another sofa, looked toward the voice and saw a younger Victor.

"...Victor had a child?" She spoke, confused, while rubbing her eyes.

"... He's just using the vampire's racial powers to mimic his younger body," Rose commented, getting over the shock the fastest.

"As Vlad says, 'Shape and size are meaningless to me. I can be whatever I want, whenever I want'." Crimson darkness covered Victor's body.

Soon he reappeared, only this time in his 17 year old teenage form, he changed again, and soon he was in his adult form.

"See?"

"But you didn't change your face. You just changed your age." Rose pointed.

Victor snorted, "I'm too perfect to try to change my face."

"..." Rose rolled her eyes, but she didn't deny Victor's words. He was annoyingly handsome.

Victor walked towards Eleonor and Rose, then took Eleonor's hand and caressed her face.

"E-Eh?"

"I'm not leaving anytime soon; I want you to stay here for a while. Things may have escalated quickly, but I don't regret it, nor will I run away from you."

"..." Eleonor felt her heart beat hard, and unconsciously, she gave a relieved sigh.

Victor smiled gently and kissed her cheek.

Then he looked at Rose.

"No need for sweet words, I understand. You will take care of me."

"Heh ..." With sneaky steps, Victor approached Rose.

"What are you doing?" Every time Victor approached, her heart beat even faster: "Get away!"

Her face turned slightly red, and before she knew it, she was cornered at the end of the couch.

Clearly, she wasn't used to having someone invade her personal space in such an 'intimate' way.

"Fufufu, I thought she got over that shyness problem in all the night exercises she had with Victor."

"To be honest, I don't think we even had time to think about it. Most of my memories of the event are the pleasure, me resting, me feeding between kisses with tongue, and me blacking out, me not even feeling the time passing..." Violet answered after recovering from her stupor.

'Mental note. Talk to Victor about using this form in future sessions. Maybe I should try to learn this skill to change into a more adolescent form...'

"The same applies to me... The fog of lust and love was very strong in that room." Sasha spoke.

"Hmm, I think the mixing of my divinities and Hestia's must have caused something." Aphrodite touched her chin.

"What do you mean?" Sasha asked.

"My divinity of love and sexuality was running rampant in the room, and because of our union as a 'family', the divinity of Hestia should be in the room too. Thanks to that, we felt everything even more intensely."

"Is that why after sex, he put us down so easily?" Sasha pointed.

"No, that was just how good Victor was, and he knew every part of your body."

"..." Sasha blushed and lowered her head.

Violet and Aphrodite laughed gently at Sasha's expression.

"Why are you running?"

"Stop it! Get back!"

"No." Victor pulled Rose by the waist and looked into her eyes.

Rose swallowed hard as she stared into those powerful violet eyes.

"Get used to my presence and my pampering." He kissed her mouth gently for a few seconds.

"Okay?"

".. Mm."

"Good." Victor let go of Rose and went towards Violet and Sasha. When he sat on the sofa, Violet climbed into his lap like a spoiled cat and hugged him.

"How are you feeling?" He asked as he stroked her head.

"Satisfied ... But I want more later."

"So insatiable."

"Fufufu, I gained a lot of stamina after a year of training."

Sasha approached the two, and like a lazy cat, she sat on the sofa and rested her head on Victor's chest.

The group soon started talking to each other in a very casual, familiar, and sweet atmosphere.

Chapter 708: 'Enemy' of Humanity.

Chapter 708: 'Enemy' of Humanity.

Victor was at peace, as were the people under his influence.

But the same could not be said for the world.

Over 6 billion Humans died because of the Demon invasion, totaling almost 80% of the planet's population.

The 8 billion Humans before were reduced to just 2 billion, an event marked as doomsday.

Not only the West but also the East suffered from this sudden onslaught.

Two world powers practically became extinct from one hour to another, and most of the countries in Europe and South Africa also disappeared.

North America and South America were in the same state; the small countries didn't stand a chance against the bloodthirsty Demons.

Big countries like Brazil, the United States, Canada, England, etc. They suffered a tremendous economic impact due to the destruction and death of hundreds of thousands of people.

Even the countries protected by Pantheons that weren't unavailable on the day of the invasion, like Japan, Egypt, and India, suffered severe losses due to their own Hell indirectly aiding the invaders.

Everyone suffered, this was a global near-mass extinction event, and many animals also died in this process.

The planet was thrown into literal Hell, and nothing in society worked, not even something as important as communication.

In the era of globalization, fast communication was vital. However, even if the satellites had not been destroyed, communication could still not reach all parts of the globe the same as before.

Only those countries that did not suffer so much infrastructure damage could communicate adequately.

Even though one year had passed since the event, it seemed as though time had not passed, and it would take at least two decades for everything to be organized again... That would be the case if it weren't for their intervention...

Gods.

Though Pantheons such as the Greeks and Norse were experiencing severe internal problems, one having a civil war while the other had its means of transport blocked due

to the Bifrost's destruction, It was still possible for individual Gods to step out of their Pantheon and 'guide' the people.

In the case of the Norse, there was Thor, The God of Thunder.

Through a Ritual of Runes made by Odin, the All-father managed to send his son down to Earth and help his people.

The same was the case for the Greeks. With the permission of Zeus, Apollo, the Sun God, considered the most beautiful God, came down to Earth and helped his people.

Why were they chosen? Thor was strong and recognized by Mortals, as was Apollo.

Not to mention that Apollo wasn't as needed on Olympus now since the Titan of the Sun was allied with Zeus.

The presence of the Gods was like a ray of hope for all Mortals, and with their Supernatural Powers and strength, things were moving much faster.

Thanks to the literal presence of Gods on Earth, Humans once again had Faith in their 'respective' Gods.

Society was being rebuilt, but it was obvious that society had regressed a few decades in technology, history, and culture on doomsday.

After all, several countries were practically wiped off the map, and all that was left was a large portion of land contaminated by Miasma, which the Angels were still cleaning.

Angels were another debatable topic, as despite the presence of the Gods and the Faith that Humanity had come to have in their respective Gods, It was still a fact that Angels received most of the Faith from Humans.

The reason for this?

Angels were the Beings most committed to helping Humans. For example, despite the Vatican having been wiped off the map because of the Demon, Sitri, the Vatican's secret organization, The Inquisition, was still alive and was now run by a literal Angel.

A revolution was occurring in the Abrahamic Faiths with the presence of Angels; curiosity was normal for Humans who had never met these Beings in person before.

Because of this, when Humans began asking Angels about their God, and their role as God's executioner, they didn't expect the Angels to respond.

And when the Angels answered those questions, chaos began to ensue. The Humans made sure to record every word spoken by the Angels, and they treated it as gospel.

Despite having Faith before, they never felt as close to God as they did now. After all, his greatest servants were walking alongside them.

Knowing that it was inevitable that this would happen, the Angels assigned a job to a Seraphim to administer and supervise what was being written by Humans.

They weren't suspicious of their Human subordinates; they just knew Humanity too well. They knew they might twist their Creator's words if they left something as important as this to the Humans.

As in the past, the Heavenly Father and his son Jesus taught much about love and forgiveness.

And what did Humans do?

Holy wars, persecution of other peoples like women that they claimed to be 'Witches', or even men and women who were discovering about science in the past and ended up burned at the stake.

Not to mention the abuse of the innocent and most vulnerable by the Church's authority figures.

History did not lie, and all this was recorded in the books.

Atrocities were committed in the name of their Father and Creator, and this was something the Angels would not allow a second time. Now that they were given free will to act in the world of Humans, they would strictly supervise and even punish those who did horrible acts in the name of their 'God'.

The Inquisition was blossoming into a truly good organization that fought for all those weak and innocent.

They didn't just protect Humans but all those who deserved to be protected regardless of Race: Vampires, Werewolves, Oni, Witches, and Spirits.

The Inquisition's anti-discrimination policy was a strict rule, and those who were prejudiced against Non-Humans could not integrate or be part of the Inquisition. This rule even applied to Angels.

The Heavenly Father was actively moving, and at his command, he was making significant changes in the organization that represented him.

He still believed in free will and that he shouldn't interfere too much, but he would no longer stand by while atrocities took place in his own backyard.

The Inquisition was becoming what it was meant to be from the start, the shield for the most vulnerable and the Spear against those looking to exploit the vulnerable.

Similar things were happening in India, Egypt, and Japan.

Local Gods were more revered in these countries than what the rest of the globe was doing with the Angles and Heavenly Father.

Part of the reason for this is that Angels didn't go to these countries due to the respective Pantheons of these countries.

The barrier between the Supernatural and the 'Normal World' had been broken.

Everyone now knew that the Myths and stories they told about Gods and Creatures in Mythologies had a grain of truth in writing.

This also meant that not just Demons were a threat, but other elusive monsters like Werewolves, Vampires, Youkai, Ogres, Dragons, etc.

For those Humans who were already involved in the Supernatural World, this was not something new, but for the common population, it was terrifying, and it was because of this that these people became so attached to their Gods.

After all, in their minds, the Gods were the 'good guys', and everything else was the 'bad guys'.

But those were just those Humans who followed the herd mentality, which was a more significant portion of the current population, than those more independent people with more critical views.

They clearly perceived that these sentient Supernatural Beings were not very different from them in the sense that they could feel emotion, lie, deceive, etc.

And for those intelligent people, an even worse sense of fear and insecurity was instilled in their hearts.

After all, what could an ordinary human do in the face of the strength of any of these Mythological Beings?

Slowly and steadily, society in the Mortal World was changing to the laws of the Supernatural World; Might makes Right.

...Well, it's not like nothing has changed compared to the past.

The only change was that it wasn't just wealth, connections, and influence that dictated equal power in the past.

It was personal strength, group strength, and the influence of these Mythological Beings on what was now known as the international community of Supernatural Beings.

The game just got more straightforward and much more dangerous. If before they were playing normal mode, they now went straight to Hardcore mode.

And only those who adapted to this change would reap the best rewards.

No one in the Supernatural World knew exactly what Diablo's plan was, but everyone knew one thing, that Demon changed the world, and through his actions, a New Era was ushered in.

For those who entered the Supernatural World and learned of the history of 'doomsday', Diablo would be a name that would never be forgotten, he marked the world with his infamy, and his name would be recorded in the annals of the New Age.

...Just like the individual who defeated him.

Victor Alucard, the King of Hell, and the one who destroyed the great 'Evil'.

His existence aroused complicated emotions in everyone who learned about him.

He was a Hero, someone who defeated a threat...

But at the same time, everyone feared him as a possible 'cause' of another extinction event.

Be they Humans, or even Gods, they all had apprehension and fear toward this Being. Those who didn't know about Victor became even more apprehensive when they learned that it wasn't long ago that he appeared in the Supernatural World and that he was a Progenitor of Vampires.

Even though a lot of time had passed, no one had forgotten the feeling of fear, despair, and helplessness when they felt his aura.

And thanks to that fear, a name was whispered among the masses, a name that went along with all the characteristics of this individual, creating a new Title of Infamy.

Victor Alucard, The God of Blood, War, Fear, Despair, Murder, Strength, and Destruction.

Despite being a Mortal, he was declared a God and feared as an Evil God.

Although he didn't commit as many atrocities as Diablo, he was more feared than Diablo himself, and the world saw him as the 'Ultimate Evil'.

Humanity wanted someone to give hope, and the one who defeated Diablo should be able to do that, but unfortunately, his actions were too 'Evil', and he was the New King of Demons who caused chaos in the world.

If they couldn't have a Hero to give them hope in these dark times, They could have an enemy.

Victor Alucard became that common enemy.

As the saying goes: Either you died a Hero, or you live long enough to see yourself become a Villain.

Chapter 709: 'Enemy' of Humanity. 2

Chapter 709: 'Enemy' of Humanity. 2

Fortunately, this common 'enemy' was only labeled so by the ignorant and fearful masses.

For Beings living in the Supernatural World since its beginnings, Victor was a new powerhouse, a possible ally or possible future enemy who could make waves in the great game of influence.

The Pantheon Leaders weren't fools. Even if they decided at the next gathering of Supernatural Beings to try to 'hold Victor responsible'™ due to him being the New King of Hell who 'started' all this trouble, They would also be labeled as liable due to their respective Hell's involvement, which prevented each of them from being able to act in time.

And even if they tried to force that situation to happen, It would not happen because the most righteous Beings, like Shiva, The Heavenly Father, and The Warden of Limbo, would side with Victor and Vlad himself, who was Victor's ally.

It was understood that the problem only lasted so long because of everyone's incompetence in responding to situations expediently.

Despite so much chaos, one thing became a common topic... An immutable truth that upset hundreds of thousands of men, whether they were Mortals or Gods.

The new Evil God was very Handsome, and practically all women wanted him, whether they were Mortal or not. They even had a hidden 'photo' of him, a photo they used to 'pray' to that one day they would be 'devoured' by him or even be treated as his 'toy'.

Ironically, those with these dark desires for him were women who weren't quite right in the head, like psychopaths, assassins, yanderes, etc.

Despite being hated as the Ultimate Villain, he was still desired by many and had the respect of many.

And thanks to that, a new cult was forming in the darkness, a cult dedicated only to the God of Blood.

England.

In an ancient mansion, a morbid ritual was taking place.

Several figures in completely black clothes were looking at the platform where three men were seen.

The first man was hanging from a rope tied to his feet.

The second man was tied up, sitting on the floor, unable to move.

The third man was tied up with the second man.

Near these men, four hooded figures were present, and from the silhouette of their bodies, it was clearly visible that the individuals were women.

"Blood for the Blood God."

"Bitch! What are you doing - AHHHHH... Gughughg..."

The man's throat was slashed, and blood fell onto a strange Magic Circle on the ground, slowly filling it.

"HIIII!!!" The second man screamed in fear.

The figure that cut the man's neck looked at the other figures with knives.

"Murder of sinners for the God of Murderers." The female voice continued.

"Wait, wait, wait, we can talk about this -""The man's voice trailed off as his throat was cut.

The man struggled as he held his throat, and blood spilled onto the floor and was smeared into the Ritual.

The third man, who was silent, just sighed peacefully as he looked at the Magic Circle on the ground that started glowing blood red and looked at the figures next:

"Can I know why I'm dying in some kind of Hellish Ritual?"

The voice of the first woman who cut the first man was heard:

"Jonathan Eric Gonzales. Age 32. Criminal wanted for trafficking women, rape, child abuse, and murders of disabled men and women on the grounds that you were cleansing the world of 'defectives', a monster that should have died on doomsday."

"Interesting... You speak with such hate in your tone. Are you one of my victims?"

The woman grabbed her hood and threw it back, revealing a woman with dirty blonde hair, brown eyes, and an aged appearance. She looked to be in her 35's to 40's.

"Oh... You are not familiar to me..."

"Valeria Alekerth, mother of Vanessa, a 16-year-old who was killed, raped, and dismembered by you." The woman's eyes glittered with anger and hatred.

"Ah yes, the mother of the one who was my last target... I see. Is this for revenge?"

The man's monotone and nonchalant tone further irritated the woman, not just her but everyone else present.

Realizing that the woman was going to lose control at any moment, the hooded woman nearby spoke:

"Valeria, calm down. Complete the Ritual, and he will get what he deserves."

Valeria took a deep breath and swallowed her hatred and anger. The feeling of revenge of a mother who lost her daughter was determination enough to be able to do it. She knew she could kill the man easily, but that wasn't what she wanted. Instead, she wanted him to suffer.

"With the Blood of Sinners, the Murder of Sinners, we feed the Ritual enough to summon a Being."

"Let me guess, a Demon from Hell?"

"Correct." The woman's psychotic smile was seen: "But it isn't just any Demon; it is their Leader."

The man's face finally showed an expression as his eyes widened in shock.

"... You are summoning the Evil God...."

"Evil God was a Title the ignorant masses gave our savior." The woman beside Valeria spoke dismissively.

"If not for him, doomsday would not have been stopped, and mankind would have been wiped out!" Again, fanaticism was visible in her voice.

"Humanity should have been grateful to him, but instead, they spat on his name! Bastards!" she yelled angrily.

"... But it's okay. If they are too blind to see the greatness of our God, we will show them. With his teachings, we will control these lost sheep and guide them to a bright future!"

"... And they call me crazy..." The man grumbled.

"Valeria, finish the Ritual."

The older woman took the knife and cut her hand:

"The Blood of A Faithful Devotee given of their own free will."

When Valeria's blood touched the ground, the Magic Circle started to glow brighter, and the room's temperature lowered.

"... Did the Ritual go wrong?" Valeria asked nervously.

"No." The woman's smile behind the hood grew: "It was a success."

A portal appeared where the Magic Circle was, and a tall Female Demon with chocolate skin, snowy hair, eyes, a tail, and horns the same color as her hair appeared.

"I'm Valefar. According to the old contract, I have answered the call."

"Holy shit, it really worked! You called something!"

Valefar raised an eyebrow as she looked at the man, then the women.

"I see... You are my Lord's devotees."

"Yes, that is correct." The woman stepped forward and removed her hood.

The face of a woman with red hair, freckles on her face, and blue eyes appeared.

"You are?"

"Roxanne, Archbishop, responsible for spreading the teachings of our God to the Mortal World."

"... Oh, I remember you... You were in Hell a few years ago. Our lord was quite fond of you."

"Unfortunately, I died because of scum like that." She spoke with disgust and hatred as she looked at the man, shocked by what he was hearing.

"Fortunately, my God appeared and gave me a second chance to take revenge, and thanks to his teachings, I can finally clean this world of garbage."

"..." Whispers began to be heard from the crowd behind.

Valeria opened her eyes wide. At first, she hadn't believed the woman named Roxanne when she appeared at her door; she was just a helpless mother broken over the loss of her daughter in this cruel new world. She had just decided to come here and participate in the Ritual because the culprit who committed atrocities on her daughter was captured by the 'cult' of the Evil God.

"Did you like your present, Roxanne?"

Roxanne's smile grew, and her eyes flashed blood red, "How can I not like it? Thanks to my God, I was reborn... I left my fragile shell and became something...

Better."

The Archbishop looked at the crowd and Valeria with her eyes glowing blood red.

"V-Vampire."

"Why the surprise?" Roxanne smiled, "Our God is also the God of Demons and Vampires."

"..."

"Thanks to this gift, I am immortal, I will never age, I will always be young, and I have more strength than ordinary Humans. I will never feel powerless again."

The women gulped at Roxanne's statement.

'... Look, I may be scum, but I'm not stupid. I smell manipulation a mile away.' The man looked at the Demon and Roxanne: 'They are working together.'

"As your most Loyal Servant... I will not sit by and watch them tarnish my God's name. He is a benevolent God who hates scum like him, an honorable God who values Martial Honor, a God who, above everything, values Family and Home."

The women opened their eyes wide from behind their hoods.

"Humanity has tarnished his name, and I will not allow it. Therefore I have come to seek support from those who have suffered the same as me in the past.

Everyone here has lost someone to scum like him." She pointed at the man again.

Roxanne smiled when she sensed the feeling of hatred growing in everyone, inciting more hatred with her Powers, as she continued:

"And we will have our revenge."

Valefar grabbed the man and threw him straight into the portal to Hell.

"AHHHHHHH!"

Soon the women saw the image of hundreds of Demons in different forms torturing the man.

"He will be tortured for all eternity." She whispered to Valeria, and those words made the woman focus even more on the man's pained expression.

A sadistic smile appeared on Valeria's face.

"Can I watch?"

"Take it." Valefar delivered an Orb to Valeria.

"With this, you will be able to watch him be tortured forever. You just need to sacrifice some of your stamina to activate the Orb, and you can even suggest ways of torture to your liking."

Valeria looked at the Orb as if she were looking at a priceless treasure.

"Our God is kind and benevolent, but for those who harm ours, and the innocent... We will have our revenge!"

"Because, above all, our God is also the God of Revenge!"

"OHHHH!" The women raised their hands in the air with a scream, each with a sadistic expression as they watched the man being tortured.

"All Hail, Alucard!" Roxanne prompted, and they responded in unison.

"All Hail, Alucard!"

"All Hail, Alucard!"

The entire mansion trembled before the fanatical chorus.

And that sight made Roxanne and Valefar's smiles grow even wider.

Chapter 710: O god, we need.

Chapter 710: O god, we need.

Hell.

"Ugh, I need to improve my speech; I'm not as good as Victor," Roxanne grumbled, already back to her normal appearance.

"I think you did really well, Roxanne." Aline Valefar spoke.

"Nonsense! Victor could do so much better with just a few words!"

"That's because our King is very charismatic."

"I wish to be like that too!"

"This is not something you wish for, Roxanne. You have to be born with it."

"....." Roxanne grumbled about injustices.

"Let's get back to work. Tell me about the progression of our religion on Earth." Aline picked up an orb and put it on the table, bringing up a hologram of planet Earth.

Roxanne sat on the couch and looked at the hologram.

"In areas where there are no influences from the gods, our religion is spreading easily." Roxanne made a gesture with her fingers, and pillars of light indicating countries were shown.

"In these countries, more than 90% of women are under the direct or indirect influence of our religion. Adding that number to other women of other races, we have eyes and ears everywhere on the planet."

Looking at a specific pillar in the hologram, Aline raised her eyebrow: "Oh? Has our influence extended to the Vatican as well?"

"Yeah, some female angels are willing to be our eyes and ears."

"...His Majesty's Charm is frightening."

"He is a very sinful man." Roxanne laughed softly.

Aline nodded. Even in hell, there was no female demon that didn't desire Victor. He was like a rare piece of meat that everyone wanted for themselves.

"Our progress in these countries is stable. With our influence, we can keep an eye on everyone and everything, and Victor's reputation change process is progressing smoothly. In a few years, Victor will no longer be an 'Evil God' or the 'new ultimate evil', but rather be seen as something like a 'god of war'. A being that, despite being questionable, is not completely evil."

Aline nodded in satisfaction and added: "This will be for the people outside our influence, but for beings who have faith in our religion, he will be a kind, caring god who takes care of all those who are on his side."

"Correct."

The two knew that it was impossible to completely clear Victor's reputation, the reason for this being that the demons who caused so much chaos in the world were now Victor's subordinate.

The reputation of the demons of biblical hell was much worse than before, and it would not be an exaggeration to say that the demons of biblical hell are enemies of the world.

And this negative reputation affected Victor as their new leader, the title of 'next ultimate evil' is no exaggeration, given the current situation.

Not only did mortals hate demons, but the gods hated them as well.

And this hatred has spread to the demons of the other hells. It would not be an exaggeration to say that any creature from hell would be eliminated if it appeared on Earth now.

The demons' reputation was tinged with complete infamy.

Because of this, the religion of the Blood God was so important. It is through those hundreds of women that their leader's reputation will change, becoming more 'neutral'.

Victor would still be a god with negative aspects in everyone's eyes, but he would also be a god with positive aspects like martial honor, family, beauty, strength, and home, which were aspects that make up Victor's personality.

That is, he would turn into a controversial 'god' who, like humans, could be good or bad.

A Chaotic God.

And that's the goal of this religion. It's better to be a controversial god than to be a god who is the enemy of everyone; after all, the one who is the enemy of the world will not live long, even if that being was Victor.

Religion was a way to save Victor's reputation, and even if these devotees don't give anything to Victor in terms of divinity, after all, the understanding of divine concepts depends a lot on the individual, religion will still give influence in the world.

"There's one thing I don't understand, why should we focus on females in particular?" Roxanne asked curiously. After all, when they did that in Nightingale, they got male vampires too.

Even in hell, there were male and female demons in your religion.

"It is precisely because they are women that we are focusing on them."

"Oh? Elaborate more."

"Unlike Hell and Nightingale, on Earth, His Majesty's reputation is not good, so the best way to change that quickly is to focus on women."

"... I still did not get it."

"Roxanne, men of any race are simple creatures. They will do anything to please a woman to get into her pants, so if we control the women, we indirectly control the men as well."

"... That is vile ... But I like it."

Aline laughed: "Vile or not, it's efficient, and that's what matters."

"I do not deny those words." Roxanne laughed.

"How is the process of the 'archbishops' of religion going?" Aline asked.

"It's finally complete. I managed to find 7 women of different races who will be the Archbishops. We just need to find a High Priestess now." Roxanne made another gesture, and images of 7 women appeared.

"Oh? A Dark Elf that is rare."

"She was driven from her homeland by her people and was wandering Earth when I found her."

"Your ability to find talent is much like His Majesty."

"Fufufu, that's because I'm united with Victor in soul and body. I learned a lot by watching him."

"...I see ..." Aline said, doing her best not to convey the envy in her voice.

"About the position of high priestess, I want it to be a human, specifically this woman." Roxanne gestured, and a video of a woman appeared.

And this video showed a middle-aged woman aged between 35 to 40 years old; she had a fanatical expression on her face, wearing a crazed smile while several drops of blood were seen on her white uniform.

She was in a type of dungeon that was lit only by torches.

Several men and women were hanging upside down. They had their hands tied, their mouths were covered with ribbons, and the men's and women's expressions were ones of pure terror.

"For the glory of our god, let your tainted and corrupt blood leave your body." She cut the neck of the first woman.

"May your soul be sent to hell and tortured forever for the crimes committed against the innocent." With an even bigger smile, she held the woman's head and started to cut through her neck. She did this for a few seconds, as blood sprayed on her face and her uniform, but she didn't care, and when the woman's head was about to separate from the body, she screamed:

"Amen!"

Aline looked at Valeria, who was holding the corpse's severed head, with a look of shock:

"She is completely insane."

"Right? Which is why she is perfect. She is a complete devotee."

"This method of cutting off the head, isn't it a technique of demons? How does she know that?"

"Ara? Didn't you give her the Torture Orb?"

"Huh ...?" Aline looked at Roxanne in disbelief: "Are you saying that she learned to do this by watching the torture of that sinner?"

"Yeah." Roxanne chuckled, "Aline, you underestimate how cruel humans can be; they can be crueler than demons themselves."

"I know how cruel humans can be, Roxanne. I was still alive when Earth's first world war happened, you know?"

"That is just the tip of the abyss of the iceberg Aline. For humans truly without moral egos, an outcome of torture similar to what Lily does can be born." "... Huh? Can humans mimic that abomination that General Lily made?" Aline still shuddered when she remembered that image.

"With the right motives? Yeah."

"...Unbelievable..." It was just hard to believe that a human could do that.

Roxanne sighed, "You seem to have forgotten that demons are the 'bad' part of a human's soul who has failed to repent of their sins."

"For humans who have a complete soul, they are capable of doing atrocities that would leave even demons gaping."

"...." Aline wanted to rebut but realized that Roxanne was correct.

The ability to do good and evil was one of the strengths of humans, there were those who were kind like angels, and those who were worse than demons, and the latter were the ones who always hid behind a mask of a good citizen.

"Valeria Alekerth has become such a person. She is completely broken; she loves her job, she loves punishing sinners, and at the same time, she is not consumed by it. Look."

Aline watched Valerie finish her work as she looked at the mess she's made and nodded in satisfaction.

Two women in clothes similar to Valeria's entered.

"Executioner Valerie."

"Take care of them."

"Usual procedure?"

"NOO. Even in the face of death, they didn't repent. They don't deserve the privilege of cremation; just throw them out for the demon dogs to eat."

"A deserving fate for those who refuse to accept their sins." The woman said in disdain.

Valeria flashed a gentle smile: "Indeed."

Soon she walked towards the exit of the room. The image changed, and she was in the bathroom, taking off her clothes and throwing them in the trash.

"I wonder why Archbishop Roxanne insisted that official members wear white clothes... It's very difficult to get the bloodstain off clothes, and usually, we have to throw them away... That's not economical."

She walked towards the shower humming a song, then turned on the shower head and touched the water.

"Cold..." She waited for the shower water to get hot and then started taking a shower.

"Perhaps there is some strange magic to remove the stains from the uniform?"

Aline watched the whole process in disbelief. Valerie simply relaxed in the bathtub and played with a rubber duck, then after that, she changed into more casual clothes, walked towards the living room, turned on the TV, and started preparing her food.

'...She's acting like nothing happened...'

"Routine is a scary thing. As long as humans believe they are doing something 'right' morally and start doing it every day, it will become a routine, soon they stop caring and treat it like any other job."

"Ever since that day when I recruited Valerie, she has insisted on killing all the trash our acolytes captured."

"She's broken, and at the same time not. She's between sanity and madness, and what holds all that spirit together is the 'faith' she has for Victor. She's perfect for the job."

Aline couldn't deny Roxanne's words because even she thought Valerie was perfect.

"What do we do??" Aline spoke.

"For the next move, we need my husband's presence..." Roxanne began to explain the next steps for their religion's progress on Earth.

....

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Chapter 711: High Priestess.

Chapter 711: High Priestess.

Night, unknown location.

In a temple hidden in a place with dense forests, a giant statue of a man in full armor was seen. The statue was giant, made with pure silver, and built in the image of the God of Blood, Victor Alucard.

Alucard himself was sitting looking at the group of hundreds of women in white clothes whose heads were covered by their hoods.

'They tried too hard, huh...' Victor couldn't help but smile proudly. All these people rallied behind his name, and the ones who made it all possible were his Wives, especially Roxanne, Aline, Vine, Helena, and Lily, who took care of everything while he was 'practicing night battles with his Wives'.

'To think that something that started with Bruna and my Maids would expand so much...' Victor noted in amusement.

In a way, Bruna was his first 'devotee'. By saving the former nun from a bad situation, she transferred all her 'Faith' to Victor. The religion grew because of Bruna's influence on Maria, Eve, Roberta, and later the Noble Vampires of the Clan Fulger and Snow.

It grew so big that Kaguya had to take matters into her own hands to ensure everything went smoothly.

Eventually, Ruby herself, Violet, and Sasha had to step in to manage everything; even the other Wives stepped in to help.

Each remarkable feat that Victor did brought more attention to himself and consequently furthered his reputation, further increasing the number of Faithful thanks to his Wives.

This 'Blood God Religion' encompassing all of Hell, Nightingale, and a large portion of Earth was the fruit of the hard work of his Wives and subordinates. He had no involvement in it.

Because of this, when Roxanne, Aline, and Ruby suddenly appeared, saying they needed Victor's help to 'Bless' the new High Priestess, Victor readily accepted. Even

though, at the time, he was spoiling Sasha, Natasha, and Victoria, he was still interested in what the girls were up to.

Another reason to help was that his Wives rarely asked him for anything important like that. They were very independent; after all, they were all amazing women that Victor was fortunate to have for himself.

[This is amazing... How much progress have they made in a year?] Kaguya spoke.

[A lot, as far as I can see. We have to get the report from Roxanne when we get back home.] Bruna commented in a very serious voice.

[Smart...] Eve spoke.

[What's smart, Eve?] Roberta asked.

[The garments of the Acolytes. Initially, I had proposed black because of its efficiency. After all, black doesn't get too dirty, and it's easy to hide if necessary. But now that I see this whole group with the color white, I realize it was better to have suggested it.]

[What are you talking about-...Oh... The first impression phenomenon, huh?] Maria understood what Eve was talking about.

[Yeah, white is a more 'peaceful' color, which is why doctors wear white coats because it helps patients relax and feel safe. Not to mention that white gives off a sense of 'holiness'.]

[By making the Acolytes wear white during outdoor activities, we won't immediately be labeled as something 'bad', huh.] Kaguya understood what Eve was implying.

[Indeed. We aim to secure our group's influence and improve our Master's reputation, so positive first impressions are far better than negative ones.]

[And to think that one color could change things so much...] Roberta spoke.

[That's awesome, right? We need to think more carefully like this in the future.] Eve spoke up.

[Mm... The new rules about discrimination and the comment saying: 'When you are cut, you bleed all the same.' It was a very wise move too.] Roberta pointed. [Roxanne and the girls must have thought about this a lot deeper when the group started to expand on Earth.] Kaguya pointed out.

[They considered our Master's personality as well when making these rules.] Maria spoke.

As he listened to the girls talking to each other, a gentle smile appeared on Victor's face, he missed it.

As soon as Kaguya woke up, the first thing she did was shower, and right after that, she seeped into Victor's shadow; she was very anxious to go back 'home'.

Since then, she had never left there long and only when necessary.

Turning his attention to the temple, he saw that only those most loyal to the Blood God Religion were present.

How did he know this? He could sense the feelings of devotion from everyone present.

When reading about the Blood God Church, he realized that the girls enacted a system similar to what he'd introduced in Hell.

Just like in Hell, the merit system was introduced to the group, and only those who contributed the most and were most devoted would be rewarded.

Hard work was rewarded, no matter if the impact of that work wasn't significant. The reward system was very similar to what worked in Hell, with the only difference being the Archbishops who gave the rewards rather than Victor himself.

In this place, you could have everything, strength, knowledge, resources, heritage, and influence.

The Blood God Religion had several rules, but only four were unbreakable.

These rules were:

1: Do not fight each other. If a conflict arises between you, look for a neutral party, and try to resolve it. Repeated breaking of this rule can lead to expulsion and all memories of the individual from when they were an acolyte erased.

2: We protect each other, we don't attack anyone, but those who attack us will feel our vengeance multiplied by a hundred. Those who don't help comrades in times of need have lost the group's complete trust, and they are subject to subsidiary rules of this clause which are:

2.1: If it is discovered that individual 'A' has fled, leaving individual 'B' to deal with enemies, effectively abandoning individual 'B' to death, the punishment

for individual 'A' will be death after information gathering from enemies.

2.2: In the same sense, if individual 'A' leaves the battlefield in search of companions to help individual 'B' so that both individuals survive, the situation will be judged through a

reading of memories or interrogation of both 'A' and 'B' individuals to determine whether individual 'A' was loyal or not.

2.3: The departure of an official member of the Blood God Religion is allowed, but memories of all involvement with the group will be erased.

2.4: The official members of the Blood God Religion may 'retire' and no longer participate in activities for the religion. However, in case of a request or need, the retired member must help other members.

2.4: Traitors have only one fate. Death. A curse on the forehead automatically marks traitors. The curse is said to be given by the Blood God himself so that his Acolytes will always identify a traitor. The curse will also warn the Acolytes if there is a traitor nearby or not.

2.5: The traitor, whether dead or not, will have all their goods acquired during their years of service as Acolytes handed back to the religion of the Blood God.

3: Racial or ethnic discrimination will not be tolerated. Whether you are a Human with skin color black, white, brown, yellow, or even other Races such as Angel, Vampire, Werewolf, Witch, Monster, or Youkai, it doesn't matter. After all, when you are cut, everyone spills the same blood. We are all brothers and sisters devoted to the Blood God. As long as the individual is sapient and can understand the glory of the Blood God, they will be welcomed and accepted as one of us. Breaking this rule can lead the individual to carry the stigma of betrayal or existential death in the worst cases of abuse.

3.1: The moment an individual joins the Church as an official member, they must leave all prejudice, grudge, and hatred towards other ethnicities and Races behind. If the individual fails in this regard and cannot put past grievances behind them, they will be expelled, and all memories of their time as an official member will be erased.

3.2: Those willing to change should volunteer for psychological treatment or share the story of their 'hatred' with the nearest authority figure. If the reason for the official member's hatred is reasonable, a mission of vengeance will be laid out for the Acolytes to help their new member.

3.3: Hate the individual who sinned, not the Race and skin color they have. Their Race or color does not bind the sinner's actions. We shouldn't judge an entire Race because of an individual. Grow beyond the brainless sheep that make up society. Think! Analyze! Think again! And make a decision! The Blood God values intelligent and canny individuals.

4: All these rules are only valid for 'Official Members' who are accepted as 'Acolytes' through the Rite of Passage performed by one of the Archbishops.

Common worshipers need not follow these rules, but they also will not gain any benefits that members can obtain.

4.1: If discovered that a Blood God's Faithful is practicing discrimination or propagating false information regarding the Blood God's religion, they will be hunted down and killed by the Acolytes themselves.

The God of Blood will not tolerate discrimination or lies performed in his name.

The rules described above were valid for ALL members, from the simplest Acolyte to the figurehead leading the Church of the Blood God.

Victor was quite surprised by these rules; they focused on many critical points and left 'leeway' for the Acolytes to act.

As the 'God' of this religion, Victor had the right to change the rules, but he wouldn't do it. Why?

This was a project that his Wives were working on. It was his Wives' responsibility, and if they wanted help in the future, they would ask for it like today.

Of course, this also didn't stop Victor from advising the women if he saw something unnecessary in the laws, although his advice wouldn't be very necessary for this situation. After all, his older Wives were also helping with this project, so they would probably realize these loopholes in the laws and correct them.

...For some reason, Victor just felt like he was a famous musician and that all he had to do was be the public 'figure'; meanwhile, his agents [Wives] would take care of everything behind the scenes.

'Hmm, it's not a bad feeling to be pampered...' Victor laughed internally. He wondered if this was how it felt to have a Sugar Mommy.

[Hmm? Roxanne started her speech.] Bruna pointed.

Hearing that, Victor snapped out of his thoughts and looked at Roxanne.

"Today is a special day for our religion." Roxanne, who was in her disguise, looked at the women present.

"A day that will go down in our history."

"Today is the day when the High Priestess of our religion will be appointed."

All those present opened their eyes wide.

What was a High Priestess? In the Blood God religion, this woman is the figurehead of the Faith, the woman closest to 'God', the woman who directly represents the religion.

Everyone's hearts started to beat rapidly in frenzied excitement, but they quickly forced themselves to calm down. They could not demonstrate such a disgraceful act before the 7 Archbishops.

Roxanne nodded in satisfaction when she saw that everyone could control their emotions. She worked hard to teach women the importance of maintaining a noble and graceful image. The best teachers in etiquette, politics, decorum, economics, art, and martial arts educated everyone here.

A good woman was one who spread her wings and flew alone in search of her own destiny; Roxanne fully embodied these ambitions in the cult.

They were Acolytes, but they were also warriors, economists, politicians, doctors, and architects.

Education was a must for all Acolytes, and everyone was required to take seven electives of their choice and get at least three maximum grades in those seven subjects. Only when they had this would they be able to perform quests in the world at will.

Only those specializing in the Arts of War and Assassination could take the most dangerous jobs.

"Archbishop Roxanne, what will be the method for appointing the High Priestess?"

Roxanne looked at the woman with graceful and noble features. She had chocolate skin, snow-white hair, and azure blue eyes. No one would expect that behind those delicate features, there was a ferocious Werewolf.

"Good question, Archbishop Rena." Roxanne smiled gently and looked at everyone: "Unlike Archbishops, the High Priestess is chosen directly by our God!"

"..." If before they could remain stoic and graceful, now they couldn't do that.

And the women's feelings got even more chaotic when they heard Roxanne say:

"Our God will grace us today with his presence!"

She turned around and looked at the statue of Victor, a sculpture of Victor wearing the Royal Armor he wore to fight, and the armor that was also his attire as the 'King of Demons'.

A golden Staff with a red gem in the center appeared in Roxanne's hand, and with a solemn expression full of conviction, she spoke:

"Ohh~, God of Blood, as you are Divine, benevolent, and kind, please grace your lost lambs with your great wisdom." Roxanne swung the Staff gracefully, as the Staff began to be covered in a red power that conveyed a feeling of Peace and Harmony.

Roxanne slammed the Staff's butt on the ground:

"God of Blood, please answer the call of your humble servant." Soon a gigantic red Magic Circle appeared on the floor.

This sight made everyone open their eyes wide.

'So much Energy..' Even those who weren't sensitive to Energy could feel the absurd amount of Energy. "My beloved Acolytes."

...

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Chapter 712: High Priestess. 2

Chapter 712: High Priestess. 2

'So much energy...' Even those who weren't sensitive to energy could feel the absurd amount of energy.

"My beloved acolytes."

Everyone felt a shiver down their spines when they heard the voice in their heads. It was a heavy voice, full of authority, but at the same time gentle, graceful, and beautiful.

The rune circle on the ground began to spin and rise upwards.

Everyone just watched in shock as a 'body' began to appear within the rune circle, starting at the feet, then moving to the knees, then the waist.

Soon the being's entire body was exposed for all to see.

Some of the acolytes rubbed their eyes, and they looked at the statue and the man standing in the middle of the magic circle.

'It's him!' Everyone thought at the same time. 'But why can't we see his face?' The man's face was covered in a kind of crimson darkness in which only his eyes were seen.

When this collective question was asked, everyone heard the sound of breaking glass. The rune circle shattered into thousands of pieces, and an agonized groan of pain was heard by all.

"Ugh." Roxanne fell to the floor and started coughing up blood.

"Archbishop Roxanne!" The archbishops who were nearby quickly tried to approach Roxanne, but they stopped when they heard the voice in their heads.

"Foolish girl, summoning me directly requires too much energy. Even with my gift, your body wouldn't take it... Let me help you."

The man pointed his hand at Roxanne, and dense red energy shot out of his hand toward her.

Everyone watched in a stupor as Roxanne's appearance visibly improved, and in less than a few seconds, she was perfectly healthy... In fact, she even looked better than before!

Proof of this was the freckles on Roxanne's face disappearing, her hair turning deeper shades of crimson, and her body 'growing up' and becoming curvier.

"G-God, this is." She stuttered.

"A gift for all your efforts. One of my divinities is beauty as well as strength. So improving your beauty and strength is a simple thing."

Listening to what God said to her, the women couldn't help but think of how kind he was, and their hearts were touched by this gesture. Looking at Roxanne again, they couldn't help but stare enviously at Roxanne; after all, what woman doesn't want to look prettier?

"Envy is a good thing, my acolytes. It motivates you to seek something similar for yourselves, a basic desire for all beings..." The group of women looked at their God, and they completely lost their breath when they saw the darkness of his face disappearing completely, thus showing off his perfect features, the violet eyes with narrow pupils, and the long black hair like darkness, hair that seemed to be made with some kind of dense black smoke.

More sensitive beings like werewolves, the dark elf, and youkai present here could identify that black smoke as pure and immaculate Miasma.

"But don't get lost in that feeling. Everyone will have their chance in the future as long as they work hard, of course." He flashed a small smile.

And that simple smile made an impact that made all the acolytes present here fall even more in love with devotion.

Their god was really very handsome, and unearthly beauty was not uncommon in today's times. Some supernatural races, like vampires, angels, some gods, and elves, were naturally more 'beautiful' than humans.

And that was something that caused a lot of envy among humans; after all, everyone wanted to be beautiful.

But before their god, the meaning of 'beauty' seemed to be totally changed just for him.

He was perfect. Even those beautiful supernatural beings didn't come close to his feet.

Some acolytes were even crying as they looked at the God who was floating 5 CM above the ground.

It was as if the ground was unworthy for him to walk on.

Absolutely everyone in this place listened to his teachings and took those words to heart, and the envy they had for Roxanne before turned into motivation.

If Roxanne, who was once 'ugly', could become so beautiful now because of her god's bounty, couldn't they have the same? As long as they worked hard, they would be rewarded!

This thought was further carved into the being of all the women present here, and in the future, this same thought will be passed on to new recruits and so on until it becomes one of the basic tenets of the religion.

Work hard, demonstrate results, and you will earn a reward.

Do you want beauty? Strength? Money? With effort, you can earn it!

They all understood that with Victor's 'casual' gesture.

Out of the corner of his eye, Victor saw Roxanne pouting and mumbling something about the unfairness of charisma.

He chuckled internally when he saw Roxanne like this.

With a wave of his hand, the Staff that was in Roxanne's hand flew into Victor's hand.

They all swallowed hard and wondered who he would choose.

'Probably Roxanne, right? After all, she helped him so much.' That thought crossed their minds. In fact, they thought it would be unnatural if it weren't Roxanne. After all, as far as they know, it was Roxanne who started the whole movement to create the foundations of the religion.

"From the moment each of you decided to follow me. I've been watching you all."

"..."

"I heard everyone's prayers, and with the prayers, I saw their insecurities, I saw their despair, but also, I saw the desire to better themselves, not just themselves but everyone around them."

Victor's gaze went to each woman in particular when he spoke the adjectives, and thanks to Roxanne's feedback from each of the members present here, he knew where to direct his words to achieve maximum effectiveness.

"..." The women clenched their fists, as all of them seemed to have their hearts outside their bodies and exposed to the cold of nature, it was a complex sensation, but at the same time that they felt this discomfort, they felt a gentle warmth and comfort seeping into every part of their being.

"And as much as I wanted to intervene and help my beloved acolytes, I know it wasn't necessary."

"Improvement, self-improvement, can only be done by the individual themselves."

"It's no use trying to help someone if that person doesn't want to be helped." Victor looked at one human woman in particular.

"..." The woman bit her lip and unconsciously held her wrists.

Victor smiled gently, a smile that said, 'everything's fine', as he turned to look at other women who had severe cases of depression.

"Each one here has their own inner demons to deal with, and those demons are something no one but yourself can deal with."

"... But that doesn't mean you're going to be abandoned or that you have to deal with these problems alone."

Victor closed his eyes and opened them again, this time looking at the entire group. His gaze went beyond the women and to the surrounding trees.

"Beings call me the supreme evil, and maybe they are right. I did a lot of atrocities to get to where I am; after all, just like you, I was once mortal."

"..."

Roxanne was sweating profusely now: 'Hey, Hey, Victor! That wasn't in the Script! What are you doing!' She looked around, sensing the women's feelings, and was slightly shocked when she saw that they were all looking at him in a daze.

She curled her lips when she saw this scene. 'Why did I worry? He has them all in the palm of his hand.' She sighed a little.

"And thanks to the days when I was mortal, I understand the frustration of your god not hearing the prayers of the faithful. I understand the frustration of your cry for help not being heard." Soft green power concentrated in his hand.

And that power made the dark elf open their eyes wide, their eyes quickly changing to pure fanaticism.

Victor laughed internally in amusement. Even if he couldn't read minds, he could clearly understand what the Dark Elf was thinking. After all, Elves and all subspecies of Elves are like the fairies he has in Nightingale, beings who worship the world trees, beings that were born from a world tree.

"That kind of situation doesn't happen here."

"Believe me, believe our religion because this place is not just a place where we gather. It is our home, your home." Victor waved his hand, and soon the entire surrounding forest began to change.

They all watched in disbelief as a literal city began to be created from scratch.

'The power to create a city with a hand gesture... Is that the power of a god?' Archbishop Rena thought in disbelief.

"The ultimate shelter in case the world is collapsing like before."

"We are a family, and a family takes care of each other."

"..."

Each word echoed deeply throughout the heart of every acolyte present. With just a few words, Victor brought them all together and erased any kind of seed of internal conflict, making them much more united than before.

In fact, he went much further than that. He made everyone acquire a sense of home and the feeling of 'closeness' to their god since each house here that will one day be inhabited was built personally by the 'hands' of their god.

And Roxanne, who noticed this, couldn't help but pout and grumble about the injustice of not having as great a 'charisma' as Victor's.

"I am Victor Alucard, The God of Blood, War, Fear, Despair, Murder, Strength, and Destruction."

"But that's not all... I am also the god of vampires, Vengeance, Martial Honor, Family, Home, Nature, and Beauty."

"Through these authorities, I declare that the spokesman of my will shall be..."

"Valeria Alekerth."

A hush of disbelief fell around. After all, everyone thought that Roxanne would be the High Priestess, and even though everyone thought they had a chance, everyone knew that Roxanne would be chosen since it was because of her actions that the religion grew to the state it is now.

Valeria herself couldn't believe what she was hearing. For a few seconds, she looked toward Roxanne and saw the redhead with a satisfied smile on her face;

she even waved at her, indicating her support.

'Is she supporting me...? Why?'

"Do you accept my will?"

Hearing her god's voice, Valeria looked ahead and was startled to realize that she was closer to him than before.

"When did I arrive here!?' It would be worth looking up and seeing the face of the most handsome man she had ever seen in her entire life.

"I see doubts in your heart. Tell me what you think."

She shuddered a little in shock, thinking she had somehow pissed him off for not responding, but then she relaxed when she saw his gentle face.

"I just don't understand why I was chosen. Isn't Roxanne the best choice? Even the other archbishops are more qualified than I am."

Victor's smile grew, "Are you questioning my decision?"

"N-No, it's not that! I just-."

Victor gently laughed with a melodious laugh that enchanted everyone around, then he spoke:

"Humility."

".. Eh?"

"That's one of the qualities I value most, out of all the gods I've encountered, only a few exceptions had that quality, the rest were all self-centered beings."

"..."

"I make it a point never to forget this quality because I fear becoming like the other self-centered gods."

"And when I looked at you, I found that quality along with a devotion that is second to none here."

"Tell me Valeria Alekerth, when I appointed you as High Priestess, what did you feel?"

"... That there are better options than me."

"Correct. You thought of the group as a whole first rather than yourself, you thought you weren't good enough for the job and that someone else should take over, an attitude that few present here could keep."

"Most here wouldn't turn down such a privilege so easily."

Victor looked around and saw several women averting their faces, including all the archbishops.

"You have all the qualities I look for to be my spokesperson."

"Now, tell me, Valeria Alekerth, do you accept my nomination?"

"..." Valeria closed her eyes. She thought about everything she heard from her god, she digested every word he spoke and stored it deep in her heart.

She took a deep breath and released the air from her chest, then she opened her eyes and looked at the golden handle of the Staff, then she raised her hand and held the Staff.

"Yes."

Victor's smile grew a little, and he added more words:

"Do you swear eternal devotion to me and only me for all eternity?"

"Yes."

Suddenly, a red power covered Valeria's body, and several rune circles appeared on the ground, at the same time Valeria's appearance began to change.

She visibly began to rejuvenate as her hair began to take on a golden hue, her body started to grow in height, and she began to gain more curves and become more voluptuous.

Victor opened his mouth, and spoke in a strange language, a language lost since the age of genesis, a language that only he, Roxanne, and the ancient demons like the elder demons, and Lilith could understand:

"According to old customs, I, Victor Alucard, King of Hell, make a two-way contract with the individual Valeria Alekerth."

[Eh...? Huh? What are you doing, Victor!] Roxanne tried to stop Victor, but it was too late.

"In exchange for her undying devotion to me, she will use my energy to keep herself forever young and will be able to summon hell demons who are my subordinates... The breach of contract will happen if she loses her devotion to me."

Victor pointed his finger at Valeria's forehead, and a dark energy came out of his finger and entered Valeria's body. Soon, her eyes began to change to a crimson hue, then a blue-colored rune magic circle appeared in her eyes. The symbol of a successful contract with the King of Hell.

[... V-V-VICTOR, you madman! You are off the plot! You giving her the ability to summon demons from hell wasn't in the script!]

[My beautiful wife Roxanne, I didn't mean to follow the plot to begin with. I meant to improve it and make it grander! Hahahahaha!]

[We weren't supposed to have given this woman so much power!!]

[If she's going to serve me and use my name around as my representative, she has to be strong! I don't accept mediocrity!]

[MOOO! I don't want to know anymore!] Roxanne threw her hands up in exasperation.

...

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